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# SHARPE'S LONDON MAGAZINE

OF

## ENTERTAINMENT AND INSTRUCTION,

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OF

ENTERTAINMENT AND INSTRUCTION,

FOR

GENERAL READING.

Incorporated with "The Illustrated Magazine," &c., &c., &c.

EMBELLISHED WITH TWELVE STEEL ENGRAVINGS.

VOL. XIV.—NEW SERIES.

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SHARPS

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246, STRAND.

REPRODUCED WITH THE NEW SERIES

AND THE NEW SERIES

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OF PATENTWORKERS

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## MY GHOST.

I am not superstitious. Whatever leanings I may have had in the days of my youth towards spiritualities and mysticalities, and absurdities of that nature, I am now practical enough—a man of middle-age, a married man. Still, as I write the heading of this page, a thrill shivers through me; and, as my wife (bending over me) reads the same, I feel her little hand tremble sympathetically upon my shoulder. She knows the story, and I know the story; and the story is *true*!

On this cold winter night, when the wind is rushing with shrieks against the window, like some homeless ghost begging to be let in; when the snow stands adrift under the hedge where the dead child was found, and under the churchyard-wall, where the vagrant who died in the workhouse was buried yesterday, stands adrift like a spectre—the more horrible that it is motionless; when the furniture is cracking in the room, and the curtains stir tremulously about the window, and the whole house shakes, and the latchless attic-door creaks continuously on its rusty hinge—to-night, though my wife is beside me, and I can almost hear the low breathing of our baby in the room above, and can catch sounds of Christmas merriment from my household servants in the kitchen—to-night I will tell you this said *true* story of my earlier life, the history of “My Ghost!”

I was scarcely nineteen; I was reading for Cambridge. These were the circumstances: The place was Ventnor in the Isle of Wight. At Ventnor I fell in love—this confession is foolish, no doubt. All boys of scarcely nineteen do fall in love, reading diligently in the pages of fair living faces some scraps of knowledge whereby they matriculate as sons of the universal *Alma Mater*. “The hard-grained Muses of the cube and square” hold Aphrodite (the Uranian particularly) in holy horror; but, nevertheless, she will rise from the troubled seas of young souls: the Muses have no chance against her. One day, according to my custom, I sauntered into the Land-slip—that curious little bit of chaos which, if it were only on a larger scale, would be sublime. I had with me a volume of Shelley (I liked Shelley in those unpractical days, and thought I understood him), my pipe, and my sketch-book—pleasant companions all, on a glorious July morning; there being a cool,

steady breeze out, and above a blue sky, looking bluer by contrast against a flock of fleecy clouds which pastured on it far over the sea. Through the hazel-thicket by a tangled path, jumping a mimic ravine, climbing a few rock-steps, and so to a higher level—a little terrace of emerald velvet grass, shut in on one side by overhanging rocks; open on the other, and overlooking a gradual declivity bristling with miniature crags and precipices, waving and rustling with tiny forests of hazel. Beyond a distant hillock which rose again from the bottom of this declivity gleamed the Channel. As I threw myself upon the grass, its level cut against the sea, emerald-green against steel-blue. I never saw such green grass anywhere else: it looked as if it were a special dancing-place of the fairies, whither they flocked in such multitudes that their rings were inscribed one within the other, and so covered the whole turf. I lighted my pipe; Shelley opened of himself at the “Witch of Atlas”; and I lay gazing idly on the emerald-green and the flashing steel-blue, and the sheep-clouds sleeping on the steep of the sky, with the line running in my head—

“And universal Pan, ’tis said, was there;”  
“And universal Pan, ’tis said, was there.”

I was too idle to think of sketching, I was too idle to read. Oh! that luxurious idleness of the days before I became practical! What can be the good of staring up into a void of sky? Do you suppose it was made to be looked at? I watched a hawk quivering on such rapid wings that he seemed motionless: he swooped half-down to earth, and then rose again, poising over exactly the same spot. Three rooks crossed the sky, and forthwith proclaimed battle with the hawk, chasing him hither and thither with hoarse war-cries. A steamer came in sight on the strip of sea, casting a long horizontal line of smoke behind it, as straight as if it had been ruled. There was a rustle in the grass close to me: a golden, dark-spotted snake glided along, leaving the grass-blades trembling in his wake. My pipe was out: I turned for my tobacco-pouch to refill it, when there was a voice—“Oh, don’t move, please!”

I thought the snake had spoken: but no, it



was not the serpent; it was Eve. There, seated in the hollow between two of the overslanting rocks, "half-light, half-shade," like Tennyson's "Gardener's Daughter," was a lady—no, not a lady; a little girl—no, scarcely that: a young lady, we will say. She was drawing, and had evidently been quietly putting me in as a foreground figure to her sketch when I had moved, and thus interrupted the sketch, and startled the sketcher into that strange exclamation, "Oh, don't move, please!"

She instantly apologized—"I beg your pardon, I am sure!" and then laughed a little laugh at the absurdity of the scene. She half-rose, blushing, and smiling, and apologizing; while I with bashful volubility besought that she would continue her sketch, resuming my former position as nearly as I could.

"Is that right?"

"Your head a little higher, if you please. Thank you!"

There was silence again. My back was towards the lady, as it had been at first. I felt uncomfortably angular, and had a nervous twitching in my legs. I longed to look over my shoulder, that I might realize and verify my momentary vision. A tiny figure dressed in white; a small, thin face, almost lost between two torrents of brown hair which swept down from a brown gypsy hat; eyes of the first magnitude, and a blush rose-red. The moments passed slowly by. My vision was getting more and more indistinct. Was the hair brown? What was the expression of the eyes? Was she a girl or a woman? This last question puzzled me the most. She was too self-possessed for the one, too frank for the other. She was very quiet. Why should we not talk? She had seemed to have a pleasant voice; I was not sure that she had; but I could satisfy myself on that point; I would speak to her.

"I hope I have not spoiled your drawing." No answer. "Tell me when I may move." No answer.

I was silent, having some misgivings. There was no sound but the sawing of the grass-hoppers, and the faint rustling of the hazel-bushes lower down.

"May I move now?" I asked, waited a moment, and then sprang to my feet. The little lady had disappeared. The grass was slightly pressed where she had sat; other sign of her there was none!

This was my first sight of Daisy Mainwaring. Of this little flower, whom I thus saw bedded in the emerald grass, I soon learned more, much more than was good for my subsequent peace of mind. Three days after, she and her father came to call on the clergyman with whom I was reading. I recognized her at once, chiefly by her luxuriant hair. She evidently recognized me too, but would not acknowledge that she did so. Impelled by that bashful impudence which often dares more than settled nonchalance, I said suddenly as I stood beside her, "Did you finish your sketch?"

The blush rushed to her face; she trilled out

a treble laugh, and answered, "I was ashamed of myself, and so I ran away."

A strange little person was this Daisy Mainwaring: not a child, and yet scarcely a woman, having all the frank innocence and unspoiled originality of the child, with the gravity and self-possession of the matron. I learned what she was, little by little. She startled me often, outraged all my pre-conceptions, following an orbit of her own which I could not at all calculate. Her inexplicability lay in this—that she was *herself*. She had not been moulded into the conventional pattern: her natural angles and erratic curves had not been pressed and tortured into the conventional line of beauty. It takes one's breath when untaught nature dares to appear openly in the midst of this artistic world. She was not beautiful: thin and small, with a child-face, always drooping, it seemed, under the weight of her brown hair; eyes which defied you, their language was one that had died out of the earth long ago; but this language I learned, and could at length read them. She was as variable as an April day, abandoning herself to joy or grief like a child, and for causes unimaginable to any but herself. She always needed a strong, tender hand to guide and quiet her. This need endeared her to me most. Her education and manner of life had been unlike that of girls generally. Her mother died when she was very young, and she was an only child. Her father was a literary man—a laborious student, shut up always in a fog of psychological problems and metaphysical enigmas. Margaret had never left him; had never been to school, had never had any feminine home-companionship except that of the one servant. Her father had educated her; and this education had been a kind of compromise between coming out of his fog to her and taking her into the fog to himself. He had experimentalized on her as psychologists must, and where he should have taught had often questioned, guessing at the riddles of human nature in her as if she had been a Sphinx. The effect of this education was that she was ignorant of most things which girls usually know, and had acquired an amount of heterogeneous erudition which would have puzzled most men. She had read numberless strange, heavy, antique books which seemed to lie as a weight upon her, and from which she had gathered dialectical subtleties and mystical beliefs which frightened one. Ever since she was a child she had begun to be her father's amanuensis, and now this labour of love had increased until it fell somewhat heavily on her. It was not the brown hair alone that weighed down the weary little head.

Some such anomaly as I have tried to sketch was this Daisy Mainwaring, and with her I fell in love. We soon became great friends. One good influence at least of her education was that she had none of that silly prudery which most young ladies affect towards young gentlemen. She liked me, and, when I used to go in to their lodgings towards the afternoon, to drag out the old man and her for a walk, would rise



from her writing, run to me, and put her little ink-stained fingers in mine, saying: "Oh, I am so glad you have come!" Then, her father would take the spectacles from his dim abstracted eyes, and put his book under his arm; her brown hat was in a moment tied over her brown hair, and we sallied forth for the Landslip. Arrived there, the old man was soon absorbed in his book; and Margaret and I, having chosen an effective "bit" of scenery, sat down to sketch. She drew very incorrectly, but had an eye for colour and an intuitive perception of the *spirit* of nature, which was marvellous. Solemnly the little face used to peer over my shoulder as I altered her outlines; and then she would dash away at the colour with a success of effect which made me half-envious. Our sketch finished, we talked—in what manner rested with her. Sometimes she was so childishly wild and mischievous that she made me angry. She teased "papa" until he came out of his fog; she teased me, blurred my wet sketch, hid my pipe; then climbed up inaccessible rocks, or crept through the hazel-thickets which closed behind her and swallowed her up. At other times she would be silent and grave, and then pour out a torrent of small imaginary troubles, looking most disconsolately at the past and the future, prophesying evils and wretchedness, accusing herself of unheard-of crimes and selfishness. Again, she would start some airy supernatural theory, enforcing it by keen arrows of borrowed dialectic which sounded strangely enough in her treble voice. Thus she would talk of pre-existence, and argue that in dreams came our reminiscences thereof; that sleep was the intermediate state between life and death; that birth and death were the same—mere gateways leading into a new state of life, and so would fall to wondering how far it was possible to retroject ourselves again through these gates, to re-enter the world before this life, to re-enter this world after death. Thus again, she would retail to me Berkeley's doctrine of Idealism coloured by her own poetic imagination, and would prove that I who sat beside her did not exist, save as an impression on her mind; that the grass around us was not really emerald-green, did not wave and tremble in the wind, was not grass at all: in fact, was nothing. In the truth of which theory, modified, I agreed; for was I not addicted to Shelley? The old man, hearing metaphysical words and idioms, would arouse himself from his book, and we would find his spectacles fixed upon us. He regarded us purely in a psychological light, and would busy himself for a moment in noting the effect we had on each other—how each acted sympathetically on each.

Those were happy days. Even with my good wife seated near to me by the roaring winter-fire, I cannot help looking back with a reprehensible fondness on those idle summer-days. Still, I can remember that they were not altogether happy. There was a certain Sir Hercules Lowther, a huge stolid young gentleman, of whom I was at that time very jealous. He was

an old friend of the Mainwarings; had known them in London long before I had known them; was a sort of benefactor to them, in that he was assisting the father pecuniarily in the bringing out of a grand psychological history which had been the work of his life. This Lowther was the very antithesis of Margaret; large in body, small in mind; slow, both corporeally and mentally; and yet for Margaret he had a decided and unmistakable liking. To my discomfort I found him often in the Mainwaring lodgings when I made my daily visit there. Sometimes he would even accompany us to the Landslip, speaking little, but watching Daisy, with wide, wondering eyes, paying her clumsy attentions and helping her awkwardly. I felt she could not like this man; and yet, had she not often told me that we in this world—imperfect—sought out that which was unlike ourselves, to perfect our own imperfection? What if this stolid mass of flesh and muscle was the make-weight to sober down Daisy to a proper earthliness? This Lowther was gall and wormwood to me; the more especially that I saw that Margaret knew her power over him, and rejoiced in it. What woman has not a touch of coquetry in her? Would not the lack of it unsex them? If they were not gifted by nature with this *desire of pleasing*, where would be their magical power over us men? Daisy, with all her innocence—her innocence by no means less immaculate thereby—soon learned her power over Lowther and over me; and used that power, sometimes tyrannically.

However, before the summer was over, Margaret and I were engaged. I had no jealousy of Lowther then; but pitied him sincerely. Happy times those! My dear little wife that was to be grew daily more womanly and natural; her childish wilfulness and petulance became softened and harmonized by love, her fragmentary abstract speculations gravitated towards a concrete centre, and so widened and purified our affection. Mr. Mainwaring was surprised at the turn which our "acting sympathetically each on each" had taken. There was little difficulty in arranging the matter on this side. My worldly prospects were moderately good; sufficiently so if he had been urgent on that point, which he was not. I firmly believe he looked on the projected marriage as a foolish and inconsequent conclusion to his psychological theory of our mutual attraction. On another side the difficulty was much greater. I was an only son, as Daisy was an only daughter—I had but one parent, as she had; but mine was a mother. To my mother I wrote about my engagement—foolish, fervid letters, which made the affair look more boyishly romantic than it really was. However, the engagement was made, and to it she acceded perforce, giving her consent in cold and sarcastic phrases, and hinting vaguely at cunning fascinations and artful entrapments. I told Margaret nothing of this. If it chilled me in one way, it but served to make my affection for her the warmer and more tender. Sir Hercules Lowther, with his large

estates, would have been a much richer quarry to fly at than myself. She had given up him for me. I had no doubt of her, and I was sure that it would be the same with my mother when she came to see and know her.

Autumn came; the last roses died out of the gardens; the leaves of the sumach began to turn blood-red; our green platform in the Land-slip had become sere and yellow under hot harvest-suns. The time had come when I was to leave Ventnor for Cambridge. I walked with Daisy to our first trysting-place for the last time. She was grave and sad, and then broke out into one of her old fits of misery, which I had not heard for a long time. She threw herself on the sodden grass, and hid her little face on my knees. She foreboded all kinds of evil. We should never see each other any more; she should die; I should die; I should cease to love her. She ended with childish sobs as if her heart would break. I stroked her luxuriant hair, and chided and soothed her. Then she seated herself quietly at my feet, and after a long silence began to speculate dreamily on what we should do during the separation. We were to think of each other at a certain time every day; we were always to think of each other at night before we went to sleep, and so try to dream of each other. It was not impossible, she thought, that in dreams we might actually meet. Such things had been; why should they not be now? The old philosophers could separate their souls from their bodies by intense thought. She believed firmly it might be done. Again, there were strange sympathies often between twin-brothers—each knew when the other was ill—each felt the joy or sorrow of the other. We loved each other better than twin-brothers did, why should it not be the same with us? She was sure she would know if I were ill; she would feel happy when I was happy, sad when I was sad. Supposing she was to die suddenly, would it be possible for her to come to me to say Good-bye, or to summon me to her death-bed? If either of us died, would it be possible for the dead to come and see the living?—to make its presence known?—to appear visibly as it used to be in the flesh? Agreements had been made between dear friends that the one who died first should come from the future world and visit the other: would I make this agreement with her? She was pertinacious on this point; she would have this agreement made. To satisfy her I acceded, and ratified the promise with a kiss. This seemed to comfort her, and I scolded her for her foolishness. It had been arranged that she was to come and stay with my mother during the Christmas vacation. There were but two months of separation, and I talked to her of this, and tried to cheer her by the prospect of so soon meeting again. Still this our last meeting in the old place was very sad—as different from the first as was the yellow from the green grass, the grey sky from the blue, the bitter east wind from the soft west.

\* \* \* \* \*

Daisy came to us at Christmas, and that

Christmas saw the end of our engagement. It is useless to detail all the petty words and doings which led to this rupture. My mother is dead (God rest her soul!), and the wrong that she did was done for love of me. She would have been jealous of anyone whom I loved better than herself—for whom I meditated leaving her; and to Daisy she had taken a strong dislike before she even saw her. They were the opposites of each other, and could no more sympathize than fire could mingle with water. My mother was of cold temperament, precisely bred, looking upon surface proprieties as vital matters; never suffering a wave of passion or strong feeling to disturb the visible level of her nature, proud of her good blood and of her competent wealth. Daisy was what I have sketched her; and, moreover, she was poor, and neither knew nor cared about her pedigree. My mother's orthodoxy was shocked at her rambling speculations; it was a sin, she thought, for any girl to have a deep thought beyond her catechism, her creed, and the established interpretations thereof. She was shocked at her undisguised fondness for me: when Daisy on my first arrival ran up to me and hung about my neck, my mother blushed scarlet. I had dreaded their coming together, and the event I soon saw would prove worse than my forebodings. The first symptom of my mother's aversion was a rigid silence about Margaret, when alone with me: then came the old hints about cunning entrapments, and, in addition, allusions to want of modesty and religion; then plainer sayings; and the issue was hard words between mother and son, and consequent quarrel and estrangement.

"Your mother does not like me," said my poor little betrothed to me continually, and looked in my face with her solemn eyes, and read the truth there, though my lips evaded it. It was soon plain enough. Greater familiarity emboldened my mother's tongue, and cruel innuendos and relentless sarcasms became broader and broader day by day. My mother is dead (God rest her soul), and I will write no more of this, for I cannot write forgivingly even now. One morning my darling came to me, and said quietly: "You shall not marry me;" and then she threw herself into my arms and kissed me passionately, and she was gone. I stormed and raged in vain. That episode of my life was over. Oh! Daisy, Daisy! if hearts do bleed—do, in their agony, wring forth bitter tears of blood—then my heart bled when I lost you!

"Did I cry out 'Daisy'?" No, wife, you have fallen asleep over your work and dreamed it. Do not come to look over me. You shall read the story when it is finished."

\* \* \* \* \*

I sowed a plentiful crop of wild oats at Cambridge, which bore their mingled produce of good and ill. When I came home after degree, for a week, before I set off for Italy, I was much more cynical and stoical than in the days of my



matriculation. The old heart-wounds had cicatrized long ago, and the heart had become more callous in the cicatrization. It would have taken much to make me fall in love now, and if I had done so I should have stifled the weakness before I had confessed it even to myself. That past quarrel was made up between my mother and me; but we generally, by mutual consent, fenced round that ugly pit with a wall of silence. I had lost all sight of the Mainwarings; I never heard their name, never suffered myself to think about them. Only in my dreams little Daisy would sometimes rise up, her head drooping beneath the weight of brown hair, and her solemn eyes fixed always tenderly on mine. Lowther had been my fellow-collegian; but he, the rich man, did not stay to take his degree as I did, to whom the prestige of that ceremony would be serviceable at the Bar. So of Lowther I had lost sight also, for a year or more.

On the last morning of my sojourn at home before my departure, I sat reading my letters at the breakfast-table—reading aloud a scrap here and there which I thought might interest my mother. Suddenly I became silent, as in a letter from a college friend I came upon this passage: "You remember old Lowther. Did you ever think it possible that that stolid Hercules would find his Omphale? Yet none the less found she is, and Hercules is a slave, and only all his wealth will ransom him. He is going to be married. The affair is to come off immediately. Omphale is not precisely a queen; in fact is a poor little devil of a milliner, or a governess, or something of that sort; her name Mainwaring. People talk with horror about the *mesalliance*. I do not see it in that light. A man might do worse than marry a milliner. You see I am reading for ordination, and so getting moral."

I turned white, and gasped for breath. The old wound burnt like fire, and throbbed as if the cicatrice would break.

"What is the matter?" said my mother. "There is bad news."

All my cynicism rose to help me. "Not at all so," I said. "You remember a little person whom you never would call Daisy? Well, the said little person is about to be married to a friend of mine. It is a good match. The pearl is a pearl of great price, and has sold itself for fifteen thousand per annum."

Shame on me for that sentence; but all my old jealousy had sprung up within, more acrid than it had ever been before.

"And who is the purchaser?" asked my mother, in a low voice, but flushing to her temples. The wall of silence was down, and the air from the pit was unwholesome with fire-damp. I read her face. As the old love had awakened in my breast, so the old fear had awakened in hers. She guessed what my pale face meant, and I knew the meaning of the flush on hers. She should not read my weakness thus.

"The purchaser—happy man be his dole," I answered, "is a Sir Hercules Lowther. A certain person and he were rivals long ago;

but what mere mortal man can strive with a Hercules, particularly when that Hercules has a handle to his name and fifteen thousand a-year? Really," I said, changing my tone, "I am glad that Miss Mainwaring is about to make so good a match. Notwithstanding your antipathy to her, my dear mother, she was a very good girl in her way."

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I went to Italy, and remained there and about the coasts of the Mediterranean for a year. Do what I would, Daisy still haunted my dreams—always the same, sometimes even to the small ink-stained fingers cramped with long holding of the pen. I laughed savagely about the marriage. This was woman's constancy. Not three years, and she was married, and to Lowther too, who, from reminiscences of old days, must constantly remind her of me. I confessed now that I still loved her—confessed it as a penance to myself, pressing it down on my sore heart like a cauterizing iron, and writhing under the pain of my own self-contempt. Still from week to week I was not sure that the marriage had taken place. I always hoped that it was not yet consummated. Not to-day, not to-day; let it be to-morrow. Some six months after I had left home there was a sentence in one of my mother's letters, which settled the matter.

"Your friend, Sir Hercules," she wrote, "was married last week. I have seen the announcement in this morning's newspaper." Certainty is better than uncertainty; the fall of Damocles' sword is more bearable than its suspension. I need not narrate here how by degrees I regained peace of mind—a peace of mind truer and healthier than had been my former cynicism. I learned to look on Daisy's marriage in its true light. What right had I (dog-in-the-manger that I was) to dream of monopolizing her who could not marry me—whom my kin had injured beyond redemption? Without marriage a woman's life was incomplete in this world. Lowther would make her a good and loyal husband—better than I should. Lowther had never been nearly so wild as I had—had never so hardened and debased his better nature. I forgave Daisy—*forgave!* Could she have forgiven me?

My mother died before I reached England again. Nevermore could that sad quarrel be renewed. Now I felt how that great wrong she had done me, she had done solely through love. My soul hungered after love, and turned and gnawed itself in its desperate cravings. I can understand how friendless people in their loneliness gather dumb animals about them.

I settled down to my profession, and worked hard. My miseries passed away, and the acuteness of my feelings became numbed under the influence of close study. Ambition awoke within me. The more I succeeded the more I wished to succeed: the further I advanced on the road, the longer grew the road before me. Aided by favourable circumstances, my progress was faster than usual at the bar. At the age of



thirty-five my practice was large. If ever I looked back to that love-dream of my romantic boyhood, it was as upon some childish toy. I smiled as I recollected the old passion, the soreness of heart, the bitterness of spirit, the weariness of life. I scarcely believed it could all have been true; I wondered at my former self—half regretted that I was so utterly changed. I was not sure that I had a heart now. If that mysterious organ still existed within me, it slept quietly enough. To have awakened it for a moment; to have felt the wild tumultuous struggle, of which I had a vague remembrance; to have felt even one twinge of the sharp pain, this would have been a luxury to me now. My pulse was steady and regular; the blood-mechanism beat strongly and calmly in my left side, my head was cool and clear. I had over-lived the age for that heart-fever. We came through those diseases as children through their childish complaints, and our moral constitutions were the healthier that we had passed through them and were rid of them.

About this time I determined to marry. I was rich, I had many friends, but I had no home; I felt the lack of those domestic comforts, and that social position which only marriage can give. This was a very different feeling to that loneliness which had weighed me down after my mother's death. It was partly in the form of a duty that I entertained this idea of marriage, partly in the form of a sober, selfish advantage. It was desirable to change my bachelor-life, which was becoming somewhat wearisome. A mansion in the more civilized quarter of the town would be an improvement on my dusty chambers within Temple Bar. I felt that it was incumbent on me to take my stand in that station of life in which I had been called, to do as other men did, to exercise the duties of hospitality, to cultivate the household amenities, to obey the laws of Nature and Society; and, if it might be so, to rear children around me, who should succeed to my name and fortune and fill my place after I was gone. So I began to look round for a wife. My friends soon learned that I was a marrying-man, and recommendations came to my ears of So-and-so's sister, and Such-an-one's daughter. Mammas smiled on me with increased favour, and incited their lovely offspring to display for me their virtues and accomplishments. Many a faultless filly, from model training-stables, was put through her paces for my behoof. Having decided on the expediency of marrying, I had decided too on the necessary qualifications for my wife. Soberly and quietly, as becomed a sensible man, I had reasoned out the whole matter. Moderate beauty, a moderate fortune, the conventional accomplishments, a good temper, a good manner, and perfect good-breeding. Surely a hundred such girls come from their nurseries into the marriage-market every year.

Very opposite was this marriage-project to the foolish engagement of fifteen years ago. Then, an insane fancy for a child like myself had nearly hurried me into the matrimonial condition

for which both of us were yet unripe. We were unfitted for each other. It would have been a sacrifice on both sides. How unsatisfactorily would Daisy have filled the office which I now looked for in my wife! The woman of my search was the very antipodes to her. I was wiser since that time, and now judged of the holy institution of marriage by the light of that reason which God had given me. I saw the wisdom and the expedience of the condition, and sought to adapt that condition to my own particular requirements. Then, an impulsive passion for an individual had impelled me towards marriage; now, having syllogistically proved the desirableness of marriage, I made deliberate search for the individual who should be the fit means to the accomplishment of that end. It is by the heart only that man is misled; let him use his reason, and he is safe.

I had professional business in the North of England, and I arranged to stay for a night, on my way, at the seat of a friend in one of the midland counties. Of course this friend had a daughter. I went to view this daughter, as I should have gone to look at the points of a horse which I thought might suit me, if I had wanted a horse. I had seen Miss Dalton in London, during the last season. She had all the requisite advantages which I have mentioned above; and to this favoured person I, the Grand Seigneur, felt inclined at length to throw the handkerchief. I would see her at home, and then make up my mind in the affirmative or the negative. On the railway platform I met an old friend—no other than Lowther. He was in deep mourning, and his black dress, together with the change which time had worked on him, made me at first uncertain of his identity. However, in a moment we recognized each other, shook hands, and took our seats in the same carriage. My heart gave one throb, and slept again. I had not seen Lowther since his marriage. He had broadened into a portly country gentleman, and his stolid countenance had gained a gravity which looked not unlike wisdom. His deep voice had a majestic roll in it, and his slow speech a deliberation suggestive of well-weighed words. I was amused at the form into which his juvenile stolidity had ripened. I learned from his conversation that his wife was not long dead. Again, the throb at my heart, and a long, quivering tremor, ere it subsided to rest. Poor Daisy! Her girlish figure rose before me vividly for a moment, and then gradually faded. I noted on Lowther's finger a memorial ring of brown hair, and round it imprinted "Margaret." Lowther was bound for an estate of his in the north, not far from my ultimate destination. He made me promise to come to him for a day before I returned to London. A meeting with an old fellow-collegian is always pleasant; the sociality of those early days retains its hold upon us through life. Lowther and I, for this and for other causes, were glad to see each other, and shook hands heartily and warmly when we separated.

My reception by the Daltons was kindly, and

had that domestic charm about it which is wondrously agreeable to the bachelor. It is something to be received *en famille* when one has not a home of one's own. I liked Amy Dalton better in the old-fashioned country-house than in the London ball-rooms. I liked her kindness to the children when they came down after dinner. Children cannot be bribed or scolded into acting love where they do not feel love. I liked the hints which I heard of her household handiness, and of homely duties diligently performed by her. I liked her stories about the village folk, showing, *not* in the way of exhibition, how she visited their cottages and read to them. Above all, I liked her because she did not try to captivate me, did not parade her accomplishments and her virtues before me. I had seen too much of that lately. All these little favourable traits were so much thrown in over and above the essentials in the bargain which I meditated.

At night I retired to the library. I had writing to do, which must be done for to-morrow's post. I wrote my letters, and then threw myself into an easy-chair by the dying fire. Instead of Amy, thoughts of Daisy rose within me—thoughts long stifled and dead. Those summer days came back—the wanderings in the Land-slip, the sketches, her childish petulance, her wild spirits, her fits of melancholy, her foolish dreams and speculations. I remembered how she used to disappear in the hazel-thickets; how her little head had lain upon my knees; how at that last parting she had thrown herself into my arms and passionately kissed me. Now that she was dead, it seemed as if her marriage with Lowther was wiped away. She was mine once more. The old feelings rushed back in a torrent. I tried to stem them, but in vain. My heart awoke from its sleep, and proclaimed its omnipotence; and my frigid reason shrunk away before its fiery sceptre.

There was a sound. The handle of the door turned, and the door creaked and opened. Good God! was I mad?

There, in the door-way, stood Daisy—a little figure dressed in black, the same thin face, the same heavy hair. The same treble voice uttered my name. A moment, and she was gone. I rushed forward, and there was nothing.

A lamentable weakness this. My head was affected. My will came into action, and beat down the strugglings of my heart, and strung my nerves with its iron fingers, and brought my wild thoughts under control. This, I impressed on my mind, has been a phantom of my imagination. I am tired and feverish after my journey, and I have suffered old thoughts to get the better of me. I will never let such absurdities conquer my reason again. I have been a fool.

I lighted my candle and went to bed. Notwithstanding will and reason, there was a ceaseless whisper within, saying: "It was no trick of imagination. You have seen little Daisy to-night, as undeniably as you ever saw her in old

days. Do you not remember the promise that whoever died first should come to the other?"

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Broad sunlight mostly dispels the imaginative lunacies of overnight. I had feverish dreams, in which Daisy and Amy played fantastic parts, interchanging their identity—Amy dead, Daisy alive again—becoming inextricably confused in each other, until they united and mingled into one phantom, which I pursued vainly—a shadowy something, after which I yearned with a passion unquenchable and hopeless, with a mental determination unconquerable as it was fruitless. But all these clouds of darkness melted away at once before the cold light of the morning sun. When I descended to breakfast I was the same calm, reasonable person I had been the day before. The vision of the previous night had been a dream, like the dreams which succeeded it; that was certain. I banished the trivial incident from my mind resolutely. Amy's cheerful, fresh, quiet face, as she presided at the early breakfast, had a soothing influence over me, which I accepted as yet another advantage in the meditated bargain. When we were married the constant presence of that quiet face would affect beneficially my daily life—make my head clear, keep my nerves cool.

I left the Daltons that morning, and proceeded on my journey. My business in the north was accomplished; and two days after, I arrived at Sir Hercules Lowther's, just in time to join him at his solitary dinner. He was dull and silent; the house had a mournful, deserted aspect; the servants moved about with mute lips and noiseless feet. All brought Daisy to my mind, but this time not so much in connection with my own feelings as in the character of my friend's dead wife. I pitied him for his loss. As we sat by the fire over our wine, he began to talk about his wife, speaking with a rough, simple pathos of how good she had been, and what a blessing to him.

"Poor Daisy!" I said, using the tender diminutive involuntarily. "All you say of her is true, I know. You were happy in marrying her. It is something to have had her to lose."

"Yes," he answered, looking at me meditatively. "But only those who knew her can judge of my loss. I feel that you sympathize with me, old friend, and thank you for it; but you did not know her."

"Not know her? Do you think I have forgotten the old Isle-of-Wight days? Why, Lowther, I too once loved this little Daisy of yours. I may say so now. You will not be jealous of me."

"Knew my wife!—loved my wife!" he gasped out, syllable by syllable, with a slow horror and astonishment.

"Yes, you must have known it then," I said. "I was wild when you married her. But all that is past long ago; and, remembering what she was, I only feel for you the more."

"Loved my wife!" he still muttered, in a



stolid sort of wonder. "Loved my wife?—Daisy?—What!—There is a mistake," he said, and his face brightened slowly into intelligence. "There is a mistake. You surely know whom I married?"

"Yes," I cried, "certainly I do. Daisy Mainwaring."

"Never. You are wrong."

I stared at him aghast, and pointed to the ring which he wore. "Whose hair is that?"

"My poor wife's. I married my cousin, Margaret Lowther; not Daisy Mainwaring, as you call her. That was a mere boyish fancy. I would have married her at one time, but she would not marry me; and thank heaven for it. My wife only, in all the world, could have made me so happy as I have been." He sighed, and went on: "However did you come by this false notion? Where did you hear it? How on earth did it enter your head?"

By slow degrees I recalled and explained how I had heard of his marriage. It was not easy for me, having held the event for so long as an established fact, to bring to my mind the precise manner in which the news had reached me. However, I succeeded, at length, in recalling the letter from my friend, and also the confirmation of the former tidings, in my mother's letter, received in Italy. I learned (but not wholly then) what had been the true state of the case. When my friend wrote of Lowther's approaching marriage to Daisy, Lowther had been willing enough to make that assertion true. It was at that time that she had refused to marry him; and consequent upon this refusal seemed to me to have been his marriage with his cousin so soon after. Whether in pique, or whether in the way of consolation, did not clearly appear; but, at all events, the marriage had turned out happily. My mother's notification to me was substantially true: Lowther was married at that time.

Daisy, then, was not dead; but the phantom of that night—how was it to be explained? I asked for news about her, and Lowther told me that he had lost sight of her for some time; that after her father's death she had gone out as a governess; that he had offered help to her in vain; that she was too proud to accept help from an old lover.

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On my way back I called again at the Daltons'. As I walked by the side of Amy, in the wintry garden, I asked abruptly: "Have you a governess here?"

"Yes," she answered, a little surprised.

"What is her name?"

"Miss Mainwaring. Here she is, coming with the children."

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"Shall I go on any more, little wife? Shall I tell them how hard I found it to win you back

to me?—how I, the Grand Seigneur, did not get my wife by a mere throwing of the handkerchief, but was obliged to go on my knees; obliged to outrage all foregone conclusions and determinations about my matrimonial needs, and about the proper view and bearings of matrimony! Shall I tell them of all your troubles in those long years of separation; and how you are changed thereby, and yet the same? graver, soberer, wiser—equable and quiet—but Daisy still? 'No,' do you say, 'I have written enough?' Then I will write no more."

## NOVEMBER LEAVES.

These grey November days  
Suit well my temper; so these fallen leaves lying  
In all the miry ways,  
Part rotten, part just dead, part only dying,  
Pray prayers, chant holy lays,  
Preach homilies for me most edifying.

My hopeful spring is past,  
My rustling summer and my harvest season  
Unfruitful, and at last  
My fall-of-leaf hath come; and there is treason  
Against the bitter blast  
Within my heart, although I know 'tis reason.

November leaves must fall,  
And hopes outworn, the timely frost must sever,  
Leaving their branches tall  
All gaunt and bare and black; but not for ever.  
Thrice-strong to whom befall  
These kindly frosts! Let such forget them never.

J. A.

## A S I G H .

To know the value of a sigh  
You ought to have a heart oppress'd  
And spirits labouring languidly,  
Slowly, heavily through the breast.  
How sweet the impulse! What relief!  
How great a load a sigh removes!  
Refreshment! ah, beyond belief  
By any, but the heart which proves  
The gush of life which helps it on  
When its sad beat was almost gone,  
Oppressed, and overwhelmed with care,  
Greater than all its strength could bear.

Homerton.

JAMES EDMESTON.



## WAYSIDE SKETCHES IN FOREIGN LANDS.

## No. II.—THE DANUBE.

It was at the usual early morning hour of six o'clock that our travelling-carriages rattled through the silent but magnificent streets of Munich, on our way to Landshut. Everything promised enjoyment—brilliant weather, commodious equipages furnished with endless contrivances in the way of bags, cases, and pockets adapted to contain the Murrays, telescopes, sketch-books, maps, and other indispensable accompaniments of a travelling party; excellent horses, civil and intelligent coachmen; but—(and how often in life these *buts* occur, to mar one's enjoyment of temporal pleasures!)—when the body suffers, how little, alas! can the mind take cognizance of all this! Faint and ill, I had been assisted to my seat by our kind hostess, who had risen thus early to bid us adieu, and who, as we drove away, stood surrounded by a constellation of waiters, like Saturn and its accompanying satellites!

We arrived at Landshut early in the evening (and which, by the bye, my friends afterwards described to me as a considerable-sized town, containing, as usual, one or two curious old churches). Driving at once to the principal hotel, we were preparing to alight, when the "wirthin" (landlady) appeared, with the terrible announcement that only two beds could be had for ten people! The thing was impossible! What was to be done? Was there another hotel? Yes; an inferior one, that could not afford a quarter of our required accommodation! However, ill as I was, I went with Mr. L—, to learn the actual state of the case. It was but too true. Again we ventured to the former place. Could no possible arrangement be effected? Our exhausted looks, or the prospect of more tangible rewards, at length moved their inexorable hearts to agree to find us two other rooms, which some of our party hastened to appropriate; but returned in a few minutes with the intelligence that they smelt so strongly of paint and varnish (having just been renovated) that sleeping in them was at present out of the question.

By this time we had arrived at the conclusion that an *al fresco* accommodation was the only obtainable one in this unpromising town of Landshut. However, resolving on one more attempt, and the urgency of the case little disposing us to be fastidious, we stopped at a Gasthof that had been pointed out to us, as our last chance of success. Passing through a court, we entered by stone steps into a great room on the rez-de-chaussee, which was filled with tobacco-smoke, through whose overpowering fumes a score of slovenly-looking Bavarian boors, loudly gesticulating, and drinking from huge pewter cans, were barely distinguishable, and

whose action, attitudes, and manner reminded one of some of Tenier's Dutch pictures. We were conducted by the very fat wirthin (with a waist somewhat the circumference of a modern crinoline, and who, on the Hottentot principle of the greatest beauty being in proportion to the greatest bulk, must have inevitably distanced all competitors) up a flight of wide, old, dark oak stairs, that would have suited some antique castle of the middle-ages, at the top of which appeared several doors, two of which she after much trouble unlocked with a very rusty key: they opened into two immense rooms, where she proposed putting up beds enough for the entire party. Here, however, arose another slight difficulty—our party did not consist exclusively of *ladies*! After some delay, and a great deal of persuasion, an additional small room in some obscure unknown angle of the building, up sundry flights of steps, was found, and thus the bargain was concluded. In a few minutes appeared porters carrying our luggage, impromptu carpenters and domestics scientifically fixing bedsteads in every available space about the rooms; chamber-maids, with shrill voices and in Bavarian costumes, running hither and thither, executing orders for water, &c., &c.

When at length chaos had assumed some degree of order, we rang to learn something of the bill of fare, the long day's journey having disposed the greater number of my friends to enjoy a good dinner. First, then, we learnt there was no *table d'hôte*, and next that the only places for dining were either the room I have described on entrance, or our own bed-rooms! Preferring to adopt the latter alternative (which is no uncommon one on the continent), it was finally arranged that tea should be served to several of our party (myself among the number), who ignored dinner under such circumstances.

After waiting a length of time, which the impatience of illness exaggerated into something intolerable, a pretty Bavarian maid appeared (my kind nurse, Theresa, as she subsequently proved), carrying with her several tall glass goblets, such as I recollect having seen used when I was a child; a sort of large soup-basin, containing some disgusting-looking concoction, and huge spoons of the dimensions of gravy-spoons, with which it was evidently intended the mixture should be laded into the goblets; singularly unpromising-looking rolls of various odd shapes, and an enormous pot of boiling milk completed the preparations for the meal. "Surely," said one of my friends, "they have made a mistake. This must be the black broth of which I have heard spoken!" "No," said another lady, who had been adventurous enough to taste it (with an indescribable nausea ex-

pressed on her countenance); "it certainly is *senna tea*!" This suggestion, of course, completely settled the question. The whole apparatus was quickly sent away, and a new order for coffee issued, which (to shorten my story) though an improvement on the tea, had, I understand, when served in these glass goblets, so much the appearance of rhubarb and magnesia that I question if some of our party have ever thoroughly disabused their minds of having undergone a certain degree of medical treatment during their unwilling stay at Landslut.

How my friends who dined in the adjoining room fared I never knew; for long before the *entrée* of the rhubarb and magnesia, I had become so much worse that it was found necessary to send for a doctor. Some quarter of an hour may have elapsed, when the door gently opened, and though nearly insensible from exhaustion, consequent on the paroxysms of pain I was enduring, I saw a figure enter—a man—whether old or young I knew not (nor in fact have I to this day satisfactorily made out), dressed in an antique sort of top-coat with tails reaching nearly to his feet; such a one as one's great grandfather might have worn nearly a century ago; waistcoat and trowsers of the same venerable age, very high stiff collar, a still stiffer neck-handkerchief, and a pair of spectacles, around whose great orbs were rims of such astonishing thickness that the still greater wonder was that the nose had not broken in its endeavours to maintain such a ponderous apparatus upon it! So singular a piece of antiquity in dress and externals I could never conceive, in this uniform fashion-compressing nineteenth century! One glance, in which I took into my mind all I have now described, and I became again insensible. When at length I opened my eyes, the antiquated figure was sitting beside my bed. My friends were standing around, with anxious faces, speaking in low tones; amid which I could, however, distinguish—"If he could but speak a *little* English, or even *French*. Dear me! What is to be done?" "Ach!" said the figure, seeing my eyes opened; "*meine arme Fraulein? Seit wann sind sic krank?*" and then proceeded to question me; but the parched lips and feverish tongue refused to do their bidding. I was unable to reply; so after endless searchings in phrase-books and dictionaries, and by the aid of a little Latin brought in to the rescue, some conclusion was, I suppose, arrived at; a prescription written, and my Bavarian Esculapius took his leave. At three o'clock in the morning he was again summoned; and, to end this already too long personal digression, his remedies this time produced so much amendment, that, thanks to his skill and attention, and the comfortable carriage so kindly provided for Mrs. L—and myself, I was enabled to bear the journey to Straubing, where the rest of our party were waiting for us; and at the end of a week, the balmy air and the easy luxurious travelling on the Danube, almost restored me to my usual health; but ungrateful were it, indeed, could I close this

account without a tribute of respect to the talents and worth of my kind friend, the doctor, who, despite his appearance, proved to be a man of undoubted talents, singular disinterestedness, and genuine kindness and benevolence.

We arrived at Straubing late in the evening, having felt little fatigue in our sleep-provoking carriage, enjoying during the intervals of our naps the pretty country-road by which we travelled, and the loquacity of our coachman, who, by virtue of his having held the office of charioteer to no less a personage than Lola Montes, when that frail fair one held her reign in Munich, had an inexhaustible fund of anecdotes of her eccentricities; especially that of her horsewhipping not only her female but her *male* servants with her own fair hands. All which he related with gusto.

The Danube! How brilliantly the morning of July 20th dawned! and how the golden gleams of the hot sun reminded us of the delightful change our next two days' voyage would prove, to the blazing, walking, or driving about hot cities that in such weather are all on a blaze. I know not what were the feelings of any others of our party as we stood on the landing-place awaiting the arrival of the Danube steamer; mine, however, were deep thankfulness to the Giver of all Good that I was thus permitted the realization of one of the dreams of my early youth—a voyage on that "heavy, haughty, aristocratic Danube, with its broad deep majesty of flood, moving onwards in aged-like sobriety to its watery grave in the Black Sea, yet more than a thousand miles distant from its termination."

Scarcely had these reflections passed through my mind than the steamer itself—roaring, hissing, and raging—came in view. Presently it was alongside of us: all was now activity; in a few minutes luggage and passengers were on board. Up went the plank, and again was the foaming monster gliding down the river, leaving its black train in the clear bright distance. It was a handsome vessel; all necessary and much unnecessary luxury in the cabins, in the way of velvets, mirrors, and gold and white decoration. The meals were served on deck, under an awning, as on the Rhine. It is impossible to imagine a more luxurious mode of transport than that enjoyed on these rivers. It is the very poetry of motion. A glorious sky above; exquisite scenery around, changing ever and anon into unexpected forms of grandeur, beauty, or sublimity; a delicious southern warmth in the atmosphere; no fatigue, no annoyance, as we thus walk up and down, or read, or idle, or otherwise enjoy the *dolce far niente* of such days of luxurious travelling.

And what a strange, picturesque company—specimens of almost all European nations! That delicate, aristocratic-looking lady, sitting in an easy chair on deck, is the Austrian ambassadress. The smart, French grisette, whose well-fitting pink dress and daintily *chaussés* feet are a study; and the ebony-faced, thick-lipped Indian, with a shawl round her curly head, and



long gold ear-rings, bright African eyes, and wonderful teeth, are two of her female servants. The pretty, lady-like girl of seventeen, in a hat, who is talking with great animation to that fine young Tyrolese (who, by-the-bye, has more eyes for the attractions of his lovely companion than for those of the beautiful river) is her daughter. The two tall, handsome, middle-aged men, with lightish hair and a profusion of moustache, in grey and scarlet military dress, are two well-known Hungarian generals. The very stout lady, dressed in an indescribable sort of wrapper, and talking to a gentleman, evidently her husband, is a Russian countess. The party of young persons, who are talking and laughing and seem to know everybody, are French. Then we have Austrian officers, in their light military costumes of white, faced with light-blue, and little jockey-like caps, having a sort of elaborately got up *Smikey* look, as if they had grown out of their clothes; the elegant looking man, with a tall, pointed, green felt hat, with a broad, green ribbon round it and feathers at the side, is a Tyrolese nobleman; and the pale, thoughtful-looking man, in delicate health, is Baron Eötvös, a poet, and formerly prime minister of Hungary, under Kossuth's government. In addition to those I have sketched, we had Italians, Swiss, and Germans *ad libitum*.

At the other end of the vessel, talking, smoking, and sleeping promiscuously, among the luggage, were dirty Germans, dirtier Italians, and still dirtier Jews!

Such was the company who whiled away the luxuriousness of that delicious voyage as they best pleased. The Hungarians played chess; the German gentlemen smoked; the Italians slept, or, from time to time, cast angry glances at the Austrians, between whom there is no love lost; the young ladies flirted; the old ladies knitted; and for myself, I did what English ladies generally do—read Murray, sketched, and wrote my journal, keeping up a little French, German, and Italian in the intervals, as I gave or received information from different persons of the company. The scenery of the Danube, I must confess, disappointed me till we reached Passau, at half-past 3 o'clock; for, although the breadth of water must ever make the river itself magnificent, still its banks are up to this point level, with little variation, save willow-clad islands; but here the scene changes into one of perfect enchantment, and, as the steamer stops a few minutes to take in passengers, we have time to seize its chief points, and to make them a “joy for ever.”

Passau is built in the shape of a triangle, on an eminence, which occupies the promontory between the Danube and the Inn, at the junction of which rivers with the Ilz it stands. A splendid and picturesque bridge spans the mighty Danube. The buildings of the town rising one above another have a grand appearance, and on green and rocky eminences are the fortress and castle of Oberhaus, and the pilgrimage church of Maria Hilf—both striking objects as seen from the river; and which

church, by-the-bye, I must tell you, is approached by a covered staircase containing 264 steps, up which Roman Catholic pilgrims ascend on their knees, saying a short prayer at each step!

Thus stands this beautiful city, which, “shut in by high mountains and beetling precipices, cannot fail to make an impression on the lover of the picturesque.” Gloriously the afternoon sun gilded the domes and spires, and cast its long, deep shadows on the hills, its bright rays giving a heightened tone of colour to the white buildings of the town. I made a hurried and most unsatisfactory sketch: the steamer had taken in its passengers, and in a few minutes all this most beauteous scene was lost to us for ever.

Onward it rushes, [and we find ourselves in silent solitudes, surrounded by mountains clad with dark woods, sequestered ravines, with white cottages or dainty little villages nestling at the mouth of them, and ruined castles perched upon the rocks, and peering out of fir-forests, once the abode of robber-chiefs. Thus it continues till we arrive at the ruined castle of Hayenbach, which stands on a promontory so abrupt that its waters flow in opposite directions on the two sides of it. On turning this, the Danube, contracted to nearly half its width, enters a majestic defile shut in by wooded mountains almost precipitous, and, according to Murray (to whose accurate descriptions I am much indebted in this journey), varying in height between 600 and 1,000 feet. Here the current boils and rages, forming rapids and whirlpools, and producing scenes of great sublimity and beauty. Later we pass the vast edifice known as the Castle of Neuhaus; other villages and convents are seen, till at length the Danube appears to cut through a chain of mountains which descend to the water's edge with nearly vertical cliffs. And thus have we, through scenes of almost uninterrupted grandeur and beauty, arrived within sight of Linz, which, with its fortifications, convents, castle, churches, mountains, and bridge, glowed before us in the red evening sunlight, forming a landscape of the most surpassing loveliness. I had thought every epithet denoting admiration had already been exhausted in the various points of interest we had so warmly appreciated during the day; but I was mistaken, for not only ourselves, but even the general company in the vessel were enthusiastic in expressions of admiration at this spot.

Linz is, as you know, the capital of Upper Austria, and is famed for its fortifications, its fine views, and the unique beauty of its situation. I took out a book of travels I had with me, to compare my ideas with the writer of them: they agreed perfectly. “This beautiful city has nothing of Germany in it,” says he; “we seem to be in Italy. Balconies with flowers salute the eye at every turn; all has a bright sunny appearance and feeling. We went up to a green summit, and, extended on the grass, gazed on the Danube beneath. To the right and left were two beauteous branches of the noble river, flowing beneath high, green hills. Below was the



city, with its bright white houses, its handsome churches, with gilded crosses and gilded cupolas shining in the sun; then the long wooden bridge across the river, beyond the range of hills, covered with green and yellow enclosures, richly wooded with trees in groups, and lines of bright white buildings shining forth amid the thick, dark foliage. It was a scene to gladden the heart of man, and to make him pour forth his gratitude to the Author of all Good."

Our hotel (the name of which I forget) was, as usual, a very handsome one; and, after looking at our rooms, while tea was preparing, Mr. L—— and I strolled through the town, for the heat of the salon was terrific; tea and coffee were being served as were entered, and how heartily we enjoyed it after our recollections of the same meal at Landshut I need not relate.

At six o'clock next morning we were again hurrying down to the Danube, for our onward voyage to Vienna, deeply regretting to be obliged to leave this beautiful city unexplored, which, if we had admired it in the evening sunlight, looked no less enchanting in the yellow glow of morning, with the hazy, vapoury distance bringing out its immediate points of beauty in fine perspective effect; at all of which we strained our eyes so long as a turret remained in view.

Needless is it for me again to describe our passengers beyond saying, that with many of our companions of the preceding day we had the usual number of representatives of the various European nations, who occupied themselves very much as I have before described.

What a Babel it is, as one embarks! German, Italian, and French, in every degree of dialect, being vociferated all around by passengers, porters, cabmen, and sailors: and wonderful is it when, in the midst of all this confusion and uproar, we find ourselves safely on board! Piteous too it is, at such times, to behold some hapless John Bull who, under the self-satisfied shelter of a well-filled purse, had set out on his travels, ignorant of all languages save his own most reputable English! See him now, angrily disputing with those cabmen, not one word of which they comprehend, as they stand and jump, and shout round him, with the excitement peculiar to their nation and the circumstance: how fearfully is that unhappy man at the mercy of these foreign cormorants! What would he not give now for a little bit of the French and German he had thought so unnecessary to his purse-proud dignity? How red he gets! But we must not listen; for, in his excitement, his English is not at this minute, perhaps, suitable to ears polite. Just go to him; speak a word of his native tongue in his ear; then in half-a-dozen sentences of German help him out of his difficulties, and what a changed man is before you—so amiable, so gentlemanly, so good-tempered! He is saved being duped out of his money, and you have, for the day at least, gained a friend.

Many such scenes I, and every other traveler, must have frequently witnessed, producing such endless confusion, annoyance, and ab-

surdity, that it is incomprehensible to me why every person (to whom such an acquisition is possible), who intends to travel on the continent, does not as naturally store his memory with a little French or German, as his portmanteau with clothes.

As usual, the weather was superb. The early part of the voyage is dull; presently, however, we pass the Castle of Steyereck, nearly opposite to which the river Traun pours its waters into the Danube; then to the monastery of St. Florian. On an island in the middle of the stream, is the Castle of Spielberg; its former robber-knight owners profiting by its situation near a dangerous rapid to attack all vessels the crews of which were occupied in the dangers of the navigation. After passing other villages and castles, the river makes a sudden bend, and enters the very picturesque defile near the Castle of Greinberg; thence the gorge contracts, the mountains become higher, and in the vicinity of the Strudel and Wirbel the landscape reaches the height of grandeur: dark and gloomy forests, picturesque ruined castles, and the river, now dark and deep, now white and foaming over rocks.

On the left arm of the Danube, near a rocky island, surmounted by a crucifix, is the rapid called the "Strudel," over which the river boils and tosses like the waves of the sea. Scarcely has the water begun to subside, and the steamer to glide smoothly along, after its passage of the Strudel, than the eddies of the Wirbel begin to act upon it: the water seems rushing in every direction upwards, against and across the stream, and in numerous little circles; while, round a vast vortex in the centre, it whirls and boils in a circle fearfully.

There was formerly great danger in the passage of the Strudel and Wirbel; hence boats used to beset out from the villages, with images of the Virgin, and alms-boxes inscribed "For your preservation." Crucifixes are planted on the rocks around, to mark where lives have been lost. As so many improvements have been made in the bed of the Danube, and as the sailors are extremely careful, we had no fear; the picturesque excitement at these points gave a greater degree of interest to scenes of unequalled grandeur and beauty. After the rapids the banks of the Danube resumed their usual character, having at intervals picturesquely situated castles, convents, pilgrimage churches and villages, till, on a rock 180 feet above the river, we reach the palace-like Benedictine monastery of Molk, the most imposing and magnificent structure one could ever imagine. The revenues formerly attached to it were, I believe, enormous; and Murray states, "that at the time of Buonaparte's invasion their cellars supplied the French army with 50,000 pints of wine for many days in succession."

I have somewhere read, that so great was the state kept up in this convent, that, when the Abbot received company, they were presented to him by a regular master of the ceremonies

himself—always a gentleman of birth and address. The situations and duties of the monks somewhat resemble those of the fellows of a college at Oxford and Cambridge. It is impossible adequately to do justice to the imposing effect of this magnificent building as seen from the Danube. Forbes has a good view of it at the beginning of his book on Germany.

After leaving MÖlk, the Castle of Aggstein later comes in view, perched on a high conical rock—a regular robber's nest, and one of the most picturesque feudal ruins. This passed, however, all our interest is excited, and every English heart on board tingles, and every English eye is stretched upwards to gaze on what to us is the most interesting ruin on the Danube—the Castle of Dürrenstein, famed as having once been the prison of our hero king, Richard Cœur de Lion; and now, excepting the donjon and keep, a mere mass of shattered walls. There it stands, on a high, desolate rock, with a back-ground of dark firs behind. Were any of our party unimaginative enough not to recal that imprisoned hero to mind, and to fancy his faithful Blondel, whose serenade brought such joy and deliverance to the noble captive? With what interest as a little child I had over and over again read this romantic episode! A bright spot among the dull pages of Goldsmith's "History of England" had that account of my favourite hero been to me. Gazing on the ruin, I was a child again; and Alfred and the cakes, Fair Rosamond and the wicked Queen Eleanor, the poor little Princes in the Tower, and the crook-backed uncle who had them murdered; but most of all, the times of the Crusaders and my hero Richard, who was imprisoned in Austria on his way back, were again realities!

At four o'clock we arrived at Nussdorf, where passengers disembark for Vienna: but before I end my account of our voyage on the Danube, I must reply to a possible suggestion as to which of the European rivers with which I am acquainted I give the preference. My answer unhesitatingly is, to the Danube. The Seine, it is true, discloses scenes of surpassing loveliness; and when I reflect on the exquisite pleasure a voyage on its waters afforded me some years ago, with its banks of luxuriant verdure, hills of picturesque, undulating outline, rocks and caverns of wild grandeur, where one might call up all the supernatural scenes of Robert le Diable as by magic, I feel it would be ungrateful to utter a word in its disparagement. The Rhone is a magnificent river, and seen as I first saw it after the terrible inundations of 1856, with the vineyards on its banks all destroyed, railroads torn up, villages submerged, trees uprooted, and its many noble bridges broken by the force of immense volumes of water that hurled destruction in its rapid course, it struck me as grand and impressive in the highest degree! Again, where can we find such an uninterrupted succession of loveliness as is to be seen on the Rhine between Bonn and Bingen?

In the attractions peculiar to each of the rivers mentioned, the Danube is to some extent deficient; but it has others which, as a whole, impart to it a higher degree of interest. In the first place, it is not the great highway to everywhere on the continent, as the Rhine is. Like a beautiful, but proud woman, conscious of the value of her charms, it is more chary of its favours: it does not reveal its loveliness with unbecoming haste. There is dignity, and not "embarras" in its riches; but when it does condescend to unfold its beauty to your gaze, how incomparably marvellous its loveliness is, the views at Passau, Linz, MÖlk, Durrenstein, and other parts along its course undeniably prove. There is a breathless interest in the rapids at Wirbel and Strudel, with their legends of danger and death: and its gloomy, impenetrable forests, sloping down to the water's edge from the summits of high mountains, are just such as Salvator Rosa would have painted, and which the imagination fills with robber-hordes and fearful deeds of daring! The numerous palace-like monasteries rising from its banks and hills, its own noble majesty of stream, the picturesque rafts floating slowly down, and the singularly novel and entertaining character of the company of foreigners of all nations, in the costumes peculiar to each, assembled on the deck of a Danube steamer, altogether combine to impart an interest to this river that is not to be met with on any other with which I am acquainted in Europe.

At Nussdorf, where we disembarked, carriages are in waiting to convey the passengers to Vienna—a distance of about three miles and a-half. And here what a scene we beheld!

As it is assumed that every Englishman who travels is a "Milord," and a living representative of Cræsus, the contention displayed to get possession of his person is something fearful! And if his party happen to be a large one, as in our case, the confusion and excitement among the contending parties is at its climax. Having repeatedly witnessed such scenes, especially at Genoa and Naples, I was duly nerved for the occasion; but to several ladies of our party, to whom this sort of thing was new, the shouting, quarrelling, and fighting among the drivers, the screaming of porters in all the discordance of foreign tongues, the rearing of horses, the hurry, jostling, and confusion of all sorts, were really alarming! After being obliged to call in the police to get our luggage—for our carpet-bags had been seized by the contending parties, and had been flying about in the air as one or the other combatant got the advantage, to the great dismay of the owners—we selected our carriages, and under the guidance of two Nimrods of very excited countenances and doubtful-looking respectability, we drove from the scene of action for Vienna, and were safely set down at the splendid hotel of the Kaiserin Elisabeth, which I may as well kindly add deserves the high praise Sir J. Forbes and other travellers have bestowed upon it.



## A, B, C, &amp;c.

There are few lovers of news who do not cast a daily glance at the strange advertisements in the second column of the first page of the *Times*, and I, among the number, must confess that I have often turned my eyes to that part of the paper before commencing with the leading article.

Not that I ever supposed for a moment that any of those strange appeals or hieroglyphic notices could affect me personally (for I am a quiet, business man, and have not been married long enough to have sons able to fly from the paternal roof and play at hide-and-seek until recalled by M. E., with a promise of forgiveness). No, I merely read from curiosity. I dare say that many others do the same, and with me it has become a sort of habit. All at once, however, this said second column became extremely interesting to me, and I would rather have gone without my dinner than have missed seeing my day's paper. The particular advertisement I looked for was a very simple one—you must all have seen it—"A, B, C, D, E, F, G, &c....Z," with a date. This provoking alphabet I had seen at York, at Devizes, at Hull, and at Manchester. At every place to which my professional avocations took me, this announcement was laid on the table simultaneously with the rolls and coffee, or disturbed my mind when encountered at the local news-room; in point of fact, it haunted me whenever I went on circuit; but, strange to say, at home I was never annoyed by it. For weeks of my stay in town I looked in vain for the mysterious characters amongst announcements of a want of door-mats and missing poodles. They were not there. Yet, no sooner did I find myself in some remote part of the kingdom, than they were sure to meet my eyes in the first *Times* the waiter brought me. I began to view the matter in a personal light, and then to feel vexed with myself at giving so much weight to a mere coincidence. Any great personage or troublesome debtor might not feel surprised at learning that his movements were telegraphed to others; but who would take the trouble of exercising espionage on a quiet member of society, who was neither born to, nor had achieved greatness, and who, moreover, paid his quarterly bills with tolerable punctuality? The idea that I had anything to do with the matter was absurd, and I strove to abandon it. I could not do so, however, and I became fidgetty and nervous after an unsuccessful effort at the *Times* office to obtain the address of the person who inserted the advertisement.

I was relieved from any uncertainty as to whether I was connected with the *Alphabet* or not, by a bright stratagem that came into my head as I was walking to my office to collect my papers for a journey. "What if I put off going for a day or two?" thought I. "To-day is the proper day for departure, and therefore the

hated notice must appear to-morrow. I will stay and gloat over it at home." With these thoughts I entered the office, and told Scribbles, my clerk, who was putting up the papers to accompany me as usual, that particular business detained me in London for a day or two. He is a confidential old fellow, is Scribbles, and had sat at the same desk in my father's time (when I was a mere boy, and used to wonder how he could write so long at a time without having a finger-ache), so I did not mind telling him not to let anyone know that I intended to remain, and to keep as much at home as possible, until he heard from me again.

My little wife looked rather startled at seeing me back so soon, and questioned me with those clear eyes of hers; but I muttered something about "important consultation"—"opinion wanted about a curious case"—and went off to my folios.

We were quite alone that day, and I would not even go out for a walk, lest anyone should know I was in town.

Breakfast-time next day found me in a state of nervousness as to the success of my experiment. If the announcement should be in the paper I should feel satisfied that some other person was indicated, and would be no more amazed if I encountered it again.

When the postman's knock was heard, I rushed out to the door, pushing the servant aside, and seized the pile of letters and papers: throwing them all on the table I opened the supplement of the *Times*. There was no mysterious alphabet, nothing like it. The letters had nothing to say except that *R. S. sent loves and kisses to his dear L*—I jerked the paper aside and encountered the earnest gaze of my wife, who seemed alarmed.

"What is the matter, Alfred?" she said; "Have you lost anything?"

"Only my senses," I replied, "nearly," as it struck me that her own name (Louisa) began with an *L*, and that her manifest discomposure must be the effect of fear of some dreadful discovery. This *R. S.* was some former lover, perhaps, rejected on account of poverty, but still beloved and admitted to clandestine interviews when I was absent. I endeavoured to open my letters calmly, my feelings all the time being dreadful, for

"Oh! what damned minutes counts he o'er  
Who dotes, yet doubts; suspects, yet fondly loves!"

I'll watch her, I thought. Looking up stealthily I perceived that she had taken up the paper and was looking at the same place that had attracted my attention, her eyes being filled with tears: Reading *R. S.*'s message, no doubt, and crying for him too! It was more than I could bear. I had always thought her character so lovely,



and now — But I should not have married one so young on so short an acquaintance. The mystery must be solved, or we must separate; but for the present I must dissemble, although my line of conduct was decided on at once.

Hastily leaving the house, I proceeded to my office, and, having despatched Scribbles with some important documents to Exeter, instead of accompanying him I took up my valise and walked straight to a house at the corner of the street in which I lived—a showy dwelling, the door of which had been lately embellished by a large brass plate, with “PROFESSOR KILORCEUR” engraved thereon. No one knew at what college this gentleman had acquired his title, but it was pretty generally understood that he *professed* to banish all bodily evils by a process of his own; that his house was very scantily furnished; and that the orders received by the butcher and baker, who had been favoured with his custom, were of a very limited character.

I had little difficulty in persuading the Professor that I was in a very bad state of health, and I put myself into his hands, with the proviso that he should give me lodging and board, and that my windows should face the west. Finding that I could pay a liberal sum as deposit, and having asked whether I had ever been confined in a madhouse, on being answered in the negative, the professor admitted me at once, and provided me with the desired room, some ricketty furniture, and a bottle of his “Essence of Vitality”—*to be taken eight times a-day, fasting!*

The Professor was a lean man, and looked as if he not only lived chiefly on his own specific, but was also generally in the prescribed state for taking it. He left me, with a promise to provide me with better things when his furniture came home, and I really think he never meant me to leave that dingy room again, but looked upon me as a kind of weekly income!

All day I sat gazing at my own house, and long after dusk my ears were strained to catch any unusual sound in that direction. My watch was vain; no suspicious stranger approached my home. The evening passed slowly away, broken only by some prying visits from my host. I had stipulated that a copy of the *Times* should be brought me early; and long before I was up the next morning, it was thrust under the door by the servant. Of course I knew that my wife would not have inserted the signal, as she expected me back the previous evening. Great, then, was my surprise, to see the old characters in print again. I was fairly puzzled: at one time I determined to return home and confess my suspicions; at another I dare not do so; and so the day passed in useless cogitations.

All at once a thought struck me: “Could Scribbles have concocted the advertisement by way of informing his friends that he was going out of town? Yes, he is the individual who has given me all this trouble. But then, again,

he has no friends; never goes to convivial meetings, I know; never teaches in infant-schools, I think. I’ll not rest till I’ve asked him.”

Five minutes after coming to this conclusion, I astonished the Professor by telling him that, thanks to his wonderful remedies (which I had poured away with regularity), or to other causes, I was quite well again; and after paying his rather heavy demand, I started by night-mail for Exeter. Scribbles denied having put any advertisements into newspapers; and so, cool reflection having disarmed me of suspicion of my wife, I returned home as soon as I could, and made a confidante of her. She told me that she had been alarmed at my startled appearance on the morning of my stay at home, and feared that I must have lost something of great value; and that she felt her fears confirmed when she could glean no intelligence from the column in the paper that I had so eagerly glanced at. This explanation accounted for her agitation and tears on the morning in question. We both came to the conclusion that the old man must be connected with the mystery; but how, we could not conjecture. I determined to apply a test, and I became confirmed in my suspicions when I found that the *Alphabet* was in print whenever we both left town together; *but was omitted whenever he stayed behind.*

On inquiry, I found that he had only one servant, who had been with him some time, and who had, he said, no acquaintances. Had she anything to do with the *Alphabet*? Reader, you shall learn. Having made our usual preparations for a journey, I sent Scribbles on a pleasure-trip to Gravesend, and went myself into the country. The next day my old enemy, A. B. C., &c., appeared as usual. Returning to London, I watched Scribbles’ house all day, from an opposite eating-house; and at dusk I knocked at the door, armed with an order from the old clerk to take possession of the premises.

“Now,” said I to the servant, “I intend to read in this room. Bring candles, and I will answer the door should any one knock.”

The girl seemed flushed when she found I was to stay, and came half up-stairs, when a quiet knock announced a visitor. It was a policeman, who called by appointment; and we sat silently in the front-room for some time. Our patience was rewarded by the stealthy appearance of a visitor, who was duly admitted; and who was so frightened at finding in whose hands he was, that he confessed to having made love to Emma, on the chance of being able to obtain the keys of our office-safe, which was supposed to contain papers of great value.

The girl was deeply shamed and mortified at finding that she had been the dupe of one of the most artful of the swell-mob; and acknowledged that he had suggested a means of communicating to him the news of her master’s absence. Being

quite illiterate, she had copied the letters from an old child's-book, and inserted them, from time to time, as a signal that she would be alone that evening.

This dénouement was satisfactory to all par-

ties, except to "Flashy Jem," who was deposited at the nearest police station-house.

My aversion to the Alphabet was over, and soon afterwards I undertook to teach our own little Alfred his A, B, C, Z, &c.

F. R. C.

## 25th J A N U A R Y, 1859.

BY JOVEN.

A nation, like an individual, may exaggerate its virtues until they almost become defects. One of the grandest things about the English is their freedom from hysterical braggadocio. We take our virtues and our prosperity as matters of course: being Englishmen, how can we be otherwise than victorious and prosperous? We have no need to imitate the bluster of French journalists. An Englishman does not bluster: he is almost as vain as a Frenchman, and three times more proud; but he does not go out of his way to show it: he takes it for granted. You hear one man ask another, "Any news from India?" "O yes, more fighting!" That is *enough*. The querist does not ask who *won*. Englishmen were in the battle, *therefore* the battle was theirs. We lose a hero; for awhile there is deep, silent grief, and then comes the old proud thought, "We have a hundred as good as he!" Many a Havelock is quietly reading the Bible in his tent: many a Peel treads the quarter-deck. Whenever we want a hero, we find him soon enough. The Scottish king, when he heard how Douglas lay cold in his grave, after the hunting of the Cheviot, cried out—

"Alas! and woe ys me!  
Such another captayn Skotland within,  
He sayd, y-feth shuld never be."

They tell Harry of England how Sir Hugh Montgomery has run Percy through the body with a spear—

"God have merci on his soll, sayd King Harry,  
Good Lord, yf thy will it be!  
I have a hondrith captayns in Ynglonde, he sayd,  
As good as ever was hee.  
But Persé, an I brook my life,  
Thy deth well gyte shall be."

Even so: that old, proud, self-possessed feeling is as strong as ever. The English *know* that they are strong—*know* that they have done great deeds, and are yet destined to do greater—*know* that, whilst their population still goes on increasing in numbers, without diminishing in manliness, the future is theirs. Knowing these things, they are apt to become somewhat sluggish, and just in the degree that they are sluggish are they forgetful and ungrateful.

It is very needful that amidst all the excitement of success we should sometimes look back a little into our history, and think of the heroes to whose wise heads, bold hearts, and muscular arms, so much of that success is due. It has been no sudden miracle, this greatness of England. Ages after ages, there has been solemn, serious work: ages after ages, there have been saintly sacrifices and heroic achievements; and the names of those men, who are as land-marks or mile-stones on the long, broad path of English greatness, should never be suffered to become obsolete. Great as we are—greater as we shall be—it is still foolish for us to forget our leaders. Are we not in some danger of doing so? Biographies of them have been written; steady, decorous books, with the due amount of learned annotation and conventional morality; but are our worthies really known to our people? Is even our history so known? Trashy American novels, sanctimonious and sickly, are scattered broadcast over the land; but there is no popular History of England. The English peasant may know all about the Dairyman's Daughter and the Chimneysweep's Maternal Grandmother; but he knows very little about Francis Drake or Robert Blake. There are Tract Societies of many kinds: when will there be a Tract Society to teach plain Englishmen the History of England? There is no fear of the subject being found "dull." It is not eight hundred years yet since William the Norman landed at Pevensey Beach, and in those few centuries has England grown to be what we see her now. Surely some books should be written to teach the humblest of our countrymen and countrywomen how all these strange things came to pass.

Books alone will not suffice. It is a common error to confound education with a knowledge of books; though, in reality, reading and writing are no more *education* than a plough is agriculture. The great lesson must be taught in many ways; and of these, it has always seemed to us that one of the most effectual would be local celebrations of local worthies. In every town, in every village where a great man was born, the effigy of that great man should stand in the market-place; that the poorest ploughman, the humblest mechanic, as he gazes on the great, strong features, may say: "And so even this



little place of mine has done *something*—has given birth to at least *one* man whose name is great in England?" Who shall say how much of encouragement there would be in such a thought? how much it would raise the man above his mere ordinary work, into a higher, better, and purer region? Grantham—all honour to Grant-ham for it!—has adopted this plan with regard to Newton; and we are not without hopes that Grantham will soon have many worthy followers of her good example.

Besides this plan, another—and a most admirable one—is to keep with all due gravity and reverence every memorable anniversary. Two of the noblest occasions for such celebrations occurred last year, and both miserably miscarried. The 3rd September, 1858, was the bicentenary of Cromwell's death; the 17th November was the tercentenary of Elizabeth's accession—two of the greatest and most memorable dates in all English history. What was done? On the 3rd September a few gentlemen wrote sonnets; on the 17th November a few clergymen preached sermons—and there it ended. Our next chance does not seem so likely to be thrown away.

The 25th January, 1859, is the centenary of Robert Burns' birth.

We do not say that the birth of Robert Burns was an event equal in importance to the accession of Elizabeth or the death of Cromwell; but we *do* say that it was an event the consequence of which it might be difficult to over-estimate. If old Fletcher, of Saltoun, was right in his estimate of the relative importance of laws and ballads—and the opinion gains more and more converts—then the birth of the song-writer for a whole people should be celebrated as a very memorable thing indeed. Celebrated, in one way or another, this centenary of Burns' birth will be. Already the Crystal Palace Company, thinking that the name of a dead poet may perhaps pay better than the singing of live canary-birds, have rushed into the field, with the munificent offer of fifty guineas for the best poem on poor Robin—who, if alive, would probably refuse, in a very energetic manner, to enter into any competition of the kind! Lord Eglinton, always ready to help in any "movement" that seems likely to be more pretty than practical, has listened well-pleased, as deputations hinted that he might take the chair at this, that, or the other Burns' banquet. Glasgow has bestirred herself. Auld Reekie, for very shame, will not let herself be outdone by mechanical Glasgow; and honest Ayr, thinking itself more concerned in the matter than either, is prepared to drink its own toddy at its own table.

Lucky is it for Burns—at least, for his *memory*—that he was a Scotsman. We in England have never done for William Shakespeare the tenth part of what our friends are about to do for Robert Burns. We have never had one great hearty national DINNER in his honour. Surely, considering what a dining people we are, how our whole ideal finds full and fit embodiment in a substantial repast and

post-prandial oratory—surely we English might, on the 23rd of next April, serenely and solemnly dine to the memory of William Shakespeare? Let it not be supposed that we sneer at these Scotch manifestations. We trust that we are ourselves sufficiently English to estimate a dinner at its proper worth, and sufficiently free from Gough-thic influences to relish its concomitants and sequels. We shall ourselves dine to the memory of Robert Burns; and ere we part, dear adorable "Auld Lang Syne" shall go the round of our company. We have not the honour to be Scotsmen: we are from Wessex—thank God for it!—but Burns has as warm a place in the Englishman's heart as in that of any Scotsman of them all.

Hence also is it that this celebration of his birthday is really an imperial event. He has made songs for a whole race. He has been the voice of a whole people. Where the sturdy Canadian backwoodsman is busy with his axe amid the trees; where the Australian shepherd sits in his lonely hut at night; where the soldier is lying in his tent beside the swampy banks of some vast Indian river; where the sailor treads the deck, alone, at night—everywhere—everywhere Burns' songs are sung. They are really by no means the weakest of those many bonds which unite England with her colonies—bonds which we trust never to see severed, political economists to the contrary notwithstanding. It is something—it is much—that the children of the strong men who, in many parts, are at that great old work of tilling the earth and subduing it, should hear the songs of this man amongst the earliest sounds of their infancy. And at home, how many a weary heart has gained for itself fresh strength, when, panting and writhing under scorn or contumely, it has suddenly felt a grand fresh rush of warm blood as the words rang out—

"A man's a man for a' that!"

Of all the Declarations of the Rights of Man, this of Robert Burns' is the most Divine and enduring. "For a' that, an' a' that," poor as he may be; weak as he may be; worn, weary, and overspent as he may be; broken in health, breaking in heart; his Past a failure, his Present a torture, his Future a fear; insulted by the pity of the prosperous, or groaning under the insults of the proud; whatever his race, whatever his rank, "for a' that, an' a' that," a Man is a Man. Nothing can alter *that*. The triumphant manufacturer of bad sausages may splash you with the mud from his carriage-wheels; the easy-going dealer in platitudes may retail a dozen of his hideous consolations; "a man's a man for a' that:" and the immortal seven monosyllables are like the blast of a trumpet, before which the Jericho of snobs is destined to fall. Truly, Robert Burns had sore and terrible need of that same faith for himself. Often he stumbled; often he sank, helpless, in the mire; often he fell in with strange fellow-travellers on his wild and doubtful road, upon which no light shone except that which burnt

in his own warm heart; often, when he would fain have thought of Mary in heaven, and of heaven itself, the idle, the foolish, or the bad seized upon him, and the voice which would so gladly have been raised in prayer, was soon roaring a drunken chorus, amidst men who knew him only as a "good fellow," and who did not know him as an immortal poet—and the scent of the hawthorn was lost in the reek of the whiskey-toddy, and his genius itself was prostituted in that poor tavern region. But "a man's a man for a' that"—and a man of men was Burns! How easy it is to criticize him! how easy to censure! how easy to thank God that our ways of life are not troubled and wild like his! Yet Burns was a good man—emphatically a *good* man. Those convivial excesses of his, of which so much has been made, and about which so many thin thready little voices have raised their puny shriek of blame, were but a very small part of his life. And let those who blame him—it is right that he should be blamed, but let us blame sorrowfully and reverently—remember the manners and habits of his age. These are too much forgotten when we estimate Burns. He lived in a godless three-bottle age—an age when Faith had departed, and Sobriety had followed Faith. He was no worse than his contemporaries even in this, the sorest and most besetting of his infirmities. Nor does Burns seem ever to have drunk for the sake of drinking: always it was for the sake of fun and good-fellowship. We are not excusing, we are not defending—we are endeavouring to speak the truth.

And it is only a hundred years ago that he died. His sons are living yet! It seems strange to think of a time when Burns was *not*. It is but yesterday that Samuel Rogers died; yet when that worthy poet was born, Burns was only four years old. Had Burns been a banker, poor fellow, he might have lived to see his bust in the Crystal Palace; *but*, if he had been a banker, his bust would scarcely have needed to be put there. Stern as was his schooling, he needed it all, and would never have been Robert Burns without it. All that poverty, all those sorrows and trials had a wise purpose in them. At first

"He walked in glory and in joy,

Following his plough along the mountain side;" though even then there were want and poverty in his brave father's cottage. Then came all the passion and fervour of a poet's youth; then the most miserable and ruinous part of his whole life—his season of "Lionism" at Edinburgh; then the gaugership; then weariness, sorrow, disenchantment; and then, as the French Revolution was flaming at its fiercest, this man's revolution, rights of man, and other perplexities, were—if not solved—yet cut asunder by the cold hand of Death. And, because he so suffered; because if ever man had his full share of anguish on this earth, Robert Burns was he—because of all this, he is dear to a whole people as no other poet can be dear to them. He is their own, their pride, their flower; and they

pick him up from the dust, and wear him next their heart. He has ennobled a whole class. Michelet tells the story of a French *émigré*, who boasted of his ancestors. One of the peasant-soldiers of the Revolution, one who had gained battles, heard him, and said—"Ancestors? I am myself an ancestor!" And Burns has commenced a pedigree for every Scotch peasant. "I am poor," every such man may say—"I am poor, and a day-labourer; but I come from the country of Robert Burns."

There must have been many a silent Burns before this singing one. He was but the voice of the people. All his thoughts, all that love "tender and true," all that gentle reverent piety—aye, and all that wild exuberant humour, were in the heart of many another Scottish peasant; but lay there hid, waiting for proper expression; Burns came, and the thoughts were not merely said—they were *sung*; and so sung, sung with a voice so deep, so rich, and yet so clear and simple, that not Scotland alone, but a whole empire caught up the burden of the song, and sings it still. There are some who look upon the Scotch as a prosaic race. Certainly there are plenty of prosaic Scotchmen; and the prosaic Scotchman, especially when he is tolerably clever, is the most terrible of all created bores. The prosaic Englishman, when he bores you, sends you quietly to sleep; but the prosaic Scotchman won't allow you to sleep. He is just too clever to make you yawn; but he exasperates you; he "bears upon the nerves;" he is ruthlessly accurate, remorselessly unobjectionable in every relation of life. An Englishman often quietly acquiesces in his own stupidity; a Scotchman never. The very best qualities are, in the prosaic Scotchman, actually as annoying as vices would be in others; arithmetical accuracy, in their hands, becomes really purgatorial. We have been afflicted almost unto death by a Scotchman of this sort upon a question of exactly two-pence-halfpenny—verily no more, no less—but those five halfpence he handled with such a terrible tenacity, he descanted upon them with such a harsh volubility, such an argumentative *cold-bloodedness*, that for us they were as five hideous copper spectres careering wildly through our brain by day, and sitting on our weary breast at night. Yet, for this one bore—and he, be it remembered, was a most kindly, honourable, sincere, and gentlemanly bore—how many noble and loveable Scotsmen it is our happiness to know! As we said Burns was the voice of the best of his countrymen; and so far from the Scotch being a prosaic people, they are one of the most poetical nations in the world. The true test, in a case of this kind, is a people's ballad poetry: and we know how Scotland stands the test. Many nations cannot stand it at all. France is put out of court at once; Germany stands it well, Spain stands it well, England stands it well, Scotland better than any of them. For intensity, for clear *white heat* of passion, for boundless, wailing grief, for sudden outbursts of a strange, reckless joy, her ballads are



unmatched. There is matter for the study of a life-time in a good collection of the Scottish ballads: the overwhelming, terrific power of some of them, such as "Edward, Edward," is unsurpassed (to our thinking) in all literature; "Edom-o'-Gordon" can hardly be read without a shudder, nor "Annie of Lochroyan," "Helen of Kirkconnel," and many others, without a tear. Of the Border ballads, "Kinnmont Willie," like our own "Chevy Chase," stirs the heart as with a trumpet. But why need we go on with the catalogue of these wonderful works of unknown but glorious poets? Their names we know not: their ballads will live as long as the language in which they are written. Noble as the Spanish ballads are, all their gallant knights and lovely Moorish ladies seem but pale phantoms when placed beside the rough, energetic, ruddy old freebooters. The difference between the two is the difference between an orange-garden, loaded with perfume and caressed by the soft southern breezes, and a forest of pine and fir through which the wind roars wildly at night, as it rushes down, stormy and tumultuous, from the hills, or sweeps up, thick with mist, from the foaming sea. As for our own English ballads, they are like a forest too—vast, stately, beautiful, with the ivy climbing up the trees, and primroses growing at their feet, and woodland streams flowing quietly on, and herds of deer glancing through the glades; but the winds are never so wild and strange in *them* as on the northern hills. Our ballads are more equable in tone: perhaps even stronger for being so grandly calm—even more beautiful for their steady, even flow; but in passion we must yield the palm to our neighbours.

The hundred years have passed away. Sometimes it takes a longer period than that to educate a nation into a knowledge of its poet; but for Robert Burns the century has sufficed. Only for a little while did the sunlight fall upon him; but as it fell flowers sprung up, and their fragrance is with us still, perfect as when first they burst into bloom. It needed, indeed, no special education, no deep research, no careful culture to understand Burns' poetry. Utterly free from metaphysical subtleties or fantastic affectations, it spoke to the general heart of man. All poetry, so speaking, will have its answer. Let our poets, if they complain of want of appreciation, bethink them that perhaps the fault may be their own; that if forsaking the ordinary subjects of every-day life and the ordinary speech of every-day mortals, they soar up into an "Ideal World," the British public, which has a great deal of business on its hands, prefers to remain on the solid earth. Now herein we, as humble members of the British public, take leave to consider that respectable community entirely right and wise. If poets choose to write for poets only, let them not complain if, that class being a limited one, many copies of their books remain unsold. We have often said in these columns—and this is a proper time to say it again with all due emphasis—that there is a hearty welcome ready for any poet who will

condescend to concern himself with the trials, cares, hopes, fears, and joys of living men, women, and children. Poor Hood's fairy fancies—dainty and delicate as they were—have still few readers; but the "Song of the Shirt" and the "Bridge of Sighs" are household words for ever. A poet has a perfect right to wander away into Utopia, or pitch his tent for a summer or two in Arcadia; but he has no right to expect that the English people will share the journey. The English people prefer England, and the poet ought to have a perfect knowledge of that fact. Robert Burns probably never had to ask himself these questions. What he wrote came from him freshly, heartily, naturally, spontaneously. With the simplest words set to the simplest melodies, he ruled and rules and *will* rule over the heart of a whole nation; for that whole nation could feel what was meant by his line, at that hour when

"Ayr gurgling kissed his pebbled shore  
O'erhung with wild-woods waving green."

the whole nation could kneel in prayer at the fire-side on "The Saturday Night;" and the whole nation, proud by its former victories, and feeling no diminution of that peerless strength which had won them, could sing

"Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,"

and, as it sang, feel its heart still beating high and fast with undying love for Scotland, and with undying hatred and divine hostility for whosoever sought to wrong or to oppress her.

Hence is the Scottish love for him simple and intelligible enough; but it is the English love for him with which we have here chiefly to do. We are proud of that love. It is a noble proof of the essentially Catholic nature of the English people. The Scotch may be more intense than we; they are less broad and *receptive*. Always there is a certain amount of provincialism in them, both in the good and in the bad sense of that word. In its good sense, it shows itself by passionate patriotism; in its bad, by local exclusiveness. The English Pantheon is wider than the Scotch. Shakespeare is perhaps less a household word with the Scotch than Burns with the English. Despite the local peculiarities, the country dialect of Burns, England has accepted him. His songs are sung at all her festive gatherings, and his name is dear. This 25th January will prove it. We like to think of the *private* celebrations of that day. The Crystal Palace affair is all very well, but we cannot dissociate from it the idea of dividends. It is a commercial speculation rather than an act of hearty, healthy homage. The 50-guinea prize is just so much money laid out with a view to getting more. If there were a demand for a prize poem on the Gorilla, the Crystal Palace Company would adopt a similar course and offer a similar sum. It is in the Homes of England that Burns will be fitly commemorated. In stately halls, and in many a cottage too, there will be loving remembrance of this man, who died so sadly and so young. As the night closes in, there will be gatherings round the fire; and

soon the notes of some of those adorable songs will flow out, crisp and clear, from the piano by the wall :

"John Anderson, my jo, John :

there will be rather a sacred hush amongst old friends, as the touching melody begins; rather a misty look, perhaps, in a few old eyes, that have been brighter once; rather a slight trembling, perhaps, in a few voices that have been clearer, deeper, stronger once. But

"Willie brewed a peck o' maut,  
And Rob and Allan came to see :"

Cheer up !

"The cock may crow, the day may daw,  
But aye we'll taste the barley bree :"

Cheer up ! And now let some one, whose voice is full and strong, give us all "Tam o' Shanter," and the fun indeed *will* "grow fast and furious," and there shall be loud guffawing in the room; and perhaps, conventionality forgotten for one bright, glad half-hour, there shall be uproarious mirth and frolic and fun. Then, as it grows late, all shall grow graver; and as some one strikes up "Auld Lang Syne" the hands shall move and the fingers twitch, in readiness for that glorious clasp, without which this song is murdered, but which, in its heartiness and strength, is itself a fit tribute to the memory of Burns.

What other tribute need there be? Two of his greatest countrymen have commemorated him in fitting terms. The fiery enthusiasm of Wilson and the earnest pity of Carlyle have left little room for others. What of harsh and cold depreciation there ever was has slunk away into silence before the rush of their eloquent words. No one now dares measure Burns by an ell-wand, or croak little conventional aphorisms over that illustrious grave. No one now would point to the travel-stains upon his garment; for we know how wild was his journey, and how great is the wonder that the stains were not deeper, thicker, and more numerous. And the stains, after all, were chiefly on his *garment*: they did not reach to his heart. Through many sore trials, many hard calamities, through disappointment, disenchantment, and grief, that heart, though often it grew sore and sick, kept pure to the last. Happy for us all should the stains warn us that we, who have neither the genius of Burns nor his temptations, must take good heed that our own garments remain without soil or spot. We cannot plead his excuses: let us avoid his errors. Musing deeply and earnestly over his memory, recalling all the circumstances of his short, sad story, it is strange if we do not grow more tolerant and more wise. Amidst all the "jollity" of the occasion, let not this, its graver side, be altogether forgotten. The commemoration of such a day should leave us all better than it found us. It should be an act of "hero-worship," free from all the extravagances of that creed. Our doings can add nothing to the fame of Burns. He is gone, now, before a Judge who makes little account of "fame," but of whom we read that "His

mercy endureth for ever." For a hundred years human praise and human censure have been alike to Robert Burns; but for our own sake, let us suspend for awhile—for one short day—our ordinary work, and let us think, with all befitting love and reverence, of one who was so great that he had to die before his countrymen knew how great he was. Only the shadow of his tomb showed them how vast had been the stature of the giant when he lived.

We earnestly trust that this celebration will not be a mere solitary instance; but that, on all such great and memorable days, England may show that she remembers the men to whom she owes her best and most enduring glory. For, should this English race—now so stalwart, so stirring, so thriving—be overcome by foreign power or be smitten into impotence by internal corruption; should the strong arm be palsied and the wise brain be crazed; should those who now bid fair to be the masters of the Future, share the fate of the masters of the Past, and should that which seems to be the ruddy bloom of health prove to be but the hectic flush upon the face of one who is doomed speedily to die, even then, when the English flag has ceased to wave over conquered provinces and the English race to conquer others, even then the language—richest, strongest of all human speech—shall survive; and two things, if no more, are certain to share its immortality—the tragedies of William Shakespeare and the songs of Robert Burns.

Whilst we remember the 25th January let us not forget the 23rd of April.

**SAFFRON HILL.**—Saffron-hill, which is the northern continuation of Field-lane, is so called from the saffron which grew plentifully there when this maze of filthy streets was a fair garden attached to Ely-house. What a change within a few hundred years ! In the days of Queen Elizabeth, when that monarch granted the land to her favourite dancing Lord Chancellor, the spot must have been delightfully situated, close to the heart of town, yet lying open northward to the woody hills of Hampstead and Highgate, with the green meadows and fresh brooks and runnels of Clerkenwell in the middle distance. Of this pastoral beauty nothing is now left but a few names of streets; such as Field-lane Saffron-hill, Hatton-garden, Coppice-row, Portpool-lane, Turnmill-street, Vine-street, &c. Turnmill-street, which runs obliquely from the new Victoria-street, towards Cow-cross, derives its name from "A water, sometimes called the river of the Wells, since Turnmill, or Tremil-brook, for that divers mills were erected upon it," as old Stowe records; and Vine-street is so called from the vineyard belonging to Ely-gardens. All the wells and brooks are now built over, and converted into common sewers, or into pumps, or bathing-houses; and the squalor of utter poverty, vice, and wretchedness has taken the place of the health and country sweetness of former times. The Jews of Field-lane, it is true, seem comparatively comfortable, though in the midst of hideous aspects; but, northward of their quarter, far up into Clerkenwell, and extending east and west to a considerable breadth, stretches not a neighbourhood, but a region of pauperism and filth.



## THE BYEWAYS OF BRITTANY.

## No. III.

The country which we have set ourselves the pleasant task of endeavouring to illustrate has not, it is true, wanted historians or topographers. During the last century it has been frequently *exploitée* by French authors, and “done” by English tourists: but we are not afraid of serving up a *réchauffée*, or treading in other men’s shoes, in the line we have marked out for ourselves.

In the first place, even the French authors who claim to be *consciencieux*, trustworthy describers of the scenes they treat of, have drawn very liberally upon the materials which they found made to their hands, in the works of previous writers, without attempting to verify their truth, or making allowance for the changes which have taken place in a century.

And secondly, the English writers have not scrupled to transcribe, with entire confidence, the French accounts, and to stand godfathers to the “Munchausenish” tales of Cambry and Malte-Brun. If our little sketches lack the vigour and *verve* of their narratives, we may claim, at any rate, to be truthful expositors of Brittany; and shall endeavour to confine ourselves to our own experiences and impressions, and the knowledge of the country which we have picked up during a residence of several years.

Some twenty years ago the departments of Côtes-du-Nord, Morbihan, and Finistère, were as little known to the Parisian world as New Zealand or the interior of Africa. The worthy citizens had a kind of idea that there existed somewhere in the west a wild, half-civilized race of people, who retained the manners and costume of the middle-ages—slashed doublets, leather jerkins, and *bragou-brass* (trunk-hose), and were always to be seen with a drawn sword in their hands, fighting giants and dragons, and rescuing captive damsels; who moreover bowed their knees before the crucifix, and made the sign of the cross in public.

This was “the stage Breton;” and if he existed in real life, he was something worth seeing in the nineteenth century. There was no lack of *renseignements* on the subject; but all the guide-books took the same view, and in fact were all referrible to Monsieur Cambry, whose lucubrations, published about 1780, gave the prevailing tone to public opinion upon all matters connected with Brittany.

Many enterprising travellers undertook to make a tour of Basse Bretagne, starting with the same vague terror as possessed Columbus’s crew, and no doubt insuring their lives, and drawing up their wills, and “making their souls” before starting. And when they came

back, after a three weeks’ sojourn, they did not forget the travellers’ proverbial licence — “*On a beau mentir, qui vient de loin*,” nor omit to astonish their fellow-citizens with descriptions of the *pays inconnu*.

So we read, with great edification, “That the people of Brittany eat out of troughs like pigs,” and “the cows and pigs go to church like Christians (A. de Courcy); and Monsieur Hippolyte Bonnier tells us that it is the custom in the Isle of Sein “to stone all young lasses who have sweethearts;” “that the tailors of Finistère are the successors of the Druids, and speak a dialect of bad Greek (“Priscian a little scratched; ’twill serve”); and “that the Kersanton stone—which is remarkably soft when quarried—cuts glass like a diamond.”

The Abbé Buron informs us that “the islanders of Ouessant” (which we barbarians call Ushant in our *fictitious* list of naval victories) “are still Pagans,” and have “the unpleasant custom of sacrificing strangers on their Druidical altars.”

Malte-Brun, the geographer, assures us that “wine is made in the Côtes-du-Nord;” we will content ourselves with taking his word for it, as long as we are not obliged to taste it, knowing enough of the sourness of the grapes in those parts.

Others give wild estimates of the population, and curious descriptions of the interior, making, for instance, a seaport town of Carhaix, which is not less than twenty-five miles inland: and one Monsieur Briand assures us that the entrance to the Port of Brest is only dangerous on account of the rocks called *goulets*, which we need not tell our nautical readers means the narrow channel itself.

Even Emile Souvestre, who set himself to correct these erroneous ideas, falls into the national errors of stilted sentiment and poetical prosing; and his works, however fascinating and readable, are by no means commendable as a truthful picture of the people of Brittany. If the French themselves have fallen into such false notions, it is not to be wondered that our countrymen have followed in their wake: and this they have done with a flowing sheet; and if we wished to be invidious, we could point out more than one professed guide-book to Brittany whose only merit consists in its being a literal transcript and faithful copy of the French original, published nearly a hundred years ago.

The heading of our present paper, “The Byeways of Brittany” is intended to give a clue to our method of investigation. Discarding the beaten tracks of other travellers, and the pre-

scribed routes of the guide-books, we have loved to wander into the bypaths and green lanes, and mark the Breton character in the realities of home life, and the natural aspect of the "*vie intime*."

To a traveller passing through Brittany along the *grande route*, or following the line of the *diligences* through the great towns on the coast, few objects will present themselves to distinguish it from any other province.

The towns may be more quaint, and their streets worse-paved and more filthy, and the beggars more importunate, and the sick and impotent folk more obtrusively revolting than elsewhere: but commerce and civilization, under the guise of the bagman and the tax-gatherer, have long ago made their *beat* along the high roads of Brittany, and worn away the traces of originality and romance.

Those who desire to see the old type of the Breton character as it existed in the middle ages, and still exists unchanged, must branch off from the beaten tracks and follow the Breton to his hearth and his home; must respond to his rough welcome, and accept his rude hospitality, and learn from his lips, by his homely fireside, the wild belief and tradition of his forefathers.

Whether for security from marauding bands of invading armies, and the fierce factions of religious warfare, or from changes of route consequent on new roads being opened, the Breton village and hamlet seldom are visible from the high road. We have often walked for miles along the monotonous straight lines of the *route impériale*, with the equidistant telegraph-poles doing duty for trees, and the inevitable *cantonnier* polishing up his allotted task of road-scraping at regular intervals, without seeing a roof or a wall in any direction. Everywhere shall be rolling heather-clad *landes*, or dense trackless woods, with no trace of human habitation, or "the labour of men and oxen." All seems a desert; and it is only when a light column of smoke directs our eye to a thatched roof in the valley, or the tinkle of a church-bell ringing out the mid-day "*Angelus*" tells of an open-house of prayer, that we can believe in the existence of a race of inhabitants, and are led to look for the place where the "rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."

On either side of our high road we see branching off deep-cut, shady lanes—so narrow, that James's "two horsemen" could scarcely ride abreast, and so covered in with overhanging trees, that no eye could divine their existence, in roaming over the adjacent fields.

At the entrance stands a rude stone-cross, of granite, grotesquely carved, with perhaps a circular drinking-trough cut in the base, or an old fountain, at the covered end of which is set up a painted effigy of a saint; with a lower basin, serving for the village washing-pool. Led on by the sound of the church-bell, and directed by some ancient crones who are battering their dilapidated vestments upon the "smooth stones

of the brook," we enter the covered way, and gladly find beneath the branching shade a refuge from the noontide heat.

The long roots of the ash and beech twine and interlace, serpent-like, down the steep banks on either side; the tall fox-glove and campanula seem to ring a fairy chime, in echo to the more canonical church-bell; the squirrel darts along the road, and stops to listen in our path; the green lizard looks upward, and catches with his brilliant eye the diamond stars of sunlight that flickers among the leaves, and the wild bee bourdons his mellow bass to the sweet treble of a tinkling rill.

Picking our way down the lane, or water-course—for the terms are convertible in these parts—here striding across the brook by rude stepping-stones, there mounting by a well-used footpath into the neighbouring fields, we begin to catch glimpses of houses and their inhabitants. Here are some "young barbarians all at play," up to their middles in a duck-pond, sailing their boats, of a bit of bark and a feather, or gathering watercresses and forget-me-nots. There a young girl sits on a broken wall, and looks down upon us with a smile half-wondering, half-mischievous; her wavy, black hair escapes from under her cap, and falls in heavy ringlets over her sun-browned neck; a tattered and scanty frock fits closely to her shape, and barely hides her well-shaped ankles and naked feet: and as she sits gazing at us, in a kind of day-dream, from out her soft, velvet-lashed eyes, sitting among the wild-roses and honeysuckles, on the old ivy-grown wall, with the blue sky and the emerald foliage above her, she seems like a young dryad, or *corrigon*, the rustic *fée* of *la vieille Armorique*.

Here we come upon a group of children, chasing in wild joy the butterflies—"the plumage from the wings of the angels," as they call them. And as we pass by the gateway of a farmhouse, half-a-dozen hungry, gaunt-looking dogs run out, open-mouthed, as if to make "small bones" of us; but, as the old proverb says, *L'au che abboy a poco morde*, "their bark is worse than their bite; and all the harm they do to us is to make us the cynosure of all eyes, as every casement and door in the village has its gazers to do honour to the visitor's arrival.

Our first visit is to the village-church, which in the remote hamlets still stands unharmed by Calvinists and republicans, with the venerable yew-trees overshadowing each "narrow cell;" and many an old cross of stone or wood, marks the resting-place of those "who died and left no memorial; who have perished as though they had never been, and their children after them."

In one corner of the churchyard is an ossuary or charnel-house, where may be seen the bones of many generations exposed to view; and at the church-porch are ranged little boxes, shaped exactly like dog-houses, with a cross on the top, containing each a skull, and labelled with the name and date of departure of the deceased,



In many cases not more than ten or fifteen years elapse before the piety of a son or daughter exhumes the remains, and sets up the fleshless skull for public gaze!

On the *Jour des Morts* (the 2nd of November) a striking ceremony takes place in these old churchyards. The rector of the parish, accompanied by the faithful, and particularly the mourners of the past year, proceeds to the churchyard, and opening the *reliquaire* or bone-house, all possess themselves of some bone or fragment of a skeleton. The rector heads the procession, holding in his hands a skull; and thus the congregation make the circuit of the churchyard, chanting a funeral dirge. They reach a large grave, which has been dug to receive these fragments of mortality; and then the priest, holding aloft the grim relic, apostrophises it with emotion, and demands what was its condition when alive, whether the head of one of the elect, or that of a reprobate, and what is now its state, blissful or tormented? He dwells with energy upon this question, and dilates upon the appalling alternative, picturing the joys of heaven and the woes of hell, and works tremendously on the feelings of his auditory.

Groans and sobs, and hysterical cries, testify the power of his appeal; and the emotion reaches its height as he advances to the grave, and casts in the skull that cannot answer it; and the crowd around follow his example, and with heartrending cries cast into the pit the mute witnesses of their mortality, and depart to their homes, leaving the churchyard to the reign of silence and calm decay.

The exterior of the church is the counterpart of the old village churches in the Weald of Sussex: but on entering it we are struck with the poverty of the part appropriated to the congregation, compared with the adornment of the choir and high altar. The sittings are of the commonest wood-work, or of straw-bottomed chairs; and the floor is broken and filthy; and down the walls the damp trickles and mildews, and cobwebs festoon the windows, and the *benitier* for holy water is foul and mouldy. But at the east end all is gay and glittering. The altar is decked with lace, and gilded pillars support a Corinthian canopy; and massive silver candlesticks and crucifixes rise in rows, alternated by vases of artificial flowers. Pictures of the Salvation and Ascension, with gilded frames, are lighted up with silver lamps; and statues of St. Peter and St. Anne, St. Isidore and St. Symphorien, St. Armel and St. Mathurin, and half-a-dozen more, with their appropriate emblems, are as smart as gold and scarlet and purple can make them. While at the side-altar the Blessed Virgin is decked out with lace and embroidery, and bears a wreath of orange-blossoms on her head, and a bouquet of *fleur-de-llys* in her right hand. From the roof hang the usual votive offerings of mariners saved from shipwreck; and on the altar of a wonder-working saint are little wax-models of legs, and

arms, and ears, and doll's-heads, offered in gratitude for cures conferred on the corresponding members. In the corner of the little chapel is a whole armoury of crutches and walking-sticks, and a few wooden legs—"the owners having no further use for them;" and all these cures having been effected by the miraculous finger of St. John, and the great toe of St. Colombau, "whom the saints assoilzie."

We tread lightly, and make our observations *sotto voce*, lest we disturb the meditations of the faithful, who are telling their beads and repeating their aves and paternosters with a rapidity that might be mistaken for piety; but we find that they are not at all disturbed by our proximity, and find leisure to stare at us, and repeat their prescribed tasks at the same time. We must, however, make exception in favour of three or four devotees, whose earnest looks and eyes red with recent weeping betoken a heartfelt emotion. They are the nearest relatives of those who are lying, *in extremis*, at the doors of death, in the parish, and they are here imploring before the altar of the Virgin for the life of a husband, a parent, or a child; and the candles that glimmer faintly in the noontide glare before the altar, are their humble incense of prayer, and tell us in how many cottages Death's hand is busy; in how many, children are terror-stricken by a father's death-cries; in how many, wives are fearfully awaiting the desolation of widowhood.

There is something touching in these expressions of simple faith, these signals of real distress; and we tread more lightly, and perhaps unconsciously join in the prayer of the poor suppliants before the Virgin's shrine.

We pass out of the chilly church into the brightness and warmth of the outer world, stopping awhile to read the "*Promesses de Mariage*," which are affixed to a board, protected by a grating, announcing that Etienne and Yvonne, or Jacques and Celestine, have agreed to take each other for better or worse: and the *Moniteur des Communes*, the Government newspaper, which is posted up at every church porch, alongside the notice of the next *Comice Agricole*, and a rat-catcher's puff of his patent vermin-destroyer, headed in large capitals—"MORT AUX RATS."

Near the church porch we meet the curé of the village, a fine specimen of the country clergy of Brittany. Very different are they from the courtly, refined, and elegant priesthood of large towns on the Continent; but, such as they are, they are well adapted to their work, and exercise a vast influence upon the people.

Louis Napoleon was not far wrong when, after his tour in Brittany, in his farewell speech at Rennes he gratefully acknowledged the exertions of the priests in securing to him "the votes and interest" of the *free and independent* electors of Brittany. There was a great deal of policy in this piece of flattery, but there was not the less of truth.

The Breton priests are essentially of the

people; they are frequently natives of the commune of which they become the ministers, and their parents and relatives are the farmers, or the herdsmen, or little shopkeepers of the village.

Sprung from the plough-tail they have lost none of the marks of their origin. Their hands are as hard and coarse, their voices as rough, their frames as hardy as those of the peasants around them. They still carry the *pen-baz* or knob-stick, and the short black pipe; they wear the woollen stockings and wooden shoes of the farmer, only that they are "clooked upon" with the long black cassock, and girt with a silken scarf instead of a leathern girdle.

The change of metier brings with it a change of constitution; and these jovial priests, whose fathers were lean, half-starved day-labourers, become enormously stout under the influence of good living and little work. Though their salaries are small (varying from £32 to £80 per annum) they live well and "fare sumptuously every day;" for they are free of all the dinner-tables in the neighbourhood, and seldom depart from their host's house without carrying away some little addition to the presbytery larder, in the shape of a leg of a goose, or a cold chicken, wrapped up in their cotton pocket-handkerchiefs.

Whether from cause or effect we do not say, but corpulence is a great element of physical beauty in Brittany, as being a mark of a good temper and easy circumstances; and a Breton parish is as proud of its priest, who weighs twenty-stone and measures two *mètres* round the girth, as a West-end congregation can be of the white hands and elegant figure of their pet parson.

But no incumbent of a chapel-of-ease, not "honeyed Bellew," nor "roaring Hanna," nor "lovely Spurgeon"—"charm he never so wisely"—will ever "catch credulous ears and hold young hearts in chains" or exercise an influence over his hearers like these poor, coarsely-clad, corpulent, rough-spoken Breton priests.

Ordinary and commonplace as is their daily life, as soon as they mount their pulpits, they seem invested with superhuman authority. Their language may be homely and their style inelegant, but every word strikes home to the hearts of their hearers. Intimately acquainted with the lives and circumstances of every member of their congregation, they know every tender point of conscience, and no false-delicacy prevents them using that knowledge for the reclaiming of the backsliders.

The people listen with wrapt attention, and as each one feels "pricked to the heart" they give way to their feelings, and respond with groans and wailings to the preacher's appeal. He warms with his subject, and thunders down upon them the terrible artillery of curses and threatenings, and

and sobs, and screams; and tears flow, and women faint away, till he relieves them from their terror by pointing out (alas! that it should be too often through the traditions of men!) the only means of escaping the wrath to come. But, right or wrong, there is no mistaking the immense power of these men—a power acquired by their own indefatigable exertions to obtain it.

Their whole lives are spent among their people: they visit the sick; they carry the sacred elements to the dying, over hill and dale, through bog and brake; by miry lanes and wild mountain-paths; like Chaucer's "Poor Parson"—

"Wide was his parish, and houses far asonder,  
But he ne left nought for no rain ne thunder;  
In sicknesse, and in mischiet to visite  
The farrest in his parish."\*

They are the confidants and directors of all the families; the friend, the guide, the counsellor in things mundane as well as spiritual; and nothing passes within any four walls in their parish which is not, directly or indirectly, submitted to their judgment.

Whether such unbounded power can be safely entrusted to any human being is not for us to enter upon; nor will we determine whether this power is, or is not abused by its possessors; but there can be no doubt that in the hands of educated and enlightened men, such an engine might be made far more beneficial than it is in the hands of the Breton priests, whose sole object is to maintain their own dominion, and keep their people as ignorant as themselves.

Our present specimen willingly enters into conversation with us, and tells us the history of his church—how it was built in the fifteenth century by a band of foreign architects, who traversed Brittany by orders of the Pope, and roused the enthusiasm of the people to contribute to the holy work; how it escaped the Calvinist fanatics, and the Revolutionary marauders by the protection of the "Bonne Vierge" and its secluded position, when hundreds of churches less fortunate were ravaged and desecrated. His general knowledge seems rather limited, and his ideas upon England in particular considerably perverted. He has heard with great joy of the Catholic movement commencing at the "College of Oxford," and feels assured "that the example of all the nobility and learned men of the land who, to the number of half-a-million, have embraced the true faith, will speedily be followed by the mass of the people, and that within a few years the whole of England will be *reconciled* to the church."

It is of no use to correct his statistics, as "he derives his authority from a printed book which he knows to be infallible." He admires the Emperor hugely, being perhaps slightly

"Brings all hell before their eyes;"

the mass sways and palpitates with emotion,

\* "Canterbury Tales."



prejudiced in his favour by his having augmented his salary during the past month. His general knowledge he confesses is somewhat circumscribed by his want of books and papers; but as he is obliged to read over the appointed service in his breviary every day, which occupies several hours, he has little time or taste for other reading. He is, however, intimately acquainted with the lives and legends of all the saints in the calendar, and tells us how each Breton saint has, in the popular belief, his peculiar office and patronage.

St. Eloi, he tells us, is patron of horses; and that the peasants believe their horses would die within the year, if they did not take them to hear mass on his *fête*-day. So St. Mathurin is patron of oxen; and all the sick cattle are taken to kiss his shrine, at Moncontour. And Ste. Agnes is patroness of lambs. St. Isadore is the ploughmen's saint, and St. Joseph the gardener's. Moreover, St. Herbot helps the dairymaids to make butter, and St. Yves assists the bread to rise; while, he adds (with a little smile, as if savouring slightly of "sour grapes"),

that St. Sezny was appointed patron of the young ladies, but begged to be excused. "Good Lord," said he, when he heard of his appointment, "hear the prayer of a poor sinner, and take from me such a terrible charge! If ever there is any mischief at work, the girls and the — are sure to be at the bottom of it. Dear Monsieur Bon Dieu, I shall have no rest from my labours. *Miserere mei, Domine!* every day they will be coming to me for a new ribbon, or a fresh sweetheart! *Confitebor toto corde meo!* I had rather, *sauf votre respect*, dear Dominus, be patron of tailors or hangmen!"

"*Eh bien!*" replied the Bon Dieu, "as you are so very particular, I'll promote you a step, and make you patron of poodle-dogs!"

"With all my heart!" says St. Sezny, much relieved. And so it came to pass that the poodles have a patron, and the lasses have none!

And so, with more respect for our fair readers than the "Sely priest" and his ungallant Saintship, we bid them a Breton adieu—*Bennoz Doué d' e-hoc'h!*

## K A T E A N S O N .

### (A Tale of Real Life.)

#### CHAP. VIII.

Gilbert stood in the hall at Falconbeck, waiting for his wife. Before the open door a groom held two beautiful horses, who pawed the broad sweep of gravel impatiently, evidently highly disapproving of Lady McAllister's delay. One was a bright bay, perfect in every slender limb, and elegantly caparisoned. Willie stood beside this animal—whistling as usual that everlasting "Old Virginia"—he seemed lost in admiration of the noble steed, who rather disdainfully shook his long mane, as Willie stroked it caressingly.

"What a beauty he is!" said Willie, turning to the complacent groom."

"I should *rather* think so," replied the man, smiling proudly. "I reckon there ar'n't such another animal in all the country round; and if I may take the liberty of saying so, Master William, there's not such another lady as the one as is going to ride him."

Willie, much amused, replied in great glee, "You're about right there, Sam."

"She sits like a queen!" continued that worthy, giving an additional rub to the already shining stirrup depending from his favourite's saddle.

"I never ~~saw~~ a queen ride, Sam, so I can't tell whether you're right," said Willie; "but I

know Katie looks grand when she's on the outside of a horse. Here she comes; so make ready."

Kate certainly did look remarkably well in her well-fitting riding-habit, and pretty plumed hat. Gilbert thought so, as he followed her down the flight of steps to the garden; and Jessie thought so, as she stood at the drawing-room window to watch them off; so did old James, as he held open the hall-door, and for the twentieth time came to the conclusion that his master's wife was superior to all other ladies in the land.

She patted the beautiful bay's neck with her small, white-gloved hand, and looking gratefully at her husband, who was waiting to assist her into the saddle, said warmly, "He is the most lovely creature I ever saw, and looks even better in his harness than without, Gilbert—don't you think so?"

"Lightfoot" again commenced making holes with his paw in the smooth gravel, as much as to say, "don't stand talking there; but try how I can carry you!"

She was soon ready to start, and waved her hand to Jessie in adieu.

"Kate," cried Willie, as Gilbert was mounting his own black horse, "it's a splendid turnout, horse and rider—both complete in their

way. 'Tain't everyone gets such a birthday present—hope you're thankful?"

She snapped her whip playfully at the boy, and called him a "saucy little thing!"—which complimentary epithet did not appear much to affect his spirits, for, as he went slowly up the steps, every now and then turning round and resting on his crutches to watch them riding down the long avenue, he sung "Old Virginia" with such energy and decision, that Crib looked up in his face, quite puzzled by the noise. Sam, too, looked after the retreating equestrians, and as he turned to his beloved stables, muttered to himself—"I call that prime!"

Old Winter had not made his appearance yet, but he had sent his herald, the frosty air, to tell of his approach. It blew fresh and clear over the still verdant country, its chillness tempered by the autumn sun. What more delightful than a spirited canter on such a day?

"You're sure he carries you comfortably?" said Gilbert, as they pulled up from a long gallop over the green, grassy road.

"Quite: he is perfection in every way, I think. How kind of you to think of giving me such a beautiful present, Gilbert!"

"If it gives you pleasure, Katie, my trouble in seeking for it will be doubly repaid."

He could not help thinking how graceful she was, as her lithe figure gave easily to her horse's motion. That little hat, too, with its light dancing feathers, suited her so well; and he could see through her thin, gauzy veil, the unwonted rose upon her cheek. Certainly Kate looked very lovely just then. She was more animated than usual; full of admiration for the rich bright tints, now worn by the trees and fields.

"Yes," said Gilbert; "autumn is my favourite season: it always seems to me as though summer, like a heavenly and purified character, becomes more and more beautiful as it approaches nearer death! How swiftly time flies, my Kate! Here is the beginning of October already! Why, we have been married five months! '*Tempus fugit*!'"

"Will you have another gallop?" asked Kate, quickly.

"With pleasure, love. Off we go!"

Lightfoot sprang forward at the smart touch of his fair rider's whip; still she urged him on faster, faster—away, away from thought and memory!

"The beginning of October, why, why had he said *that*?" The thought came to her, as she was passing so swiftly through the fresh breeze, and the bright sunshine, how the rippling waves at Beachhill broke upon the shore, and murmured softly as of old: how the shadows slept upon the soft green hills; and the sunlight danced upon the water, cresting the waves with silver as it had done a year ago. But the hearts that beat together then—where were they? Parted—parted for ever!

Kate struggled with the demon that possessed her—tried to shake it off.

"Kate! Kate!" cried Gilbert, "you will tire yourself."

She checked Lightfoot's swift, bounding motion, and they walked their horses quietly side by side. He had a right to restrain her. She would do as he wished her. Kate's better self came to her again.

"What a wild thing you are, wify mine! But I think your spirit is sometimes higher than your strength. You have galloped away the pretty colour I was admiring just now!"

His words brought it back again.

"This part of the country is very pretty, Gilbert?"

"I am glad you think so. Many people prefer a wilder style of landscape; but I own I like that beautiful green meadow-land, undulating so gently, and those thick groves of trees. Perhaps it is, after all, more the force of association than anything else."

"I think it is; and that is why I, too, like this kind of country: it is something like that I used to see from my—"

"What, love?"

"My bedroom window, at dear old Glencone," she added, turning away her head, to hide the quiver of her lips, and the tears she felt rise hotly to her eyes.

"Kate," said her husband, tenderly, "why should you hesitate to speak to me of your old home, and the past? You will seldom, if ever, revert to anything connected with it; and yet I sometimes see you sad, darling, and feel that there is in your heart what you will not speak of to your husband. This should not be so, Katie. O, did you but know how I yearn to share every sorrow, however slight, did you but know how I would strive to soothe them, if you would only show them to me! I know you do not love me even yet, as I hope and pray you may do one day. But Kate, you said you trusted me—will you not make me more your friend, will you not, dearest?"

Her voice sounded hoarse, stifled with emotion. "O do not speak to me so; I cannot bear it!"

In a moment he had thrown himself from his horse, and stood by her side, with the rein over his arm. He looked up into her face, and saw how fearfully she was agitated. "Kate, my darling, what have I said to cause this trouble? Speak to me, Kate; do not look in that way!"

She laid her white glove upon his shoulder.

"It grieves me, Gilbert, to know myself so unworthy of all your love and tenderness!"

He smiled lovingly at her earnest face. "If that is all, Katie, bring your smiles back again, love!"

They were at a very lonely part of a green, grassy lane, and Gilbert indulged himself in walking at Lightfoot's rein, and watching the face beneath the little plumed hat. It was the first ride they had taken together; so, perhaps, such a proceeding was excusable. Don't despise Gilbert as a weak-minded individual, for the chances are ten to one you would have acted similarly in his place, reader. But, as fortune would have it, just as they turned a corner of the lane, a rather shabby brougham suddenly



met them, and a bonnet of large dimensions, formed of tea-green silk, and decorated with a very astonishing bow at the apex of the crown, bobbed out of the brougham-window, disclosing to view the fishy face, and brown braids, of no less a personage than Miss Beard!

Now, though Miss Beard did not intend calling upon Lady M'Allister, she had no small curiosity to see that lady—an end she had as yet been unable to accomplish, in consequence of being a dissenter, and therefore not attending Falconbeck Church. Her voice was none of the sweetest—slightly resembling a bagpipe with a severe cold.

"Sir Gilbert M'Allister!" screamed the old lady, with her head through the window, "How do you do? Glad to see you're enjoying your ride!"

Long after it was possible she could see them in the very least, her tea-green bonnet protruded pertinaciously from the carriage; and when, at last, its owner drew it back again to the sacred recesses of "her brougham," she grunted, as she pulled up the glass (lowered for the purpose of reconnoitering), "Not at all handsome, and just what I expected—a cast in the eye; she'll soon go mad!"

This conclusion seemed to give her unlimited satisfaction: so she arranged her fur-cloak with much care, and desired her coachman to drive to "Mrs. Olno's, Oak Lodge," where she described how she had met Sir Gilbert and his wife in the Green-lane; how the gentleman was walking by the lady's side, with his arm round her waist; and how she (Miss B.) distinctly saw him kiss her more than once!

Mrs. Olno was surprised, and very unwillingly had to admit that such a proceeding was not quite "*the thing!*"

Miss Beard became moral and severe—"Such things were never heard of when she was a girl! It was scandalous, improper, nay, decidedly wrong. She should not call *now*, even had she contemplated such a thing before (which she did not). She (Miss Beard) would never allow her husband to behave in such a way—if she had a husband that is to say, which, thank goodness, she had'n't!"

Mrs. Olno could only shake her head. Then Miss Beard informed her that Sir Gilbert had appeared much gratified by the notice she had taken of him, and had raised his hat in the most deferential manner possible. Now the fact of the case was, that no sooner had that gentleman caught sight of the tea-green bonnet (an old friend of his by the way), than he muttered, in a voice far from conciliating or deferential either, "Confound that woman!" and raised his hat as slightly as any gentleman could. If there was one thing on earth he hated more than another, it was Miss Beard; and, next to herself, her tea-green bonnet. He felt sure, too, that she would make a long tale about meeting him walking by Kate's side, and edify all her friends with the same.

Mrs. Olno positively denied the cast in Lady M'Allister's eye. She roundly declared they were

not only perfectly correct organs of vision, but very beautiful ones, too; and just as the ladies were waxing warm in the dispute, the pleasant clatter of horse's hoofs sounded on the road that went by Oak Lodge, and Sir Gilbert and his lady passed at a swift canter.

"She rides well, at all events!" said Mrs. Olno, rather triumphantly.

Miss Beard suspended the fish-like movement before-named to reply to her friend's remark. "I hate anything like display in a woman, and always did as a girl" [N.B. *Some of her friends could tell a different tale!*] "I shouldn't be one bit surprised to know that Lady M'Allister follows the hounds!"

"Well, if she did, what harm is there in that?"

"Why, its unfeminine and disgusting. But I shall never be astonished at anything from *her*."

Poor Kate! She would have been astonished at hearing herself spoken of as such a disreputable character—though from the lips of Miss Beard evil words would not strike home, even to the most sensitive.

When Mrs. Olno confided to her friend that she and her daughter Fanny were actually going to dine at Falconbeck the following Tuesday, that lady's indignation knew no bounds. However, she immediately asked them to take tea with her on the Wednesday—thus securing an early account of the proceedings on the previous evening; and, little thinking that her words and actions were under such espionage, Kate entertained a few friends very gracefully, and to her husband's supreme satisfaction. No one, not even Miss Beard, could cavil at the plain black velvet dress that formed her dark toilet, only relieved by a single white camellia at the bosom. The flower was her husband's gift: he had many associations of their first meeting, connected with a white camellia, and he liked to see her wear one.

Sir Gilbert was not a man fond of gaiety, and the dinners he gave were of a quiet, friendly character, the guests seldom exceeding six or eight in number; but every detail was rich and elegant. These evenings were generally very pleasant ones, and his graceful wife proved a wonderful addition to their attractions; Jessie's loveliness quite created a sensation among his gentleman friends, who often secretly wondered at him having chosen her sister instead of herself. They all agreed as to Kate's grace, and that wonderful charm of manner that clung about her like a halo, but Jessie they thought little less than an angel. She, for her part, took very slight notice of them at all, she was very quiet in society, and seemed to have little taste for it; she was happiest with her brother Willie, driving about in the little pony carriage Gilbert had bought for his special use, and attending to the wants of the poor cottagers in Falconbeck village. This pony-phæton was the light of Willie's heart; it was drawn by two long-tailed, tiny grey ponies, whom he had christened "Rub," and "Scrub," greatly to his

sisters' indignation, who were desirous of their possessing more poetical appellations: "Fire-fly" and "Beeswing," "Elfin" and "Fairy," had been proposed by Kate and Jessie; but Willie declared his fixed determination of calling his darlings either "Rub" and "Scrub," or "Cob" and "Snob." "Of two evils choose the less!" cried Jessie, and forthwith voted for the former. Perhaps Master Willie was never so completely happy in his life as the first day he drove himself and Jessie, attended by Crib, to Falconbeck village; but his eagerness and delight gained him an enemy that day, who spoke ill of him ever after; for while in the joy of his heart, turning a corner at a quick trot, he very nearly upset Miss Beard, and had no more respect than, when first seeing her danger, to call out lustily—"Keep out of the way old lady, or you'll get smashed!"

Of course it was very improper of Master Willie so to do, and his gentle sister kindly remonstrated with him on the heinousness of his conduct; but he was only a boy, and "boys will be boys" all the world over. However, Miss Beard took mortal offence at being so uncereemoniously addressed, and carried a long tale of grievance to poor Mrs. Olno, who, between her friendship for Miss Beard and her liking for the inhabitants of Falconbeck Hall, was sorely put to it.

Time passed on, frost and snow began to whiten the trees in the park, and loving eyes watched anxiously to see how Jessie stood the cold; but she seemed to gain strength every day, and bid fair soon to be as well and rosy as she used to be at Beachhill.

In Mrs. Anson there was no change—still the same gentle, helpless creature; still waiting and watching for the return of the lost one. All that love and tender, anxious care could give was showered around her. Surely her life, though unbrightened by joy, was free from sorrow.

Willie grew rapidly, but no improvement was visible in his sad lameness; yet he never murmured, he was the same bright, happy-spirited being—morning, noon, and night—full of fun and gladness, still devotedly attached to "Old Virginia," and much given to writing long letters to his cousin Ann. He used to tell Kate that one thing, and one only, weighed upon his mind, and that was the obvious fact of Crib becoming daily fatter and fatter. This respectable animal was a prime favourite with James, the ancient butler, who was, in Willie's opinion, the party to blame for Crib's *embonpoint*; for he surmised, and not without some truth, that more tit-bits, and rich morsels fell to his canine friend's share than were either expedient or advisable. To counteract this bad management, Willie began to subject poor Crib to what he called a "thinning process," which process consisted in going long drives and keeping Rub and Scrub at a very quick pace all the time, thus obliging the poor, panting, puffing Crib to take an amount of exercise well calculated to reduce him in circumference, if persevered in—

for Crib would have followed his young master even to the death, and bundled along after the flying pony-carriage, with an energy and determination worthy of a better cause. Kate once remonstrated upon her old friend Crib being subjected to this painful course of thinning; but Willie only replied by informing her that he most heartily wished he could try the same experiment upon James, the ancient butler, as he entertained not the slightest doubt of its being highly beneficial to that important personage, who grew stouter every day, and more addicted to sitting by the hall-window reading the *Daily News*: so Kate gave up any idea of befriending poor little fat Crib. Willie began to look eagerly forward to the time of Harry's Christmas visit to Falconbeck—so did everyone else, for everyone liked Harry—and no one more truly rejoiced to hear of his expected arrival than Mrs. Olno, since his appearance among the Falconbeck worthies, must necessarily contradict Miss Beard's opinion as to the state of his mind.

What a happy thing is a Christmas going home! Few pleasures like it in a young life, few so pure, so free from every taint of earthly dress! Christmas is such a joyous, cheery season of the year; the time when parted hands are clasped again, when broken links are re-united; the time when little people hang up the pretty mistletoe with its white transparent berries; when sprigs of shining holly are put into the windows and behind the picture frames, by tiny fingers, to the music of merry voices; a time when wrongs are forgotten and injuries forgiven; when the hand of reconciliation is stretched forth, and met half-way; when peace and joy and hope reign smiling and triumphant in all hearts.

Happy Christmas! Glad and welcome time to the loving and the loved, the blessing and the blest; but to the homeless and the loveless and the desolate—a hand to tear wounds newly open, to bid the scarce-dry-tear flow bitterly and long. God help the lonely and the lost when Christmas-time comes round!

"Kate," said Willie, peeping into her morning room, where she sat drawing industriously by the window, "Kate, may I come in? I want to ask your advice upon a very important subject."

Receiving her smiling assent, he came in, followed by the devoted Crib, and looked over her shoulder at the sketch on the table. "Why, Kate, gracious me! I do believe—it must be—yes, it is—Glencone—"

"Do you like it, Willie?"

He did not reply, and when she looked up at him she saw the bright tears standing in his eyes ready to fall. He had not forgotten the past, neither had Kate.

Willing to change the subject of their conversation, Kate inquired the "important" reason of his visit to her sanctuary.

"Only that I want to know what you think I could give Gilbert as a Christmas present."



"That will require some consideration, Willie. How much money have you?"

"Why, not a great deal; because, you see, I've Ann's writing-case to buy, and the book you told me of for Jessie, and a penknife for Harry, and—and several other things."

"I will think about it, Harry."

"There's a good Kate; and don't tell Gilbert. Here he comes—he's always coming when I'm talking here with you."

"Kate," said her husband, entering the room, "here is a letter from Leylands, for you; we shall know now whether they're coming or not."

"O, I hope they are," cried Willie, as Kate proceeded to open the letter, "I love Mr. Eversfield, though I've never seen him, for being so good to Harry."

"Well," said Kate, looking up, "you will have the pleasure of making his acquaintance then, for both he and his wife are coming with our Harry."

"That's right, the more the merrier." But that boy's eyes fell upon the unfinished sketch of Glencone, and his joyous face changed. He remembered the Christmas times in his old home, and the Christmas-day mornings, when the father and the mother kissed their children under the mistletoe, and gave and received the Christmas gifts, often valueless in themselves, but precious in the love that prompted them; he remembered his father's look of pleasure and his mother's tearful smile, as the sweet, young voices sung some simple carol that had been learnt, with infinite pains, under Kate's tuition. Many, many things about the merry Christmas-times at Glencone, came to the boy's mind then, and made his heart feel sad and sorrowful. He left Kate and Gilbert alone, and stole to his mother's room. He sat down at her feet, and laid his curly head upon her knee; she played with his golden locks, and, rocking herself too and fro, sung softly, snatches of old tunes and hymns. As Willie heard her he thought, child as he was, that God was very good to make her so happy. He saw the silver lining to the cloud, the star shining in the dark night; yet Willie shed some tears, for his heart was full.

Gilbert took up Kate's picture of Glencone.

"And that was your old home?"

"Yes." She tried to steady her voice, but it would falter.

"You spoke about it once at Leylands, when I first knew you."

"Did I? I do not remember."

"It was the night when I came to see Mrs. Eversfield; you were writing letters in the study, and I went there to find a book."

"Ah, yes; I remember now; it was 'Faust' you wanted, and I helped you to find it. I was writing home that night."

"You were; and I thought seemed anxious and unhappy about something."

"About papa."

Kate hardly ever mentioned her father to

Gilbert. He saw the pencil quiver in her hand now.

"I should think that was the first anxiety you ever had, Kate, was it not?"

She hesitated, and then replied in her own, still, quiet way—"No."

He did not ask her what had been before, but he wished that she would tell him,

"Mrs. Eversfield was very kind to you when you were at Leylands?"

"Indeed she was—very, very kind. I love her dearly, now, and always shall. Is she not beautiful, Gilbert?"

"Very, and kind too; I will show you a present she gave me once."

He rose and unlocked his desk that lay upon a side-table; then from a little drawer he took a brown morocco case, and put it into Kate's hand. She opened it, and uttered an exclamation of surprise. He leant over her to look at it. She heard him sigh. "You are not like that now, Kate."

She looked at the truthful eyes and smiling lips of the picture, and a sharp pang came to her heart. He saw her head droop, and thought his words had wounded her; he drew her towards him and whispered, gently: "But I love you more dearly, *now*—dearly as I loved you *then*." She hid her face upon his arm, and his heart gave a wild bound as she did so: perhaps she, at last, had learnt to love him?—but no—yet he felt her tremble as she rested against his heart. Was it so?

The very thought made his pulse bound madly, and his sight grow dim.

But she raised her head, and he saw anguish, sorrow, something that seemed almost like terror and a wild entreaty, written there—but not love.

His man's heart was full of passionate, yearning fondness, and it cried; but there was no voice to answer to its loving call. He strained her for a moment closer to his breast.

"O Kate, *my wife*, there is a veil between our hearts—will it never be drawn away?"

She heard the door close after him, and hid her face in her trembling hands.

Percy Olno came home, and was right warmly welcomed at Oak Lodge. His visit was to be a short one, since business required him in London early in the New Year. Percy owned two very desirable qualities—a warm heart and a clear head. He loved his mother dearly; but he saw that she was worldly-minded and fond of wealth. He loved his sister; but he thought her sadly wanting in many womanly virtues, and the most affected girl in his whole acquaintance. He tried to influence her for good, but not with much success; for she was self-willed as well as foolish. She was a great trouble to him: he wished to see her the wife of some good man, who would guide her right, and take the pains to correct her faults; but the prospect of such an event seemed very distant. Many admired Fanny Olno; for she was a fine, stylish-looking girl, and sang very brilliantly. Many flirted

with her; but they did no more. Such girls are to be met with everyday in society at large. Some are made so by the bad influence of those with whom they are thrown. These may often be led right again by a gentle hand and a loving voice. Some are so by nature—heartless, vain, frivolous. Caring for nothing but admiration, they win that only, and love is not given to them.

Percy often feared that his sister was one of these; that she was not a true-hearted woman, and would never be the blessing of a man's home, and the comfort of his heart. He compared her with one, a gentle timid girl, in whom all womanly perfections seemed to centre; yet whose heart was brave and strong in the hour of need; whose spirit, from its very meekness, gained power to battle with life's troubles. Her path had been a thorny one hitherto; but it was the hope of Percy's soul, to take her to himself, and make her glad and happy one day. He loved her with his whole heart's affection, tenderly and well; and he knew that for this love she gave him her own, earnestly and fully. She had placed her little soft hand in his, and told him so; told him that his voice was the music of her heart—the sunshine of her life; and he had gazed upon her sweet face with loving eyes; but she had never seen *that*, for she was blind.

There was no light in the large dark eyes that lay beneath her long lashes; but there was light in her heart—and he was that light. If she lost him, her heart would be dark too.

He called her his "little Ruth." And one day he would claim her as his bride; but the time was not come yet. She was poor—almost penniless—poor, and blind; yet he loved her—loved her as his own life. When his way was clear before him, then he would take her to his own home, and guide her tenderly through life.

Mrs. Olno was neither rich nor poor. She might have been very comfortable, on what portion of the good things of this world had fallen to her share; but she would strive to do more than she could well manage. She was a woman of good family, and visited in the first society; but not content with mingling among the great, she tried to do as they did, and consequently often got into financial difficulties.

Percy knew this, and he resolved to make his own way in life, and win himself a home to offer Ruth. Had his mother known all this, she would have been spared an immense amount of anxiety as to his falling in love with pretty Jessie at the hall; but as she was in perfect ignorance of the state of his affections, and keenly alive to the artless loveliness of Miss Anson, her fears and apprehensions were unnumbered.

The very day before Percy's arrival at Oak Lodge, Miss Beard, to her intense chagrin and mortification, was seized with an attack of rheumatism, so severe as to threaten her with some weeks' residence in her scarlet-curtained tester-bed. Now she had made up her mind to have the amusement and interest of manoeuvring

to keep Mr. Percy Olno away from Falconbeck Hall, and prevent him seeing that beautiful Jessie. Under the circumstances, it was very hard to be imprisoned hopelessly in the said tester-bed, with every prospect of there remaining until long after Percy's visit to Oak Lodge had terminated. However, she made the best of it, by constantly warning Mrs. Olno to be on her guard, and filling that lady's mind with fearful images, pleasingly compounded of madness and poverty. Mingled with a natural love of making mischief and thwarting others, Miss Beard was prompted to this course of conduct by a personal dislike of poor innocent Jessie, caused by her strong resemblance to a young damsel who had, in former years, carried by storm the heart of a very eligible youth, whom Miss Beard was anxious to appropriate; but who seemed strangely insensible to the power of her charms, and the flattering condescension of her manner towards himself. She hated to see that natural coronet of golden hair, and those deep sunny blue eyes. They reminded her of what she found particularly disagreeable to remember; so it was a relief to her to plot against their lovely owner.

In happy ignorance of all these under-currents, and plans, and schemes, Percy passed his time very pleasantly at Oak Lodge. After living so long in London, the open country and the fresh pure air were sufficient in themselves to make him happy. He went long delightful rambles, among the snow-covered lanes and ice-bound streams, before anyone else was up in the house; and came in to breakfast with such an excellent appetite, that Fanny called him "quite plebeian," at which he laughed heartily, and told her she was a little goose—an epithet by no means unfitting for her either.

He often inquired after poor Miss Beard; for though his recollections of her on a former visit were far from ecstatically delightful, Percy bore ill-will to none, and was always sorry to know of another's suffering. Hearing that Sir Gilbert M'Alister was married, he naturally inquired who to, and if the inhabitants of Oak Lodge saw much of the inmates of Falconbeck Hall; to which his mother replied they did not, and also added, that Sir Gilbert had made rather a "mesalliance."

Percy's stay at Oak Lodge drew to a close; he should in a few days return to smoky London. But he did not think of the smoke. He thought of a gentle voice that would welcome him; of a loving heart that would bound at the echo of his well-known footstep; of a little soft hand that would rest in his. He walked quickly over the hard frosty ground; shook the shining hoar-frost from a bush, and an icicle from the eave of a shed, and thought how beautiful natural jewels were. His heart felt right and full of hope.

Something soft and dark flew past him on the snow. He caught it, and found it was a lady's veil. A moment more, and a light step came behind him; and a voice as sweet as Ruth's own, said, timidly—

"My veil, if you please."



But he had turned round before she spoke, and seen the loveliest face in the world, looking slightly embarrassed, and bewitchingly beautiful. He raised his hat, and returned the runaway veil.

"Thank you very much for catching it," said the same sweet voice, trembling, with an evident inclination to laugh.

"I am glad I was able to do so," returned Percy, as she bowed gracefully and turned away.

He saw her put the black-lace covering over her sweet face, and walk quickly on. Just at a turn of the lane she overtook a tall, pale lad walking on crutches, and laid her hand upon his shoulder. He turned quickly round, and Percy heard him say—"Why Jessie! where have you sprung from?" Then they went on together. Before they were out of sight Percy met a young fellow, whom he had known slightly when on a previous visit home.

"Who is the lady before us, do you know?" enquired Percy, as they stood talking for a few minutes by the roadside.

"Lady M'Allister," replied his companion; and that lame boy is her brother."

"No wonder," thought Percy, as he took his way home, "that Sir Gilbert made what my mother calls a *mesalliance*; that face would turn any man's brain; I never saw one so lovely."

That day, at dinner, poor Mrs. Olno was greatly alarmed by hearing of her son's adventure in the morning; but, learning the mistake he had fallen into, hoped all was safe, and was careful not to deceive him. His warmly-expressed admiration for the supposed Lady M'Allister, made her feel heartily thankful that he had but two days more to spend in the vicinity of Falconbeck Hall, and determine not to lose sight of him during that time, if she could possibly help it. Her friend, Miss Beard, was duly informed of what had occurred, and agreed with herself in thinking things had happened fortunately as possible. They congratulated each other on Percy's fortunate blunder, and determined to prevent him discovering it to be such; but they might as well have spared themselves all this agitation and anxiety, for Percy's heart was safe in little Ruth's keeping, and would not have swerved from its truth to her had Jessie been ten times more beautiful than she was, and known to him as Miss Anson beside.

He left Oak Lodge early one clear, frosty morning, reached London that afternoon, and in a few hours clasped little Ruth to his faithful heart.

## JANUARY.

BY ADA TREVANION.

Like iron armour lie the lakes;  
The fount no longer flows;  
And not a single murmur breaks  
The silence of the snows.

Upon the desolate morass

The heron seems a ghost;  
Above it the dark cloud-wreaths pass,  
Around it gleams the frost.

The valley hath no flowrets gay;

The copse no sunny beams;  
But yet our mother Earth to-day  
Is merrier than she seems:

For led by January cold

O'er wintry waste and wild,  
Half-veiled in stainless snow, behold  
A radiant Spirit-Child:

Life in its breath, Heaven in its smiles—

A dream of future worth,  
The New Year comes with tender wiles  
To drooping souls on earth.

Fresh from the holy touch of God,

In all its aspects fair,  
Its footsteps thaw the frozen sod:  
To feel it is a Prayer.

But, 'mid hopes like the Old Year dead,

And hopes whose doom is knelled,  
I ask my soul, with trembling dread,  
"What have I lost?—what held?"

O New Year, teach to sad hearts faith:

Life's road is rough and hard: [scathe,  
When sharp thorns wound and keen winds  
Point thou to One more marred.

Lead onward to the cloudless spheres,

Thou, who com'st like a friend,  
Where none need weep departed years,  
And every grief shall end.

## THE FOUR HOME-PICTURES.

(A Song of the New Year.)

BY CORA LYNN.

The sound of many little feet,  
Of children's voices soft and sweet!  
Father and mother smile to see  
The glad group round the Christmas-tree;  
To hear such laughter, and such glee,  
As each wish all right merrily

"A happy New Year!"

A new-born infant laid to rest

Upon its mother's gentle breast;  
The father looked upon his child,  
"God's New-Years-Gift!" he said, and smiled.

The young wife held her babe more close,  
And murmured "Is not this to us

"A happy New Year?"

There is a home most sad to-day,

For God hath called a soul away;  
O do you see his vacant place,  
The anguish on his mother's face?  
Here all but weep and mourn to-day,  
They miss the voice that used to say,

"A happy New Year!"

There is a home where Death's cold hand

Hath grasped one of a little band;  
Her spirit lingered through the night;  
Day dawned, and faith was lost in sight:  
But, mourner, she hath found her rest;  
Is to her bright spirit blest

"A happy New Year!"

\* \* \* \* \*

Dost yearn to know what *this* year brings  
Of weal or woe upon its wings?

"Thy times are in God's hand. He knows  
Thy need, and needful strength bestows.  
*Learn what he sends is best for thee,*  
*And, come what may, 'twill prove to be*  
"A happy New Year!"

January, 1859.

### FOR THE POOR!

"Brother, be gentle to this our appeal—  
Want is the only woe God gives us power to heal."  
*Child of the Islands.*

Deep lies the snow on northern hills,  
Deep on the lonely moor;  
And keenly blows the winter wind  
Around the poor man's door.  
Hunger and sickness, it may be,  
Have met beside his hearth,  
Quelling the father's stalwart arm,  
And quenching Childhood's mirth.

Oh ye, who in your sheltered homes  
Fear not the winter's snow,  
Who, when the evening twilight comes,  
Draw round the fire's red glow;  
As you see the rich light sparkling  
On your draped and mirrored walls,  
Think how in other homes than yours  
That darkening shadow falls!

Ye have welcomed gladly those ye love,  
From light toil or sport, to-day;  
Around your knees your children press,  
Weary, *but with their play!*  
And ere the stars come forth on high  
They will sink to calm repose,  
Wrapped in soft, snowy drapery,  
Each like a folded rose.

And near you, there, are wives who watch  
A husband's dying bed!  
And hear, the while, with shrinking hearts,  
Their children's cry for bread!  
There are children wandering through the  
streets

Young as your own, and fair!  
Young, if we measure life by years;  
But old, in crime and care!

Or it may be, grief within your halls  
Has stilled the voice of mirth;  
Or Death, who treads with equal step  
All dwellings on the earth!  
Some face beloved has passed away,  
Some dear familiar tone;  
And in your stately home to-day  
You sit and sup alone!

Go forth, then, in your sorrow,  
To the lowly couch of pain;  
Grief is an angel—let its touch  
Not stir your hearts in vain!

One only need, one only woe,  
To us to heal is given.  
Brothers, the cry we *will* not hear,  
Against us pleads in Heaven!

E. E. W.

### SLEEPING UPON ROSES.

BY MRS. AEDY.

"In Greece and Rome men would sit at their meals  
upon cushions of roses, and sleep by night upon beds of  
roses. The records of antiquity furnish instances of  
sudden death caused by the folly of sleeping upon  
roses."—*From a German periodical.*

Oh! exquisite and soothing thought—  
Roses, in bright and countless numbers,  
Roses, with balmy odours fraught,  
Spread forth to woo us to our slumbers!  
Yet fatal is their balmy breath,  
The page of history discloses  
How oft the still, cold bonds of Death  
Stole o'er the sleepers upon roses.

My friends, the lot can ne'er be ours  
To meet a similar temptation,  
In modern days the Queen of Flowers  
Boasts not such wily fascination:  
Yet, if we court the world's sweet spell,  
And own the thralldom it imposes,  
Methinks 'tis easy to foretell  
Our speedy slumber upon roses.

When Sloth invites our wearied feet  
To tread the velvet paths of Leisure;  
When lulling lays our senses greet,  
Breathed from the perfumed bowers of Pleasure;  
When Luxury, with subtle sway,  
The soul to selfish ease disposes,  
A wise observer longs to say—  
"Beware of sleeping upon roses!"

Nay, Life's best gifts a snare may be;  
Calm study, cheerful recreation,  
The hearth of social amity,  
The voice of kindly commendation,  
Love's tender and enduring ties—  
On these, too oft, the soul reposes,  
Fondly on human props relies,  
And rests contented amid roses.

Not such should be our pilgrim life;  
No, we should seek our path of trial,  
Prepared to meet its daily strife  
With firm and patient self-denial:  
Temptation waits us on our road,  
And oft our progress it opposes,  
No matter—Life was not bestowed  
To waste in sleeping upon roses.

However lured, however tried,  
Still may we bravely look before us,  
Casting the fragrant flowers aside,  
That strive to weave soft fetters o'er us.  
May we, with fervency of heart  
Pursue our course; and when it closes,  
Let not our summons to depart  
Reach us while sleeping upon roses!



## LEAVES FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

## THE DISCONTENTED FLOWERS.

BY Y. S. N.

In the depths of a beautiful wood, far away from the noise of cities and the smoke of chimnies, is a bright clear pool of water, in which the drooping branches of the willow mirror and bathe themselves. Sweetly-scented lime-trees are grouped together near it, beneath the arching boughs of which the graceful fern and the blue-eyed forget-me-not flourish luxuriantly.

The banks of this crystal lake are fringed with moss and tall flowering grasses; and the woodland paths beyond, where the ground is not so moist, are carpeted in the early spring with masses of the delicate blue hyacinth; and no sooner has that faded than the modest lily-of-the-valley arises, with her perfumed bells, to scent the air in that sequestered spot.

Many a wayfarer has paused in his journey through the forest, to drink from the limpid waters in that still retreat, and has wondered at the variety of foliage and blossom growing side by side in that place; and has been puzzled to account for the appearance of some plants, which, according to the botanists, had no business to be growing wild in such a locality.

But there are records handed down from tree to tree, and whispered from flower to flower, of a time when the now extensive wood was a private shrubbery, planted with taste and care, by a wealthy landowner; and the pool, which is now the favourite haunt of the May-fly, the dragon-fly, and their kindred, was once a fish-preserve. The ancient ferns, too, now rearing their beauteous fronds as a shelter for myriads of the insect tribe, have a faint recollection of having been transplanted from a distant region in their early youth; but they have taken kindly to their present home, and are too old now to care about making another journey to the soil of their ancestors, so they cling closer and closer to the rocks that surround them, and spring up year after year more vigorously than ever. And the forget-me-nots, as the days go round, creep farther and farther over the surface of the pool, laughing up in the sunlight with their bright eyes, as though change and trial were unknown to the flowers of earth.

It is indeed a very lovely spot, and the sunbeams and the moonbeams linger there by turns, right willingly, piercing playfully through the coy leaves, which try so valiantly to keep them out; but the zephyrs come to the rescue; and to them the leaves bow obediently at their lightest breath, and make way for them. So the shining rays, which are Heaven's messengers,

follow swiftly in the zephyr's path, and gleam and shimmer down into the very depths of the pool itself.

Surely if peace be known upon earth, she haunts that favoured spot! And there is no lack of music either to enliven the tranquillity. It is not a dead calm which reigns there; for the song of the lark, the voice of the cuckoo, and the melody of the nightingale, are all heard there in due season; and day and night, in sunshine or in shade, there is the never-ceasing music of a rippling stream, which has its source in the sparkling pool, and goes babbling on of the beauty of its home as it wanders far away, over many a mile, to mingle its waters with those of a mighty river.

The little streamlet has no name, and is not known in the great world; but it runs its daily course with gladness, and beautifies and benefits whatever comes in its way.

Human eye gazes but rarely upon the beauty of the scene I have been attempting to describe; but it is ever present to the angels of God. And those whose mission it is to bear earth's incense of praise to the courts above, have also a tribute to collect from the dwellers in this fair valley; for surely joy and gratitude are due for the cooling dews, the gentle showers and refreshing breezes, not to mention the warm bright beams of sunshine which the flower-buds welcome so gladly.

But I have to tell of a time when sorrow found its way to mar the harmony of that lovely scene. No human eye could have detected the first symptom of evil. Outwardly all was fair and beauteous; but "the trail of the serpent" had passed even there, and the guardian watcher knew it all too well when the breath of praise rose not as freely as it was wont in the still hour of eventide.

There was a mist of discontent hovering somewhere, which marred the fragrance of that balmy hour; and the flower-spirit sighed sadly as he lingered on his mission and waited for the hush of night to investigate its cause.

At length the song of the birds was stilled. There was no voice save that of the murmuring brooklet. One by one the flowrets closed their weary buds; the beautiful blue forget-me-nots and the fragile veronica drooped their heads beneath the clear cold moonbeams, and the lily nestled her tiny bells closer to the sheltering foliage around her.

And then the solemn hush was broken by a sigh of discontent, which arose on the evening breeze, and was wafted to the ear of the flower-spirit. He heard an unthankful murmuring, and he knew whence it came, for he marked a solitary Forget-me-not and a single spray of Lily-bloom holding themselves aloof from their kin,

and eagerly listening to the night-wind's whispering and the babbling of the tiny stream. They were discontented flowers; they did not care to live on any longer in quiet obscurity; they wanted to see the great world, about which the rivulet and the breezes had so often told them. They felt cramped and confined in that lonely, unfrequented pond. They thought themselves wiser than their neighbours; they had given more heed to what was told them of the world beyond the hills.

The brook was sorry that his babbling, which had been intended to amuse and instruct them, should have made them unhappy, and good-naturedly promised to help them in any way that he could to make their lot more enjoyable; but the breeze—false friend that he was!—counselled them to leave all their old acquaintances and relatives in the wood, and go forth together and see the world for themselves.

This the brook did not consider wise advice; but the wilful flowers were only too ready to follow it, and as his voice of dissent was drowned by the bluster of the breeze, he said no more to dissuade them, and was persuaded to join with the latter in assisting them to leave their home. So the sturdy little Forget-me-not tried more and more every day to detach its roots from its fellows, and stretched eagerly towards the bank, that the streamlet might waft her down its current; and the Lily, hour by hour, bent more away from her sheltering veil of green leaves; and though her stem began to get crooked, and her pure bells splashed with mud as the little tadpoles played about near them, she did not care for that; for she knew that before many days her friend the breeze would be able to snap her slender stem, and carry her off.

She was not happy; and both she and the Forget-me-not agreed that they wanted change, and would be improved by travelling.

They had not quite made up their minds when or how they should return; but of course they meant to do so one day, to display their knowledge of the world to their unsophisticated relatives.

Some of their companions, who knew of their discontent and their projected expedition, tried to persuade them that the Good Father knew best where to place his children; and the bees, who loved to nestle in the Lily's bells, and the butterflies and beautiful glossy beetles, who courted the sun, supported by the azure Forget-me-not, told them how useful they were in their own neighbourhood, and how much they would be missed if they really succeeded in getting away. All to no purpose, however, the head-strong things thought they should be of far more use in a wider sphere of action. Besides, the zephyrs had told them of beautiful flower-fêtes and grand festivities in which they might take part, and have their share of admiration too; instead of being cooped up in such an out-of-the-way place.

The elder plants shook their heads sorrow-

fully when they saw these young things so obstinately self-willed, and prognosticated evil if they left their parent-stems; but the Lily laughed at them for croakers, and the Forget-me-not agreed with her in everything.

They did not think theirs at all a blissful lot; and having nothing for which to be grateful, they offered up murmurs instead of the incense of thanksgiving; so when their gentle watcher found the origin of the evil, a remedy was determined upon.

One disaffected member of a community makes many, and it was not right that the general harmony should be disturbed by these two unthankful murmurers.

So it chanced, ere long, that a youth lost his way whilst rambling through the wood, and lying down to rest at the edge of the pool caught sight of the Lily and the Forget-me-not just within his reach, and stretching out his hand he gathered them both. The Forget-me-not responded so eagerly to his touch, that he took away a part of her root as well.

Now the two flowers were supremely happy, and even rejoiced at having managed so cleverly without being under obligations either to the breeze or the brook. They smiled down triumphantly upon the friends they left behind them as, securely fastened in the youth's button-hole, they journeyed away with him.

He had a long distance to go, and at first the runaways enjoyed this elevated position exceedingly; but when the hot sun began to parch up the juice in their stems, and there was no cooling waters to refresh them, they felt faint, and drooped their heads; indeed the Lily would certainly have died, being the more delicate of the two, if the journey had been much longer. Suddenly they felt themselves revived by the contact of cooling water, and the Forget-me-not, being the first to raise her head, saw a young fair face bending over her with a look of eager delight.

"Look here, Claire! these pretty flowers which Neighbour Charlie brought me are reviving already. It is a famous specimen of the *Myosotis palustris*, with a root, too: I shall dry it in a day or two."

The little Forget-me-not did not like being called by such a strange sounding name; it had never been heard in the valley: but the Lily was not sufficiently revived to pay much attention to its displeasure.

Claire, a little dark-eyed damsel, some years younger than her sister, gazed also admiringly upon the two travellers as her sister went on talking about them. "I hope they will keep fresh; I shall wear them this evening instead of Captain Mowbray's splendid exotics; I know he will be very angry; but I don't care for that!" laughed the young girl: "I would rather please Neighbour Charlie." And she took out a wreath of artificial flowers, also lilies and forget-me-nots, and placed it for a moment on her head. As she thus stood



sportively before the glass, the wanderers—now both quite wide awake—thought they had never yet seen anything so beautiful. Much more did they admire her a few hours later, when she was ready dressed for the ball in her simple white muslin, trimmed with sprays of the same tiny flowers to match her wreath, her only ornament a string of magnificent pearls round her neck.

"Good-bye, dear Claire," said the young girl, kissing her sister: "I hear papa calling me; I must go now."

"Good-bye, Edith; I hope you will enjoy yourself: but oh, wait a moment; you have actually forgotten Neighbour Charlie's flowers: let me put them into your brooch for you."

So the Lily and the Forget-me-not, looking very fresh and beautiful, were securely fastened on to the dress, and felt not a little proud of their new position; in fact, could scarcely hold their heads high enough. They did not quite like being covered over with the opera-cloak; but pride must bear a little pain, and they were amply repaid for the temporary obscurity of their situation when the heavy wrapping was removed, and the fair Edith, leaning on her father's arm, entered the splendidly illuminated ball-room. But soon they began to feel the effects of the heated atmosphere, and the Lily thought remorsefully of the cool evening breezes which she knew were even then fanning her sister-flowers in the quiet valley—her distant home. Nor did the Forget-me-not feel much happier: but neither of them liked to complain. Captain Mowbray, of whom they had heard, danced with Edith once, and tried to persuade her to walk out on the balcony with him, which, to the great mortification of the poor fainting blossoms, she declined. At length Neighbour Charlie led her out into the moonlight, and the Forget-me-not raised her head once more; but the poor Lily could no longer be refreshed; she had dropped from exhaustion, and had been crushed beneath the spurred heel of the moustached Captain. Neighbour Charlie noticed its loss, and his companion seemed very distressed at the discovery; but the young man told her it did not signify, as she had preserved the flower he wished her always to treasure.

But the solitary Forget-me-not no longer felt pride in her position: a terrible feeling of homesickness came over her, and she bowed her head in sorrow for the loss of her friend and companion, longing only for an opportunity of escape from her captivity. Fortune favoured her at last. It was early morning, and the two still stood talking together by an open window, as the guests were preparing to depart, when all at once Neighbour Charlie caught sight of a moss-rose bud temptingly within reach: "This will be a good substitute for the lost Lily," said he, as he gathered it.

The brooch was unfastened, but the young girl's fingers trembled as she placed the rosebud

within it, displacing the Forget-me-not. A zephyr bore up the wanderer for awhile, then wafted it down, down, far away from the maiden and her lover, rendering it quite insensible from the rapidity of its flight. When it again opened its dimmed blue eyes, the little Forget-me-not was lodged upon a mossy bank, within sound of splashing water—within sound of it; but alas! not near enough to taste of its sweetness. Poor little thing; she had gained experience by her travels; but it had been dearly bought. She looked wofully altered since she quitted her peaceful home: a tiny rootlet was still hanging to it, sadly parched and shrivelled: some of its leaves and blossoms were quite dead, and a bit of its stem dreadfully bruised. How she longed to be once more in her old haunts, or just a little nearer to the refreshing water! A few more hours and death would surely come! for the breeze had lulled, and the oppressive heat of noonday was setting in. Suddenly a storm arose, and the drenching rain fell in torrents. Oh, how eagerly the languid wanderer drank the refreshing drops! And then a friendly breeze wafted it down the sloping bank, and the rivulet, already swollen with the rain, rippled nearer and nearer, and at last bathed its little rootlet: then the current became stronger, and the Forget-me-not, floating on its surface, went drifting along, it knew not whither, unable to stay its course.

Night closed in once more upon the tranquil valley, and the stars looked down rejoicingly over it; for the weary traveller had at last found a resting-place amongst its kindred. Though bowed and broken, and shorn of all beauty, there was life in it still, and a power of endurance, till then untested, had been called forth and strengthened by its wanderings up and down in "the wide, wide, world;" for the good World-Father can bring good even out of evil; and the humbled flower sighed no more for a sphere other than that which unerring Wisdom had assigned to it. So the guardian Spirit wafted upwards a hymn of praise, unalloyed by regret or discontent, only the lily-bells drooped more humbly as they mourned for their fallen sister, who returned to them no more!

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NEWSPAPERS.—To appreciate the true value of newspapers, we have only to suppose that they were totally to be discontinued for a month. We turn with horror from the frightful idea! We deprecate such a shock to the circulation of table-talk. It would operate more unfavourably than the gloom of November is said to operate on the nerves of Englishmen, and there would be nothing but accounts of sudden deaths, which had happened in the interval, of a loving curiosity and interest in the common with deliberate opinion of the coroner's jury, "Died for want of intelligence!"

# THE WORK - TABLE.

## BRAIDING PATTERN FOR A MOUCHOIR-CASE.



To be worked on satin or velvet, with Russia silk braid. If desired to be very handsome, the braid may be edged by a gold thread, No. 3, on *one* side only. Royal purple, with gold braid; or pale blue, with silver, also look

well. The initials should be worked in the centre of the case. The mode of making up a Mouchoir-case has been described in former numbers.

AIGUILLETTE.

## TRIMMING FOR PETTICOATS, IN BRODERIE ANGLAISE.

**MATERIALS:**—Fine Jaconet Muslin, with the Royal Embroidery Cotton, No. 24, of Messrs. Walter Evans and Co., of Derby.

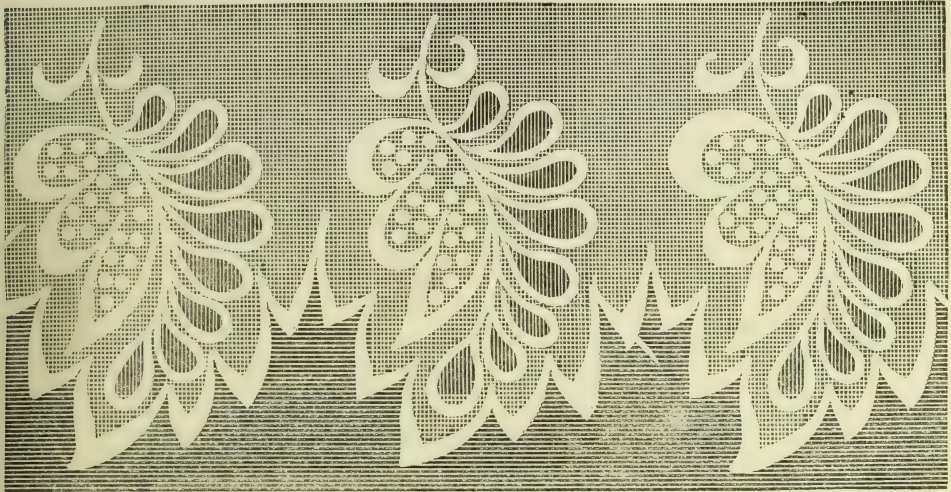
This pattern, peculiar and unique as it is, will be found to have a very rich effect. Care should be taken to make all the points of the scallop very clear and even. Then one side of the leaf is formed of holes cut out and worked over; and the other is outlined in scallops of button-



hole stitch, with small eyelet-holes pierced and sewed over within them, to give lightness to this part of the leaf. I would advise a

thread being held in, in all the sewing over, as it adds much to the wear of embroidery.

AIGUILLETTE.



### SACHET, OR SCENT-BAG.

MATERIALS:—No. 22 French Penelope Canvas, Ruby, and clear White Beads, No. 3; and Evans' Mecklenburgh Thread, No. 80.



The design is to be worked entirely in ruby beads and the ground in crystal, care being taken that the two colours match precisely in size. Then a scent-bag of the same size, and filled with lavender, *pot-pourri*, or any

scent you please, is covered on one side with white satin, and on the other with the worked-canvas, the edges of both being turned in and sewed neatly together. Finish with a close fringe of crystal beads, an inch and a-half deep,

set on all round. Each loop of this fringe should be well twisted with those on each side of it, the new loop being always wound several times round the last half of the preceding. As this considerably shortens it, it is necessary to allow each loop to be quite two inches deep. Make the fringe close enough at the corners to lie perfectly smooth at the edge.

AIGUILLETTE.

NEW MATERIAL FOR ORNAMENTAL WORK.  
—A gentleman has favoured us with the sight

of a small sample of an article adapted for the fine arts, quite unknown in England. It is the inner cuticle of the leaf of the Spanish Dagger plant (*Yucca aloifolia*), very white, with a surface somewhat similar to, though infinitely finer than, rice-paper; of considerable strength, and takes colouring-matter with the greatest readiness. We think, if introduced in sufficient quantities, it will be a great boon to the fair sex, and likely to supersede wax, paper, and rice-paper for flower-making, and perhaps ivory itself for portrait-painting. It is left at Newman's, Soho-square, for the inspection of the curious.

## OLD MAIDS.

BY MARY EYRE.

Old Maids! The very term seems synonymous with reproach. As they speak it, people picture to themselves some strange, gaunt, spare figure; with sharp pinched-up features, that seem as much a caricature of humanity as the head on a crab-tree walking-stick: an aspect that would sour all the cream in a dairy; and a voice like a cracked bell. Then for the manners and habits of such a personage:—Are not “as particular as an Old Maid,” “as fidgety as an Old Maid,” “a cross, spiteful Old Maid,” proverbs? Will any young reader bear with us, when we proclaim our intention of breaking a lance against all comers in honour of Old Maids? Shall we not rather be suspected of insanity, and thought to be *running a muck*?

In my youth I lived in a village almost entirely peopled with this much-abused tribe. Yes, the long straggling village of Burnham, extending upwards of three miles, and which lies between the two small towns of Fairholt and Pastover, was garnished on each side by small genteel houses, with trim gardens enclosed by green palings—appertaining to some twenty Old Maids.

It is true there was a small sprinkling—a leaven as it were—of gentlemen, and one or two widows; but the chief of the population of Burnham were single ladies.

The gentlemen consisted of one or two retired half-pay officers, and the rector and his curate. They had all large families, and the widows had mostly children or grandchildren residing with them.

Perhaps, my young reader, you think that we youngsters shared in the common prejudices of society, and despised and ridiculed the Old Maids? Perhaps you imagine that the girls, in the pride of youthful beauty, quizzed “the faded old things?” and that the numerous schoolboys

—for there were two very large boys’ schools in the village—worried their cats, pelted their lap-dogs, climbed their garden palings, and rung their bells, or knocked at their doors at unseasonable hours, and played them innumerable tricks? Not a bit of it;—we knew better.

Whatever faults the maiden ladies of Burnham might have, they had one great virtue—one only excepted, of whom I shall say nothing—not merely a toleration for, but a positive *pleasure* in seeing the young people around enjoy themselves. They spoiled us all. They gave us continual tea-parties, at which store of currant-buns, hot tea-cakes,—and fruit and wine afterwards, before we left, were not wanting. In their cosy little parlours we laughed, chattered, and told stories, jumped and danced, after a fashion our grandfathers and grandmothers would certainly never have countenanced; and many a merry quip, or mischievous speech, to which we dared not have given vent at home, we slyly whispered to one of our kind entertainers, by whom it was taken up, enjoyed, and repeated with a zest that set the whole party in a roar. I have wandered far in other lands, and had many sorrows; but never shall I forget the social gatherings at which the Old Maids of Burnham loved to collect us youngsters.

They were a peaceful quiet set. No ways given to scandal, although that is supposed to be the favourite amusement of single women; and I do not remember more than one lap-dog in Burnham. That belonged to a married lady, with fiery, painted, red cheeks, who had no children, and was immensely fat. It used to waddle after its mistress, led by a red ribbon, and was almost as fat as herself. Neither had the Burnham sisterhood any peculiar weakness for cats, or canary birds, and there was not a



parrot in the place. They occupied themselves in going to church Sundays and saints'-days, and reading the service, and psalms, and lessons, the intervening ones—cultivating their gardens, visiting their neighbours, and doing good works. We had a burial club, and a lying-in club, both supported by them; and for five miles round half the sick people were doctored, half the children educated, by the kind-hearted Old Maids of Burnham. It only needed a grave face and a doleful story for any vagabond in the neighbourhood to wheedle coins out of their purses.

There were two sisters, grave and formal to outward appearance, whose house was seldom, the year through, without one of their innumerable nieces or great-nieces, or some young friends as dear as nieces, on a visit; and whenever they had such guests, the good old ladies deemed it their duty to give "a tea to all the young folks." Upon one occasion, having provided every possible treat in the way of cakes, jams, jellies,—in short, a regular Yorkshire tea, and an excellent supper afterwards, the good old souls actually invited themselves out to tea with old Miss Firth, leaving their two nieces and Captain Montague and his wife, who were blessed with a large family of children, aged from twenty to one year, to do the honours, "in order," as they said, "that we might not be under any restraint." And we certainly were *not*. We laughed till the walls re-echoed; and danced till they shook again: regretting, all the time, that our kind entertainers were not present to see how much we enjoyed ourselves.

There was a stiff and stately dame, who in her seventieth year was as erect and upright as a grenadier, and whose precise formal manners would lead you to suppose that she could tolerate no youthful frolics. Many a merry night we had in her dining-room;—and when long years after, a heavy sorrow befell me, the stately old lady, then near ninety years of age, folded me in her arms and wept over me!

Another of my dear old friends—whom I called Aunt, though she was no relation of mine—was, it must be confessed, rather prudish and particular; for she threatened to withdraw her nieces from the lady whose school they attended, if she persisted in the enormity of allowing a boy!—to wit, Master Walter Brooke, an urchin not eight years old—to take lessons in dancing among her young ladies! "It was," she said, "highly indecorous, and improper." And Master Walter Brooke had accordingly to leave off his dancing lessons.

Well! she, too, was one of the kindest and most indulgent of women, a little romantic and high-flown it must be confessed; which was, doubtless, the reason she disapproved of Master Walter's introduction to a ladies' school. Probably she had reminiscences of childish flirtations, leading to serious consequences afterwards, for she had been a beauty, and much sought after, and admired in her day.

I lived with a grandmother, and two aunts, her sisters. My grandmother was strict and

stern, holding that, as she was won't to say, "It was good for a man that he should bear the yoke in his youth." She was one to whom all honour was due, one who was capable of great, heroic self-sacrifice, but who wanted indulgence and toleration for the levity of youth. Not until mature years did I learn to appreciate her really noble character. In youth I only feared her.

But her youngest sister, Aunt Mary! My gentle Aunt Mary, who had been the beauty of the county, and who when at the theatre, in a visit she paid to London, attracted the attention of George the Fourth, then Prince of Wales, so much, that he sent one of his gentlemen to inquire "Who that lovely woman in green was?" Well and dearly were you beloved, and well even now, are your many small gifts and kindnesses—so little in themselves, so much in the feelings they betokened and called forth—remembered.

We talk of Old Maids, and laugh at the cross, soured expression of countenance, at the wrinkled, furrowed brow, the faded eye, the hollow cheek, at the peculiarity of mien, gesture, and dress, and never remember that once they were young, comely, rosy damsels, little foreseeing the dreary, lonely life of singlehood before them: and that those little peculiarities are the necessary growth of a heart flung back upon itself, and ceasing to take pleasure in earthly things, and to advance with the age. It is hardly possible for man or woman living alone, to avoid contracting habits of singularity. This is the reason of those oddities and quaintnesses we observe in old people. At some particular epoch a heavy sorrow befell them, and thenceforth they lost their interest in every-day affairs. Their minds stood still from that time.

In after-life I learnt the history of most of our kindly maiden ladies. Not because they were ugly, or unsought, had any one of them remained single. Romances might have been written about most of them, for truth is wilder and stranger than any fiction. Many a touching tale of womanly love, womanly purity and devotion, and suffering, could I tell; and probably, if you knew the real history of "that queer old frump," whom I see you now, young man, so scornfully eyeing, and if you could see her as she was at seventeen, before your sex had taught her what a chimera love is, and how little happiness is to be found on earth, you would be ready to kneel down and do homage to as beautiful and loveable a creature as man ever gazed upon.

Listen to Aunt Mary's history, and judge.

"At sixteen your Aunt Mary was the loveliest girl I ever saw," said old Colonel Dashwood to me.

Then, she was engaged to his brother, the Reverend Lionel Dashwood. There was not much money on either side, but he had good interest in the Church, and she a small independence, and their relatives sanctioned the engagement.

The cathedral city where they dwelt has

beautiful rides and drives around it, and Lionel and Aunt Mary often rode out together. From such a ride she one day returned alone. Her mother saw her from the window, and wondering what had happened, went to the door to meet her. On getting off her horse she threw herself into her arms weeping. Mrs. Trevor passed her arm round her, led her upstairs, tenderly laid her down upon her bed, and advised her to try and sleep, and then she would be better, and soothed her in every way she could think of; but Mary did not grow better but worse. Fever set in, and a physician was sent for. She tossed restlessly from side to side many weeks on a sick bed, knowing no one, not even her anxious mother. When she recovered consciousness, the doctor said all agitating topics must be avoided; and as she never alluded to him or to her marriage, Lionel Dashwood was never again spoken of in the family. When Mary and her parents began to reappear in society, they learnt he was gone abroad. He remained absent some years, and on his return he married a lady with a large fortune. He had always been ambitious. The Trevors concluded that when they had ridden out together on that ride from which she returned alone, he had broken off his engagement with Mary, on the ground of her small fortune, and his own slender means.

Poor Aunt Mary! It was long before she recovered her spirits, but she did at last, and lovers came in troops, as if to make up for the faithless one, but none of them touched her heart. The brother of one of these lovers sought an intimacy with her father. He was a man of intellect and refinement: a first-rate artist, of highly-cultivated literary taste, kind to the poor, hospitable, and even lavish in his gifts; he had every virtue and accomplishment, except—a heart.

Lord Dacre's attention was first attracted to Mary by the fact of her having twice refused his younger brother Hugh. He wanted "to see what the woman had in her to bewitch Hugh so desperately."

Mr. Trevor had just been presented to a living adjoining Dacre Park. The lord of the manor availed himself of the plea of showing hospitality to new comers to become a constant visitor at the Rectory. Every day at the same hour his horse might be seen fastened to the rector's gate, while he had just run in to carry the "Gentleman's Magazine," or the *Times*, to Mr. Trevor; or a basket of grapes to his wife. He sent Mary choice flowers for her garden; he lent her books, and read to her. Her unaffected simple character, gentle manners, and refined and exquisite taste delighted him.

This village-maiden—this young, beautiful, untutored woman—could appreciate all the beauties of poetry and art, and sympathise with him as he had never been sympathised with in such things before. He rode with her and walked with her to every beautiful spot in a part of England celebrated for its romantic scenery; and if he went away for a few weeks,

he corresponded with her. When he was High Sheriff for the county, he wrote to her every day, telling her he had "left the ball-room for the greater pleasure of writing to her."

This went on thirty years. Then first Mrs. Trevor, and then the Rector, died. Mary went to reside with a widowed sister, not twenty miles from Dacre Park; and Lord Dacre, who for thirty years had visited her at least once every day when at home, seemed to forget her very existence. He never wrote to her, and he called on her five times in twenty years.

But she could not forget him. I remember his once drinking tea with us, after she joined my grandmother; the fidget and the fever she was in, all-day, that everything should look nice, and be as *he* liked it. He came. A fat lame old man. He had grown obese, I understood, in consequence of an accident which prevented his taking exercise. I remember her nervous flutter as he ascended the winding stairs; her fears lest he might injure himself, and her going to the door and then retreating, because "he did not like to have his infirmity noticed." I remember how coldly he extended two fingers to her whose whole heart sprung to meet him, and said, looking round the room—"Well, Mary, you've got comfortable lodgings!" and how I hated and contemned him for his heartlessness. He did not stay above two hours, and was evidently on thorns till he could get away; and this was all Aunt Mary saw of Lord Dacre for three years.

She was then about fifty-eight; he somewhat younger in years, but not in appearance; for she was even then a very handsome little woman, as plump as a partridge, and with a fresh healthy colour in her cheek. She was in great grief at the death of her father, to whom she had been tenderly devoted; and I think still more at leaving the neighbourhood of Dacre Park and its faithless lord. But in her journeys to and fro, while some of her furniture was packing for removal to the house my grandmother had taken at Burnham, and some being set aside for a sale, she remembered the lonely child whose hours passed so dully among stern grown-up people, and brought back some trifle of interest after each visit to Leyton. Alas! the solitary wasp's-nest on which we—a born naturalist (for none of our family cared for "queer creatures and flowers" but oursel)—had set our heart, fell out of the coach-window and was lost, doubtless, while Aunt Mary was ruminating on the false Lord Dacre—and we never possessed the treasure; but not the less was our little heart drawn towards her who had intended to give us so vast a gift: and that wasp's-nest was a golden link between us, that remained unbroken till her death, more than twenty years afterwards.

Dear kind old Maiden-aunt Mary! but for *you*, dreary dreary would my early life have been! How many a storm you averted from my devoted head by taking me out walking until they [*i. e.*, my grandamma and aunt] had



recovered their temper"! Those walks were among the happiest hours of my life :

"We talked with open heart, and tongue  
Affectionate and true—  
A pair of friends ; though I was young,  
Aunt Mary seventy-two."

She had the keenest relish for the beauties of Nature. Not an opening glade in Hazle-wood, terminating in blue distance ; not a golden-edged cloud in the sky ; not a shadow cast by tree or building on the ground, or a bead of dew glittering on the grass, escaped her eye. She delighted in "finding out new walks," as she phrased it, and so did I : that is to say, we were both the veriest *land-loupers* that ever lived. Not a hedge or a gate in the country but we found means to creep through or to get over, if we thought it would lead to a new walk or a fine view.

Once, when she was seventy-six we climbed a six-barred gate, and as we sat on the top she said—"There! I can climb a six-barred gate at my age you see, as well as you can, young as you are ; and that's a nice green hill below us ; just look round and see if anybody's coming, I *should* like to run down it." So I looked, and saw nobody ; and Aunt Mary and I, having descended from our eminence, ran a race. The heat was well contested, and we were debating which had beat, when a gate, half hidden by a high hedge, suddenly flew open, and Mr. William Dobbs appeared with his fishing-tackle. He came up to us with a smirk on his unmeaning face, and congratulated poor Aunt Mary on her *youthful appearance*, and she crimsoned like a girl. It was evident he had seen and enjoyed the race. Odious old bachelor ! I am sure if old maids are despicable, old bachelors, who win maiden's hearts only to trifle with them and prevent their marrying *true men*, are worse. What business have they to behave like Lord Dacre and Mr. William Dobbs ? I wish all dangles met the same fate that befell the latter ; which episode in the history of Burnham I mean one day to relate, as a warning to male flirts.

But Aunt Mary was not always merry-hearted enough to run races. It was only now and then her naturally gay disposition broke out. She was generally mild, quiet, pensive, and subdued : acknowledging, to the great scorn of my strongminded aunt, that life now held nothing to attract her, and occupying herself in small kindnesses to all who came near her, in works of charity and in religion. All the children round knew and loved her. She had a store of coloured picture-books in a corner, that were regularly brought out for each little visitor, so that a morning-call at our house was looked forward to as a pleasure, instead of being the bugbear it usually is to children. "I remember," said a gentleman to me, in speaking of her, "how my children used to come home saying, 'Good Mrs. Mary Trevor gave me this.' " Even to the close of her life she had a sweet, beautiful voice, and so correct an ear

she could not sing out of tune. I never heard anyone sing like her, it was like the low warble of a bird, and her throat used to vibrate as I have seen that of a robin as he sat singing on a bush—her lips never moved, her song seemed to be all in her throat like his—a gush of sweet, faint melody, so faint as scarcely to be heard at the other end of our large drawing-room, and yet so round, clear, and silvery. When we wandered together among the dewy meadows or down the shady lanes, while I ran from hedge-side to bank after butterflies and flowers she would warble snatches of old melodies : "Barbara Allen," and "Ye little birds, ye break my heart," and other songs referring to her own fate, with a pathos that went to my heart even then, girl as I was.

My other aunt used to sneer at "the love-sick nonsense of an old woman of seventy," and say, how absurd it was she did not like to visit a friend living at Wells, because Lionel Dashwood was a canon of that cathedral, and she dreaded meeting him again. "Such folly ! after so many years had gone by, and she had been in love with Lord Dacre afterwards ! *She* could not understand it." But I could. Young as I was, I could understand that a second sorrow of the same kind made the first heavier. It is so hard always to fail. If Aunt Mary had married Lord Dacre—no doubt, surrounded by a rosy troop of boys and girls—she could have held out her hand to the canon, and laughed over old times ; but now to return, a faded, slighted, single-woman, to the place where she had been, a beautiful girl, to see her faithless lover, and contrast his lot and her own—No, I did not wonder Aunt Mary did not like to visit Wells. She went, however. Her strong love for her friend triumphed over her remembrances, and she met the canon and his family.

On her return she told me what a sweet woman his wife was, and what a fine family of sons and daughters he had, and how happy his marriage had proved, with a pensive mixture of gladness that he had been blessed, and regret for her own hard lot ; and I thought, in my heart, he did not deserve such blessings, for his conduct to my dear little aunt.

A little before her death Lord Dacre died, and I think she never quite got over it, she was never so cheerful afterwards. She used to go and stay at Dacre Park with Mrs. Dacre, the widow of that Hugh Dacre, whom she had twice refused, and whose son inherited the title and estates. Hugh Dacre had never forgotten her. So long as he lived he shewed her the attention his elder brother ought to have done. He brought his wife and children to see her, and when on his death-bed said, more than once, to his wife, "Mind, Lizzy, you're kind to Mary Trevor !" And Mrs. Dacre was kind. She showed Aunt Mary the affection of a niece, as long as she lived. I used to think it was a great pity my little auntie had not married Mr. Hugh ; but then he was a rough sportsman, without any literary tastes, and fifteen years younger than she was.

It is a strange thing that it is generally men of a sentimental turn of mind—men who could not read a pathetic story without their voices softening and their eyes filling with tears—who are, of all others, most prone to trifle with the affections of women, and by first gaining their affections and then deserting them, destroying the happiness of their victims' whole lives.

Aunt Mary has been many years in her grave. I was abroad when she died, after only a week's illness, in her seventy-eighth year. I shall never see Burnham again, but the memory of those dear old maids is yet green in my heart. I never, to this day, wander in Spring through

the meadows, when the lark sings high in the air and the blue-bells perfume the breeze, without thinking of her who was wont at such times to warble old sweet love-songs. In all my lonely walks through beautiful scenery, whenever I meet with a passage in a book that particularly interests me—every day of my life I miss Aunt Mary.

I have travelled much and far, but I never met so much of that kindness which seeks no reward, as among the ladies of Burnham. I never saw so much unselfish pleasure in the buoyant spirits of youth—so much indulgence for its levity—as among the Old Maids.

## VEGETABLE POISONING.

BY GOLDTHORN HILL.

I don't see why we should call things out of their proper names. I don't see the utility of false characters and indiscriminate hyperbolism of praise. Innocent flowers, forsooth! as if there were no distinctions, no lack of virtue in the whole sisterhood of floral fair faces! as if witchcraft and sorcery, spells, and poison, had no part in them! Read Pliny; consult Horace; ask Virgil; to go no farther back, in the text of ancient poets and naturalists, hear what Ben Jonson, and Will of Warwick, have to say upon the subject; peep into the dim pages of Paracelsus and Cornelius Agrippa, and other occult philosophers, and show me what witches' ointment, what incantation, what magic power or subtle charm, what brew of hell-broth is alluded to, or described in their pages, whereof plants, Saturnine or otherwise, are not necessary ingredients.

I say nothing of those strange transformations set forth by Agrippa, in proof of their presumed subjection to planetary influence: as, for instance, "We all know"—(mark the certified air of the expression)—"we all know that asparagus is under Arius, and garden basil under Scorpio; for, from the shavings of rams-horn, sown, comes forth asparagus: and garden basil, rubbed between two stones, produces scorpions." I say these transformations, accredited beyond contention in the days of this mystical philosopher, are apart from my inquiry.

At present my object is to point out those members of the simple flora of our fields, in which the destroying principle (never far off in this world of ours) runs side by side with the element of life itself; for strange as it appears, "poison hath residence and medicine power" very frequently in one and the same plant; and the juices of the most fatal of them, qualified by science, affords us valuable and potent remedies.

In the majority of instances, Nature herself has distinguished poisonous plants from others by their dusky foliage, their dull, lurid flowers, black berries, and fetid breath; and we find them lurking in waste and obscure places, hiding in woods and thickets, or mingling in the crowded vegetation by river-sides and water-courses. Occasionally, however, all these signs are wanting, and the floral poisoners appear in open fields, or flaunt in the highest places, masking their baleful qualities in the brightest colours and the most graceful forms: but even thus the skilful phytologist readily distinguishes them; and by some peculiarity of corolla or capsule, by the number and position of the stamens, or the presence of a milky juice, decides their harmful or innoxious characters.

I cannot at this moment state the precise number of certified poisonous plants indigenous to this country; nor would the limits of this paper allow of my going into such details. Comparatively speaking they are few, and the action of their virulent qualities mild, by the side of those of tropical climes; but it may be useful, as well as interesting, to point out the most dangerous of them, and to describe their habits and whereabouts, and in what their hurtful properties consist.

I shall begin with the ordinary crow-foot buttercup, the type of the first natural order Ranunculaceæ, some one or other of whose numerous family may be found blossoming through three-parts of the year in meadows, woods, or hedge-rows; and is so widely diffused as to be met with in almost every country under the temperate zone. One adventurous species, *Ranunculus secleratus*, has gone beyond it, and is as common in America, and on the banks of the Ganges, as in our own marsh-lands and water-meadows. This common flower, sprinkling the vernal meads in fellowship with the modest daisy—those "pearls of Nature," as



Michael Drayton calls them, because that Margaretta is both a pearl and a daisy—and grouping clusters of its glittering petals, which cattle crop round and leave, is the representative of an order of plants of very suspicious character, to say the least of it; many of them poisonous, and nearly all, like the crowfoot tribe themselves, possessing acrid, caustic qualities, capable in some instances of producing blisters or ulcers in an hour and a-half, for which purpose they are used by beggars, who simulate now the saved hands of a ship burnt at sea, or the ejected from a coal-pit explosion, and make a trade of artificial wounds. For these purposes, *Ranunculus sceleratus*, and the lesser spear-wort, *R. flammula*, are most in request, on account of their powerful acidity. The first of these (celery-leaved crow-foot) delights in watery places everywhere, and sends up its hollow succulent stems from six inches to two feet in height: the lower leaves are broad and glossy; the upper ones in three linear-cut segments, and the pale yellow, in-conspicuous flowers, appear disproportionate to the rest of the plant, but are well distinguished by the oblong heads into which the fruit is collected.

The lesser spear-wort (*R. flammula*) flaunts its bright yellow, highly-glazed cups in similar situations; but its leaves bear no resemblance to those of the buttercup, being entire and linear-lanceolated, or narrow and pointed in shape. Both these plants were anciently used in regular practice to raise blisters, and are still so used in the Western Isles of Scotland, but with danger, since the wounds they make are frequently found difficult to heal. Another branch of this family, *Clematis vitalba*, our only British species, and which enjoys so much good fame under its various aliases of “virgin’s bower,” “traveller’s joy,” &c., that one feels oath to accuse it of evil, is nevertheless known to possess the same vesicant and acrid qualities, and in so extreme a degree as to prove highly dangerous if taken internally. The green leaves and shoots are even poisonous to cattle; but its volatile property, like that of all plants of the *ranunculus* species, is dissipated by drying, and it is then said to make excellent fodder.

There needs no hue-and-cry to describe this graceful climber of our woods—this adorning of the ways and hedges where people travel, weaving its green bowers in early spring, and decking them all over in summer-time with terminal panicles of faint, white, almond-scented flowers; the long feathery *carpels* of which hang their hoar plumes upon its naked branches in the dead days of winter.

Even the pretty *Anemone pulsatilla*, comes into the category of dangerous plants. Its dark green, beautifully cut leaves, and solitary violet purple flowers, spreading so many chalky pastures of “this dear English land” in April and May, contains an acrid salt known chemically as *anemone*, which renders the plant fatal to cattle if eaten in any quantity. The leaves, applied to the human skin, raise blisters, and if

chewed cause irritation to the tongue and throat; while the roots, both of this species and of its near relative *A. pratensis*, if taken into the stomach, occasion nausea and colic.

One of the first ornaments of our vernal meadows, the large-leaved and bright-flowered marsh marigold (*Caltha palustris*), secretes similar juices; so that grazing cattle will not touch it, unless greatly pressed for food; and it is owing, doubtless, to this circumstance—that it so long remains “burning in the marsh like a thing dipped in sunset.”

Upon the moist mountains of Scotland and Wales, as well as in the north of England, the exploring botanist finds the handsome globe-flower, *Trollius europeus*, with its palmately fine-parted leaves, erect stem, and large, bright yellow, solitary flowers, like balls of vegetable gold—a likeness from which it derives its old German name of Troll. In such situations it is comparatively harmless; but the beauty of its globose blossoms frequently introduces it to the garden-border; and it should therefore be remembered, that like the hellibores, the plant possesses bitter acrid properties.

To pass from fields and pastures to the woods and thickets, in the glooms of which some of the more dangerous of our vegetable poisoners reside, we find the large, evergreen, pedate leaves of *Hellebore foetidus*—so called from its unpleasant odour, which warns the sense of the most ignorant, however tempted to gather the faint-green flowers tipped with purple, which droop tragically from the leafy stem in the vernal months of April and May. The whole plant has a louring and lurid aspect, indicative of its dangerous qualities. The ancients are said to have used it in the cure of madness; and it was formerly resorted to as an anthelmintic; but, whether used in a fresh or dried state, it is cathartic, and emetic in so violent a degree that it has fallen wholly into disuse.

The same character appertains to the green hellebore (*H. viridis*), which is found in the same situation, coarser in growth, and remarkable for its large, light-green flowers, the tubular nectaries of which, like those of *H. foetidus*, secrete honey which is said to be poisonous, and may account for the dead insects which are sometimes found in them.

Loving the same Saturnine situations, the pretty Columbine (*Equilegita vulgaris*) unfolds its delicate leaves, and lifts its many-flowered stem, which, for all the dove-like appellation of the plant, contains the evil properties of its order, and is highly injurious if taken into the stomach. The curious, horn-shaped nectaries of the Columbine—

“The painted Columbine which fairies pull  
Of every bud to make a reticule”

affords an unerring sign of danger, and it will be found that nearly all of the plants yet named in this paper, have an appendage of some kind to the corolla, and twelve or more stamens. Next in the order of natural affinity, though inhabiting a very different locality, loving heat, chalky

slopes, and sandy corn-fields, we find the larkspur *delphinium*; so called from the fancied resemblance of its nectaries to dolphins elevated on little pillars; it is found growing naturally in various places, and at Quay, near Cambridge, a botanist has recorded that in June and July the hills are blue with it. The leaves and stalks of *Delphinium consolida* are employed in making cosmetics, but not without danger; and though these preparations are effective at first, the continued use of them is found destructive to the skin.

Haunting the banks of brooks and rivers in various places, we find the simple stems of the monk's-hood, or wolf's-bane (*Aconitum napellus*), clothed with dark-green, deeply-cleft leaves, and crowned with dense racemes of dull-blue helmet-shaped flowers. The botanical name of this plant has been the same from a very early period, and its deadly properties were well known to the ancients, who carried their horror of it to such a degree that they would not so much as touch it, or any of its species, of which De Candolle enumerates thirty. The deleterious qualities of *A. napellus* are not confined to any particular portion of the plant: every part of it, from root to flower, is suffused with acrid narcotic poison, though the root is most energetic in effects; but persons have also died from eating the leaves, and Orfila has recorded that the juice of them introduced into the stomach causes death in a short time. Very sensitive persons, it is said, have been affected with swooning and partial loss of sight from merely smelling the flowers, though the effluvium of the plant is very slightly offensive. A very small piece of the root, or leaf, or a single seed, if chewed, occasions a sense of tingling and numbness of the lips and tongue, which lasts for hours; a larger portion affects the throat and palate, and in a poisonous dose, a choking sensation is felt, the whole nervous system is deranged, and frenzy supervenes. Even the preparation of *aconitina* (the alkaloid extracted from the plant) is not without danger to the operators; and though employed externally in the cure of nervous disorders and rheumatic pains, its internal use is seldom resorted to; the same dose that kills a sparrow in a few moments (the fiftieth part of a grain) having been found to endanger the life of an adult.

The most dangerous of the different species of aconites is this common one, *A. napellus*, which, on account of its curiously-shaped flowers, its hardness, and easy cultivation, is found in every cottage garden, though the very honey collected from the flowers has caused extreme suffering and even death, and the handling of them occasioned sickness and fainting. The likeness of the leaves of the aconites to those of certain umbelliferous plants in common use has frequently led to serious accidents, and the roots of this especially noxious *A. napellus*, though by no means resembling it, have frequently been mistaken by persons ignorant of botanical differences for those of horse-radish, and, being so used, have very generally occasioned death.

A lamentable instance of this ignorance and its tragic effects in Scotland only a few winters ago will occur to many of my readers. In such instances, where the stomach-pump is not available, emetics should be resorted to immediately; and after the herb has been entirely ejected, but not before, coffee with vinegar should be given, and, in cases of great exhaustion, brandy or other alcohol.

Anciently, when wolves figured in our native zoology, the scraped roots of the aconite mixed with food was used as a bait to destroy them; and hence the old English name of the plant, and its French synonyme, "Tue loup." And still it is said that Alpine hunters, in pursuit of these and other wild animals, dip their arrows in the juice of this plant, which is a native of the mountainous pastures of Switzerland and other European altitudes, in order that the wounds made by them may prove fatal.

One more example of the dangerous ranunculæa tribe I may cite, in the black bane-berry (*Actea spicata*), the rustic name of which sufficiently marks its character, but which, though occasionally met with in the North of England, is almost a local plant, growing chiefly in the limestone districts of Yorkshire, where it half conceals its leafy triangular stems, and dense racemes of white flowers, amongst the surrounding bushes. The shepherd-boys know its haunts, and the tempting aspect of its pulpy, purplish black berries; but even if tradition had not stamped them poisonous, the fetid smell of the plant betrays its evil quality, and protects the most ignorant from partaking of the juicy-looking fruit. Medicinally, these berries are said to possess expectorant and antispasmodic properties, and so are not all evil.

To pass from this family of plants, with their fiery acrid qualities, to *Papaverææ*—which differs from them principally in having milky narcotic, instead of watery corrosive juices—we find them yielding the most beneficent medicaments, soothing pain, and bringing sleep to the wakeful; virtues discovered at a very early period in the history of the *Materia Medica*, and which the ancients acknowledged in the pious appellation, *Manus Dei* (the hand of God), by which name Opium Thebaciæ was called. Opium, which is the inspissated juice of the green capsules of *P. somniferum*, is said to have been first prepared at Thebes; but besides opium, we have laudanum and morphia, extracts of the drowsy poppy, an overdose of any one of which, however, posts us unconsciously beyond the frontiers of this life.

On some persons the very exhalations of the living flowers of *papaverææ* act as a narcotic, and occasion headache and stupor; and yet the seeds, which in some of the ranunculææ and other doubtful families, concentrate the deleterious properties of the plant, are, in the poppies, mild, sweet, and harmless, so much so that they are frequently used as food. I well remember, as a child, breaking off the starlike stigma to pour out the nutty-flavoured contents of the dried capsules, and then fracturing the nume-



rous compartments, that none of the coveted contents might be lost.

To this tribe belongs the celandine (*Chelidonium majus*), which, according to Pliny, comes with the swallows and departs with them. We find its large, light green, irregularly pinnate leaves, and stalked umbels of yellow flowers, brooding under old walls, amongst ruins, and in waste places.

The whole plant abounds in a deep yellow juice, which modern pharmacology denounces as a violent acrid poison. This is the plant with which, the old naturalists tell us, the swallows were wont to restore sight to their young when blinded, and it is used with good effect to remove films, clouds, and specks from the eye; but great care is necessary in the operation, owing to the sharpness of the acrid salts which gives its detersive quality to the juice.

The yellow horn-poppo of the sea shore (*Glaucium luteum*), whose hoar leaves and large golden yellow flowers grow in profusion on the sandy margins of Southampton Waters, and elsewhere on the coast, when burning June

"Waves her red flag at pitch of noon,"

possesses, with the same coloured juice, the same sharp corrosive properties; but these plants bear an antidote to active mischief in their own bitterness. As a rule, all plants with milky juice are poisonous, particularly if they bear simple flowers, like those of *apocynæa*, of which the blue periwinkles (*Vinca major*, and minor) of our thickets and wood-row hedges, are the only British plants of the order; happily so, since the greater part of them are poisonous.

Astringent and acrid is the worst that can be said of our pretty representatives, the long green stems of which, when Francis Lord Bacon composed his "*Sylva*," were accounted excellent for pains and cramps in the limbs, if bound round the afflicted parts; while a yet older philosopher and naturalist gravely asserts that a leaf of it being eaten between man and wife caused love.

But it must not be forgotten that the dangerous but beautiful (*Nerium oleander*), and the deadly *Tangethinia veneniflua*, of which a single seed, not larger than an almond, is sufficient to destroy twenty men, belong to the same family.

The *Cucurbitaceæ* is another tribe of dubious character, although affording us the edible gourds and harmless cucumber. Of this tribe we possess but a single species, the white bryony (*B. dioica*), or wild vine, with rough, hoar, green leaves, and elegant tendrils, with which it clings and climbs to other plants. The flowers are a dull white, veined with green, set in clusters, and made, as some old herbalist describes them, "of five leaves apiece, laid open like a star; after which come forth the berries, green at first, but very red when thorough ripe; of no good scent, but of a most loathsome taste, provoking vomit."

Pomet, the French druggist of Louis XIV., in describing this dangerous simple, tells us that the

root of bryony (Our Lady's Seal), so called from the resemblance of the flower to a little signet, is so violent that the peasants call it "mad nip," which, if they happen to eat through inadvertence, it makes them frantic, and sometimes they run the risk of death itself. Yet in proper hands this root affords a valuable remedial medicine—partaking, it is said, of the properties of *Colocynth*.

The Umbelliferæ, which contain a large number of edible, medicinal, and harmless plants, has also a few malignant members in its extensive and widely diffused family. The tragically classic hemlock (*Conium maculatum*), which, however, many scientific persons assert is not the *Conium* of the Athenians; the water hemlock (*Cicuta virosa*), the rapid and deadly action of which so much resembles it; the water dropwort (fool's parsley), all abound in sharp, watery, acrid fluids, and dangerously narcotic properties.

Contrary to the habit of poisonous umbelliferous plants in general, which, when not wholly aquatic, affects damp Saturnine situations, the margins of streams and rivers, or the banks of ditches; the hemlock, as if presuming on its really graceful appearance, ventures nearer the habitations of men, and lifts its tall stem and elegantly-cut foliage and appealingly white flowers in waste places, by sheltering banks, and under walls. Many persons are in the habit of confounding all umbelliferous plants under the name of Hemlock; but the true *Conium maculatum* is well distinguished by the dark and shining green of its leaves, their disagreeable odour when bruised, and by its large smooth stem, plashed with purple—the only spotted, smooth stem in our native umbelliferæ.

There are very contrary experiences on record touching the effects of this plant: as anciently as Dioscorides it was rejected, for its poisonous qualities, from all inward use. Dr. Stork says that the fresh root affords an acrid juice, of which one drop so inflamed and swelled his tongue, as immediately to render it painful, rigid, and difficult to use in speaking. De Quincy, on the other hand, asserts that "the roots of our spotted hemlock may be chewed and swallowed in considerable quantity without producing any sensible effect, and that at any period of the year;" moreover, he avers that in cases where it had accidentally been mistaken for some other plant, he had never heard of an instance in which it had proved deadly. At present, every part of the plant is said to be poisonous, but especially the fresh leaves and green fruit, from which the oily alkaloid called *conia*, a poison which is found to be fatal to all animals, is extracted.

From the experiment of Dr. Christison, we learn that it acts with wonderful rapidity; but if it fail to kill, its injurious action passes quickly away, and perfect recovery follows. It produces (by exhausting the nervous energy of the spinal chord), general muscular paralysis, and asphyxia from relaxation; but it leaves the heart free from this general paralysis, so that long after all motion and respiration, and other signs of life are

extinct, it contracts vigorously; consequently, where death does not ensue, it is suggested that by having recourse to artificial respiration and vital stimulants, the patient's life might be saved.

The active principle of hemlock being increased by acids, the draught of good vinegar, which Culpepper recommends as an antidote to this poison, is the most improper thing that can be used, at least while any portion remains in the stomach. In slight cases it affects the patient with giddiness in the head, partial blindness, and other violent and distressing effects, the fury of which, we are comfortingly assured, lasts not long, and is succeeded by dizziness and heaviness to sleep; from which the sufferer wakes without further injury.

The Water Hemlock (*Cicuta virosa*), (cowbane), possesses all the violent properties of *conium*, in a yet more malignant degree. Sir W. J. Hooker stigmatizes it as a deadly poison; and Dr. Mead believes this plant to be the true *cicuta* of the ancients, wherewith malefactors were commonly despatched at Athens, and which furnished the cup with which the patriotism of Phocion was rewarded, and that Socrates drank in the meditation and contempt of death.

Fortunately it is by no means common, and its habitat in ditches, and about the margins of rivers and lakes, places it at least out of the way of children; moreover, the large growth and coarse aspect of the plant, together with its nauseous smell, are sufficing characteristics of its dangerous qualities. As I before said, all umbelliferous plants, in such situations, are more or less to be suspected.

Many fatal accidents are on record from eating the tuberous roots of Hemlock-water dropwort (*Onanthe crocata*), which grown in similar situations, has its roots frequently laid bare by the action of running water, when it is often eaten by children and cattle with the worst consequences.

It may easily be recognized, as it grows to the height of four or five feet, with spreading glossy leaves and large umbels of white flowers, the stems being full of a poisonous yellow juice.

Many other members of *Onanthe* occupy the same moist, shady situations, and share in various degrees its evil reputation.

In fields and gardens we find *Æthusa cynapium* (Fool's parsley), with doubly pinnate leaves of a deep shining green, generally stained with purple near the ground, and not unlike garden parsley when young, from which circumstance untoward accidents have occurred, and even death has resulted from eating it. Yet in the British Flora I find it simply set down that it is esteemed unwholesome; and the Rev. C. A. Johns, in his "Flowers of the Field," merely remarks that "it is said, and probably with reason, to be poisonous." Another authority asserts, however, that in one case where the leaves of this plant had been eaten in a salad, it killed a person in one hour; and in another instance, though emetics were imme-

diately made use of, the patient sank gradually, and died in a few days.

Yet Nature herself has distinguished this insidious interloper in cultivated grounds, not only by its disagreeable odour, but, at the season of its flowering, by three long pendant leaves, all at one side, at the base of each partial umbel, so that it may be readily known from all other umbelliferous plants, and easily exterminated.

I now turn to the *Solanææ* tribe; so called, probably, from the Latin *soleo*, to solace or console from the lethal properties of some of the species, which makes them valuable as pain-soothers. Our British Flora possesses three or four,—the night-shades, thorn-apple, and henbane. These plants have their place in the *lurida* or lurid family of Linnaeus; and the first two of them their gloomy name of night-shade, as much from the damp shadowy thickets, and lonely wastes and ruins where they grow, as from their characteristic dark and sombre hues.

The shrubby climbing stems of *Solanum dulcamara* (common night-shade), are frequent in moist hedges everywhere; you may know it by its heart-shaped, dusky, green leaves, and loose drooping tufts of elegant flowers, with purple reflexed petals, gemmed with green tubercles, and with yellow anthers meeting in a cone. The fruit is a scarlet oval berry, very beautiful to the eye, but most loathsome to the smell and taste. As a child I remember to have gathered and played with them, and in the midst to have been seized with vertigo and sickness, which lasted for several hours, and the remembered sensation is still so vivid, that I can fully enter into the agonies undergone by the fourscore patients at once in different hospitals, on whom trial was made in Quincy's time of the virtues of this plant: the dose was an infusion of one grain and a half of *Solanum*; the diseases, cancer and its affinities; the results—"several were relieved, few or none cured, but all of them were troubled during the course of the medicine, which they repeated every day, or every other day, with vertigo, blindness, deafness, and stupor; and though none of them died, yet so many symptoms of the worst kind appeared, that it was universally agreed to return the *Solanum* to the class of poisons whence it had been taken; and," says the Doctor, complacently, "I believe there never was an instance before of any simple being examined with so much candour, and on so many subjects at once."

Yet this plant has been used in rustic practice for the cure of disease, as well as for the removal of witchcraft in man and beast, for which latter purpose the Germans were wont to hang chaplets of it about the necks of their cattle.

Any one who has seen the potato in blossom, will recognize its relation to the *Solanums dulcamara* and *S. nigrum*—a common weed, with white flowers and black globose berries, frequent in waste grounds, fields, and gardens.

But though the *solanums* are dangerous plants, they are innoxious in comparison with the true deadly night-shade (*Atropa belladonna*), "The insane root that takes the reason



prisoner," and was anciently called *dwale*, from the French *deuil*, mourning, or *dolor*, in reference to the fatal properties of the plant, which preserved the functions of the fabulous Third Fate in roots, leaves, and berries; hence its name, *Atropa*.

*Belladonna* is distinguished from the other genera of the same natural order, by its bell-shaped, five-leaved corolla, five-parted persistent calyx, and succulent fruit; moreover, the odour of the whole plant is nauseous and oppressive. Its properties are concentrated in the vegetable alkali extracted from the juice of the plant, and known as *atropia*. The dried leaves are also used medicinally; the effects differ according to the dose,—if small, a quickening of the action of the heart follows; but if a larger quantity be taken, a sedative result of a very powerful kind ensues. Thus, at first excitement of the heart, the brain, and consequently of the intellectual faculties is observed; it is succeeded by diminished sensibility, best evidenced in the extreme dilatation of the pupil, and the insensibility of the stomach, even to the stimulus of emetics. An overdose of *belladonna* is accompanied by delirium of a gay and lively kind, during which it is said visions of beautiful women present themselves to the imagination of the patient. To this speciality of its effects, some writers say it owes its name; but another tells us it is so called from the Italian *bella donna*, "a handsome lady," because the ladies of Italy use it as a cosmetic, to take away the too florid colour of their faces; whilst a third refers it to the singular property of the plant, in enlarging the pupil, and so making the eye appear more beautiful. On this account the extract is employed to rub over the eye-lids, to dilate the pupil previous to the removal of cataract. The very vapour which arises during the evaporation of a salt of *atropia*, occasions an enlargement of the pupil in those employed in making of it, which lasts for several hours. The dull, large, lightish green leaves, the lurid purple, solitary flowers, its place of growth amidst the *débris* of ruins and in worked-out quarries, suggests its baneful character, and tends in a great measure to prevent the occurrence of accidents, which in more common situations would be very likely to befall, from the fruit-like aspect of its shining berries, which are not unlike black cherries, and have frequently tempted children to eat of them. So recently as last summer two or more children, out of a greater number, who had partaken of the tempting looking fruit, upon the recommendation of a man to whom they had shown it, fell victims to his carelessness or ignorance; and similar tragedies have frequently occurred.

*Atropa belladonna* has been recommended as a sedative in cases of whooping-cough and asthma—that "meditation of death," as some old physician has called it—and has been very advantageously used in tic-douloureux, and local affections of the nerves; but even in exterior application it is liable to be absorbed to too great a degree, and to occasion dangerous con-

sequences. In case of poisoning by it, after the stomach-pump has been used, the lancet must be resorted to, to relieve the gorged vessels of the head.

Without leaving the habitat of the deadly nightshade, I find the Henbane (*Hyoscyamus niger*), loving the same waste, desolate places. Here it nourishes its rank growth, and puts forth its large, hoar, clammy leaves, and sullen-looking, but handsome corollas, of a creamy white, pencilled with purple veins, branching from a dark centre. The flowers are ranged in rows on one side of the stem only, and like every part of the plant, which is covered with unctuous hairs, emit a fetid odour.

Though not so noxious as *belladonna*, because there is no possibility of its being inadvertently swallowed or mistaken for any edible plant, its action as a narcotic poison is of the most dangerous and violent description. The patient becomes speechless, showing no signs of life, but by convulsions; the eyes appear starting, the mouth drawn back on both sides, as if distorted with ghastly laughter; at times he utters frightful howlings, and his agitation is so excessive, that during these paroxysms it has taken six men to hold the sufferer. Everything around him assumes the colour of blood, and this appearance lasts for days. Yet in skilful hands the somnolent juices of the plant renders it almost as valuable as opium, and less hurtful in its subsequent effects.

Of *Datura*, or Thorn-apple, with its trumpet-shaped white flowers, and spiny fruit, I shall say nothing, since though found occasionally in waste places, it is always in the neighbourhood of gardens, and can scarcely be regarded as indigenous. I shall turn to another family, the *Scrophularinæ*, among the members of which some notable examples of brilliant colouring, combined with and masking noxious qualities exist.

Let us take, for instance, the bright-looking and handsome Fox-glove (*Digitalis purpurea*), so called, because its purple bells resemble the hollow fingers of a glove; hence the French *gants des Notre-Dame*, and English fox-glove, or folk's-glove (fairies'-glove). Upon the wind-swept and sunny hills, it lifts its tapering spike, beset with drooping flowers, purple without, but with a speckled lining—a stately plant, with large, veined, downy leaves, rising three or four feet in height. We have not in our native flora a more beautiful wild flower, nor one more insidiously dangerous. It does not kill at once, this *digitalis*! it addresses itself gently to the heart of the patient, and if the dose be small, produces no sensible effects for some days, when suddenly faintings, giddiness, and intermittent pulse, tell that the purple fingers are doing their work, and its effects are only to be combatted by vital stimulants.

The largest leaves that spread themselves in the breezy sunshine, are the ones that contain this most potent and perfect cumulative poison, and from them the active principle is extracted in the shape of an alkali, which may be crystal-

lized by careful evaporation, and to which chemists have given the name of *Digitalia*. When crystallized, it is called *Digitaline*. It is very poisonous, one grain in a little water being sufficient to kill a rabbit in a very short time. The effect of this plant in reducing the action of the heart, renders it of great medical value in some diseases; so extraordinary is its potency, that it can bring down the pulse from 120 to 50 or 40 beats in a minute. When a small quantity is given, at rapid intervals, the effect is to stimulate, but on the substitution of a larger dose, its sedative action begins immediately.

I might return to the gloom of woods, and

cite the several members of the dangerous *Euphorbiaceæ*, the British spurge, into this category of tragic plants, which, after all, is a mere handful of the vegetable poisoners of the British Islands, individually considered.

But my space is already filled, otherwise I might dilate on the grand lesson Nature teaches us, in its universal law of compensation, and turning the corner of this page, contrast a description of beneficent remedial plants, every one of which should be an opposite view of the ones already depicted—but scarcely innocent flowers!

## A WORD FOR INDIA.\*

MADAM,—I have not read Mr. Bailey's book; but if he says that the history of our Indian Empire is "a long chronicle of spoliation, cruelty, and wrong," he only says the truth, and what every man (who is not that mass of conceit and prejudice called a *true Englishman*) will re-echo. Everyone who has read Mills' "British Empire in India," Sir C. Napier's "Indian Misgovernment" Mr. Lewin's works "Dacoitie in Excelsis," &c., &c., must listen with a blush of shame to the self-glorification in which we indulge, concerning our own magnanimity, charity, justice, "native good our only object," &c.; while, in truth, we have been greater robbers and spoilers than any other nation under the sun, from the days of the forger Clive and the torturer Warren Hastings, to those of Dalhousie. Sir C. Napier, who was an honest man and a soldier (soldiers are always more honest and humane than civilians) says, in a letter to a friend: "The high compliment you pay the Indian Government makes me laugh, because I know that while you believe it, it is false. No, no! I will neither concede to you that we are 'strong, just, or regular;' or, that 'we take no more from the people than the law declares;' or, that 'we pay every month.' *Ourselves*, yes! but not others. My dear sir, you lived in an enchanted circle at Calcutta; you know *nothing* of Indian government, beyond its theories, no more than if you were Governor-General. *The atrocities that go on are beyond description.* You, in your library at Calcutta, could know nothing of them; but I, on my horse, passing through *all* countries, saw and learnt them on the spots; and very indignant I am at them, and have been for many years. There is not a regiment here, that moves, *whose march is not one of*

*horrible oppression*, not from indiscipline or military outrage, but from the *system of government*. I could, if I had time, give you the *facts*. But you *ought* to be well acquainted with their *horrid system*, as you praise it; and if you are not acquainted with what takes place, *on what grounds is your praise founded?*" In another place he says, "We do such things *every day* in India, that I wonder we hold the country a year."

Read, too, Sir W. Nott, who declares himself, over and over again, ashamed of his countrymen's conduct in Afghanistan, where the outrages committed on native ladies by Englishmen were the cause of the Cabul catastrophe; and, in the face of all this mass of facts, in the face of the Oude burglary and the Madras torture commission, we are to be told that our government is a blessing to the natives!! It has been a blessing to the pockets of a certain set of Englishmen, but how it can be a blessing to a people who detest us, our colour, manners, and religion, to have their all snatched from them by us, is rather too great a contradiction for a sane mind to accept. Another great fact, is we *have no right to India*—no more right than the Emperor of the French has to England. We have no more right to the thrones, treasures, and property of the native Princes, than I have to your house and purse. I have lived years in India, and know for fact all Sir C. Napier, &c., say to be true as Gospel; and I can only add that the wonder is, that this rebellion did not happen years before; for a humane man would never treat a dog in the manner which it is the constant habit of civilians to treat the natives. Barring its cruelties (which have been wickedly exaggerated for a wicked purpose, and which we, *though Christians*, have repaid with interest) the revolt is perfectly justifiable—as justifiable, laudable, and, if successful, as glorious, as the revolt of the men of Grütli and the Tyrolese struggle in 1809. "The worm will turn," they say; the trampled "niggers"

\* The review of Mr. Bailey's book has called forth the accompanying letter, the strictures contained in which we have good reason to believe are based on truth.—Ed.



have done so; and were they now fighting for freedom, against the *Russians*, or *Austrians*, instead of the *English*, we should be in hysterics of sympathetic enthusiasm; the Begums who fell at the head of their troops would be Joans of Arc instead of "wicked monsters;" all atrocities would be just retaliation, and we should have uproarious meetings to applaud and encourage the glorious sons of the East! Conquest and spoliation being a crime in all nations but the English; it is horribly wicked in the

Russians to invade or annex the Caucasus, but quite right in us to seize all India.

There are three most admirable articles on India in the July, August, and September numbers of the United Service Magazine, which are well worth perusal, and which will be approved by all, but the genus "true Englishman," that being who conceives that an Englishman can do no wrong, and that all other nations are vile and contemptible.—Your obedient servant, A SOLDIER'S WIFE.

## OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

**POETRY.** By Mrs. Abdy. Seventh Series. (London: J. Robins, Southwark.)—The announcement on the title-page, "for private circulation only," reminds us that Mrs. Abdy, whilst making many an editor her debtor, and proving herself one of the most industrious contributors to our light periodical literature, has never sought to take other rank than that of an amateur. This modesty is rare on the part of one who has found herself successful, and who has been so long mixed-up with literature as this lady. As a poetess, her verses are rather marked by their good taste and perfect rhythm than by any flights of imagination or hyperbolism of sentiment. Quietly, gracefully, and evenly her numbers flow; now sparkling with a quiet humour, or, as in the volume before us, staidly and tenderly; full of sweet pure counsel, and a garnered wisdom lovingly poured out to friends; for, as we see, this seventh series, like the volumes that have preceded it, are not addressed to the public. The collection before us have appeared at various times in different magazines and annuals, many of them in our own pages, where several of the author's prose-contributions have also appeared from time to time. "The Haunted Lodging-house" is still fresh in the remembrance of our readers, and in cleverness of construction and naturalness of *dénouement* would (had she never written any other) have stamped Mrs. Abdy as no ordinary writer of stories. Our space is so short that our selection from the volume before us must have reference to brevity only; yet in the following verses the style of our author, and the prevailing spirit of the present volume, are very happily condensed:

### A LAY OF NEW YEAR'S NIGHT.

We have sung the dirge of the dying year;  
We have seen it laid on its silent bier;  
And soon as the veil was o'er it drawn  
We welcomed the New Year's early dawn.  
Now at this meeting of social mirth,  
Let the welcome rise from the blazing hearth;  
Let our hopes be strong, and our spirits light,  
And our voices glad upon New Year's Night.

What shall we ask of the future year?

Friendship unvarying—love sincere?

Homes gaily decked with the gauds of wealth?

The laurel of fame, and the rose of health?—

No; should we fondly these shades pursue

They may prove but a brief dissolving view.

Wishes must wing not an eagle-flight

When we breathe them forth upon New Year's

Night!

Grant that if good our share be sent,

We may take the blessing with calm content!

Grant that if laden with heavy care,

We may meekly and firmly the burden bear!

Grant that if trials our hopes subdue,

Those hopes may evermore bloom anew;

And that still, with smiles and spirits light,

We may greet the coming of New Year's Night!

**THE ENGLISHWOMAN'S JOURNAL.** (14 A, Prince's-street, Cavendish-square; Piper, Stephenson, and Spence, Paternoster-row.)—The December number of this journal—no ways inferior to those which have preceded it—contains the first of a promised series of papers on "Charities for Women"—a subject particularly adapted for its pages, and one into which the writer evidently enters *con amore*. Our author commences with a description of Preston Hospital, Shropshire, originally founded by the Lady Catherine Herbert, who bequeathed at her death £6,000, to be laid out in the purchase of lands in the county of Salop, and in building an almshouse thereon, for twelve poor women and twelve girls. Subsequently her brother, Lord Torrington, gave the further sum of £1,000 for building a hall in the middle of the almshouse. Thus endowed, Preston Hospital was built some time between 1720-30, twenty widows and twenty children being placed on the foundation. In the present century the late Earl of Monrath further increased the endowment by a bequest of £4,000, to be spent in augmentation of the widows' pensions; and of late years the intention of the charity has been extended, and spinsters are admitted to its benefits as well as widows. The candidates are selected without reference to place of birth or residence; they

must belong to the Church of England, and not less than sixty years of age, preference being given to those individuals who—to use an emphatic phrase—“have seen better days,” and are fallen in the latter end of life into poverty. Under such circumstances, such havens for aged want are glories to a nation; and the most rigid political economist can scarcely gainsay that the good they do more than counterbalances the possible injury to habits of foresight and thrift which is the grand drawback to public charities of all kinds, except those which concern children. Preston Hospital affords separate apartments, coals, and £18 a-year to each of the inmates; but twenty of them receive the further sum of £8 yearly, under the bequest of Lord Montrath, a benefit which is very fairly bestowed, each one, as deaths occur, becoming a recipient. The writer of this truly interesting article gives us the following pleasing and graphic description of a home in the hospital:—

Stepping back to the cloisters—flecked by some shadows, bathed in much sunny glory on this autumn afternoon—we will visit one of these old gentlewomen, which we may do without any undue intrusion upon privacy. The cloister floors are very clean—nothing lying on them but perhaps a few russet-leaves wafted from the avenue. But here, about this simple door is more spotless cleanliness, if it be possible; and plants in pots encircle the feet of the cloister arch. We will enter gently, for the old gentlewoman may be sleeping; as indeed she is, seated in her easy-chair, her hands crossed upon her breast, her spectacles on—a newspaper dropped to her feet, her needlework on the table beside her. Her cap is very trim; her dress neat. The weight of seventy years lies so lightly on her as to have brought no grey hairs, and the fewest possible furrows, to once great beauty. The sun through the open door streams in; opposite to us is the deep-set lofty windows, the ledge full of plants, a moss-rose tree of many years' growth flecking the panes without, the widow's little garden-plot lying beyond, and within sweep down airy curtains. The room is large, very lofty, the walls thick and protective from cold, and neatly papered. On either side of the fireplace is a door, leading to large closets; opposite to it and raised above the level of the floor is a recess just large enough to hold a bed, a chest of drawers, and a table. A curtain draws across this; but at best this is the worst feature of the older rooms. In those more lately built, the recess has been modified into a small lighted chamber; but we must recollect that a century-and-a-half ago the ideas of domestic comfort and privacy were very different to those existing at the present time. The floor is carpeted all over; the hearth-rug is soft and gay-coloured, the bronze fender and fireplace bright and dainty in their way, and the small fire brighter still; for old age is chilly, and in this country of coal and coal-pits fires are rarely suffered to die out. Upon the mantel-shelf is old china and other knick-knacks, above it are some simple portraits of the widow's children—one the miniature of a little child, painted by the hand of a French abbé, in Dartmoor prison, many years ago. Around the room are chairs with dainty cushions, one or more small tables in the room—a large circular one, as bright as a looking-glass and never put to profaner use than to hold books or a

glass full of flowers. The canary-bird is singing its last song in glory of the waning day, and near the door is a small nest of book-shelves, decorated with more china and other treasured things, and a few Latin and English books, the poor relics of a once goodly array. They are precious. A hand has turned their leaves, a brain gathered the honey of their knowledge, which, each in its way, was tender and of noble capacity.

This is nice writing, and a pretty picture; and the whole paper exhibits painstaking research and a loving interest in the subject. It is undoubtedly the most ably-written paper in the December number. A paper on “Decimal Coinage” is deserving of attention; it is written we believe by professor De Morgan. And there is a very sweet poem by A. B. E., which very sweetly relieves the heavier contents of the journal.

**STORIES ABOUT BIRDS.** By Mrs. Fairfield. (*London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co.; Norwich: J. Fletcher.*)—Quite a little treasury of ornithological lore, simply and pleasantly written; so that little boys and girls of five years old, and even less, can read and comprehend it for themselves. Mrs. Fairfield evidently loves her winged and beaked subjects, and has hoarded a great many captivating anecdotes of them for the especial delectation of her youthful readers, in whose ductile minds the contents of this pretty little volume will probably sow the germs of a loving curiosity and interest in the common birds of our fields and gardens. Nor is it only amusement that the writer aims at, in her description of the habits of the different birds; she is careful to point out their usefulness, and to impress her little auditors

“that the work of God in nature are all found by those who carefully study them, to show his wisdom and goodness as well as his power.”

And the anecdotes of the rook, and other grub-feeding birds will go far to remove in another generation the ignorant prejudices still indulged in rustic places with regard to the destructive habits of such birds, which, like the misunderstood and ill-used mole, are actual benefactors to the farmer.

It has been thought, because they do a great deal of injury, especially in severe seasons, by rooting up the fresh grown grains, that therefore it would be desirable, if possible, to get rid of them; and more than once, both in England and on the continent, the trial has been made in certain districts of destroying them. This was the case some years since in Devonshire, where the proprietors of some large farms offered a great reward for the heads of rooks. The result proved the folly of such a proceeding. For three successive years the whole of the crops failed, and they have since been forced to import rooks to restock their farms with.

There are a number of pretty anecdotes told of a near relative of these birds—the raven; especially of one Ralph belonging to a Quaker-lady, whom the three little Fairfields visit, with



their mamma, and to whom she is supposed to recount their stories.

After a short time she said, "I see my little ones are curiously watching my Ralph. He is making his way back to the garden gate, at which he was watching when you came in. The truth is, he is on the look-out for the coach, which will pass in about half an hour. He often takes a little jaunt on the coach top, and rides very comfortably till he meets another coach which passes in the homeward direction, and then he takes the opportunity of changing coaches, and so rides back again."

This raven not only accompanied his master in his morning-walks about the grounds, but in the coursing-season was in the habit of going out with a dog when hunting; and while the latter beat the cover, and drove out the hares and rabbits, Ralph, posted on the outside, seized every one that came in his way; and by this clever division of labour, says Mrs. Fairfield, they contrived to catch a large number. These "Stories about Birds," in their pretty binding of blue-and-gold, with coloured frontispiece, clear type, and characteristic tale-pieces,

will prove a pleasant gift-book for little people at this season.

ON THE LOSS OF TEETH, AND THE BEST MEANS OF RESTORING THEM. By Thomas Howard, Surgeon Dentist. (*London: Simpkin and Marshall.*)—The loss of teeth is generally considered in reference to appearance only; but our author, whose reputation and long experience give authority to his judgment, clearly proves that we cannot dispense with them or their artificial equivalents. Without them not only does articulation become imperfect, but health itself suffers on account of the imperfect mastication of the food. Mr. Howard's name is familiar to our readers as the discoverer of a *white succedaneum* for filling decayed teeth, and which has been found to answer admirably. He has also introduced a new method of supplying a deficiency of teeth, without springs or ligatures, fitting them securely by the mere force of capillary attraction and atmospheric pressure. Many valuable suggestions will be found in this little treatise, the subject of which is so important to us all, and, as the work of a well-known dental surgeon, we have much pleasure in recommending it to our readers.

## AMUSEMENTS OF THE MONTH.

### ROYAL PRINCESS'S.

The curtain fell on "Macbeth," for the last time (*vide bill*), on the 27th of December, to rise on the comedy of "The Jealous Wife" and the Pantomime of "The King of the Castle; or Harlequin, Prince Diamond, and the Princess Brighteyes." It opens with a congress of fairies by moonlight, who tell the story of the *Princess Brighteyes'* love for *Prince Diamond*, who woos her in the guise of a peasant. Of course the young lady's papa, *King Hot-upon-everything*, offers the usual impediments to the course of true love, and provides his daughter with an eligible suitor in the person of a decrepid, but wealthy, baron; to avoid whom the lovers, assisted by the fairies, make their escape and take sanctuary in the mine of jewels. Meanwhile the king disperses his court in pursuit of them, and, falling himself into a sound sleep, is transported to the realms of *Jack Frost*, where he wakes in a state of astonishment, and with great difficulty finds his way home, his appearance giving visible proofs of the discomforts of arctic travelling. At the very gates of his palace, a mercenary sprite, lured by the advertised reward for the recovery of the *Princess Brighteyes*, meets him and offers to take him where the lovers are secreted; but the hostile power of the piece—a wicked gnome—has, in the meanwhile, managed to remove them. The scene changes to a wild glen, where

the old baron, wearied of the pursuit of the princess, resigns all pretensions to her hand, and thereupon follows a sudden change to the brilliant palace of *Prince Diamond*, and the usual transformation ensues. The moonlight opening; the mine of jewels; the realms of *Jack Frost*; the wild glen and the jewelled palace of the Prince will suggest to our readers the visual splendours which await the lovers of pantomime at this charming house. The piece is the invention of Mr. Forrester (*Alfred Crowquill*).

### THE HAYMARKET.

The past month witnessed the successful production of Mr. Bayle Bernard's new drama, "The Tide of Time." For Mr. Bernard to be otherwise than successful would be the exception to the rule, and no man better deserves it. He is one (if not the only one) of the dramatic writers of the day, who rely upon their own genius for story and plot, instead of having recourse to French playwrights for them. With a rich vein of comedy we find no trace of coarseness in his writings; his situations are seldom forced; his dialogue, always smart and clever, is often brilliant, and subservient to the illustration of practical sentiments and healthful morality. In all these characteristics the "Tide of Time" abounds; but there is a lack of novelty in the theme, which illustrates the old-

fashioned prejudices of Toryism in contrast with, and dying out before the powers of modern Liberalism.

#### ADELPHI.

The New Adelphi has opened, exhibiting in its own appearance as brilliant a transformation as any harlequin's wand has brought about in the course of metropolitan pantomimes. The dingy, disagreeable Adelphi—in the ancient boxes of which one was not himself, but a cramp—in its renovated form yields only to the opera-house in elegance and comfort. The exigencies of crinoline, the possibility of fire, the provocements of extortion have all been regarded and legislated for; and the results are space, numerous exits, and *not the reduction, ladies*, but the actual sweeping away of the heavy poll-tax levied on the wearer of a bonnet in the shape of sixpence fee for its safe keeping. In brief, the whole of the arrangements are said to be of first-rate character and of the most liberal description; while the pit is enlarged, the price is reduced, and if we could only hope that the regulations abolished that ancient institution the “orange women,” we should confess the new *régime* absolute perfection.

#### ROYAL POLYTECHNIC.

We need hardly point to the attractions of this familiar scene of delight to the boys and girls home for the holidays. To most of them Christmas would be a maimed festival, shorn of its memories of the tiny steam-engines at work, the ancient diver, and the dissolving views.

#### ROYAL COLOSSEUM.

In the liberal spirit of the season Dr. Bachhoffner has provided no less than half-a-dozen different entertainments for his Christmas visitors, with special reference to the young people. We know of few places of amusement more repaying and agreeable than this at all periods of the year; for the punka, so refreshing in last summer's heat, was not more seasonable and grateful than the present temperature, while the varied character of the amusements never allows of one's leaving them fatigued or wearied.

#### EXETER HALL.—MADAME ANNA BISHOP'S CONCERT.

After an absence of some ten years, during which Madame Bishop has visited almost every part of the world in which civilization has raised a theatre, this *artiste* made her first appearance before a London audience on the evening of the 13th ult., and was received with a warmth of enthusiasm, which was caught up and sustained in every part of the wide hall, and kept continually breaking out through the evening, not without sufficient stimulus, however, on the part of the liberal *beneficière*, who had provided a rich and well-varied entertainment for her audience. The concert commenced with an overture by G. Loder, suggested by the poem of Marmion; and then the clear, rich, high tones of Madame Bishop, warbling to the clarinet accompaniment of Lazarus, Guglielmi's “*Gratias Agimus*” filled the wide space, and kept the ear delighted and enthralled through all the florid ornaments she introduced, without embarrassing the sweet air. Again and again she was obliged to return and bow her sense of the applause lavished on her; and the expression and feeling with which she subsequently gave Moore's “*Oft in the stilly night*” was rewarded with an unanimous *encore*, which there was no evading. Again, her careful rendering of Mendelssohn's grand scena was responded to by a very *furor* of appreciation; and her piquant and genial by-play in the famous buffo duet, from *L'Elisir d'Amore*, with signor Belletti, shewed her equally accomplished as a dramatic singer. Altogether we congratulate Madame Bishop on the warmth of her reception, and the musical world on the acquisition of such finished talent as she undoubtedly possesses. Miss Arabella Goddard charmed her auditors, as usual; whilst the violin of Wieniawski discoursed eloquent music in the most original and eccentric manner, especially when, instead of repeating *Viewxtemps'* air, he responded to an *encore* that positively declined to be bowed out of its demand by substituting the “*Carnival of Venice*.” Besides Belletti, with his rich voice and genial comedy, Madame and Mr. Weiss added to the attractions of the evening; and a fantasia by the Flugal-horn Union, directed by Mr. Theodore Distin, diversified the entertainment.

## T H E T O I L E T.

(Especially from Paris.)

FIRST FIGURE.—VISITING DRESS.—Deep blue robe of Lyons poplin, with quadrilled velvet ornaments on each side of the skirt. Jacket-body, buttoned and bordered with a similar ornament of quadrilled velvet, about three fingers' breadth in depth. The sleeves are surmounted by a jockey, under which they are plaited, and are finished at the bottom with a quadrilled trimming

about four inches in depth. Black velvet cloak, trimmed with a deep Castilian bertha in crochet. The sleeves are draped on the arm, and fastened with a silk torsade and tassel. Lace collar. Puffed muslin under-sleeves, with narrow cuffs. Bonnet of deep blue royal velvet, matching the dress, and ornamented with black lace. On the right-hand side of the front there is a small bouquet of frizzed



eathers: the inside is trimmed with a bandeau of white daisies across the head, and *blond* at the sides. Wide strings. Swedish gloves.

SECOND FIGURE.—(*Négligée*).—A grey terry velvet skirt, with a short jacket of garnet velvet, bordered with martin's fur. Under the jacket a cambric *canezou*, embroidered in front, and ornamented with a narrow muslin *ruche* round the neck. Under-sleeves wide and puffed, terminating in embroidered cuffs. A pretty Algerine scarf is wound round the waist, with the ends falling at the side. *Coiffure* a garnet chenille net, mixed with gold beads.

Robes of velvet are reappearing in the horizon; and I felicitate the fashion, for there is certainly no tissue superior to it in richness and beauty. The most splendid garnitures of Spanish point are made expressly for these magnificent robes, to be worn on the *corsage*, and especially the sleeves. They are named *Epaulettes Almariva*. I have seen a charming robe for demi-toilet, which may serve as a model. It was composed of satin-royal of laurel-green; the skirt very ample, mounted and united to the waist in a very novel manner, in five large hollow plaits only. An admirable garniture (Louis XV.), consisting of jockeys for the sleeves and brandebourgs for the *corsage*, of the most exquisite *passementerie* of the same shade as the dress, ornaments it.

Bonnets of a full-coloured velvet, mingled with white, continue to be worn; and I have just seen one for demi-toilet, composed of black-quilted silk, with a soft foundation of *taffetas groseille des*

*Alps*, trimmed simply with three *agraffes* of groseille *taffetas*. In the interior, which is bordered with groseille *taffetas*, a demi-crown formed of *coques* of black and groseille *taffetas*. A Chantilly lace is thrown back round the front.

*Parures* of flowers are as much in favour as ever; and wreaths and *cache-peignes* of them the favourite *coiffures*. A wreath composed of fern-leaves, mingled with full-blown roses, reseda, heartsease, the bells of white hyacinths, and tufts of Indian heliotrope, is one of the loveliest head-dresses you can imagine; the light-coloured flowers forming a crown round the head, whilst the fern-branches and deeper blossoms fall in a cascade of flowers at the back.

Plain full skirts are worn in rich and heavy materials. The forms of mantles and cloaks remain the same; and full colours predominate for dresses, ribbons, &c.

In this severe weather, I must remind your fair clients that the use of Messrs. Piesse and Lubin's pistachio-nut powder will not only preserve the skin, but is the sole preparation I know of that may be used with safety, and even advantage to it. It is a pure vegetable powder; its cosmetic qualities residing in the oil of the nut, which, by stimulating the skin, bestows clearness to the complexion, and at the same time that softness of surface which is so advantageous to beauty. The delicious handkerchief perfumes of these manufacturers, are quite equal to anything Paris can produce; and I beg particularly to recommend "La Belle du Jardin" as a charming bouquet for this purpose.

## PASSING EVENTS RE-EDITED.

Under this heading (originally introduced in the *Ladies' Companion* many years since,) we purpose noticing, from month to month, such events as bear upon the domestic and social condition of our times, especially with reference to women.

Whilst the twice-yearly reports of the "Governesses' Institution" painfully reveal the small opportunities which even the best paid of the profession enjoy during the working time of life, to make any provision for its declining years; and whilst many titled, and other gentlewomen are labouring to improve the condition of the superannuated teacher, and by means of insurance and savings' banks to mitigate the absolute want of bread, which many a one of their community, blind, paralyzed, and decrepid, has suffered and is suffering, such an advertisement as the following,—not smuggled, be it remembered, into the fly-leaves of the Evangelical, or Methodist Magazine, which "small, genteel, pious families" so frequently make the exponent of the spirit in

which they have received and interpreted the golden axiom, "Do unto others as ye would they should do unto you," by offering a young woman the consideration of "a Christian home and washing" in return for her services, in the entire care and instruction of five children, in the usual branches of an English education, with French, music, drawing, &c., &c.;"—no, but in the broad sheet of the *Times* of the 2nd December, with the whole civilized world for readers.

**REQUIRED**, by a Family of Rank, during the Christmas Holidays, a Lady as governess to three children under 12, to whom board, lodging, laundry, and travelling expenses are offered as a remuneration. A foreigner preferred, but a good knowledge of the French language indispensable.—Windson.

*Rank!*—faugh! it smells to Heaven! A family of rank filching the time and services of a poor governess, and in the vicinage of Royalty itself! It must surely emanate from some expatriated noble, poor and needy, and who in offering a home and its accessories divides his

all with the poorer teacher, whose only wealth is her talents and her time.

No English family of such pretension would condescend to avail themselves gratuitously of the hardly-paid-for accomplishments of a humble governess!

Mark, too, if you please, the artful piecing out of the equivalents, "board, lodging, laundry, and travelling expenses!" as if these things were not matters of course, involved in the most ordinary household where a governess is kept: it almost suggests the idea that a paid instructress would be expected to find her own provisions, and a bed, in this family of rank; and make as much as you will of it, amounts exactly to the liberal offer of "a home and washing," proffered by the small pious family elsewhere, they having nothing but gentility to boast of; while here the offer comes ringing from a brazen trumpet, with a grand flourish about rank; and as the world goes, and governesses are situated, we have no doubt that some poor gentlewoman has replied to it, in order to save her expenses during vacation, and instead of profiting by the partial rest of mind and body, or even of adding, by extra teaching, to her limited funds, is fagging for the sake of shelter and daily bread, the unsalaried instructress of the three small members of this family of rank!

Pleasant it is to turn from such a prospect of the value of womanly accomplishments in a professional and bread-winning point of view, to a laudatory paragraph in the columns of the same paper of a later date, touching the skill, carefulness, and rapidity exhibited by the young girls employed in the Manchester Telegraph Office.

"It is only an act of justice," says the *Times*, "to the National Telegraph Company, to men-

tion the celerity and accuracy with which our report of the proceedings at Manchester on Friday night was transmitted to the *Times* office." The said report occupying nearly six columns, the first portion of which was received at the Manchester Telegraph Office at 10.55 on Friday night, and the last at 1.25 on Saturday morning, the whole of which was in type at a quarter to three on Saturday morning, every word having been transmitted through the wire a distance of two hundred miles, and so transmitted by young girls, the average speed of twenty-nine words per minute being generally obtained on the printing instruments, and thirty-nine words per minute the highest speed on the needles. Although it is remarked young girls in general do not understand much of politics, there was scarcely an error in the whole report.

This is hopeful information, full of promise for the young girls of other towns than Manchester. Almost simultaneously with this good word from the king of journalists, comes the news that cautious, practical Scotland has taken the initiative, in a step which will probably lead to the employment of women's services in other places of commercial trust. Edinburgh, Perth, and Dundee exhibit at the various railway stations the novel feature of women clerks,—not a man in any of the various departments, but comely, smiling faces and light hands, answering questions, giving tickets, booking, &c. We should be glad to have some information touching the salaries of these railway *Nerissa's*.

In the meanwhile we look jealously towards the counters of drapers' and other shops, and should be glad to see the hirsute handlers of silks, lace, and ribbons, relieved by the sex to whom such matters rightfully belong.

C. A. W.

## AMUSEMENTS AT HOME.

"Ah, well may sages bow to thee,  
Dear, loving, guileless infancy,  
And sigh beside their lofty lore  
For one untaught delight of thine,  
And feel they'd give their learning's store  
To know again thy truth divine!"

MRS. OSGOOD.

"Oh, dear to memory are those hours  
When every pathway led to flowers!  
When sticks of peppermint possessed  
A sceptre's power to sway the breast,  
And heaven was round us while we fed  
On rich ambrosial gingerbread!"

ELIZA COOK.

The art of amusing children in a manner that shall be beneficial to health, manners, and morals, is a desideratum yet to be discovered. Little children are always active. It is a necessity of their nature. This perpetual *unrest*, of which their attendants so often complain, is the instinct that God, for wise purposes, has implanted in the young of all animals. The lambs skip and

bound; kittens and puppies seem wild with the joy of life; and little children naturally run, leap, dance, and shout in the exuberance of that capacity for happiness which the young human heart feels as instinctively as the flower-buds open to the sun.

To repress this natural joyousness, not to direct and train it for good, seems to be the object of most parents. So the merry little children are often sent to the hot school-room, there confined in the close, impure, atmosphere, and subjected to a routine of instruction which they are utterly unable to comprehend. But then they are kept quiet until this painful lesson is impressed, that to be active is to be naughty; and then, if they are not troublesome, their indolence passes for goodness.

We are certainly of opinion that education, or instruction rather, should commence early. The child should, from the first, be trained rightly. In proportion to his faculties, the boy (or girl) should begin that lesson of mental



discipline and industry, which is rarely acquired thoroughly, if not undertaken in the pliancy of early childhood.

What we wish is that, after the severe studies of A B C (severe to a child) have been duly attended to, and the character invigorated by a half hour of the self-control required in "keeping still," some suitable direction should be provided for the playful activity and genial affections of the little folks that are to become, in a very few years, young men and young women. Besides the usual plays and games that children invent for themselves, or find on record, handed down from the memories of the past, and which boys enjoy most in the open air, there should be indoor amusements also. We do not mean to exclude little girls from the out-door plays. Children of both sexes should be kept, while exercising in the daytime, as much as possible in the free, pure air of heaven, and in sight of the cheerful face of nature. But, in the long winter evenings, and on festive occasions, there should be means of amusement provided for children and youth at home, where their parents and elders can witness and moderate the mirth, if too wild, and enjoy the happiness of promoting this innocent recreation.

Dancing is the most healthful home exercise, and, when rightly managed, is the most appropriate social amusement for young people. We mean, of course, to have the youth of both sexes assembled together as neighbours and friends, not the parade of the public ball-room, though that is far preferable to the club-room for young men, and the scandal and millinery gossip of young women. Dancing is of real advantage. It gives grace and strength to the limbs. Its regular and measured movements are pleasurable and healthful in harmony with the muscular system, brought into exercise by the music. It encourages life and gaiety, while it checks romping; and it substitutes decency at least—often elegance and delicacy—where, but for this, there would be boisterous roughness, if not vulgarity.

Boys should be taught to dance while quite young: Every boy would be made happier and better for this art. We do not mean by this that to dance is the serious business of life; but we do mean that, as one of the checks on that ugly vulgarity and ruffianism which seize on boys from fourteen to eighteen more particularly than in after-life, it is well to give them early the love for innocent amusements, and the teaching required to feel at ease in well-ordered society. Many boys belonging to good families fall into temptation and ruin for the want of knowledge of those accomplishments which would fill up an idle hour, or make them welcome and at ease in the home circles of their friends.

Music is another of the necessary acquirements. It is a refined, intellectual amusement, and has the advantage of accompanying us through life, as it may be enjoyed at any age. It has been well remarked that this is the only one of the fine arts which cannot be debased to

express anything ignoble or wrong. Unless allied to poetry, music is always pure and elevating.

Teach children to sing, and select for them such songs as express the pure, tender, and loving emotions of the heart, and the sweet piety of soul that seems natural to early childhood. Let these songs and hymns be stored up in the tenacious memory of your little son or daughter, and you have placed a talisman of power to guard them from evil thoughts, and bring back to their faded, sterile, it may be evil age, the sacred memories of home, and to their hearts the lost hopes of heaven.

Skill in drawing is another of those home arts that make the family circle the place of happiness. This art may be made a delightful amusement in the most monotonous and secluded life; and it may be attained without the expensive instruction and apparatus that instrumental music requires.

Many young persons, young men particularly, from the most laudable motives, shun these embellishments of life. They wish to acquire means to assist their friends or families, or to become independent themselves; and they heroically determine to spurn the flowers in their paths, and crush all feelings that may interfere with steady and determined toil.

We can assure these heroic youth that their business or study will proceed all the better for intervals of an opposite employment. These intervals every person of sense must regulate for himself, or herself, and must be guided by circumstances and duties; but some diversion every one must have, or suffer either in body or mind, or in both. Many mournful instances occur to us of these unsatisfied cravings of nature for innocent pleasures, amusements that youth should have. These cravings, never to be indulged, have led to imprudencies, errors, and ruinous indulgence in stimulants that could be obtained when the pleasant and cheerful diversion could not. Many an instance of minds of a fine order falling into feebleness or imbecility from violating this law of our being, and taxing the brain too unsparingly, may be found. And yet we meet people who think themselves very wise, talking as if there was no childhood, and should be no youth in life. No opening of the year, and no flowers in the spring, would be quite as natural. Well-meaning and good people there are who, either from education or coldness of heart, have these morbid dispositions. They do not consider that they are striving to overturn God's merciful institutions for human enjoyment. The Creator has ordained beauty and bloom. The stars garnish the heavens, and the flowers brighten the earth for our happiness. From His open hand freshness and joyfulness are showered on our pathway of life. Ought we not to be glad for these things? Should not this happiness find expression in those plays of childhood and amusements of youth that keep the body, as well as mind, in a healthful condition?

"A merry heart does good like medicine" is Bible truth. Then beware of shadowing innocent amusements with the gloom of guilt, or turning the sombre cloud of disappointment over the bright sky of life's morning hour!

We have been led into this train of reflection by a conversation with one of our friends respecting the late Hugh Miller, whose melancholy suicide may be traced to an overtaxed brain, and the pressure of a life which had never had its complement of healthful diversion. In his autobiography—one of the most interesting books for young people to be found—he alludes to a period of his early youth when he nearly sunk into a melancholy that may be characterized as the premonition of this fatal tendency of his mind.

A more worthy example of life devoted to industry and improvement can scarcely be offered to young men than that of Professor Hugh Miller; and yet we would earnestly warn all our English youth from such unceasing toil and study as he pursued, taxing body and mind beyond their strength, as he did. The unfortunate circumstances in which he was born imposed on him the necessity for great exertion; and he made this over-exertion at an age when neither his growth nor strength was matured, and this was not softened by any intervals of joyous amusement. These things were, we are persuaded, the chief causes that led to the premature failure of his strength of mind, and gave this good man up to those dark fancies that ended in madness. He was brought up—not educated—among a class of people who, so far from advising amusement, or providing any diversions of youth for his enjoyment, would probably have denounced any attempt on his part to procure them. The path of life in which he was set had no embellishments. It was stern and sterile of innocent gaiety as the hills around him were of flowers. It was rough and rugged as the rocks on which he toiled. He was

an ambitious and highly conscientious youth, and went further in his self-denials than the severest of his guides required. His mind was rarely unbent—never amused. It lacked the oil of joy on the wheels of time; and so his own rash hand stopped the jarring machine of mortal life.

Peace to his ashes! He toiled nobly in his Master's work, but not wisely, or he would not have left it in such a way, nor at such an hour.

Shall we not learn, from this catastrophe, that an overtasked life is not the best condition for the cause of humanity, or for the interests of true religion?

To make a perfect human being, the development of each season of life must have its necessary time and means; and each phase should have its hours of vigorous action and of innocent relaxation. Indolence, vice, and sin are always to be shunned, guarded against, and prevented. Still, we must not forget that asceticism and misanthropy are more likely to bring temptations to sin than are cheerfulness and that charity which seeks to promote innocent happiness.

We trust no reader of ours will interpret this as excusing the indolent, pleasure-loving votary from his or her labours of duty. We only wish to guard against the extremes of being "careful and troubled about many things" for this world's display, when a lower seat is more conducive to obtaining the "good part," that is of heaven.

Of the two extremes, we would certainly prefer and commend the conduct of the soldier, who fights till he dies, and dies at his post, as far above the selfish coward who abandons his duty, and gives up to the enemy. The man who is lost by a too rigid renunciation of all but industry, leaves a name esteemed by those who lament his mistaken zeal; while contempt and oblivion are always the portion of the selfish, useless idler.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**Letters.**—All letters requiring private answers must contain a stamped and addressed envelope. The number of letters we receive obliges us to reiterate this rule, and to rigidly abide by it.

The Editor also begs it to be understood that no MS. can be returned, or copies of Magazines forwarded, unless postage-stamps are sent to cover the expense of transmitting them.

Editors, Publishers, and Composers are invited to send works intended for review in the forthcoming number by the 10th of the month.

**POETRY, accepted with thanks:** From A. A. F. *Declined with thanks:* "Bessie's Troubles," Eugène Souvestre, in his "Journal of a Family," has so charmingly dealt with this subject, that perhaps it has spoiled us for its repetition.

"The Old Cathedral."—We regret to feel disap-

pointed with this tale. The two first chapters are so well and graphically written, that we were led to hope the same power would prevail throughout. We would strongly advise the whole to be re-written.

**OUR PLATES.**—The Editor, once for all, begs to inform readers and subscribers generally, that she has nothing whatever to do with their choice or appearance. They are not inserted as belonging to the work; but are gratuitous, and can be removed before binding.

**BOOK POST.**—The careless way in which MSS. are sent (often simply sealed, without the precaution of tying a piece of string round them) has resulted in so many losses, that we must remind contributors of the necessity of properly securing them.

**NEW BOOKS received too late for review:** "A ew in a Thousand;" "French Missions."



## THE INSIDE PASSENGER.

New Year's Eve, many years ago. My readers find me seated in the snug little bar-parlour of an inn, in the town of —, far up towards the North of England. It is about six o'clock, and I waiting for the coach which is to take me thirty miles still farther north. There I am to pass the night at another inn, and then strike across country to the house of my friend, with whom I have promised to spend the first week in the new year.

"A cold night for you, sir; a cold night indeed," said the landlady, as I sat toasting my hands by the fire preparatory to plunging them into the woollen gloves which lay beside me toasting too. "A cold night, and coming on to snow."

The horn sounded far up the street, and then came the rumbling of the wheels and the jingling of the harness, louder and louder, until horses and coach and horn suddenly stopped, with a jerk, at the inn door. There was a talking outside, much clattering of horses' feet, and in a minute after the coachman entered.

"Good evening, Mrs. Roxby," he said; then touching his hat to me—"A sharp night, sir. Do you go on with us? Outside, sir? Box-seat, if you like."

As I answered I put on my overcoat, and arranged myself comfortably for the journey. The coachman ordered a glass of brandy-and-water at my request. Other people came in—the guard and two or three male passengers. All were slightly sprinkled with snow.

"Any ladies inside, Mr. Luccombe?" asked the landlady.

"No, ma'am, none," the coachman answered.

At this moment one of the passengers leaned over the bar, and said, in a quiet, hushed voice, to the landlady, "Will you give me a glass of negus for the little girl? Port wine, and not too sweet, if you please. The little girl is poorly, and has a weak stomach."

The coachman laid his hand on Mrs. Roxby's arm, and spoke to her in a low tone, so that I could not hear what he said.

"Lawk!" cried she, as if in surprise, "I remember." Then turning to the gentleman, "Certainly, sir; I will make it myself. And how is the little girl? better I hope, I am sure. Bad weather for travelling, sir—" and so the

worthy woman went on, as she bustled about the bar.

The gentleman was old and thin, with a haggard, weary-looking face, and absent eyes. He wandered restlessly up and down, seeming, as I thought, to have some trouble on his mind. His appearance struck me, and I could not help watching him. He was scantily dressed for such severe weather—dressed in black, with deep crape on his hat.

The fresh horses were soon put to, and it was time to start. Some little delay was caused by the traveller I have just described, who, at the last moment, opened the door of the coach to see to the little girl he had spoken of, as I supposed.

I occupied the box-seat. When he mounted to the seat behind, he apologized for keeping us waiting. "I am anxious about the little girl," he said; "foolishly so, perhaps; but we have travelled this road before, and she was very cold, and her cough was very bad."

We were off by this time, and as we rattled over the stones of the town it was not easy to hear his low voice. Snow was falling very slowly, flake by flake. The frost was too intense to let it come down. There was a steady wind from the north, which blew in our faces. All that part of the sky was black with snow; the rest was as yet starlight, and by this light a range of low, wave-like hills was visible, white against the dark cloud. The town was soon far behind us, and we entered upon wild moorlands, over which the road rose and fell. The wind *keen*ed continuously as we breasted it; the snow still descended, flake by flake. The coachman and I were smoking, and talked but little. The old gentleman behind spoke every now and then. He seemed anxious to get up a conversation, and joined in with great alacrity whenever the coachman or I said a word.

"Your little girl," I said to him, "will find it warmer inside than we do out. Probably she is asleep. How far do you go, sir?"

He mentioned the place at which I was to stay the night, a little village high up on the moors. "A dreary place," he muttered, sighing—"A dreary place; but they are good people at the inn; we know them well now."

"You often travel this road?" I asked.

"Once a year," he said; "on New-Year's Eve."

"I've driven you a many times, sir; haven't I?" cried the coachman, cheerily.

"God help me!" murmured the old man, suddenly, as if in acute anguish.

I started and turned round.

"I am cold," he explained; "I hope she does not feel it."

The coachman handed over to him a wrapper, and I, with some difficulty, persuaded him to take a cigar. With the warmth he began to wax quite merry, and when he took his cigar from his mouth broke forth into little scraps of song. He had a quavering senile voice, yet sweet withal. Somehow he inspired me with a kindly feeling. I liked his simple, old-fashioned manner, and his care for the child, and pitied a certain helplessness and feebleness which I observed in him.

As we topped a hill the guard again began to blow his horn. Lights were visible in the valley beneath. We descended rapidly, and soon dashed into another little town. How dazzling were the lights! how delicious was the warmth as we entered the inn! what a luxury to stretch one's numbed legs! Bright smiling faces of girls in the bar, glistening holly-leaves, resplendent pewter and glass, transparent bottles—ruby, red, or golden—a blazing, crackling fire, which made the chimney roar again! How pleasant such a change from what the black, bleak night used to be in the old coaching days!

I left my fellow-passenger opening the door of the coach. Coachman, guard, and three other travellers, who had wisely placed themselves behind, and so escaped breasting the wind, made their way with me into the inn.

"What will you have, coachman!" said one of the travellers.

Our Jehu chose his favourite brandy-and-water, and, having received his glass, came to me at the fire.

"That gentleman, you see, sir——" he began. One of the three daughters of the landlord came up and asked him for some letter or parcel, and so interrupted the sentence. When she had tripped away he began again: "A sad case, sir! This poor gentleman, you see——"

"She is asleep," said a voice close behind us; "asleep so quietly, and her little hands are quite warm."

"Glad of it," said both of us; and the coachman added—"If I might advise you, sir, my advice would be that you take something hot. Let me order you a good stiff tumbler of brandy-and-water?"

The old man assented. The spirit did him good. The blood rose to his cheeks, and his eyes grew bright.

As we were about to mount again he laid his hand on my shoulder and detained me at the coach door. He opened it softly, and, looking in, whispered "Minnie, Minnie." There was no answer. "Still asleep," he muttered; and then to me, "Look at her—look at the pretty——"

I peeped in, but it was too dark for me to distinguish anything.

Away we went again. The snow was now coming down thick and fast, the wind had fallen, the stars were all blotted out. Gradually the sound of the horses' feet and of the wheels grew fainter and fainter. The jingling of the harness and the creaking of the coach rose above the muffled tramp. We sat silent enough, buried as much as possible in our overcoats and wrappings, protecting our red cigar-ends from the collecting snow.

At length we neared the place of my destination. A long, winding hill led up to the heights on which the village stood. Up this hill we must walk perforce. The snow lay ankle-deep. The old gentleman remained by the side of the coach; the rest of us trudged along together. All these I found were travelling beyond this village.

Once more seated on the coach, a few minutes brought us to the straggling street, which was the village highway, and to the inn where I was to pass the night.

Short time as the above takes to read, yet we had been nearly four hours on the road. I was heartily tired of the snow and the cold and the darkness, and entered the old-fashioned little hostel with great satisfaction. In the large inn-kitchen, whither light and sound of voices led me, a merry party was collected. Beside mine host and his family and some relations, who were to see the old year out and the new one in with them, the bell-ringers were assembled there, indulging in warm potations, until such time as their duty should call them to the cold church tower. The warmth and light were glorious. Helping hands peeled from me my snow-laden coat and comforter; I was led to the snug chimney-corner, and inducted into its snugest seat. Coachman, guard, and the rest, all, save the old man, entered the kitchen.

"The old gentleman has come again," said the coachman to the stout, motherly hostess.

"Ah!" she answered, pityingly, "I expected him. I knew he would be here, if he were still alive. Poor old soul! I will go and see to him." She bustled out.

"You sleep here, sir?" said mine host to me. "We have little sleeping room; but I think I can manage to place you."

"Put me anywhere, as long as you give me plenty of blankets: I am tired out with the cold. And now for supper."

The large table, around which they had been assembled, was moved to one side of the fire, and on the other side a smaller table was placed, which a brisk little maiden soon covered with a clean white cloth. Slices from a huge Yorkshire ham began to frizzle on the fire; the landlord came in, staggering under the weight of a cold round of beef; glasses jingled and plates rattled. All this, with the glare of the fire thawing one's limbs little by little, was appetizing and comfortable.

Meanwhile the coach had set off, and the ringers and others of the party, who had gone



out to see the start, returned again one by one. The children resumed their game in a corner of the kitchen; the women-folks whispered among themselves, and a social round game of cards, which our arrival had interrupted, was recommenced. They were rough, homely people, but kindly, I soon got into conversation with the men, and, the ice once broken, the women joined in too. The Northumbrian *burr* still sounded strange to my Southron ears, though I had passed some weeks in the North. As to imitating it in writing, as some people do, I find it impossible, and so will not attempt it.

Our supper was ready when my fellow-passenger entered the kitchen. He was followed closely by the landlady, and she was talking to him busily about the child. I had hoped that now I should see this little girl of whom I had heard so much on my journey, but I was disappointed. The landlady was talking about her having been put to bed, and promising to watch her and to prepare sandwiches and I know not what when she awoke.

As the old gentleman crossed the kitchen, a rosy, fair-haired, bright-looking little girl darted from the ring of children in the corner, and came to him.

He stopped, raised his hands, and cried, in the same terrible tone of anguish as upon the coach, "God help me!"

Whether the pang was mental or physical, it was over in a moment. He stooped and stroked the child's fair hair and kissed her rosy cheek. "How she has grown!" he said; "quite a little woman—quite a little woman. I have brought you a playmate, my child. You remember Minnie? She has pale cheeks, not like these. She is not very strong. You must play gently with her, my dear, and take care that the rougher ones do not hurt her."

This girl, a child of ten or twelve years old, was a daughter of the inn-people, sister to the brisk damsel who had laid the supper-table. Her name was Keziah. She took the old gentleman's hand and led him quietly to his seat. While we were eating she remained standing by his side, saying little, but looking wistfully in his face and every now and then stroking his withered hand.

The bell-ringers left; the children, except Keziah, were sent to bed; we gathered in and round the chimney-corners, I sitting next to my fellow-traveller, and Keziah on his knee. A bowl of punch was mingled; we were all very merry. The old man sang a song—a simple, pathetic ballad, which called tears into the women's eyes. I observed, with some anger, that they plied him officiously with the punch. Not only the men did this, but the women too; and even little Keziah often lifted the glass to his lips. After the long exposure to the frost, I felt that seducing liquid, sparingly as I sipped it, make my head burn and my eyes flash; and I feared for its effect on the older and feebler traveller.

Suddenly the bells burst forth near at hand, a full, joyous peal, that throbbed through the

kitchen. The old man started to his feet, and again there came from his lips that pitiful cry—"God help me!" No one took any notice. Keziah drew the closer to him, and half-pulled him down on to his chair: the landlady brought him another glass of punch. A moment, and he was prattling to the child the same as before. I concluded that he had some disease, which, from time to time, gave him agonizing pain, and I observed that it was any sudden sound or excitement which brought on the pang. "Heart-disease," thought I.

A little after, he put Keziah softly down, and rose. "I will go and see my little girl," he said. "Will you come with me, my child? Will you come and see the pretty, while she, is asleep?"

The motherly hostess lighted a candle for him. "You know the room, sir?" she said; "not the old room, you know, but the little one at the end of the passage. You don't forget?"

"No, no," he replied; "the gentleman has the old room; I remember."

Keziah and he left the kitchen. The hostess fairly burst into tears. "Poor old man!" she cried. "God help thee, indeed!"

"He is worse than ever this year," said one of the others. "And how ill he looks! He cannot live long."

"A mercy and a blessing to him when he does die!" exclaimed a woman. "We have all our sorrows in this world; but his affliction is too great for him to bear."

"He is happy enough, saving at times," said the landlady.

"What is the matter with him?" I asked.

"Ah, sir, it is a sad story," said the landlady, drying her eyes. "Seven years ago this night I first set my eyes on him. He came here by the coach, as it might be you, sir; and with him was a poor little girl. She was about the same age that Kezzy is now; but anything more unlike Kezzy, with her rosy cheeks, I never saw. A poor little girl she was, about eleven years old, as I judged; small and thin, with such pale, hollow cheeks, and big, pitiful eyes! She was dressed in black, which made her look the whiter. She was so weak, that we were obliged to lift her out of the coach; and, as I took her in my arms, the dear said, 'How kind you are!' Well, sir—"

There was a sound of feet; the door opened and the old man and his little attendant re-entered the kitchen. "Still asleep!" he said; "still asleep!"

It was just on the stroke of twelve; the bells were ringing madly, intermingling tones of sorrow and of joy, singing at once a dirge over the death, a paean over the birth. Phoenix Old-year was consuming to ashes in the frozen fire of the northern lights—from the same cold fire phoenix New-year was springing. A solemn time!

We filled our glasses as the tall, oak-cased clock warned for midnight, and pledged each other as the twelve strokes struck. We had seen the New Year in. To confess truth, I was

very sleepy. In a half-dreamy state I listened to the talk of my fellow-traveller at my side : he was speaking somewhat incoherently about his little girl. He seemed to have an idea that she was playing with the other children, and was not in bed, as she had long been. Overpowered by drowsiness, I heard, by fits only, an altercation with the hostess on this subject. Keziah had fallen asleep on the old man's breast. I had a vague notion that the old gentleman had had too much punch, and, with the usual inconsequence of dreams, that this was the cause of Keziah's sleep. I was awakened by the voice of the hostess : "You know the room, sir ? not the old room ; but the little one at the end of the passage. Remember that the gentleman sleeps in the old room."

He was going to bed. Keziah had disappeared ; most of the party had gone, and half the lights were put out. I yawned interminably, and asked for my candle. I have some recollection of the landlord saying to me, as he showed me to my room, "You had better lock your door, sir. The wind is blowing fresh, and the house is old and cranky."

Of what took place beyond this point on that memorable night, I cannot clearly distinguish which was dream and which was reality. I will relate the matter simply as it appears to me in remembrance.

The bed-room was large, and the bed was a gloomy four-poster, shrouded in dark-coloured curtains. Two windows looked into the stable-yard, as I supposed, from the sound of horses' feet which I heard. Through the crevices of these windows the wind, which had again risen, blew in and stirred the window-curtains to and fro, and even the curtains of the bed. I did not lock my door. I recollected this omission after I was in bed, but was too sleepy to get out and lock the door then. I fell asleep almost immediately. However, my sleep was restless and disturbed ; again and again I awoke, and every time heard the trampling of horses' feet in the stables below, the creaking of the window-frames, and the pattering of the snow against the glass. Again and again I fell asleep, and the real sounds influenced my feverish dreams, and, together with the recollections of the past evening, presented to me the strangest chimeras. I could never get clear of the coach. Time after time I awoke, and fell asleep, and still I was on the coach. The tramp of the horses, the rumbling of the wheels, the jingling of the harness sounded ceaselessly in my ears. The old man and his little girl, the child of whom I had heard so much and seen nothing, haunted me. My unsatisfied curiosity developed itself in my dreams into a sense of awful mystery. Some terrible story was always on the point of being revealed, but never was revealed. The horror grew and grew by anticipation until it was intolerable. One of my troubles was that I had to support a child as I sat on the outside of my nightmare-coach. Resting on the extreme edge of the seat behind the box, this child leaned with a dead weight half over the road. In this

position I held it tight until all my body was racked with pain and cramp. This child I knew in my dream to be Keziah, not my fellow-traveller's little girl. The latter was still inside the coach, still a thing to be talked of only, not to be seen or heard, or in any manner understood. As my strength failed, Keziah grew heavier and heavier. I felt I could hold her no longer, and just at this point she began to struggle violently, laughing shrilly and maliciously. I awoke !

I became aware that the noise of the coach was less than it had been before. I did not feel the cold wind in my face ; the darkness of night had increased to total darkness. I was alone—where I scarcely knew. By degrees it dawned upon me that I was *inside* the coach. "Now," I thought, "I shall solve the mystery." But with this pleasure at the hope of at length satisfying my curiosity, there came an indefinite fear. I was in the midst of utter darkness and silence. The muffled sound of the coach had died away ; I was listening intently for the breathing of the sick little girl. Not a sound, not a rustle of her dress, not the faintest flutter of breath. I drew myself up closer into my corner of the coach : my heart beat—I began to hear *that*. I tried to speak. I tried to say "Minnie," and could not. Closer and closer I squeezed myself up into my corner : the presence of that something unseen, unheard, unfelt, tormented me. My fear rapidly grew to a climax, and with throbbing head and quick, short breathings, I again awoke.

I found myself lying at the extreme edge of the bed. There were the same sounds as before, only that the wind was more boisterous. I could not shake off the fear of my dream. Strange to tell, that sense of something being present which had so terrified me in my sleep would not leave me now I was awake. I was not in the coach ; I was in my bed at the inn : I knew all that perfectly well. I remembered the little incidents of the evening, recalled the old man and his sick child, thought of the friends I was to visit on the morrow, recollected that I had not locked my door. I was surely as much awake as ever I was in my life, and yet that same haunting sense of something present which had been so fearful in my dream gathered strength every moment. I awoke, as I said, lying close on one side of the bed. The notion took possession of me that I was not alone in the bed ; that *something* occupied the other side. For a strong man to confess that he was afraid is humiliating : but God shield me from ever feeling again such an agony of fear as I felt that night ! The certainty was impressed upon my mind that something was lying beside me, motionless, and silent, and invisible in the darkness. I was soon too scared to reason how it came there, what it was, why I felt that it was there. I only became more and more terror-stricken by the knowledge of its presence. In this state I lay seemingly for ages. In desperation I threw out my hand over the broad space of bed which



extended on one side of me. It fell on something ice-cold—a human forehead! My fingers touched the hair parted away from it; the edge of my hand rested on the eyebrows, and over the hollow eye-spaces beneath. Whether I swooned or not I cannot tell. The next thing I was sensible of was the sound of the old man's voice in that terrible cry of his, "God help me!"

There was a light in the room: the curtains on the farther side of the bed were drawn aside. On his knees, his head and arms leaning over the bed, was the old man. On the bed (I saw it as plainly as I see these words I am writing) was the corpse of a little girl, the small face ghastly white against the black frock in which she was dressed. I leaped out of bed with a half-shout, half-shriek. I was nearly mad!

I cannot narrate exactly what passed: I know the room was soon full of the inn-people. Sickness and faintness came over me. I can remember the landlady chafing my hands and my forehead, and liquid being poured down my throat. Soon, however, I came to myself. Notwithstanding all the hubbub, the old man still knelt by the bed-side. There was no corpse upon the bed; the coverlet on that side lay smooth and unpressed. Round the old man most of the people were gathered. I saw them lift him up into the bed, lift him with difficulty as an inert weight. He was dead!

We collected in the kitchen where the turf-covered fire soon burned up into a blaze. They asked me many questions; they reproached themselves for having put me to sleep in that room. They asked me whether I had locked the door. Much pity was expressed by all for the poor dead gentleman. I learned now about him and his little girl. Seven years ago (as the hostess had begun to tell me on the previous night) on New-year's Eve, he and a little girl had first made their appearance at the inn. The child was very ill, apparently in the last stage of consumption. She was obliged to be lifted out of the coach. She was carried up into the room which I had occupied that night, placed upon the bed on which I had slept, and there she died. The funeral had taken place from the inn, and she was buried in the shadow of the church whose bells we had listened to as they rang in the New Year. The father was desperately afflicted at the loss: she was an only child, and, as it seemed, the sole near relative that he had in the world. He lingered at the inn for many weeks, and then, when at length he left, could scarcely tear himself away. On the next New-year's Eve he came again. From the coachman they learned of his strange conduct on the road. He was insane; perfectly harmless, however, and sane enough on all points but one. This one point was that he fancied his little dead girl was still travelling with him. He had taken an inside place for her in

the coach, and had shown the greatest care and anxiety for this phantom throughout the journey. "It's best to humour him," said the coachman; and they found it to be best. Every New-year's Eve the same thing happened. The poor old man became known along the road. Every time, the two places were taken in the coach; every time, the same kind of scenes that I had witnessed occurred. At this little north country inn they looked for him regularly, and he had not missed coming one year since his daughter's death.

"He was as quiet as a child," said my hostess, "and easier to manage. He took to Kezzy, and she to him, and she could lead him to do anything. I don't think he was very unhappy; he was more restless and unsettled. Sometimes the truth seemed to come across him like a flash, and then he always cried, 'God help me!' as you heard him, sir. I think he had misgivings whether his fancy was real or not at times, and seemed to try to convince himself that it was real. He used to go upstairs to the empty bed, and that always seemed to satisfy him that the child was there. I wonder, sir, whether he saw the little girl—I mean, whether he fancied he saw her? I have often wondered about that."

Thus my hostess talked, and much more. Soon after dawn I hired the horse which was to convey me to my friends, and set forth. The old man was laid out cold and stiff on the bed where his daughter had rested before him. I looked at his corpse before I left, and there was a smile on the thin face. When I came back some fortnight afterwards, I learned that he had been buried in the village church-yard. All possible inquiries had been made about him, but little had been discovered. I never heard of him more, never visited that inn again; and the incidents of that night seem to me more like some strange and horrible dream than like reality.

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## GRIEF'S ESTIMATE.

BY JAMES EDMESTON.

Tears do not measure grief:

The eyes may flow,

Yet very slight and brief

May be the woe.

No! 'tis the beating heart—the trembling nerve;

The mind dejected, agitated, torn;

The thoughts confus'd that from their balance swerve,

Which mark how deep the grief of those who  
mourn.

## THE FABULOUS IN HISTORY.

In an age somewhat remarkable for its sceptical and incredulous tendencies, it is curious to note the extent of credulity which prevailed in former generations. Our ancestors of the middle ages seem to have had an enormous capacity of belief; there was scarcely anything, however strange or marvellous, which they did not readily accept as fact, and promulgate to their descendants without suspicion of its truth being ever reasonably entertained. To say nothing of the absurd pretensions ascribed to magic, astrology, or alchemy, or of their easy faith in all manner of omens, prodigies, apparitions, and strange portents, there is to us something still more eminently surprising in the extraordinary stories they accredited as authentic facts of history. The mass of incoherent absurdities that have been handed down to us by the writers of those times is such as to make us wonder on what principles of investigation they could have ever appeared probable, and excite in us an unlimited astonishment at the ignorant simplicity of mankind. Attempts have accordingly been made to account for the preposterous credulity thus exhibited; and it would appear to be clearly traceable to a general looseness of thought—a dim intellectual perceptiveness, incident to minds very imperfectly enlightened; in other words, to a state of society in which strict methods of inquiry were unknown, and in which, as yet, there had been no development of logical or scientific principles.

Omitting some subordinate circumstances, there were three leading causes to which the corruption of history in the middle ages is now, with apparent accuracy, ascribed. The first cause is believed to have been the sudden introduction of the art of writing, and the consequent fusion of different local traditions, till then preserved orally and kept distinct; traditions which, while individually separate, might to some extent be accurate, but when united and confounded with each other, became false. The second cause was the change of religion from Paganism to Christianity; a change which acted in two ways, producing, in course of time, not merely an interruption of the old traditions, but also, in many cases, an interpolation of them with new extraneous materials. And the third cause—probably the most powerful of all—was, that history from this time became monopolized by a class of men whose professional, monkish habits made them quick to believe, and who, moreover, had a direct interest in increasing the general credulity, since it was the basis on which they established their own authority.

By the operation of these causes, the history of Europe became corrupted to an extent for which there is no parallel in any other period. History, properly speaking, there was none

existing; and in the absence of real facts to be related, their place was supplied by vague rumours and the wildest possible inventions. One species of these inventions is particularly worth noticing, inasmuch as they evince that extravagant reverence for antiquity, which is a marked characteristic of those classes by whom history was then written. We allude to fictions regarding the origin of different nations, in all of which the spirit of the middle ages is very discernible. During many centuries, it was believed by every people that they were directly descended from ancestors who had been present at the siege of Troy. That was a proposition which no one thought of doubting. There might be some question about the details of so illustrious a descent, but the substantial reality of the main circumstance was universally accepted. As regards the details even, there was a certain unanimity of opinion; since, not to mention inferior countries, it was admitted that the French were descended from Francus, whom everybody knew to be the son of Hector; and it was also known that the Britons came from Brutus, whose father was no other than the renowned Æneas. Whence this information was originally derived, or on what grounds of testimony it was received, no one thought of inquiring; it was enough to know that it had been previously believed, and no question was entertained as to the authenticity of the statement.

Touching the origin of particular places, the historians of the middle ages are no less circumstantial. "In the accounts they give of them," says a modern author, "as well as in the lives they write of eminent men, the history usually begins at a very remote period; and the events relating to their subject are often traced back, in an unbroken series, from the moment when Noah left the ark, or even when Adam passed the gates of Paradise. On other occasions, the antiquity they assign is somewhat less; but the range of their information is always extraordinary. They say that the capital of France is called after Paris, the son of Priam, because he fled there when Troy was overthrown. They also mention that Tours owed its name to being the burial-place of Turonus, one of the Trojans; while the city of Troyes was actually built by the Trojans, as its etymology clearly proves. It was well ascertained that Nuremberg was called after the Emperor Nero; and Jerusalem after King Jebus, a man of vast celebrity in the middle ages, but whose existence later historians have not been able to verify. The river Humber received its name because, in ancient times, a king of the Huns had been drowned in it. The Gauls derived their origin, according to some, from Galathia, a female descendant of



Japhet; according to others, from Gomer, the son of Japhet. Prussia was called after Prussus, a brother of Augustus. This was remarkably modern; but Silesia had its name from the Prophet Elisha—from whom, indeed, the Silesians descended; while as to the city of Zurich, its exact date was a matter of dispute; but it was unquestionably built in the time of Abraham. It was likewise from Abraham and Sarah that the gipsies immediately sprung. The Scotch certainly came from Egypt; for they were originally the issue of Scota, who was a daughter of Pharaoh, and who bequeathed to them her name. On sundry similar matters the middle ages possessed information equally valuable. It was well known that the city of Naples was founded on eggs; and it was also known that the order of St. Michael was instituted in person by the archangel, who was himself the first knight, and to whom, in fact, chivalry owes its origin. In regard to the Tartars, that people, of course, proceeded from Tartarus; which some theologians said was an inferior kind of hell, but others declared to be hell itself. However this might be, the fact of their birthplace being from below was undisputable, and was proved by many circumstances which showed the fatal and mysterious influence they were able to exercise. For the Turks were identical with the Tartars; and it was notorious that since the cross had fallen into Turkish hands, all Christian children had ten teeth less than formerly; an universal calamity which there seemed to be no means of repairing.”\*

Other points relating to the history of past events and circumstances were cleared up in the same astonishing fashion. It may not be generally known that, during many centuries, the only animal-food in common use in Europe was pork; beef, veal, and mutton being comparatively modern articles of diet, and almost at that period unknown. It therefore created some surprise when the Crusaders returned from the East, and told their countrymen that they had been among a people who, like the Jews, reckoned pork unclean, and did not eat it; and the feelings of lively wonder thus excited brought out some curious particulars in explanation of the fact. The subject was taken up by Matthew Paris, the most eminent historian during the thirteenth century, and one of the most eminent during the whole of the middle ages. This celebrated writer informed his wondering contemporaries that the Mahometans refuse to eat pork on account of a singular circumstance which happened to their prophet. It appears that Mahomet, having, on one occasion, gorged himself with food and drink till he was in a state of insensibility, fell asleep on a dunghill, and in this disgraceful condition was discovered by a litter of pigs. The pigs, no doubt disgusted by the spectacle, attacked the fallen prophet, and stifled him to death; for which reason his followers abominate pigs, and, quite consistently, decline to eat their

flesh. This striking fact satisfactorily explains one great peculiarity of the Mahometans; and another fact, equally striking, is adduced to show how the Mahometan sect first came into existence; for it was well known, says Matthew, that Mahomet was originally a Cardinal of the holy Catholic church, and only became a heretic because he failed in his ambitious design of being elected Pope!

Such ingenious explanations of perplexing events and customs must have been found extremely edifying; and had it been the practice of the people of those times to erect statues in honour of their instructors, Matthew Paris would have probably been deemed worthy of that flattering species of commemoration. His historical achievements, however, are equalled, if not surpassed, by another notable historian, named Matthew of Westminster, with whose name, at least, most readers are probably familiar. This distinguished writer, who flourished in the fourteenth century, directed his attention, among other matters, to the history of Judas, in order to discover the circumstances under which the character of that arch-apostate was formed. His researches seem to have been very extensive; but their principal results were, that Judas, when an infant, was deserted by his parents, and exposed on an island called Scarioth, from whence he received the name of Judas Iscariot. To this the historian adds, that after Judas grew up, he, among other enormities, slew his own father, and then married the widow, his own mother. A man of such villainous antecedents could not be expected to come to a good end; and therefore it was in strict accordance with his character that he should have first betrayed his master and then hanged himself. In another part of his history, Matthew mentions a fact interesting to those who study the antiquities of the Papal See. It seems, some question had been raised as to the propriety of kissing the Pope's toe, and even theologians had their doubts touching so singular a ceremony. But this difficulty was set at rest by the learned Westminster historian, who explains the true origin of the custom. He says that formerly it had been usual to kiss the *hand* of his Holiness; but that towards the end of the eighth century, a certain lewd woman, in making the Pope an offering, not only kissed his hand, but also incontinently pressed it. Whereupon the Pope, seeing danger from such carnal contact, cut off the polluted hand, and thus escaped the contamination to which he had been exposed. Since that time, the precaution had been taken of kissing the Pope's toe instead of his hand; and lest any one should doubt the accuracy of the account, the historian assures us that the hand which had been cut off five or six hundred years before, was still, in his own time, existing at Rome, where indeed it was a standing miracle, being preserved in the Lateran in its original state, free from any appearance of corruption! And as some readers might wish to be informed respecting the Lateran itself, where the hand was kept, this also was considered by the

\* Buckle's "History of Civilization," pp. 287-8.

historian, and, in another part of his work, a lucid explanation given. He connects it with the emperor Nero; relating how this wicked persecutor of the faith, on one occasion, vomited a frog covered with blood, which he believed to be his own progeny, and therefore caused to be shut up in a vault, where it remained hidden for a considerable period. Now, in the Latin language, says Matthew (with a wondrous philological precision), *latente* means hidden, and *rana* means a frog; so that, by putting these two words together, we obtain a compound which points to the origin of the Lateran—that being, in fact, a building erected where the frog was found!

It would be easy, as Mr. Buckle observes, to fill volumes with the account of similar notions; all of which were devoutly believed in those curious middle ages. Whether “Ages of Faith,” or not, as they are sometimes called, they were evidently ages of remarkable credulity. As further evidence of this credulity, let us take a glance at the surprising romances which passed current as authentic histories of Prince Arthur and Charlemagne; histories which, of all others, were, during a long period the most popular, exercised most influence, and were most universally accredited. Both productions bear the names of dignitaries of the church, and were received with the respect due to their illustrious authors. That concerning Charlemagne is called the “Chronicle of Turpin,” and purports to be written by Turpin, Archbishop of Rheims, a friend of the Emperor, and his companion in his military exploits. From some passages it contains, Mr. Buckle thinks there is reason to believe that it was really composed at the beginning of the twelfth century; but, as he remarks, “in the middle ages, men were not nice in these matters, and no one was likely to dispute its authenticity. Indeed, the name of an Archbishop of Rheims was sufficient recommendation; and we find accordingly, that in the year 1122 it received the formal approbation of the Pope; and that Vincent de Beauvais, one of the most celebrated writers in the thirteenth century, and tutor to the sons of Louis IX., mentions it as a work of value, and as being the principal authority of the reign of Charlemagne. A book thus generally read and sanctioned by such competent judges, must be a tolerable standard for testing the knowledge and opinions of those times.”

What then do we learn from this Chronicle of Turpin? It informs us that the invasion of Spain by Charlemagne took place in consequence of the direct instigation of St. James, the brother of St. John; who, of course, being long previously dead, must have revealed his wishes in some supernatural manner. The apostle being the cause of the attack, appears to have adopted measures to secure its success. When Charlemagne besieged Pamplona, that city made an obstinate resistance; but as soon as prayers were offered up by the invaders, the walls suddenly fell to the ground. After this the Emperor rapidly overran the whole country, almost

annihilated the Mohammedans, and built innumerable churches. But, the resources of Satan are very large; and to stop the progress of Christianity, he raised up an enormous giant, named Fenacut, who was descended from the ancient Goliath of Gath, and who proved a most formidable opponent—the most formidable, by far, of any the Christians had yet encountered. His strength was equal to that of forty men; his face measured a cubit; his arms and legs four cubits; his very fingers were three palms long; and his total height was twenty cubits. A thoroughly Brobdingnagian monster! Against him Charlemagne sent the most eminent warriors without avail; they were all easily discomfited by the giant, who, if he did not “grind their bones to make him bread,” at any rate cut them into mince-meat for the vultures. The Christians were naturally filled with consternation. In vain did more than twenty chosen men advance against the giant; not one returned from the field; Fenacut took them all under his arms, and carried them off into captivity. Matters were getting extremely desperate, when fortunately, at length, a proper knight appeared—the celebrated Orlando, who boldly challenged the giant to single combat. An obstinate fight ensued, and the Christian champion, not meeting with the success he expected, adroitly engaged his adversary in a theological discussion. Herein he was more than a match for the huge pagan; and in the heat of the controversy, he all of a sudden drew his sword, with which he smote the giant, and dealt him a fatal wound. Everything, of course, is fair in controversy and war; and there was accordingly great joy among the Christians over the fall of their stupendous enemy. After this, the Mohammedans were easily vanquished; the Christian arms triumphed; and Charlemagne divided Spain among those gallant followers who had aided him in effecting its conquest.

Touching the history of Prince Arthur, the middle ages possessed information equally authentic. Different accounts had, from very early times, been circulated respecting this celebrated British potentate; but their comparative value was still unsettled, when, in the twelfth century, the subject attracted the attention of Geoffrey, Archdeacon of Monmouth. This eminent personage, in the year 1147, published the result of his inquiries, in a work which he called *History of the Britons*. In this book he relates the life of Arthur, and also traces the circumstances which prepared the way for his appearance. The writer had some assistance from his friend Walter, Archdeacon of Oxford, who supplied him with most of the materials having reference to Arthur’s personal actions. The work is, therefore, the joint composition of the two archdeacons; and is entitled to respect, not only on this account, but also because it was one of the most popular productions of the mediæval ages.

The earlier part of this remarkable history is occupied with the result of those researches which the Archdeacon of Monmouth had made into the state of Britain prior to the accession of



Arthur. This does not much concern us in the present condition; though there are some few particulars which may incidentally be mentioned on account of their curiosity. The archdeacon, for instance, informs us, on some authority which he pleases to keep secret, that after the taking of Troy, Ascanius, one of its vanquished defenders, fled from the city, and begat a son, who became the father of the before-named Brutus, the founder of the British kingdom. In those days, England was peopled by giants, all of whom were slain by this Brutus, who, having extirpated the entire race, built London, settled the affairs of the country, and called it, after himself, by the name of Britain. Geoffery goes on to relate the actions of a long line of kings who succeeded Brutus, most of whom were renowned for their abilities, and some were famous for the prodigious occurrences that happened in their time. Thus, during the government of Rivallo, we are told that it rained blood for three consecutive days; and when Morvidus was on the throne, the coasts were infested by a horrid sea-monster (perhaps the sea-serpent), which having devoured innumerable persons, at length swallowed his Majesty himself.

These and similar matters are related by Geoffery as the fruit of his own inquiries; but in the subsequent account of Arthur, in which he was aided by his friend the Archdeacon of Oxford, still more surprising things are brought to light. King Arthur, it seems, owed his existence to a magical contrivance of Merlin, the celebrated sorcerer; the particulars of which are recorded with a minuteness which, considering the sacred character of the historians, is somewhat astounding. The subsequent actions of Arthur were conformable to his supernatural origin. His personal might was so great, that nothing could withstand it. He slew an immense number of Saxons, overran Norway, invaded Gaul, fixed his court at Paris, and made preparations to effect the conquest of all Europe. Like other heroes of his times, he occasionally fell in with giants, two of whom he killed in single combat. One of these giants, who inhabited the Mount of St. Michael, was the terror of the whole country, and destroyed all the soldiers sent against him, except those he took prisoners, in order to eat them, like oysters, while they were yet alive. It was a great deliverance when he fell a victim to Arthur's prowess; though there was another giant, named Ritho, who was, if possible, still more formidable: for Ritho, not content with warring on the meaner sort of people, actually clothed himself in furs which were made entirely of the beards of the kings he had killed! Him, also, as was right fitting, Arthur slew; but how he disposed of his remarkable costume, we believe, is not related, which is a sad oversight of the historian.

Such are some of the eccentric accounts of men and things which, under the name of history, formerly passed current with the world. And it is to be observed that they are not taken from obscure writers, but from the works of high church dignitaries, who were the most

liberally-cultured and most intelligent persons of their generation.

Geoffrey of Monmouth was raised to the bishopric of St. Asaph—a preferment which he is said to owe to the reputation of his book, which, moreover, on its first publication, was dedicated to Robert Earl of Gloucester, the son of Henry the First. As is remarked by Mr. Buckle—to whose researches we are indebted for the group of curiosities here collected—"A book thus stamped with every possible mark of approbation, is surely no bad measure of the age in which it was admired." One has only to compare it with any modern history, conceived in the spirit of modern investigation, to perceive the immense progress that has been made in the methods of historical inquiry. Such a comparison, moreover, affords an evident and very important proof of our advances in civilization—of the nearer and more perfect accuracy which is now demanded and attained in all departments of human interest and belief; proof, in short, that men are very considerably more cultivated and enlightened than they used to be; that they have reached a stage of intellectual development, in which Truth, and not Fables, is required to satisfy their mental cravings; and that if truth cannot be had, in historical or other provinces, it is best to admit that in such provinces there is nothing certain to be known, and with that result to be content. There is no good in tilling an utterly barren soil; and a wise husbandman will always choose to labour only in fields that are likely to yield him a return, in the shape of some reasonable crop. The history of every nation runs back into fabulous traditions, even as navigable rivers have their sources in intricate mountain-regions; and neither rivers nor nations are to be estimated by the misty remoteness of their origin—but rather by their services in the divine plan of the universe; in that vast and magnificent economy in which all earthly and human things are working, and are ordained to work, in subservience to the appointment and will of the Creator.

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THE MOTHER'S PORTRAIT.—In a certain \* \* and much-frequented room, hangs a large portrait. 'Tis a speaking likeness. There's love, and tenderness, and deep solicitude stamped upon its brow. Though not a word is uttered, yet again and still again that portrait speaks in kindest, dearest accents. It counsels, cautions, comforts. It reiterates in gentlest, sweetest, most loving tones, the words of bygone years. The feelings of that long-past, but not-forgotten day, are re-kindled. They come with freshness, vigour, tone; yea, more so now than when first awakened; because knowledge, proof, experience, has given weight, and force and truthfulness to the counsel and advice that were then enjoined. Whose is that likeness? 'Tis that of Jonathan's loved but long-departed mother.—*Old Jonathan*. (Penny broad-sheet).

## HERNE BAY IN WINTER.

BY JOVEN.

I have a passion for the sea—a craving and a need for it. Every year, as I sit quietly before my books, perhaps with a pen in my hand, there comes a sudden, bewildering giddiness over me; there is a singing in mine ears, a daz- zling before mine eyes, a vague desire in my arms. I can read no more; or, if by an effort, I *do* continue to spell through the weary pages, it is still like reading a book in an unknown tongue. O yes: “B-i-s-h-o-p P-e-r-c-y o-b- s-e-r-v-e-s”—Bishop Percy observes. Oh yes: now, what *does* he mean? Who was Bishop Percy? What did he observe? What is a bishop? I have it—the sea, the sea, the epis- copal see! Close the book. Bring me “Brad- shaw” hither, or that humorous production, the “*Intelligible Guide*.” I know what I wanted now; I know, now, what made me nervous, rest- less, feverish, uneasy; I know, now, what made me beat a tattoo upon the table with (you remem- ber the “Ancient Mariner”?) my “lean and skinny hand.” I wanted the old sea, the many- sounding main. In an ecstasy of relief, I shout (to the annoyance of Mrs. Minerva’s seminary next door) sundry snatches of verse— “Roll on, thou dark and deep blue ocean, roll;” “A life on the ocean wave, And a home on the rolling deep;” “I’m afloat, I’m afloat;” “On the glad waters of the deep blue sea;” “Here a sheer hulk lies poor Tom Bowling;” “Her march is o’er the mountain wave, Her home is on the deep;” and before Mrs. Minerva’s pupils have recovered from their astonishment at my wild howls (there will be a vacancy for *several*, next “half,” in consequence thereof), I have hastily run up-stairs, pounced upon the little bag that always accompanies me, and by next morning I am hurrying off to a station.

Where shall I go? There is Brighton. It is very easy to abuse Brighton, and I grant that the sea is weak, washy, and colourless—that there are no rocks, and that the chalk is hideously monotonous. Despite all that, I have a “sneaking kindness” for Brighton. It has been a good friend to me, has Brighton. Often, when I have been almost devoured by mingled illness and *ennui*, I have gathered up what was left of me, placed it in a railway car- riage, and found it healing wonderfully before I had been two hours away from London Bridge! Let Dr. Johnson say what he likes, in his rough, doctoral fashion, about the loneliness of the Downs: let him say that all the inhabitants would hang themselves *if* there was a tree to which they could hang. I respect the Doctor; but I tell him that, in this particular instance he twaddled. Why, the Downs are glorious! Crisp, elastic, thyme-embroidered and thyme- scented, daisy-sprinkled, sheep-dotted, shadow-

haunted, sunshine-blessed, they are the finest walking-ground, perhaps, in all England. I like the shepherds, even. The South Saxon was never the brightest of men; and his de- scendants are slow, heavy, painfully inarticu- late; but there *does* seem a certain substance, gravity, and honesty of thought about them, which, to me at least, is decidedly refreshing. Then, remember this, in an hour’s ride from Brighton you are at Arundel—Arundel, with its lordly castle and its bewilderingly-beautiful park! Arundel, with such glimpses of distant sea over sunshine-flooded lower ground as I have not found elsewhere in those districts. Still, I shall not go to Brighton. There are some swells there—I know it; I am sure of it; and I cannot face the swell. He looks at me super- ciliouly, gently raising his well-bred eyelids. The ghost of a genteel smile plays over his handsome countenance as he marks my boots and my stick. Out comes his eye-glass, and behold, I feel myself a sweep—a costermonger! I am madly tempted to exclaim, “Any ‘are- skins, cook?” and then run round the corner! I lose all sense of respectability: my throat be- comes parched: I have not courage enough to enter a bathing-machine, and hide me from his listless, but lancet-like regards. I will not go to Brighton.

Shall I go to Torquay? Humph! Well, you *are* lovely, young Queen of the South! You possess rocks, miss, where I can dream for hours: you have a sea beside you, which is never monotonous, never tame though rarely stormy; ever varying, though seldom rough. You have the remains of an abbey, miss, with about the best ivy round it that I know. You have a stone pier, miss, with the bonniest little boatlets that mortal need desire—bonny boatlets, with pleas- ant little blue oars that flash through the pleas- ant blue waters as swiftly as heart can wish. Miss, I adore you! but—but you have some people staying with you, down there. I don’t know them—I don’t want to know them; I would rather *not* know them. They are aris- tocrats, miss; stately, somewhat vacuous, slightly terrible, and “turning up” in all kinds of places when the humble gipsy is on his pe- destrian roamings. When the season is slightly more “dead,” and when your great acquaint- ances have left you, I, a humble, but sincere admirer, shall again have the pleasure of meeting you in your ancestral halls.

Shall I go to Margate? No, I shall not. Margate I have never visited, but I opine that Margate is ever noisy, ever fussy, ever shrimpy!

Shall I go to Ilfracombe? If you please I would rather not; for my holiday will be short,



and if I once get into North Devon I should not be able to tear myself away.

Shall I go to the Isle of Wight? Well, the Isle of Wight amuses me: I own that. It is so small; really, so funnily, so unusually, so unaccountably small! It is the micro-photograph of England. When you have a good magnifying glass with you, so that you can discover the scenery, you must needs own it to be "very pretty!" But you can't help laughing all the while—it is so small! Besides, it is a great place for wedding-trips; and the wisest, the calmest, the best of mortals, if he be a bachelor—though I grant this to be very unlikely—cannot look without envy, exasperation, and suicidal propensities upon a young English couple during the honeymoon.

I will go—for it is winter—to a place where I shall be alone. I will go to a place which the swell never names but with a laugh of scorn, if, indeed, he knows of its existence at all. I will go to a place which Bishopsgate and Farringdon have for months forsaken. I will go to a place where the one policeman on the land, and the one haddock in the sea, shall alone engross my thoughts.

Of course, I mean Herne Bay.

I am prepared for remonstrance; I am prepared for surprise; I am prepared for contumely and for contempt! I am quite aware that Herne Bay has no rocks; I am quite aware that the scenery is poor; I am quite aware that the place itself has been exposed to much ridicule, to a running fire of puns, a salvo of sarcasms; I know that the Clock-tower is laughable, and that the policeman shares an immortality of no enviable kind, with the Brook Green Militiaman—for all which I care not one straw! I have long had a passion to distinguish myself. In earlier youth I thought that the army might be my proper field. Since then, I have more than once desired to succeed the late respected hermit at Vauxhall. Circumstances were adverse; and so, with (I trust) the resignation becoming a Briton and a gentleman, I bowed my manly head. But now what an opportunity is mine! The enterprise, I grant, is arduous; it may even prove chimerical. Carried away by a rash enthusiasm, I may, perhaps, fall a victim to my generous zeal, and never receive another penny for contributing to the pages of this periodical: at any rate I will try. Even failure is a glory when our aims are noble and our courage high. "Impossible? Never name to me that fool of a word!" said Mirabeau to his secretary. And if I do succeed, the fame of my exploit will live for ever! Who has not heard of the gentleman who never read the Waverley novels? Who has not admired him for an abstinence so heroic? And for my part, I shall die happy if *this* can be recorded on my tombstone—"He died young; but he went, in winter, to Herne Bay."

I went: I have returned; and I really enjoyed the trip. Not that the weather was particularly delightful; on the contrary, those who object to incessant rain might have pronounced it infamous. Mr. Alexander Smith, who was "the

new poet" in 1853, has a good line. Speaking of a doubtful and cheerless future, he says it is "all dark and barren as a rainy sea." A rainy sea was what I beheld at Herne Bay, as I stood alone upon the deserted pier. The policeman himself was invisible; the butcher had gone to Canterbury; the bathing-machines looked sulky and sodden; the voice of the cryer, "musical as is Apollo's lute," was no longer to be heard; and the marker at the billiard-rooms, after playing three games against himself and winning them all, had been heard to say that "things were very dead!" All this somewhat depressed me. I had thought of coming back again; other thoughts, less pusillanimous, of going over to Whitstable, eating many oysters, and bribing the landlord to date my bill, "Dolphin, Herne Bay," that I might thus impose upon my friends. My courage rejected the first course, my integrity the second; and I stopped. What chiefly tried me was this—the sea was dumb! Over those poor sands it came—not rolling: there was no room, no depth for it to roll; but absolutely *creeping*. It irresistibly reminded me of the "Ivy Green;" looking at its slow advance, then meditating on the solitude of the place, I sang, though hoarsely,

"Creeping where no life is seen,  
A regular *plant* is this blue serene!"

Only it wasn't blue—not the least in the world. It was a cold, dingy grey. Where misty sea ended, and where misty sky began, you could not tell; as well endeavour to count the sands on the shore, or to calculate how many individuals had *not* come to Herne Bay—bay? I laughed; and the laugh sounded cold and hollow. Call this a *bay*! this *scoop* of unprepossessing sands, stained with grey water! Then is Rosherville, Tivoli; Muswell Hill, Frascati; and the river Lea, the Father of Waters; then is there no difference between the Isles of Greece, ditto repeated, where burning Sappho lived and sung, and the Isle of Dogs; none between Shooter's Hill and Chimborazo. When I went to bed that night, I determined to leave Herne Bay by the first opportunity.

I overslept myself. To the knock at my door,—to the words, "Bus will be off in a minnit, sir!" I growled a sulky response; and when I came down-stairs, behold there was—a rainbow. Rainbow of hope, or rainbow of warning? Neither; rainbow regarding neither past nor future; rainbow lighting up the sea now; rainbow summoning me out, and assuring me abundant pleasure now. If only I could have walked! I could not: I tried the beach, and I tried the bank, but both were so miserably wet that I sank in, ankle-deep, at almost every step. And the wind was rising, cold, cheerless, continuous. And I knew not the name of one mortal in Herne Bay, save my landlord. And I had a most delightful morning, though the rainbow soon faded away. For, as I walked along, I set that old magician, Memory, to work; and very soon he so flooded my soul

with recollections of lovelier mornings by brighter seas, he brought back so clearly and so vividly many of the very happiest hours of my life, that I grew grandly tolerant, and began to like even Herne Bay.

It is one of the blessings of our glorious English climate that the clouds are so abundant. You tell me of dark blue Italian skies, over which scarcely one wind-flecked cloud ever wanders: I tell you, of such skies, firstly, that I do not believe in their existence, and secondly, that I never want to see them. What do I care for a sky that is monotonously beautiful, monotonously calm? Give me a brisk breeze; let the clouds, piled up in snowy masses, suddenly break and crash into aerial foam; now flashing into bewildering gold, when the light of the morning sun strikes their jagged outlines, now drifting, drifting rapidly away like a flock of sea-birds; and I cheerfully resign to you as many "cloudless heavens" as you like. Now, this winter morning there was little light, little radiance; but oh! the magic and mystery of the shifting shadows! Specially there was one effect, which I have seldom seen rendered on canvas: islands, so to speak, of livid green, driven rapidly over the surface of the sea, in a kind of wild, ghastly, ghostly dance, ever-changing but incessant, and mysterious as the wondrous colour of a dream. I have never, even in the height of summer, when the blood-red sun has gone down behind the waves, and left a trail of fire in the sky, seen anything that impressed me half so much; and chiefly for this reason, that the colour was altogether indescribable—not to be analyzed, only to be seen and to be wondered at. As I looked at it, there came back to me all the old wonder of the sea. Its beauty I have drank in, lavishly, untiringly, many and many a time; but to-day all its old sanctity and mystery came back, as on the day when first I felt them. How well I remember that day,—vaguely as to its detail, perfectly as to its emotions.

I was born in a house that stood but a few hundred yards from the sea; and so, about my earliest recollections are of paddlings among the pebbles, and dabbings with the sands, and fruitless chase of little land-crabs, and long childish starings at the restless gulls, and vague surmises as to where those winged wonders came from. One day—was it in July? was it in August?—one day, there was given to us at school a half-holiday; and boys, ushers, and all, set out on a walk to a certain coombe. It was hot, hot. We lagged by the way; we felt inclined to fling ourselves down under the full shady hedges, and there drowsily dose; but we kept on, and reached the coombe. I know there was much bathing; I know there was much stone-throwing at a certain stately old rock that didn't pay the least attention to our throws. I know that, personally, I neither bathed nor threw, but lay supine upon the hot white pebbles, pretty much by myself, and dreaming in a boy's fashion. And at last the sunset came. I remember nothing about the

colours of the sky; I remember only that the good usher got some of us boys together, and began to tell stories; I remember that his story was of smuggling. Yes; there was a cliff of dark clayey red, on our right; and we sat down under it on the beach.

And this bold smuggler, he had sailed away: and he had traded and fought; and there was to be a light on a certain night shining on a lofty cliff—"like that, boys,"—and when he saw that light shining there through the night, he would know, you see, that his poor wife was watching for him. Why she was watching I cannot say; but I know that by this time the sun had set, and over the red cliff shone the young moon. And he saw the light often and often; and at last, on one sad night, he saw it no more; and he came ashore, and he found that his wife was dead.

That was all the story—nothing in it, as you truly say,—but as I listened there, all the boys a-hush, and only the low roll of the falling tide mingling with the quiet voice of the speaker, somehow the story found its way to my heart. Ah! then, there was a world of passion, and struggle, and labour, for men? and a world of weary, eternal watching and waiting, for women? and the old sea, all the while, rolling, rolling for evermore?

It was the first day on which I learnt it—or rather felt it; and always from that day the sea was something more for me than a mighty plaything—was something wild, mysterious, almost cruel. This day saw what I call the dawn of poetry in my heart. Look you, I am not a poet: I cannot—as, if I were a poet I could—make you feel all this as I felt it. I cannot give you the hush that had fallen upon those young hearts, nor tell you how the cliff had come to be a witness to the story, and how the sea itself seemed to confirm it: I cannot show you all this, but there is an inarticulate poetry beyond that which one man's voice can convey to another's ear. The power of utterance is a glory; but the power of reception is a blessing; and of all the many mercies for which a grateful heart can thank the Infinite Spirit, there is none, perhaps, greater than this, the faculty of receiving poetry. Thank God! it is nearly as common as daisies. For the one whose clear ringing voice can celebrate the infinite beauty and the infinite love in no unfitting terms, there are thousands and tens of thousands who can echo that eloquent psalm.

That day of my boy-life, I trust, will be fresh and green with me for ever. I have seen grander sights since then; I have felt my heart throb with a far stronger and wilder rapture; but that day was the first, and therefore the purest, on which I felt the majesty and enchantment of nature, the romance and the passion of life. And thou, kindly usher, where art thou? Thou art dim, quite dim, to my memory; thy very name I have forgotten; and yet I seem still to hear those quiet gentle words that so stirred my heart. If by any chance thou—poor fellow! one of that terribly-tortured tribe, who



share with governesses a martyrdom of daily crucifixion,—should'st see these poor lines, at least take the thanks of one who owes thee much, very much!

I went away from that adorable county of mine, left the rocks and the woodlands for the brick desert of London. And then came that other thirst, that other passion, for books. Books—books—books: be they of fiction, be they of history, be they of travel,—books—books—books! How we used to read, good friends! With what a zealous, eager haste and hurry did we rush from one strange story to another; none stranger than those great old tales which, being just a trifle less fabulous than Coleridge's "Kublai Khan," men have agreed to call history. What an event was the reading of old Livy! I have not had the heart to read Niebuhr; I shall never, I think, read Niebuhr. I believe in all those old Roman fables. If they are not correct, they are true. Truth is higher than accuracy, or rather, truth supplies, fills up, and completes mere correctness. Photography is correct: art is true. Then, there was Clarendon; I did not read him for his "reflections," or his "characters;" I read him for his pictures of battle in Old England. And, then, the story of Raleigh, who will some day, perhaps, find a biographer, when Mrs. Schimmelpenninck, Sir Fowell Buxton, and Captain Hedley Vicars have all been sufficiently commemorated.

With the stories of Raleigh, Drake, and the other Devonshire worthies, came back with tenfold force that boyish love of the sea, and above all, of the sea as it plays and gleams round old Devon herself. I am a narrow-minded islander, and worse than that, I love my country, and I love my county, and I love my parish. Had I a beadle, I would love my beadle. I have an intense relish for the things which are near me in this plain Old England; and though I, too, have my desires for foreign travel—desires, above all, to pass a year in Norway, the wonderful,—yet I make myself happy enough with the fields and broad roads that lie round me. Delighted to make the acquaintance of the Pyrenees, but as yet I have not got tired of Dartmoor. Mont Blanc? Yes: you were in Piccadilly, I believe? Allow me to introduce you to Highgate!

So, it comes to pass that most of my sea reminiscences are connected with the west country where I was born; and I do trust and believe that I have not seen my last of Northam Burroughs and the wonderful pebble-ridge, outside which Mr. Kingsley's hero, huge Amyas Leigh, wallowed and wontoned with the waves; of Hartland Church-tower—Hartland, the "Ultima Thule" of Devon—from which, smoking a contemplative *brûle-gueule*, I looked out, one bright June day, over the rolling Cornish moor-land, and saw the sea, all hushed now, which in winter raves and lashes round that sublime coast, sending its foam far inland, whilst the winds that scourge it into madness, cleave onwards still, cutting the trees as with a knife, sharp and direct; of Lyndale, valley of enchant-

ment, hot and steamy, through its very exuberance of vegetable life, but with distant glimpses of a marvellously-coloured sea, and distant intimations of the pleasant breeze; of Dartmouth Harbour, where, past the old castle on the right, the noble river goes grandly to sea; of Clovelly the unspeakable; or of a certain hill, high in Dartmoor, from which you look out over all South Devon, sleeping in the summer haze at your feet, with the distant sea for its magic girdle of beauty. I trust that a certain rock which I know, a mile or two out to sea, will again see me make fast my little boat and leap out, startling the two goats that browse on the scanty herbage scattered on its surface, and then peeping at the innumerable sea-anemones, and then standing up, hat-in-hand, to catch the glorious stream of fresh cool air that urges in towards the land.

And, assuredly, I have not seen my last of thee, little coombe, where I heard the smuggler's story! Somehow, that coombe is not so wonderful as it once was,—the rocks are not so high, the cliffs are not so red. "And is this Yarrow?" Well, I suppose it is; and if "Yarrow" is not quite so lovely as it once was, perhaps the fault is not "Yarrow's," but mine. *Quien sabe?* as the philosophical Mexican says, displacing his cigarito for a moment, that he may lazily ask the question. *Quien sabe?* I don't. I do not wish to. I know the sea is still there, though the gulls have been frightened away by the quarry-men; and if there is no smuggler's light from the red cliff, at any rate there are sun, and moon, and stars there. With which, being a modest individual, I am contented.

Being a very modest individual, I am contented with Herne Bay. I could wish for a little finer weather, certainly, for I am quite sure that it is going to rain in an hour or two. All the more reason for enjoying the present moment—Which I do: partly, in happy recollections, partly in watching those wonderful shadows on the sea. Then, bless my soul! there are gulls here! gulls by hundreds—yonder—on the sands! Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! Excuse me; I am quite certain that I shall not hit any of you, and I shall take the liberty to throw a pebble at you. There! is there anything lovelier than a flock of gulls suddenly trooping out to sea, winnowing the air with their white wings, darting, glancing, circling, and then clustering together on the crests of the little waves? Why, of itself, this sight well repays me for the journey. And—yonder—is that a gull? Not so; it is a cheery, little cockle-shell of a skiff that is gliding away, London-wards. And what was that sound?

Patter, patter, patter; drip, drip, drip; down comes the rain, and back go I—back to mine inn. Wherein I shall not be utterly alone. Says the poet:

"No one is so accursed by fate,  
No one so utterly desolate,  
But some heart, though unknown,  
Responds unto his own."

Right, my bard ; and the heart which, not unknown, responds unto my own, is that of little George, my landlord's son and heir. For, if my stay-at-home, parochial, local principles, have their inconveniences, they have their blessings too. Foremost amongst which, I count this—that having an immense liking for Englishmen, their wives and children, I generally contrive to “fraternise” with somebody. Somebody, on this occasion, is, as I have before intimated, little George. And thus it befell: Last night, instead of moping in my private room, casting up the day's expenses, and calculating the morrow's outlay, I, hearing much laughter in the kitchen-districts, did proceed thereunto, and found—little George. Little George is a stout, cheery, little piece of mischief and fun, with strong tendencies towards unsolicited vocalization, in which efforts his disregard of tune is redeemed by his tremendous energy of expression. Suffice it to say, that with little George and others, I—you may laugh at me as much as you like, sir! you may complain to the Editor if you please, madam!—did, incontinently, forgetful of the dignity of literature, play snap-dragon—and the fool. I don't care. I like snap-dragon, and I like loud, unrepressed, “ungentle” shouts of laughter; I like dressing myself up in shawl and bonnet, and running round the room, with a little baby's tiny hands patting my unblushing countenance; I like blind-man's-buff, and intend to play it on every possible occasion; I like to make little George cough by puffing tobacco-smoke into his face; I like to propose that young gentleman as chairman, and then to make him laugh by grimaces, the unassuming imbecility of which must be seen to be appreciated: and so, liking all this, I did indulge in it, and if I ever go to Herne Bay again—which is not very probable—I daresay little George will be glad to see me.

All I know is, that when I went away, he pulled my coat-tails with the friendliest, jolliest impudence imaginable, and that I have spent much less cheerful hours than those few in the kitchen of a Kentish country inn. But it still rained—pausing for a few moments to blow—then raining again; and so I came away. As I rode to the train, it was chiefly blowing; but old Herne Church looked sadly dismal and weather-beaten. Brave old church, and dear little village! It has a story, that old church: it is one of the most memorable churches in all England, if that story be true. For they say that here, when Ridley was vicar, the *Te Deum* was for the first time sung in English. Is not that an “association”? To us, it is a mighty one. Can we not conceive that plain, country-congregation, three centuries and more ago, listening with a wonderful eagerness to the new words—words that told them, even the dullest of them, how henceforth the service of God should be held in the language of the people? No longer a mere privileged class, no longer only the learned and rich, should sing God's praise in an unknown tongue; no, but “*We* praise Thee,

O God!” we, fishermen and farmers of Herne—we, in our own intelligible speech. And the whole of them must have felt a thrill of sacred resolve startle them, as that bold Ridley, who was faithful even to the death, called on them, not as Christians only, but as Englishmen too, to stand by the newly-opened truths. To us, that church, which has all fit “decorated,” and also “perpendicular” architecture, has much more interest *unarchitecturally*.

Home, now, as the night falls past noble old Canterbury, and then by the long, long, South Eastern line—a wonderful route, which takes you from Canterbury to London, via Reigate and Croydon; much as though a man seeking to go from the Bank to Charing Cross, should take Camberwell Green on his way. The winds blew wildly and bleakly over the Weald of Kent; we got drowsy; we nodded, ye or you nodded, they nodded, let us nod, let them nod, he might could would or should nod, nod thou, to nod, nodding, nodding, nodding. But even the South Eastern line does terminate, and we reached home, somewhat tired, “but that not much,” and with the proud conviction that we had done a deed, the like of which has seldom been attempted by mortal men. It may, perhaps, be equalled: it can never be excelled.

## THE PRIMROSE.

BY ELEANOR F. COBBY.

Pale starry flower! whose early smile  
Sends light to Britain's stormy isle  
When all her gloomy woods are bare,  
And not a leaf hangs trembling there;  
Youth's eyes on thee delighted dwell,  
And sterner ages love thee well.

But when the hours of spring advance,  
With love and hope in their bright glance;  
When rustling leaf and singing bird  
Throughout the free green land is heard;  
We do forget thy gentle bloom  
That smiled for us in hours of gloom.

Alas, pale flower! thy fate imparts  
The mournful tale of constant hearts.  
Tho' they have cheered our hopeless years,  
And loved us on thro' smiles and tears,  
When fortune brightens o'er our lot  
Their faithful friendship is forgot.

When those soft eyes are closed in night,  
That to the last looked love's fond light;  
When other friends around us stand,  
And pride puts forth her freezing hand;  
We do forget their early tomb  
Who smiled for us in hours of gloom.

We do forget, when clouds depart,  
And only sunshine warms the heart,  
Those bygone days of grief and care  
When our pale lips were stirred in prayer,  
When streaming eyes and clasped hand  
Craved mercy from the “better land.”



## LIZZIE REDDED.

*(In Two Chapters.)*

## CHAP. I.

They called her, up there, in the coal district where she was born, Lizzie Redded (Red-head), because of the colour of her hair; but her real name was Lizzie Fairburn.

When it began to be talked of, that Willie—handsome Willie, who was a winning lad, began “to take notice” of Lizzie, there was not a girl about but felt herself personally wounded, because every girl knew herself to be handsomer than Lizzie; and it was an insult to her that Willie, being handsome, should “take on” with Lizzie. And Willie *was* handsome (in the winning way). He would “oopset yer” in the jolliest manner, and twinkle the blue eyes in a fund of goodtemper, as you lay trying to recover yourself amongst the flints: in fact, he was what might be called, by a rigid police reporter, “a far from unhandsome giant of a man.” And he drank—oh, he drank wondrously; and his chest went up and down, after a quart of beer, like an earthquake: in a word or so, he was an admirable fellow, up in the coal district; but he would not have been liked generally amongst the authorities who keep the blood of the parish of St. Giles’s in order.

See you, if one is not handsome, one is rather grateful for attention received; and, as gratitude is a sweet feeling, I suppose it is some compensation for red hair, and an appearance calculated to create anger; after which sentence the present writer plainly declares that, for all that, he would considerably sooner be handsome than grateful. Lizzie was very grateful to Willie.

The young people of Willie’s whereabouts, who were not of the masculine gender, took three special objections to the Lizzie and Willie proceedings. First, Willie was too young—nineteen was too young—though, indeed, he looked older and had a beard like a frothy waterfall. Second, Lizzie was too old; that was to say, that though she wasn’t old in years, being only twenty-three, she was so *old-fashioned*; and then, you know, she couldn’t see as well as she could wish, and how could she with those light eyes of hers? Third, and really most important objection, “It wurrent propur like;” which, translated into modern and cynical English, meant that the speaker rather did not like the whole business.

And it must be confessed that the girls, who were not quite so ugly as Lizzie, were a great deal harder upon her than even the beauties; because each naturally thought, if Willie didn’t want a beauty—and he showed his sense in not wanting to, for we all know what wives beauties make—he need not have gone so low as Lizzie, need

he? “No,” said No. 2; and each thought Willie might have rapped at the door of her heart, and made a few enquiries.

But when, three days after the information had spread in the circular manner, market-day arrived and Lizzie too, in a new blue kerchief—of course “blue,” seeing the colour of her hair (they *will* increase the bright colour)—those unfortunate people, the girls, could hardly contain themselves; the new kerchief was such a brazen insult. But the tumult was as nothing compared with the general contempt, when Willie arrived and walked by Lizzie’s side, and looked down upon her in the manner of a satisfied Lancashire Jove. The general contempt was expressed by compression of the lips and elevation of the chin, intimating, generally, that the parties could speak; but self-respect was dominant.

And perhaps this is how handsome Willie came to fall in love, or rather fall in vanity, with Lizzie Redded.

Lizzie, from humility, took no notice of Willie. If he spoke to her, she answered; she never spoke first. Whereas all the girls in the place flung themselves at handsome Willie, as girls do and should fling themselves at handsome men. Yes, do and *SHOULD*. I must not say here why women *should* turn towards handsome men, but I believe the motive arises from that “instinct beyond reason,” which a very great writer has called the “direct hand of God;” for it is useless to deny that a perfect man slays women’s hearts as the car of Juggernaut once crushed men, in heaps. That handsome men do not make very kind husbands is quite another question; for a man is but a vain animal, ladies, and is willing to think quite enough of himself: so, if you flatter him, not one alone of you shall have all the thought he can spare from himself.

Well, Lizzie, taking no notice of Willie from her humility, Willie took a deal of notice of Lizzie, in consequence of wounded vanity, and was frequently passing the little, horrid hut, where the girl and her mother did their very best to live. Yes, and it was on Sunday, the 10th of June, as it came out afterwards, that, without any preliminaries, Willie said to Lizzie, as he lounged at the door-post, “Lizzie, wilt ’av me, lass?”

Whereat Lizzie scudded away behind the door, and there thrust her garments into her mouth; while her old mother squealed with wonder, as she sat in her old chair by the fire—they can afford fires up in the North at all times of the year. And it is on record that when the youth went to, and did lug the maiden forth

with one little finger : she thus resisted—"Laird, lad, what a fule yebbe makin' om mey!" which, reduced to the language of the South, means that Lizzie had an idea that the other was indulging in badinage.

But when Willie said he really meant what he said, Lizzie wiped her eyes with that red hair of hers, which had been shaken down, and which she was preparing to arrange.

Well, when red-haired people *do* begin to love, they love like an express train goes; and when Lizzie began to love, she wondered that she had not "taken to't" long before.

And her gratitude was so great, that her love was mean. By the next Sunday, when old Mrs. Fairburn brought out four China cups and saucers (three pair to use, and the fourth for ornament)—by that time Lizzie had so far forgotten her dignity that it is just possible that if Willie had wanted a human footstool the girl would have plumped down on her hands and knees straight.

And then the most delightful thing for Willie was that Lizzie was quite willing to show her humble love for him before the whole place. Actually the next market-day, after the blue kerchief, coming to a muddy place, she positively stooped down, without asking him, and tucked up his garments out of the mud. Willie blushed; but he rather liked it, for he was a king; but when Hannah, the belle who had coquetted enough with Willie, heard of it—*heard* of it only, for when she saw them coming she flounced round a corner—she said the lass was a disgrace, and ought to be whipped.

So, three weeks after Lizzie was married, in a canary-coloured shawl, and old Mrs. Fairburn presented the four China cups and saucers to the young people; but they did not leave their usual cupboard (I am speaking of the crockery), for Willie came to live at Lizzie's.

Yes, and twelve months from that very day Lizzie had to sell the cups and saucers and the canary-coloured shawl. She sold them to Hannah, the belle, who had snappishly agreed to marry old Mr. Crittles, the parish-clerk, who was rich (so to speak), who wanted a nurse, and who refused to burst out into any expensive marriage festivities whatever. So Hannah bought the shawl, quite willing, under the circumstances, to fall into Lizzie's entreaty to secrecy; and Hannah *did* hope that as Lizzie had only worn it once, when few girls attended the marriage, that if she sacrificed the long fringe nobody would know the article; in which hope she was miserably deceived, and it was known all over the place, that Hannah, the belle, had actually married Crittles in Lizzie Redded's yellow shawl.

Now, I know you do not at all think this tale is a common tragedy. I know you think that Willie is to turn up an engineer, and that Lizzie will lord it in a carriage, and that Hannah and Mr. Crittles will discover incompatibility of temper between them. Eheu! you are wrong. Never mind the dramatic unities; I know tragedies are tragedies, and comedies are comedies; but some

of us will go to pantomimes with our children the day before our deaths, and laugh and come home, and then the blinds shall be pulled down.

So why should I invest Lizzie with—with suggestive melancholy? why invest her with prescience, as the frequent way is now-a-days. In the real truth from which I take this tale, there was no unkind and useless forewarning.

Well, Willie had not been married three months, when he took to—guzzling, as they sometimes call it up north. Willie married was not Willie single. The women rather owed it to themselves to be haughty to Willie. This was a new thing to him, and he did *not* like it. Willie told these things at home; and out of her very love for him she did not care to hear the tales, and grew moody when she learnt them. To moodiness Willie was not inclined, and so he went out into the village; and there instigated to fight, he got into horrible rows; and though he was strong enough and skilful enough, he frequently brought himself home in a bruised condition. Moodiness again on the part of the wife; a feeling of being unjustifiably ill-used on the part of the husband. More "out in the village" than ever.

Then old Mrs. Fairburn went very bad-a-bed; and it is a lamentable fact that men do not bend to sick houses: no, not even writers, and painters, and musicians, all of whom are half-women in their sentiments; so it was not to be supposed Willie would suffer Mrs. Fairburn—indeed he said in the tap-room, of her querulous monologue upstairs, (and which was her only amusement), that it "flured" him, and thereby he stated that it threw him down.

Well, you cannot go to "publics" without drinking, and so Willie drank; and when poor old Mrs. Fairburn had had her last scold, and had given up vituperation for ever, and when Lizzie had been married twelve months, she thought, as she handed the yellow shawl and china to Hannah (who came furtively in the night-time for those articles)—she thought that, love him as she did, it would have been better if Willie had never made that proposal on Sunday, the 10th of June.

And indeed things got worse and worse. He learnt to bully her, and people did say he beat her, but Lizzie herself never said so to anyone; and indeed by the time her second child and boy was born, nobody was sarcastic upon Lizzie; and the girls, most of them married now, who had taken Lizzie's marriage in such ill part, blessed themselves that they were not in her place, and they did her kind little offices.

The great proprietor of the mines was an old widower-gentleman with an only daughter, about twelve years of age, who was called Florrie, who hearing of Lizzie, and being told that she lived out in that cot, away from the others, "wi' the roses about, miss," the girl, when taking her little pony-ride that day, pulled up at Lizzie's, and went in. Miss Florrie took quite a liking to the yellow-headed eldest boy, and from that time forward as frequently came



to Lizzie's, as Lizzie's husband was away from home.

Well, Willie was going to the bad faster and faster, Florrie was growing fonder than ever of the boy at Lizzie's, when a great event occurred—the proprietor, who had been ailing for a long time, died quietly, one sunny evening, after kissing his young daughter, and slept at peace with all mankind. He had been a fair commercial master, and kind to his people when down in misfortune; so they were sorry for him, found no fault with him, and wondered who was to come and be master over them.

This was Mr. Edgar Hamilton, the son of a deceased sister of Florrie's father, who had frequently come down to the place. He was just such a man as Will would have been had he been born rich—gay, dashing, self-confident, and heartless. Nobody, from his behaviour amongst the pitmen, would have believed him vicious; but a good many people in London had no doubt upon the subject, and, speaking up truthfully, Mr. Edgar Hamilton would have found no more difficulty in crushing a man than a beetle if he stood in his way, but for the law.

By the will, almost all the property was left to Florrie; Hamilton was appointed guardian and manager of the mines (at a large salary), and, in the event of the girl's death—and she was delicate—he would come in for all.

Well, down he came, and within six weeks of his arrival these things occurred: The old housekeeper had to pack her boxes, and resign the keys she had wielded for thirty years; she wept over them passionately, and could not hear Mr. Edgar call her “a fool”—she who had nursed him an infant.

Such a posse of the new lord's friends came down, as the coal people had never heard of. Pale-faced, thin-lipped gentlemen, most of them, who made the mining young men clench their fists, as these former went about staring audaciously at the young women. And such hours as they kept up at “The Priory!”

And this was another thing that occurred: Miss Florrie made her appearance one morning at five, and surprised Lizzie at the wash tub. The young lady had a basket, within which were half-a-dozen white rabbits, and she said out at once that one of the gentlemen had killed the seventh the day before, and so she had brought the others to Lizzie to mind. It was true the gentleman said he was very sorry, but he did not look it; and though he said he thought it was a wild one running on the lawn, he must have known it was not, by its colour. And—and she *had* heard he hit it with the bottom of a wine-glass, and from the dining-room window, for a bet; and so, would Lizzie take care of them?

There was a kind of loft belonging to the house, and there Lizzie put the rabbits; and there the young lady came to see them and feed them almost every day.

And this was another event that took place: The new director took kindly to Will, would drop him half-crowns, and altogether turned Will into a kind of half-and-half friend.

Well, two or three weeks more, and a gentleman of unpleasant appearance, from London, made his appearance at The Priory. He was a thick-set, strong-looking man, who wore gaiters—in fact, he was a sheriff's officer, who was in search of some one—say Mr. Edgar Hamilton, Florrie's guardian. Ten hours after the coach had set him down in the place, he was helped from near The Priory to the village tavern in a deplorable state. He had been discovered in a groaning condition, and seen by several miners; before he came into speaking order, they with one accord declared he had suffered from a Lancashire lad. Come to himself, the stranger vowed he'd have the law of the rascal; but he did not, somehow; and after being about the place for two or three days he went away and was seen no more.

The very same day Will came home in his now usual surly state, and bade his wife get some “flesh,” and to that effect he showed Lizzie Redded, a sight such as she had not seen since the early days of Mrs. Crittle's canary shawl and China cups and saucers—to wit, a golden pound.

“I tell thee, wife, I ha' gotten it feerly,” said he, in answer to but the shadow of a look she gave him. “Go t' village, I tell thee, wife.”

I for one do not consider that woman was to have the moral strength to refuse that sovereign; besides, she had promised to obey!

So up she took it, and started for the village.

But soon she came back again, her shawl (which was an old friend long before the canary days) wrapped close about her.

She loosed her right hand for a moment, and flung down the bit of gold.

“Tak't and put it wi' others, Will.”

“God bless thve heart! what dust mean?”

“Tak't, I say, Will, and put it wi' others.”

“What others!”

“Th' others you've robbed the young lady of!”

“Thee art daft, wife.”

“Was lock hard to break o' counting-house?”

Here he looked up in a daft manner himself.

“No, Willie, dead mother did nought wrong, and nummore won't I.”

“He gave it me for thwacking the Laundown chap!”

“Doant'ee lie, Willie, now—doant'ee, doant'ee lie.”

“Here, giv't me, lass; the neednst no weight of it nummore.”

Up he took it, and away he went.

The fact was, the counting-house had been broken open and the safe opened, and a very large sum (wages for many hundreds of men and women) had been stolen. It was clear—the burglary. There was the marks of the crow-bar at the door and at the window, where an entry had been made. The thief then had easy work, for, unfortunately, Mr. Edgar had left his keys on his desk. He publicly said that he thought he himself was as much to blame as the thief, and should certainly make good the sum to the estate. And perhaps he might have done it,

only before he could very well afford to do so, there was no need for the restitution, as the act would but have been a transfer from one personal pocket to another.

The very night after the discovery of the robbery, and two or three hours after Lizzie had come so sternly home, Willie fell drunk over a public-house stool; he fell backward, and forth from a waistcoat-pocket came a little shower of gold. The noise of the coin falling on the brick-floor called general attention to the scene, and the miners opened their eyes at the sight—for miners in full work don't have showers of money, and Will had not had any work for some time, having been suspended from the use of the axe for some corrective weeks.

Well, then people began to talk ugly; and Joe Sumners trying to prove an alibi when Willie's name and the counting-house were combined, people began to cast something like aspersions upon Joe too, hence he took to silence.

The next day some of the workpeople saw Mr. Edgar, the master, go towards Willie, as he was slouching past (hands in pocket), and he walked away with him. People said the master would make Will confess; and when the master came back, looking very pale, people said Will had confessed. Truly Will had volunteered a confession—not to the master though, but to Lizzie Redded, at home. He said to her, "Oh, lass, he be a bad one, master be, an' he can twist me 'bout like a poor wisp o' grass."

Lizzie went out that day after some work, and coming to the door she was told by a neighbour that the master had been t' house. Going in again, the husband made the declaration again that the master was a bad one, and that he could do with him, the speaker, just as he liked.

Next day Lizzie went away to the work itself, and not long had she been gone when the young lady came to see the pet rabbits.

She lifted the latch, and stepped in. She did not see the master of the wretched place, for he was cooped up in an angle between the chimney and the wall. The eldest boy was on the ground, and playing with a child's leaden toy stove, which, threaded, was round his neck.

The girl laughingly took up the child, and asking him pleasantly to give her the toy, took it from his neck and slung it round her own. She said he should come and see the rabbits, and was going towards the stairs (in one corner of the room), when the man coughed, and so drawing the young lady's attention, he asked permission for the child to go and see how his brother was—the second child, left to nurse at a poor neighbour's while the mother went to work. So the little fellow just trotted away from the house while the young lady ran upstairs, with her parsley for the rabbits.

It was harvest-time, and as there was gleaning in those days, there was a great heap of corn and straw in the room.

Willie then left the house, and went the same way as the young lady had come—at the back

and through the thick plantation. Nobody had seen her come, and nobody saw him go.

Five minutes more and there was a great noise in the place—Willie's cottage was on fire, and in one great blaze. The people about ran and screamed (especially the women, who, up in the north, *can* scream), and soon came Lizzie, letting no grass grow under her feet. Need I say what her thought was?—the curly-headed child, the first-born? There he was, staring at the fire, howling dismally, and saying something like "Daddy—Mit Flowey!" over and over again.

"Puir brutes!" said Lizzie, almost immediately after seeing at a glance that the whole place was hopelessly ablaze—"puir brutes! But Miss Florrie 'ull be main sorry when she noas they're brint."

"Daddy—Mit Flowey," again whined the child.

And again he said it, as the mother stood gazing at the conflagration. At last she herself was repeating the words.

The neighbours were very kind to her in her homelessness, and were great in their offers—tea especially. 'Tis wonderful and delightful, that comforting panacea amongst women! God bless the good tea, and let us be a little thankful to the Chinese.

She sat at the nearest door, watching for Will's return; and she was twisting a sprig of parsley in her hand, which she had picked up near the smouldering ruins. 'Twas evening, the sun going down out in the red west there; and she was waiting for the husband, whom she wanted to console her in their misfortune, and she was repeating to herself—"Daddy, Mit Flowey."

Soon another terror sped over the place: Miss Florrie was nowhere to be found. Her maid then remembered the basket of parsley; and then the ruins gained a new and horrible interest.

"They will find her gold chain," said Lizzie to herself, as the ruins were being searched by torchlight; "the fire could not burn that. If she was there, they will find her gold chain."

But it was not found. And all this while Willie did not come home that night, and she sat waiting for him at the neighbour's door. Before that, however, she had asked everybody about him, and no one could say where he was.

The next morning she was still sitting, when suddenly she clapped her hands together, and screamed out she saw't—she saw't all.

Questioned, she looked round sharply (for she still loved him), and said "Nought—nought." But she thought that the girl was alive, and that he (the husband) had stolen her, and she no more expected him. She saw it all, she said to herself. Mr. Edgar would not be sorry, in a worldly point of view, for her death. He had Willie in his power, and her husband had taken advantage of the girl being in the house to set it on fire, and bring about a belief she had been burnt. And she was thankful, as she



thought this was the secret of the gold, and that he had not broken into the counting-house. He was a bad man, Mr. Edgar, she thought, as she took the cup of tea from the neighbour; and she then and there made up her mind that she would seek the husband out, and restore Florrie to her father's home.

Mr. Edgar came in for all the property. He grew paler and more pale, and the mourning he wore for poor Florrie did not improve his appearance. People said that he must have been very fond of her, though he never did show it. And Lizzie put her children in the workhouse, and went travelling about, now and then returning to the "place."

A good many years went past. Mr. Edgar grew a respectable married man; but he had no family. And Lizzie's red hair grew ugly grey; and so, after the custom of the north country, they gave her another name, and called her Widow Ashened (Widow Ashen-head).

## CHAP. II.

The time went on, and less and less people remembered the fire at the miner Willie's; and less and less people talked about how poor Miss Florrie was burnt to death; though, indeed, when the Widow Ashened came amongst them, the tale was frequently told.

She travelled about, selling little household articles; and picking up a small living, still went about inquiring carefully after the husband and the girl—carefully inquiring, because she feared to let the world know what she thought. And if she had given up all hope of finding them, she would not admit such despair, and indeed she could not have settled down.

By-and-bye, the eldest of the sons grew old enough to turn his hand to mining; yet she would not settle down, but went away for months on months. At last the second son turned to mining too, and then the mother laid aside the pedlar's basket, and took to a home again. The boys found their new home comfortable enough; but in a rough way. They were puzzled, too, to see their mother so down like at all times: indeed she was getting a new name—Daft Lizzie.

The cot she now occupied was not far from the old one, over whose ruins the grass was thick, and whispered to the wind; and not far away was the mouth of an old working.

I need not tell my readers that up in the coal country these people are a little more fearless than even most Englishmen (perhaps this arises from the continual danger in which they live; and I suppose fear, like everything else, becomes a monotonous bore, a horrid *ennui*, after a time); and so they do not dream of enclosing the mouth of an old working; hence a step in the dark may lead to a very deep grave. There are hundreds of these unenclosed pits in the coal country.

Well, the open mouth near Lizzie's cot had not led to a working mine for more years than Willie had been away, and it was not 300 yards from her fireside.

She was sitting waiting for the boys' return, and building up scenes in the coal, and thinking also of Widow Crittles, who was about to be married to a very well-to-do man indeed, when a scratching came at the door. Opening it, she found the master's great Newfoundland dog there. The dog showed a deal of pleasure (as did all dogs to Lizzie; and I need not say that if one dog or horse will show affection for a human being, hundreds will—in fact, all that human being shall come across), and the dog went scudding round in circles, as dogs will. He took the edge of the pit very well several times, but suddenly at last he went to make a short turn, and down the poor fellow went.

'Tis such a usual occurrence, this kind of thing, up in the coal country; such numberless dogs, donkeys, and other animals, including drunken miners, go down an old working, that it does not cause much talk; but as this was the squire's dog, why some fuss was made about it, and a party volunteered to go down. And down the party of two went.

They were pulled up in rather a pale condition, the stronger of the two having got hold of the rope first. And they told such a tale!—of a skeleton lying on the ground near the dead dog.

The police took the matter in hand immediately, and soon all the neighbourhood was in a stir.

With the remains were found a chain and locket, on the latter of which the inspector spelt out—F-L-O-R-R-I-E.

Then the old tale of the fire blazed again, and people began to look askance at Lizzie, as the tale was told.

As for her, her first thought was, Did he kill the child? No—no. Neighbours were near, and surely would have heard her scream? No; the child had been making a short cut to the house, and so fell down the shaft. But then why did he fire the cottage? Perhaps to make people believe she had been burnt to death. But what need of that? Ah! she saw Willie had got the blood-money he otherwise would not have got, by doing as he did; and that night she felt sure all her husband had to do with the girl's death was concealing the facts of it. She fell asleep with a lighter heart than had lain within her breast since she was single.

But next day the hope was shattered; for a second search below brought to light a little crushed leaden toy stove, found upon the spot where the remains had rested.

Know it?—She remembered it in a moment. It was round her child's neck that day. Know it? Poor people can give their children toys not every day, and when they do, they remember that pleasure. So then Miss Florrie had been to the house; and then she shuddered as she asked herself why the house was set on fire. Indeed she sat down on the ground, and rocked

herself backwards and forwards, as though she was at sea.

There was terrible commotion in the place about this discovery, and people began to look askant even at the two boys; their mates were not so free and hearty with them as was their wont.

Well, two or three months passed away, and the boys were thinking of running away to sea; for the outspoken companions had come to hard words; when again an intruder knocked at Lizzie's poor.

I shall not detail this terrible interview, but rather go on to its terrible effects. The boys started in their sleep an hour or so after going to bed, and, waking, asked each other what the matter was? Then calling to their mother to shut the outer door, for a cold draught was coming in, they fell asleep again, and slept till morning. At breakfast there was not enough bread, and both boys laughingly said the mother had picked up an appetite between that and supper-time last night—which was the reason, they supposed, that she did not eat then and there.

She had a large piece of bread before her, at which she was nervously twitching. When the lads got up to go to work, she took up the piece of bread.

"Lad Willie," said she, "thee 'ult tak' this, and come oop the shaft last; and before thee come oop lay this on the right of 'ee. Bur' this candle and matches."

The boys took the bread and the other articles, and in their rough, yet not heartless way, opined the mother was going dafter than ever; however there is the remains of an eastern respect for the commands of daft people up in the coal country; so the boys made up their minds to do as the mother had told them.

When they got to the shed, there was a great disturbance going on. Somebody had moved a stack of emergency-rope; it was all tangled and dirty, and the question was, who had done it. Whoever had, had left plenty of footmarks behind them, for all round the pit the ground was trodden about.

The overseer insisted upon knowing all about it; but as nothing had been stolen, and but a little time was required to set all to rights again, the overseer soon let the circumstance go to rest; and when he was told that two pair of footmarks like those about the pit's mouth could be traced in the squelchy ground all the way to Lizzie's cottage, he very faintly made up his mind to question Lizzie. And doubtless he would have forgotten her in connexion with the affair, but that she came about the pit before the day was many hours old. He then asked her a question or so, and then recommended her to go home.

When the boys came home that night the mother eagerly ran to them, and asked if they had placed the bread and the lucifers as she had told them. They said yes, and going down the pit again in their turn were surprised to find that the bread had gone. Again they had been

told to lay down some bread, and this time after placing it on the ground they turned away their eyes as though afraid. They asked the mother tremblingly that night why she told them to lay the bread as she had, and who it was took it; and she, in answer, grew angry, and thereby sore amazed the boys; for they barely ever saw their mother otherwise than quiet and well tempered.

"Doan't 'ee ask me, lads; doan't 'ee ask me. Oney do as your mother bids ye, or it mabbee the worse for ye both."

"But, mother——" said one of them.

"But me no 'buts.' Do as I bid ye, or mabbee it 'ull be the worse for ye."

Well, days went on, and every time the boys went down the shaft one of them carried a meal of some sort, which he lay in the directed place.

On one occasion the meal was stolen during the time the boys were at work, and this being told to the mother, they again saw her angry. The boys, however, soon grew careless as to whom the meal was for. We should grow accustomed to a shining prophet if he came upon us day after day. Indeed, in all probability the youths came to the conclusion that the rats stole the food, and there was an end of it.

Well, three weeks passed so, and the boys were beginning to find fault with their rations; that is to say, find fault with their rations to each other; they never said a word to their mother about the decrease at meal-times. Three weeks passed away, and then came one of those awful catastrophes which sometimes shake the coal district up in the north there—I mean a fire-damp explosion.

Have you ever seen such a tragedy, reader?

The smothered sound swells over the place, and the women, who know the warning but too well, rush from their work, and crowd and push towards the mouth of the pit, and rend the very air with screams. The frightened children cling to their skirts, and are dragged backwards and forwards without their mother's knowing they are near them.

The director of the works walks with a quick hurried step towards the shaft, the women screaming at him as though he could have prevented the catastrophe. And then after a little is the descent of the brave spirits who go down to learn the worst. Here approaches the climax.

'Tis awful to mark the intense horror on the faces. The pain of watching-women waiting on a sea-shore for a missing boat is nothing to it. These women, too, are mostly great, impulsive creatures, and seem to tear themselves in their grief. They wind their arms about their necks, and crush the throat as the awful suspense is with them. Then there is the bringing up of the sufferers. O this awful lottery, where the blanks are so blank, and the prize a living husband, brother, or father! The very place goes paralyzed; the engine-fires grow dim; house doors are left more than ever open, and the very animals seem uneasy.

The general horror was too great for Lizzie to be noticed; but she came running down to



the pit, and was full as wild in her grief as any woman there. And yet her two sons were safe and sound. There they were, standing by her side.

"Why art 'ee yere lads," she said, turning suddenly to them—"Why art 'ee yere lads, when mabbe he wants help?"

"Who, mother? Who?"

"Go down, lads, and help him."

"Who, then? Who, then?"

"Go down, I say; summat will guide 'ee to him."

The boys went down.

Then came that awful enumeration. So many men saved, safe and whole; so many men brought up wounded, and the rest dead.

These matters are so frequent, up in the coal district, that Members of Parliament cannot be surprised into their terrible enormity; and so frequent that the inhabitants know how to manage at all points of the proceeding. So the poor women whose husbands and sons were neither safe, sound, nor wounded, were got away, by rough main force in some cases, and the enumeration went on.

Five men were missing, and four had been brought into the sunlight.

Again the searchers went down.

Now they had not led away poor Lizzie; for they did not count upon any loss she might have; so there she sat, watching with her eyes upon the opening to the pit.

At last the searchers thought they had done their work. The fifth dead man was lying on the black coal-begrimed ground.

They were turning away, when Lizzie asked—"Well, and are you no' going doon agin?"

"Why, mother, should us go doon agin?"

"Because I tell 'ee too."

"But aw' the men are oop."

"Go doon again, Willie; summat will guide 'ee to him."

"Coom, mother; coom hoome!"

"Goo doon agin, Willie, I say!"

The boy stood irresolute for a little time; but then looking at his mother again, he said to his companion, "Coom;" and they went down.

There was an awkward silence around; for the not over-educated workers of that district rather thought the poor woman a witch than otherwise, and they shrank away as they saw her creep up to the edge of the pit, and lean her head over.

Suddenly there was a quick sound of surprise rushing up the echoing shaft.

"Aye, did not I say so?" she screamed out, leaning still further over the edge of the pit. Did not I say something would lead them to him?"

Up they brought from the secretive pit below a stranger—a tall, worn, grey-haired man, then sleeping the first peaceful sleep he had known for many years.

"Turn his face away from the setting sun, sons; for it would look like blood upon his face. I knew 't. I knew he must be brint. I knew 't would be a judgment on him. O Willie—Willie!"

"What, mother? What, dost know him?"

"O, Willie—Willie! He? Your father, lad; he's your father!"

And so the lads learnt the secret of the daily food they laid near the bottom of the shaft just before they left the pit. In truth she had hid him there, after he had come back and knocked at the door. She was afraid of him, and thought it a shame to think of him; and yet she loved him; so she lowered him down into the pit, and that was the secret of the tangled rope and the footsteps on the muddy soil.

It was while they were moving away what had once been Handsome Willie, that Mr. Edgar Hamilton came down slowly to the pit. He was sleeping when the explosion took place, and nobody had awoke him; and now he came down, with a kind of enforced duty, to see what could be done. (I have forgotten to mention that since his reign had set in, the value of the mine had fallen only equally with the social state of the work-people; and they were now about the least self-respected in the district.)

Lizzie started from her knees as he came towards the group, and flinging high her hands cried out, "Bluid for bluid, sir; bluid for bluid! He'd a never done it but for you, and now he himself is gone. Bluid for bluid, sir; so says the book."

"Poor Lizzie," said the gentleman, turning away; "she grows more daft each day!"

But for all that, he was very pale. And indeed the people about drew away from him.

From that time there was a fear of Lizzie through the place. People thought her half a witch, and her own sons never laughed before her. Yet let it be said, they always loved her.

As for the owner of the mine, he found he could not exist in the place. He left for the South; left for France—for Italy; became a wanderer—became poorer and poorer. And perhaps he grew to learn how much bitterer is retributive life than death—death even in the mines, by falling down a shaft as one might be running in fear from—say a burning house.

'Tis not many years ago that this homely tale ended—and thus she had been called Daft Lizzie for many years.

## MARSEILLES, AS IT IS, AND AS IT WILL BE.

Perhaps, of all the towns in Europe, Marseilles has, of late years, made the most rapid strides in wealth and improvement, and ere long it will be classed alike as one of the finest and richest in the world.

There was a time, and that not long since, when Marseilles could offer nothing to the traveller more worthy of inspection than the fine street leading towards the commercial port, entitled the *Cannebière*; that time is past. The war has done wonders for the Marseillaise, if not for the Turks, or anyone else, that I can recollect at the moment; and the advance of steam-communication with the east, aye, and west, north, and south, far more. Thus the inhabitants of that ancient city will soon have reason to be proud.

At the present moment the stranger who arrives by land at Marseilles, or disembarks from the blue waters of the Mediterranean, having visited what is termed the new town—the *Cannebière*—already named; the streets, including those of Rome and Saint Ferrè, the court of Bonaparte, the Prado, the statue of Puget—which is decidedly not a *chef d'œuvre*—and that of the Bishop of Belzunce, which has still less to recommend it; the museum, and the truly splendid coffee-houses, when in the ancient city he has had the courage to walk through innumerable small narrow streets, with high houses, from the windows of which are suspended torn and floating flags—streets which breed infection, and through the centre of which an unwholesome gutter constantly flows; when he has seen all this, he has still not seen Marseilles. He may be told what Marseilles was; he witnesses what it now is; he is still ignorant of what it may be. He beholds the city of to-day; he may imagine, but has still to visit the city of to-morrow.

Having traversed, in its full extent, the ancient port, and beheld the innumerable craft, with their bowsprits arranged on the quays—vessels which bring and take the produce of the earth far and wide—turn sharply to your right and you will find yourself in a narrow defile. On the one side is the fort Saint John, which commands the entry of the port; on the other is a hill, whose extremity terminates what may be fairly denominated the ancient town. Walk on, in a few minutes the blue Mediterranean, dotted over with innumerable white sails, will burst full to view, with the ancient chateau d'If, made famous by the romance of Dumas, towering, as it were, on a rugged rock in the centre of the little fleet. On the other side of the bay behold bare and rocky hills—in fact, rocks towering towards the sky: while the sea, even on the calmest day, appears to break on their base. These rocky hills, commencing at

the entrance of what may be fairly termed the bay of Marseilles, terminate, though in far less grandeur, at the entrance of the new harbour of La Soliette. The various ports or basins recently constructed and now constructing at Marseilles occupy, according to French measure, a surface of water of 64 hectares, or 640,000 metres. The port called La Soliette, which is completed, has a surface of 200,000 metres; the basins or docks, for repairing vessels, 90,000 metres. The large port, called Port Napoleon, 350,000 metres. All these large ports have been snatched, as it were, from the open sea or bay, and protected by a vast jetty, or wall, of granite a mile in length.

The works of La Soliette, commenced in 1842, terminated in 1858. Works far more considerable commenced in 1856, comprising dry docks and basins, will be finished in 1859. Thus in three years, industry will have accomplished a hitherto unparalleled labour.

These labours are facilitated by the destruction of the ancient granite hill on which formerly stood the Lazaret, graphically if not correctly described in the opening pages of "Little Dorritt," and so long a familiar object to the Marseillaise, when fever and pests, so frequently I may say imported from the Levant, caused the utmost sanitary precautions to be adopted—an ancient relic in fact, the right of which had become of late years an object of contention between the municipality and the State. In order, however, to put an end to these discussions as to the proprietorship of the ancient quarantine-ground, the Emperor, with praiseworthy decision, directed Monsieur Frémy, directeur-general attached to the Ministry of the Interior, to decide the question, and the consequence was a treaty between the city and the Government, by which each party abandoned their respective rights on the condition that the ground which formed the quarantine, as also that which would be enclosed from the sea, by the destruction of the Lazaret, should be sold, and the produce given over for the building of a new port and new docks. This treaty was signed and approved on the 10th July, 1854. And thus originated these magnificent works, and the commencement of others far more gigantic.

It would indeed be difficult to describe the activity which apparently reigns at the present day in the planning, and I may add building, of what may be termed the new city of Marseilles; and still more difficult, save by practical illustration, to create in the minds of those who are unacquainted with the city as it is, still less with what it was, any clear idea of what, if Providence permit, in a few years hence it will be.

This work of regeneration, of which the municipal corporation distinctly understood the ad-



vantages, has been undertaken by a company, entitled the "Société des Ports de Marseille," under the able organization and directorship of the well-known Monsieur Mires.

Marseilles, such as it is to-day, took twenty-four siècles in formation. But what cannot industry and capital accomplish? In three years the beauty of the present city has in a measure obliterated the memory of the past; what may not the dignity of labour and progress hope for in the future? The Company has purchased all the ground in the immediate neighbourhood of the harbour of La Soliette, from the extremity of the ancient quarantine-ground to the city—a space of 400,000 square yards, comprising a total surface of 900,000, of which 500,000 will be converted to public works. In this space there may be included a small arm of the sea. But what cannot capital with perseverance undertake? This must be filled up and succumb to its innovating power, and thus houses will arise on a spot where heretofore vessels lay at anchor.

This immense site, which, as I have stated, encloses at the present hour 900,000 square yards, is covered with workmen actively employed in preparing the ground as a base for the new city. And an immense quantity of powder is now daily used at Marseilles, in the peaceful progress of art, instead of being sent from its port to engender what our Allies are too apt to term the glories, but which are the miseries of war. Happy the town that can turn a destructive power to ends which lead to civilization! Blocks of stone fly in mid-air, mountain-sides crumble into dust, and all nature of to-day is changed in form to-morrow.

Already several fine houses, commenced only in April 1857, line the ports of La Soliette, each five storeys high—equal to the finest houses of Paris—with ornamented façades and balconies, which command fine views of the harbour, the ancient city, and wide blue ocean. These houses will be continued the whole circuit of the ports, forming one of the finest quays in Europe; while in the most central point, elevated on a fine stone esplanade, gained by a handsome flight of steps, the base of a cathedral already rises, to replace the ancient church of La Major, a small chapel of which alone remains in the centre of its ruins. Henceforth the homeward-bound sailor will welcome from afar its Gothic clock-tower, with the same veneration as they now hail that of Notre Dame de la Garde, which crowns the eminence on the left of the port, towering above on a side rock at its entrance,—the site selected for an Imperial marine residence.

Much difference of opinion has been caused by the selection of the spot for the building of the new cathedral. Ancient prejudice would have desired the selection to have fallen in the centre of the old city. Those, however, who hold such an opinion, can scarcely have reflected that in fifty years new Marseilles will have grouped itself around the new ports. They forget, also, that in order to displace an old

town, the centre of attraction must be the establishment of that most sought by the population, viz., the house of God and the site of labour.

Pity, say I, that the entire of the old city could not be blown (as are the foundations of the new one) into mid-air, with all the filth, immorality, and demoralization, which for so many years have brought in their train fever, cholera, pestilence, and disease. Be it as it may, year by year, as the new city rises house by house, the hard-working populace of Marseilles will rejoice that, when their daily labours terminate, they can enjoy rest in conjunction with fresh sea-breezes. The quitting of their now all but pestilential houses will, I fancy, cause them little regret, or even an infidelity to the Cannière—now the pride of Marseilles: and each Sabbath, as they visit the village of Audoume to eat their favourite *bouillabaise*,\* they will look with admiration on the modern city, rising from the sea like Venus, performing her toilet with the dark blue and placid Mediterranean as a looking-glass.

## TO SOMEBODY.

(FEBRUARY 14TH, 1859.)

Blue are your eyes  
As southern skies  
In dark-blue Southern waters glassed  
When all the deep,  
In infant's sleep,  
Forgets the tempests that are past.

Bright are your eyes  
As Northern skies,  
Where icebergs sail in Northern seas;  
Where Northern-lights  
Transform the nights,  
And stars burn brighter as they freeze.

Or North or South,  
O tiny mouth,  
Breathe forth my fate in language plain!  
For I essay,  
From day to day,  
To read that astral tongue in vain.

The eyes are blue;  
And still I sue  
And read warm sunny meanings there.  
The eyes are bright  
With frosty light  
That kills me, chills me to despair.

So, tiny mouth,  
Or North or South  
Breathe forth, and I will stay or go.  
My future life,  
O little Wife,  
Depends on how the breezes blow!

J. A.

\* A by no means ungastronomical dish, composed of fish boiled in saffron, and leeks, with bread soaked in the liquor in which the fish has been boiled—a favourite dish with high and low at Marseilles.

## K A T E A N S O N .

*(A Tale of Real Life.)*

## CHAP. IX.

In a very small, but very comfortable parlour, three people were talking earnestly together. The constant noise of wheels, and the hum of many voices, from the street outside, told of a busy, stirring town: and over the neat green blind of the little curtained window you might look out into that most dismal of all prospects—a London fog. The moving things and creatures, seen through this medium, assumed a mysterious and ghost-like appearance; while the poor cab-horses seemed to be in a perpetual fear of running over one another. But the murky fog did not seem to affect the happy trio in that cosy parlour: it rather seemed to make their brightly-burning fire look brighter still, as it turned their domain into an oasis of light in a desert of darkness. Many a cold being, as he passed by the window, with his coat-collar turned up, to ward off the clinging fog from his mouth and nose, cast a longing eye at the warmth within, but unavailingly, since it didn't belong to him, and only served to make him feel, if possible, more miserably chilly and damp than before he saw it.

A venerable-looking arm-chair stood by the fireside, and comfortably seated therein was Mr. Percy Olno. A slight, dark-haired girl, by name "Little Ruth," occupied one end of a sofa opposite; and the said Percy looked on with the utmost coolness and satisfaction, while she rested her pretty head confidently on the shoulder of a very handsome young man by her side, and clasped her white arms lovingly round his neck. The long black lashes rested on her cheek: she did not raise her eyes to his face; but she listened to every word he said, with parted lips, half-tremulous, half-smiling; she could not see him, but she could hear him, and that contented her. Reader, do you not recognize that dark, resolute face, that firmly-cut mouth, whose expression would be too severe, were it not tempered by such soft, kind eyes, shaded by lashes like Ruth's own? It is John Grey; and he holds his poor blind sister to his heart. They have been parted long; but all had gone well with John, and he has returned to that loving little sister, so dear to him in her helpless dependence on his care, able to take her to a home of his own; humble, it is true, but more than enough to make Ruth happy. And when, in the fulness of a thankful heart, he first told of all this, she hid her hot face upon his breast, and clinging lovingly round him, murmured so low that he could hardly catch the words, "I can't come, dear John; indeed I can't; but I love you just as much as if I could."

Then she told him all—how Percy Olno, the son of their father's friend, the playmate of his own boyhood, had asked her to go to *him*, because he loved her so very dearly, and would always take care of her, poor and blind as she was; and how well she loved this kind, good Percy, and how she would try to be a good little wife to him all her life. John kissed the little trembling thing, and prayed that God would bless her, and the heart that had chosen her for his own, poor and blind though she was, from all the world beside. And the very next day came Percy Olno himself, to plead his own cause, and ask John to give that dear Ruth to his love and care, so soon as he had won a home to offer her. They were a happy party; but quiet in their joy; and it made the tears start to Aunt Susan's old eyes, to look upon their gladness.

We must tell the reader who Aunt Susan was. She was one among that blessed sisterhood who, having buried their own selfish hopes and joys in the grave of the past, cull the flowers that grow above them, to bless the lives of others. She had passed through the fire of sorrow and disappointment, seen the most cherished hopes of her inmost heart fade and die, and learnt to kiss the bereaving hand: her meek spirit had bent, not broken, before the blast of trouble. Aunt Susan had once been beautiful—she seemed so still to Ruth and John, for the lovely spirit shed its radiance over her face, and gave it that holy loveliness that time can never take away, because it is of heaven, not of earth. The brightness of her youth had gone, and the soft, braided hair, once dark as the raven's wing, was now white with age. She always wore a plain black dress, with a snowy muslin handkerchief pinned across the bosom, a close muslin cap, and a small silk shawl, that Ruth remembered as long as she remembered anything. We should not complete her toilet, did we omit a large black satin bag, with broad strings and the heads of two knitting-needles peeping out at its mouth. This she invariably carried upon her arm; and, as a child, Ruth firmly entertained the belief that Aunt Susan's bag was as old as herself, from the very fact of being perfectly unable to fancy her without it at any time.

Ruth knew that once Susan Grey was the pride and beauty of her native town, because others had told her so; but even now she could never realize the truth of this statement. It seemed to her as if that dear old auntie must always have been the same; always worn that black dress and muslin cap; always had silvery white hair; and always been ready to love and comfort everyone that needed care and kindness.



As a little child she had sobbed out her troubles on Aunt Susan's lap. There she had wept when her own mother was taken from her, and laid in the silent grave; and Aunt Susan had told her of the happy heaven where they should meet again, if she followed that mother in the steps of holiness and purity.

When John left "little Ruth" to go far away from her, he gave her to Aunt Susan's care, and knew that there she would be safe. Aunt Susan was not rich in this world's goods, and her home was a very humble one; but to Ruth it was the abode of peace and happiness, for love and truth cast their radiance round it; and to Percy it was the casket that held the jewel he prized most on earth, and hoped one day to steal.

Does not the life of a woman like that dear Aunt Susan carry a lesson with it to the hearts of those whose lot has been even such an one as hers? Does it not say, in sweet, encouraging tones, "Woman, though no husband's love may bless thy lonely heart, no children's voices cheer thy solitary home, up and be doing! There is work for you—

"Who lives for others  
Lives the noblest life."

"Auntie, dear Auntie, I am *so* happy!" sobbed little Ruth, the day after John's return. "My heart is almost too happy—indeed it is—to have John home again. And see how glad he is that Percy, dear Percy, has given his love to poor blind Ruth! O Auntie, I am *so* happy!"

And Aunt Susan thought that God had "tempered the wind to the shorn lamb," and blessed Him for giving a strong arm to protect and guide the blind girl on her way. Percy was a great favourite with Aunt Susan. She thought him fully worthy of the love Ruth gave him, and rejoiced when, on her tiny hand, she saw the betrothal-ring glittering so brightly—an emblem of the joy in their two trusting hearts. Blessed spirit! that could find its greatest happiness in sympathizing with the joy of others!

Aunt Susan thought young people liked sometimes to be left together; so when Percy came that foggy afternoon, she poked the fire in the little front parlour to make it bright and cheery for them all, and then, in company with her black knitting-bag, retired to a queer three-cornered room at the back of the house, which was her own peculiar sanctuary, and where she spent many quiet, peaceful hours.

"What a dear old lady that is!" said Percy, as the door closed after her; and he availed himself of the effects of her poking operations, by placing his boots upon the green fender.

"Yes," said Ruth, from her place on the sofa by her brother: "there are not many like my Aunt Susan."

"She's very fond of you, Percy, I can tell you," added John, saucily. "She says you are quite worthy of this little lassie here; and that's

no small compliment, in her eyes, I can tell you."

Percy smiled, and glanced at the hot glow that came into Ruth's face at her brother's words, saying, as he did so, "I shall try and prove her opinion of me to be correct."

Ruth very prudently hid her face against John's coat; at which he laughed, and gave her a slight pinch on the bit of rosy cheek still visible.

"I tell you what, John," continued his future brother, "it's a horrid shame of me to take her away from you just when you're going to begin housekeeping, but it can't be helped; though I declare I'm very sorry, my dear fellow."

"You look so!" replied John, laughing; "but I do wish one thing, Percy—I wish your mother knew about all this."

Ruth's arms gave John a little nervous squeeze, to signify her full participation in his feeling on the subject. The fact was, she had many misgivings on that very particular.

"Well," replied Percy, "I will write and tell her, if you wish it. It is no use my saying I think she'll take it quietly; because I don't." And Percy passed his fingers through his thick brown curls, and gave a rather anxious glance at little Ruth, whose heart gave a very uncomfortable twitch, though she did not say anything.

"If you take my advice, Percy," said John, "you'll go to Oak Lodge yourself, instead of writing. It will look much nicer; and you can easily run over for a day. I fear with yourself that Mrs. Olno will far from approve your choice."

"Not that it will make any difference if she don't," answered Percy, in a very warlike manner; and poking the already blazing fire with very unnecessary energy.

"Perhaps not," said John, with a smile; "but don't poke that poor fire quite out—that's all!"

Ruth laughed a little smothered laugh, and then she and Percy exchanged a few sentences, that made that wicked John's eyes twinkle with fun, and caused him to inquire in a saucy manner, whether he should go up-stairs for a short time, as he sadly feared he was *de trop*.

"I tell you what, Ruth," said Percy, when the laughter occasioned by this sally had subsided, "John must get married himself, and then he'll not miss you so very much when I *do* run away with you."

Then came a strange look upon John's face—an anxious, grave expression. He passed his hands across his eyes. Ruth had left her place upon the sofa by his side, and taken a low stool at his feet. Struck with his silence, and a sigh that her quick ear caught as Percy spoke, she felt for his hand, and pressed her lips upon it lovingly. "John, will you find some one to love you better than anything beside?"

He laid his hand upon her dark hair: "As you love Percy, little one?"

She answered "Yes," with her head bent lower

down, a deeper rose upon her cheeks; and at that murmured word, a brighter light shone in Percy's eyes, and a proud smile rested on his lips.

When he next spoke, John's voice sounded hoarse and strange: "Ruth my sister, Percy my brother, I have something to tell you both."

The face of the blind girl was raised to his. Percy watched him anxiously, waiting and wondering; but it was some moments before he spoke, and then his voice was calm and low: "I have now been away from you and England more than twelve long months, and it has pleased God to bless my efforts, while away, in a manner beyond my highest hopes. You both know the struggles of my early life, and the fate that seemed to deny success: wearied with disappointment, I determined to try what could be done on the other side of the Atlantic, acting, in so doing, on the advice of my most experienced friends. This you both know; but you must learn now, that, before quitting England, I gave the deepest love of my heart to one worthy of the trust."

"O, John," said little Ruth, in a quivering voice, "do not tell me that she did not love you in return. Surely, she must have done! she could not help it!"

"You are right, Ruth: I believe she did love me, well and truly!"

"Loved you!" cried Percy—"does she not love you now?"

"I know not," replied John calmly. "I am going to seek her."

"Did you part without a promise to each other, then?" said Ruth, wonderingly,

"Ruth, she was rich and I was poor—miserably poor: should I have done right to bind her to me by a vow? No, your own heart will tell you no. We parted free—free to forget, free to be true. But O, Ruth, God grant that she may yet be faithful! Through all these long, long months, there has not been a day, an hour, scarcely a moment that I have not thought of her. She must be true, my noble-hearted one! I have toiled, struggled for her; won my way, to win her."

Ruth felt his hand trembled, and heard his voice—the voice that she had always heard so calm and clear—quiver, and almost fail with deep emotion.

"John, she must be true! she must be true!" sobbed little Ruth.

"I pray that I may find her so. I have prayed for it night and day, Ruth." There was a long silence; then Percy spoke:

"John, have you heard nothing of her since you left?"

"Yes, once; I heard she was in trouble—that she had lost her father."

"And you did not write?"

"I had promised—"

"What?"

"Not to do so. To know she was in trouble well nigh made me break it, though. O Percy, how I longed to be with her!—to uphold and comfort her!"

(Had that despairing cry, "John, John, come to me!" reached his ear, surely he would have answered to its call; but he heard it not.)

"She must have been a noble creature, John, to give her love to you, so poor as you were then, and she so rich."

"She was noble, Ruth. She had such truthful, earnest eyes—such a fine high brow. O my Kate! my Kate! are you not true still?"

He seemed to forget that he was not alone; his thoughts flew back to that last parting on the lone sea-shore. When Percy next spoke, he started.

"John, when are you going to seek this noble-hearted Kate?"

Before he had time to answer, Ruth spoke: "What is her other name, John?"

"Anson," he replied; "Kate Anson."

"What!" said, or rather shouted, Percy, springing to his feet, and standing before the astonished brother and sister, who thought he must have gone mad.

"Anson—Anson! did you say?" continued Percy, in an excited manner. "My dear fellow, my dear John, I know where she is. I will take you to her."

Half frightened at his eagerness, little Ruth retreated to the corner of the sofa, while John, calm but deadly pale, rested one hand upon the chimney-piece, and fixed his eyes upon Percy's flushed face.

"Do you mean what you say, Percy?"

"Yes, yes; of course I do. My dear John, I am so glad, so very glad; Sir Gilbert M'Allister—you know Falconbeck Hall, close to my mother's—married Miss Anson."

"Married! Good God, Percy, are you mad? or do you mean to drive me so?"

"On no account, my dear fellow; by no means! Don't think of such a thing! It's not your Miss Anson; for this one's name is Jessie, and I—"

"Jessie?" cried John, interrupting him: "has she golden hair, blue eyes, and—"

"Of course she has," replied Percy, triumphantly; "the loveliest creature I ever saw in all my whole life—a face almost like an angel's."

"It is Kate's sister. And can you tell me nothing of Kate—my precious Kate?"

"I was going to," said Percy (his hair standing out all sorts of ways, with constantly running his fingers through it—a thing he always did when in a state of excitement); "I was going to, but you wouldn't let me. She lives with the M'Allisters at Falconbeck. I heard my mother say there was a sister there, and of course it's your lady-love, you know."

John did not reply; he covered his face, and stood quite still by the fire. Little Ruth felt her way softly to him, and stole her arms round him.

"O John, I am so glad."

But he spoke sadly—"Do not say that yet, Ruth."

Long after, when the fire had sunk quite low, and the cheerful blaze had died away—when the night was closing in, and the little front parlour



had grown quite dark and gloomy—Aunt Susan came to her “three children.” They were still talking earnestly.

When little Ruth said “Good night” to her brother, some hours later, she clung round him long and fondly.

“O John,” sobbed the girl, “I hope it will be all well. I could not bear it not to be.”

“God knows it would be hard, Ruth; but I hope.”

There was no sleep for John that night. The morrow would take him to Falconbeck. He knew now some of the bitter sorrow that had fallen upon Kate since they parted on the shore at Beachhill; but not all—*O not all!*

## CHAP. X.

Kate was alone, in her own beautiful drawing-room at Falconbeck; Christmas had come and gone; Harry had spent a happy, merry time amongst them all; and the Eversfields had gone back to Leylands. This was the first day after their departure, and Kate missed them sadly. She had been happier than since her marriage, during their visit, for Mrs. Eversfield’s gay spirits and lively manner seemed to set everyone at ease; beside, the necessity of entertaining friends drew Kate from herself, and she was always happier then.

The day was bitterly cold, and had no bright sunshine to make it look cheery; a dull, heavy mist had in the early morning hidden the park entirely, but that had cleared away, and Willie had, in consequence, persuaded Jessie to accompany himself and Crib a short drive, rather against her sister’s will, who feared the cold might be too severe for her. However, as usual, Willie ruled the day; and, after seeing that Jessie was well encased in furs and shawls, Kate went to her beautiful drawing-room, drew Willie’s sofa close to the warm fire, and endeavoured to make herself very cozy and comfortable. She was making a pretty cushion for an old aunt of her husband’s, and her nimble fingers traced roses and lilies on the silken canvas with wonderful celerity. She wore a rich, dark purple dress, made very plainly, and fitting tightly to her slender figure, and a small worked collar, simply fastened with a beautiful cameo. Gilbert had left Falconbeck the day before, with the Eversfields, and she was expecting him back that morning; he liked to see her in that violet dress; and anxious to do any little thing she could to please him, she had put it on to welcome him home. Since the night when he showed her the miniature Mrs. Eversfield had given him, Gilbert had never spoken of her feelings towards himself; but his kindness, his love and tender care were such as she felt she could never repay. Kate was really anxious to do right: she did strive to be all he wished, and in

everything, except *the one thing*, was all his heart desired.

She never allowed herself to dwell upon the past, knowingly; but sometimes remembrance was too strong for her, and it required no slight struggle to shake it off. Even now, as she sat there, expecting her husband’s arrival, some evil spirit seemed whispering in her ear voices and words of that fearful past. Angry with herself, and determined to drive such thoughts away, she made up her mind to write to her cousin Ann—that noble, single-hearted woman, who seemed, to her eyes, well nigh perfection. Had she known all; had she guessed that the love that found no answering echo in her own heart would have been to Ann the most precious earthly boon that God could have bestowed; had she witnessed the almost mortal struggle that gave Ann the strength to cast every thought of self aside, and rejoice to see the man—dearer to her own soul than life itself—united to the woman of his heart, Kate would have wondered at the patient endurance, the mighty self-discipline possessed by Ann M’Allister!

As Kate walked towards the window to get her writing-case, the hall-bell rang. “That cannot be Gilbert,” she thought, “for I know Sam was to take Duke to the station for him, and I have heard no horse’s feet.”

Kate was right: it was not Gilbert. She was standing by the table, when the room door opened. She heard James announce a name; she saw a tall figure coming towards her; she heard the door close again, and a voice say, very softly—“*Kate!*”

But she did not move, she did not speak; her eyes fixed a wild glare; her hands clenched convulsively; she gasped for breath.

He moved towards her. She had not the power to shrink from him; but uttered a long, low, wailing cry, and would have sunk to the ground, had he not clasped her passionately to his heart.

He bore her to a sofa, and knelt beside her; he covered her hands, her brow, her lips with burning kisses; he called her his “own true Kate;” implored her to speak to him—if it was only one word. But she did not hear him: her head fell back heavily upon his arm, and the face of the dead is not more deathly than the face of Kate M’Allister as the light fell full upon it.

Wild with fear and excitement, John had not heard a third person enter the room, and was unconscious of Sir Gilbert’s presence, until a voice, fearful in its calm, stern agony, exclaimed at his side—“My God! Kate! is she dead?”

John sprang to his feet, and the two men faced each other.

Sir Gilbert in a moment regained his self-command, and was the first to speak—“May I ask you to explain this scene?” His eye fell sternly on the insensible girl as he spoke.

“I have startled your sister,” replied John, his whole frame quivering with agitation. “I will explain all afterwards; only get her some wine.” He forgot even Sir Gilbert’s presence,

in seeing the beloved of his heart lie there so cold and death-like, and bending over her, took one of her lifeless hands in his. Gently, but firmly, Sir Gilbert drew it from that loving clasp, not to retain it, but to let it sink helplessly to her side.

"Whom do you believe that lady to be?" he asked, pointing to the still figure before them.

"Your sister-in-law, and the beloved of my heart."

Gilbert gave one deep, gasping sigh; but his voice was quite steady—"That lady is *my wife*."

"Your wife!"

Gilbert repeated his words—"My wife."

He raised her left hand, and pointed to the wedding-ring upon her finger. "There is my proof."

John raised his hand to his brow: he thought that he was going mad. The wretched man groaned aloud—"O God, have mercy on me! Your wife—wife—Kate—Kate—O God!"

He reeled, and would have fallen, had not Sir Gilbert caught his arm.

There was a smaller room through the drawing-room, and thither Sir Gilbert led him. He spoke in no anger, for he pitied the man from his heart.

"I must go," said John, mildly.

"Not yet: sit down here."

That calm, commanding voice seemed to influence him strangely.

"You cannot go yet; you can hardly stand; you must take some wine; but wait here a few moments, and I will return to you."

John knew that he was going to Kate, but he dare not breathe her name; he buried his face in his hands, and tried to think.

Sir Gilbert stood by his insensible wife: he took a scent-bottle from the table, and poured a few drops of its contents through her white lips; then he opened one of the large windows, and let the cold, bitter, winter air blow full upon her. A faint colour came to her lips again, and she opened her heavy eyes.

He was standing at the head of the sofa, and she could not see him; but she heard his deep breathing.

"Who is with me?"

"Gilbert—your husband."

He came to her side, and laid some of the cool scent upon her forehead. "Are you better now, Kate?"

"Yes!"

"Let me help you up-stairs."

He assisted her to rise, and then, placing his arm round her waist, half led, half carried her to her own dressing-room, and laid her on the sofa.

She did not speak as they went up-stairs; she heard him tell James to send her maid up with some wine, for that her mistress was ill, and then he was standing by her side, waiting for it. She longed to say one word, but she could not—dare not.

Gilbert heard the wheels of Willie's pony carriage, and went down to meet Jessie.

"Go to your sister: she is in her dressing-room."

She saw how deadly pale he was, and thought something dreadful had happened.

"O Gilbert, what is the matter? is anything wrong with Kate?"

She has been very faint and ill, Jessie; I want you to go to her, and be quite quiet. Do not speak, or let her do so; do you understand?"

"Yes, Gilbert."

Willie was singing "Old Virginia," on the hall steps. His brother sent to him.

"Willie, will you go and sit with your mother? she is alone. And do not make any noise, for Kate is not well."

"Kate ill! O, Gilbert! may I go to her?"

"No, Willie; do as I desire you: go and sit with your mother."

"Very well," replied the boy, and went up-stairs.

It was strange the influence Gilbert could exert over people when he chose; no one ever thought of disobeying him, when he spoke in that calm, determined manner.

Crossing the hall, he met James.

"Please, sir, is my mistress better?" said the old man, anxiously.

"Yes, James, she is. Send some lunch up to her room; and, James, I am going to see a gentleman in the drawing-room on business; see that we are not disturbed."

"Yes, sir."

His master passed into the drawing-room, and shut the door; and James went to his pantry, feeling sure that something was wrong, by the look on his master's face. He had known it from a boy, and could tell when trouble and anxiety were written there. Three hours passed away, and still James kept guard over the drawing-room door. Then the bell rang, and he found his master and the gentleman who had come that morning, standing side by side at the window. Sir Gilbert ordered his drag to be prepared as quickly as possible, and James retired to give the order to Sam, in no enviable state of mind. He had noticed that both the gentlemen were deadly pale, and that his master's hand was fearfully unsteady as he took out his watch, before ordering the drag. James put two and two together, and came to the horrible conclusion that his master and the strange gentleman were going to fight a duel. The poor old man's agony of mind was dreadful; he determined to watch narrowly if anything that bore the smallest resemblance to a pistol-case was put into the drag, which he had no doubt was to convey the combatants to the place of battle; and when Sam brought the vehicle to the hall door, he announced its arrival to his master in such a terrified tone of voice that that gentleman looked at him in some surprise. Then he went, and stood holding open the hall door, and trembling so violently that his old head shook as if he had the ague. In a few moments the two gentlemen came into the hall; James could see no pistol-



case, though he looked very hard; he saw his master wring the hand of his companion, and fancied he heard something like "God bless you," but he was not sure. The stranger sprang into the drag, and Sir Gilbert told Sam to drive to the station. James breathed again. His master was not going; so perhaps, after all, there was no duel in the case.

Sir Gilbert returned to the now dimly-lighted drawing-room; it felt cold and comfortless, but not so cold and desolate as his own heart.

What passed in his long interview with John Grey, no one—not even Kate—ever knew: nor will we try to do so. It must have been an awful and a trying time to both; but two such noble, great-hearted men could but be noble and generous to each other. John told him all—it was but right that he should do so. Sir Gilbert heard—calmly, quietly, sorrowfully; and they parted, with warmly-grasping hands and full hearts.

The particulars of their interview were too sacred to record; but God knew the grief in those two hearts, and saw how nobly it was borne.

Sir Gilbert wished to have a few moments' quiet thought before he saw his wife again. With folded arms he stood by the drawing-room window; once a smothered groan burst from his lips, and one hot, scalding tear rolled down his manly cheek. Woman's tears! they are as drops of gentle dew—readily made to fall, and readily dried. But a man's tears?—the drops wrung by anguish from an iron-hearted, brave-spirited man?—O, they are drops of liquid fire, scorching as they fall!

"Gilbert! Gilbert!" called Jessie's voice from the head of the stairs.

He was at her side in a moment. She was trembling from head to foot: he felt it as she grasped his arm.

"Go to her, Gilbert! go to her quickly!"

But the sight that met his eye, as he gained the door of his wife's dressing-room, appalled even his strong heart.

She was standing by the sofa on which he had placed her a few hours before, her long, dark hair streaming over her neck and shoulders, her eyes glittering fearfully, and fixed with a straining, horrible expression upon one corner of the room; one hand raised, and pointing in the same direction, and the other clenched upon the sofa head.

As he stood, arrested for a moment by horror, on the threshold of the room, a frightful peal of mocking laughter burst from her colourless lips. He sprang forward, and was about to speak to her, when he turned suddenly to the pale, terrified Jessie, and grasping her wrist like a vice, said, in a low, hurried voice—

"Tell one of them to saddle Duke, and gallop over to Doctor Bailey's; let him ride the horse back, and tell him to be quick, for God's sake!"

Even then Sir Gilbert's presence of mind did not desert him. He laid his hand upon Kate's arm, called her by her name. She turned those

gleaming eyes upon him, and, with a wild cry, sprang into his arms, clinging passionately to him, as she had never done before.

"Gilbert! Gilbert!" she cried, in beseeching accents, "save me! save me! save me, and forgive me; do not cast me from you, my husband! can you find the heart to do it? See—see! he is there—there, by the window, Gilbert, save me!" She began to sob hysterically, still clinging to his breast, and glancing fearfully around.

Pale, terrified faces came round the door. Poor Jessie sunk upon her knees beside the sofa, and hid her eyes among the cushions; she could not bear to look at Kate. Willie, called to the spot by his unfortunate sister's scream, no sooner saw how things were, than he began to act like Gilbert's brother would be sure to do: he sent a servant to his mother, bidding her keep the room door shut, and prevent anyone alarming Mrs. Anson; then, seeing how helpless Jessie had become through terror, he sent down-stairs to poor old James to know if the last post had yet gone out. James, who was almost frightened to death, managed to remember that there was yet half an hour before it would do so; and, first telling him to order one of the stable-boys to saddle Lightfoot, he sat down in the deserted drawing-room, and wrote a line to his cousin Ann.

"Dear Ann,—Kate is very ill; come quickly to help Gilbert. Yours, in great haste,

WILLIE."

He felt happier when this missive was sealed and sent off; and on returning up-stairs found Kate rather quieter, and Sir Gilbert trying to soothe her by every gentle word, and loving caress. Her own maid and Sir Gilbert were the only people with her. Jessie had proved of more harm than good, from her want of self-command; so Sir Gilbert had sent her away; but Willie went to her, and tried his very best to comfort her.

With some difficulty they got Kate undressed, and endeavoured to persuade her to lie down in bed, but she positively refused to do so, and kept, imploring Sir Gilbert not to send her away, in such a touching manner, that he felt as though he could hardly bear it. Her burning hands, and the deep, hot colour in her cheek, told of fever running to a fearful height. Her husband listened anxiously for the arrival of Dr. Bailey, and, at last, after what seemed hours of waiting to poor Sir Gilbert, he came. He stayed in Kate's room until far on into the night. Her beautiful hair was all cut off, and bitterly wept over by her poor lady's-maid; linen bandages soaked in cold lotion were bound upon her throbbing brow, and strong narcotics administered. She grew calm, and laid her poor aching head wearily on the pillow. Doctor Bailey said little, but Sir Gilbert knew by his face that he was not very sanguine, and the husband's heart ached to think of losing his precious Kate.

Yes! after all that had happened, he loved her fondly, dearly still!

The still, dark hours of the night passed slowly on; the night-lamp cast a faint light upon the heavy curtains of the bed, looped away to give the sufferer air, and fell upon the pale face of the anxious watcher by the bed-side. Kate's hands moved restlessly and carelessly; her head turned wearily from side to side; she talked incessantly in a low, unnatural voice, that sent a thrill through Sir Gilbert's whole frame—

"John—John! I could not help it. Forgive me—forgive me. Why did you come? Do not look at me in that way; I can't bear it; you will break my heart. See—see, the ring upon my finger; I am Gilbert's now; and oh, he is so kind to me; but I do not love him as I loved you, John! I will try to do so—I will try to think no more of Beach-hill. John, John, why do you stay? Leave me, leave me. He will not go. Gilbert! where are you? husband, my own kind husband? come to me—save me! But I forgot: you will not love me any more now. O, forgive me, Gilbert! do not send me from you."

And he held her clinging to his breast, and took a solemn vow—"So help me, God, I never will."

### TRAVELLERS BY LAND OR BY WATER.

BY MRS. ABDY.

"That it may please Thee to preserve all that travel by land or by water."

*Litany.*

How eagerly I listen, those beseeching words to hear!

How gently and how soothingly they fall upon my ear!

How fervently and deeply for the traveller I pray,  
When thinking on a loved one who is roaming far away!

Many amid this gathered throng must now recall,  
like me,

Dear wanderers who journey by the land or by the sea;

Many, like me, must greet the prayer, so fitted to impart

The calm of holy quiet to the fond and anxious heart.

We feel that God is mighty to support, to guide, to save;

He bids the angry storm be hushed—He stills the surging wave.

The forest may be wide and lone, the mountain steep and bare;  
The desert may be parched and drear, but God is present there.

"Good Lord, preserve our loved ones from the perils of their way!"

Such is our secret, constant prayer: but on the Sabbath-day,

'Tis joy to know that while we kneel before our Maker's throne,

The prayers of countless worshippers are mingled with our own!

### THE CHURCH-YARD FLOWERS.

BY ADA TREVANION.

Within the little grey churchyard  
So lonely and so free,  
All with memorial crosses starr'd,  
And mounds a fix'd sea,  
We laid thee, dearest, down to sleep,  
But planted on thy tomb  
No green and drooping tree to weep,  
Nor tender flowers to bloom.

We came again, and thought to find  
The spot undecked and bare;  
Amazement! fragrance scents the wind,  
And fairest blooms are there!—  
Snowdrops, those resurrection flowers,  
The darlings of the Spring,  
And violets wet with early showers,  
In freshest blossoming.

Those flowers were offspring of the same  
Which thou hadst grasped in death;  
As messengers from thee they came;  
We bound them in a wreath,  
And hung it 'mid the glistening dew  
Which shone like crystals round,  
With loving reverence, for we knew  
We stood on holy ground.

And Death has grown to us most sweet—  
The bearer of all love;  
The link to that beneath our feet,  
The bond of life above.  
He is no more the alien foe,  
Dictated by our fears;  
We've learnt his gentleness to know,  
Undreamed of in past years.

SMITHFIELD.—Smithfield is supposed to have received its name from one Smith, the owner thereof, and from its having been originally a smooth and level field. It was anciently much larger than it now appears, its area being greatly diminished by the buildings with which it is inclosed: the whole west side extended as far as the late sheep-market, and was called The Elms, from the number of those trees that grew there. This spot appears to have been the common place of execution for criminals in the year 1219. —*City Press*.



## THE MANUFACTURE OF SILK.

BY C. T. HINCKLEY.

The manufacturing treatment of the silk, when the labours of the silkworm are over, is as follows: When the crop of cocoons is complete it is gathered from the bushes, and about one sixtieth part is set aside for the production of eggs, the finest cocoons as to web and colour being selected for this purpose. A difference of weight generally determines which are the cocoons of male, and which of female insects. The latter are heavier and rounder than the former. The cocoons intended to produce eggs are preserved in a very dry room, and in about ten days they lose in weight to the amount of seven and one-half per cent.

The main crop of cocoons is next sorted into nine qualities, known in the factories as—1. *Good cocoons*, which are strong, firm, almost equally round at both ends, not very large, but free from spots. 2. *Calcined cocoons*, in which the worm has died after having completed its work, and is reduced to a powdery substance. 3. *Cocalons*, which are larger and less compact than good cocoons. 4. *Choquettes*, cocoons in which the worm has died before finishing its work. 5. *Dupion*, or double cocoons, difficult to unwind, and often kept for seed. 6. *Soufflons*, cocoons of so loose and soft a texture that they cannot be unwound. 7. *Pointed cocoons*, in which one end rises to a point, which breaks off after a little silk has been unwound, and so spoils the thread. 8. *Perforated cocoons*, from which the moth has escaped. 9. *Bad choquettes*, in which the silk is spotted, rotten, and blackish in colour. The vitality of the chrysalis is destroyed previously to the unwinding of the cocoons. This is done either by exposure to the sun, or by artificial heat, such as that of an oven after the bread is withdrawn. The floss silk is removed from the cocoon by opening it at one end and slipping out the cocoon. In reeling it is necessary to use cocoons of one quality, as different qualities require different treatment.

The natural gum of the cocoons is softened by immersion in warm water, kept at the proper temperature by a charcoal fire, or by a steam pipe. After they have remained in it for a few minutes, the reeler (generally a woman) gently stirs up or brushes the cocoons with a short birch-rod, and to this the loose threads of the cocoons adhere, and are thus drawn out of the water. They are then taken four or five together, twisted with the fingers into one thread (as many as thirty can be wound together) and passed through a metal loop which rubs off dirt and impurities; it then passes on to the reel, which has a slight lateral motion, so that the thread of one revolution does not overlay the other. If it were allowed to do so, the threads

would be glued together before the gum had time to harden by exposure to the air. When any single thread breaks or comes to an end, its place is to be supplied by a new one, that the united thread may be of equal thickness throughout. The new thread is merely laid on, and adheres to the rest by its native gum, and as the filaments are finer near their termination than at the commencement, it is necessary to add other cocoons before the first set is quite exhausted. The cocoons are not entirely wound off, but the husk containing the chrysalis is used, together with the floss silk, under the name of *waste*. Improved methods of reeling are introduced from time to time, but they are on the same principle as the above. The length of filament yielded by a single cocoon is 300 yards though some have yielded upwards of 600 yards. Eleven or twelve pounds of cocoons yield one pound of silk, from 200 to 250 cocoons going to the pound weight. Thus about 2,817 cocoons are included in that quantity. The reeled silk is made up into hanks for sale and use. The form and contents, as well as the quality of these hanks, differ according to the quarter whence they are received.

The operations to which raw silk is subjected in order to prepare it for weaving or other purposes consist chiefly of *winding, cleaning, spinning, doubling, throwing, and reeling*. When the silk is merely wound and cleaned, it is called *dumb singles*, and is used in that state for weaving into bandana handkerchiefs, and when bleached, for gauze, [and similar fabrics. If the silk is wound, cleaned, and thrown, it is known as *thrown singles*, and is used for ribbons and common silks. If wound, cleaned, doubled, thrown, and twisted in one direction, it is called *tram*, and is used for the woof or shoot of Gros de Naples, velvets, and flowered silks. If wound, cleaned, spun, doubled, and thrown, so as to resemble the strand of a rope, it is called *organzine*, and is strong enough to be used for warp. The natural gum of the silk is for some purposes allowed to remain, in which case the silk is termed *hard*; but, if this stiffening gum is removed by *scouring*, it is termed *soft*.

In the first operation, that of *winding* the silk upon bobbins, each hank is extended upon a light, six-sided reel, called a *swift*. A number of these swifts are arranged side by side upon an axis on either side of a frame. Above the swifts are the bobbins similarly arranged, one bobbin for each swift. The bobbins being connected with the swifts by means of the silken filament, are set in motion, thereby causing the swifts to turn round and deliver the silk. The hanks vary in size, and as the dimensions of the swifts require also to be varied to suit the hanks,

the swifts, which are made of laths of lancewood, are arranged in pairs upon a central nave. The outer extremities of each pair are rather further apart than the inner ends, and are connected together by a band of small cord on which the hank of silk rests, so that, by slipping the band nearer or further from the centre, the size of the swift can be adapted to the dimensions of the hank. In putting on the hank the swift must be balanced, because, if one side were heavier than another, it would, in turning, by its sudden fall, snap the filament. The swifts turn freely on their supports, but friction is produced by hanging on the nave a small hoop to which the weights are hung; this prevents the swifts from giving off the silk faster than it can be taken up by the bobbins. In order to distribute the filaments equally over the bobbins, each filament is passed through a small glass ring or eye attached to a horizontal bar, which has a lateral traverse. The filament is thus wound on a spiral or oblique direction, which prevents the lateral adhesion of the filament, and allows its end to be readily found when it breaks. The winding machine requires constant attendance, in order to put on the hanks, exchange the bobbins, and join the ends of threads broken in winding. Motion is given to the bobbins by means of a friction-roller, so that any one bobbin can be removed without stopping the other bobbins.

The bobbins, having been thus filled at the winding-frame, are removed to the *cleaning* or *picking machine*, where, being fixed horizontally on plain spindles, each thread is carried from the bobbin over a glass or iron guide-rod, and then drawn through a brush or cleaner for the purpose of separating loose dirt; but in order to get rid of knots and irregularities, the cleaner consists of a bar of metal containing a small notch or hole capable of adjustment to a certain size. The filament is dragged from its bobbin through the calender to other bobbins, and should a knot or other irregularity occur which prevents the filament from passing through the hole, the plate of metal is depressed, and the bobbin is lifted off of the friction-roller from which it receives motion, and this stoppage being noticed by the attendant, she picks out the mote or removes the knot, so as to allow it to pass through the cleaner, and then sets the bobbin in motion as before.

The cleaned filaments of silk are next twisted by means of the machinery employed in spinning cotton. Hence the twisting of a continuous filament is called *spinning*, although it does not resemble the twisting together of the short fibres of cotton, flax, or wool, to which the term is more properly applied. The bobbins of clean silk are mounted on a horizontal axis, and the twisting is effected by passing the filament to other bobbins placed on vertical axes or spindles furnished with flyers, through the eyes of which the filaments are passed. While the horizontal bobbins deliver the filaments at a certain rate, the flyers rotate at a quicker rate, and thus put

twist into the filaments, and the twist is hard or close in proportion to the velocity of the flyer.

In the process of *doubling*, a number of filaments are combined into one cord, the strength and durability of which are thus greatly increased. The thick cord used for making purses often consists of thirty threads, laid side by side, and twisted. Doubling is performed by a woman at a spinning-wheel, the bobbins of thread to be doubled being mounted in a small frame. She first collects the loose ends from these bobbins, unites them into one, passes them through a kind of loop or jack, and attaches them to a bobbin which is set in motion by the wheel, which thus unwinds the threads from the bobbins in the frame, and lays them side by side on the bobbin attached to the wheel. When a sufficient number of bobbins are filled, the parallel threads are transferred from them to a horizontal reel, and the ends are carried through the eye or loop of a rotating flyer, by the rotation of which the several threads are twisted or doubled together into a kind of rope. This operation is called *throwing*—a term which is sometimes applied to the whole class of operations by which silk is prepared for the weaver, &c. The term appears to be derived from the rope-maker, who *throws* twist into his rope. In spinning or doubling, the direction of the twist varies according to the uses to which the thread is to be applied. In spinning single filaments the twist is to the right; for tram, the spinning is omitted; after winding, the threads are doubled, and then twisted to the right; for organzine, the thread, after being wound, is twisted to the left, then doubled and twisted to the right. These variations modify the texture of the threads, and adapt them to various woven fabrics.

The doubling-frame contains a contrivance for stopping the bobbin, should any one of the threads break. Suppose two threads are to be doubled or twisted together, each thread is passed through an eye in a bent wire, which it supports; so that, should one thread break, the wire falls down on a lever which it depresses, and its opposite end acts as a sort of catch or paul to a ratchet-wheel attached to the end of the bobbin, thus stopping its motion until the attendant has mended the broken thread.

Some of the heavier descriptions of silk threads, such as sewing, or fringing thread, are prepared by means of a *throstle-frame*. In this, as in other cases above-noticed, the twisting of the thread is set or made permanent by exposure to steam, the reels being inclosed for the purpose in a steam-chest. The silk may be sent to the dyer either in a hard or soft state. If in the latter, it is deprived of its gum by boiling it in soap and water for three or four hours, about one-fourth of the weight of the silk being lost in the process; but this loss is more or less compensated by the weight of the dye-stuff, which sometimes amounts to twelve and one half per cent. This is of importance, as the manufacturer estimates the value of his goods by weight.



Silk for ribbons, and some other descriptions of silk goods, are not boiled.

The silk, after leaving the throwing mill, is ready for weaving into various fabrics either at the common loom or at the jacquard-loom; it also forms yarn or thread for hosiery and gloves, and also sewing or knitting silk.

The floss silk and the refuse of the throwing process are worked into yarns for coarser fabrics, such as shawls and cheap bandanas. The waste is sent to the spinner in small balls, which are sorted into parcels according to their quality. The filaments are next disentangled by a process of hecklin, and they are laid parallel at the *filling-engine*, where the silk, while being passed between the feeding-rollers, is subjected to the action of a series of moving combs. The next machine is the *drawing-frame*, in which the filaments are held firmly in their place by one end, and the combs travel over the surface, and remove all impurities and short fibres. The latter in their turn are also dressed, and what remains in the combs is used for stuffing cushions and for similar purposes. The parallel filaments are next cut into lengths of about an inch and a quarter by a *cutting-engine*, which acts much like a chaff-cutting machine. These lengths are then acted on by a *scutcher*, which converts them into fine down, which is put into bags and boiled for an hour or two in soap and water for the purpose of washing out the gum; it is next boiled in pure water to get rid of impurities, and is then submitted to strong pressure in a Bramah press. It is next dried and again passed through the scutching-machine. It is lastly carded and formed into yarn. The spinning of waste silk has, however, of late years, undergone several important improvements, by which the operations of cutting, carding, and scutching have been superseded, the uncut filament being drawn into a sliver by a modification of the gill used in the preparation of flax.

The introduction of the silkworm into the United States was during the reign of James I., who, excited by the success attending its culture in France, endeavoured to extend its culture in his American colonies. He wrote upon the subject to the Virginia Company in 1662, who, acting upon the matter, planted mulberry-trees, and raised silkworms. The company, owing to the troubles in the colony, was soon after dissolved; so that a very little silk was produced at that time. Thirty years after, the speculation was again agitated by a man named Digges; but it did not amount to anything.

In 1732, some of the settlers in Georgia turned their attention to this branch of industry with some degree of success. A bounty on silk was granted by Parliament in 1749; and all silk imported into London from Carolina or Georgia was admitted duty-free. The inferior quality of the silk, and the repeal of the bounty, a few years afterwards, induced the planters to abandon the enterprise, especially as the culture of indigo offered much surer success, and greater inducements.

The rearing of the silkworm was also com-

menced in South Carolina in the year 1732, and, by various persons, was conducted with something more of success than in Georgia. Some specimens of silk from that State were transmitted to the "Society of Arts," in 1771, and received the medal of the Society, and a premium of fifty guineas. The enterprise in that State, however, shared the fate of the attempts of other States.

In 1769, Franklin, who was then in England, carefully observing everything that might be turned to the advantage of the United States, suggested to the "American Philosophical Society," then lately instituted, and of which, though residing abroad, he had been elected the first president, the patriotic idea of introducing the culture of silk into Philadelphia, and recommended a commencement by the establishment of a filature. The Society warmly embraced his views; application was made to the Legislature for assistance, but, it appears, without success; and the necessary sum was finally raised by subscription. The filature was established in Seventh-street, between Market and Arch-streets. A skilful Frenchman was placed at the head of it; and the Society procured the necessary machine (the Piedmont reel) to wind the cocoons. It is asserted that the silk reeled in this filature was equal in quality to the best silk imported from France or Italy. There may be some exaggeration in this; but, as regards the quantity of silk reeled, there can be no doubt. In a period of less than two months, from the 25th of June to the 15th of August, 1771, more than 2,300 pounds of cocoons were brought to the filature to be reeled, or were bought by the managers. The whole of this silk was produced in Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and Delaware. The Revolution put an end to this useful establishment.

It is thought that the want of proper legislation upon this subject has done much to impede the production of silk in America. Various attempts have been made to get the attention of Congress directed, in a proper manner, to this subject, but have all failed. Not that they have not had legislation upon it; but it has been of so vacillating a nature as to negative the attempts of silk culturers to arrive at a sufficient remuneration for their enterprise. Had no legislation been indulged in, it is possible that the culture of silk would have arrived at a much higher degree of perfection than it at present enjoys in that country.

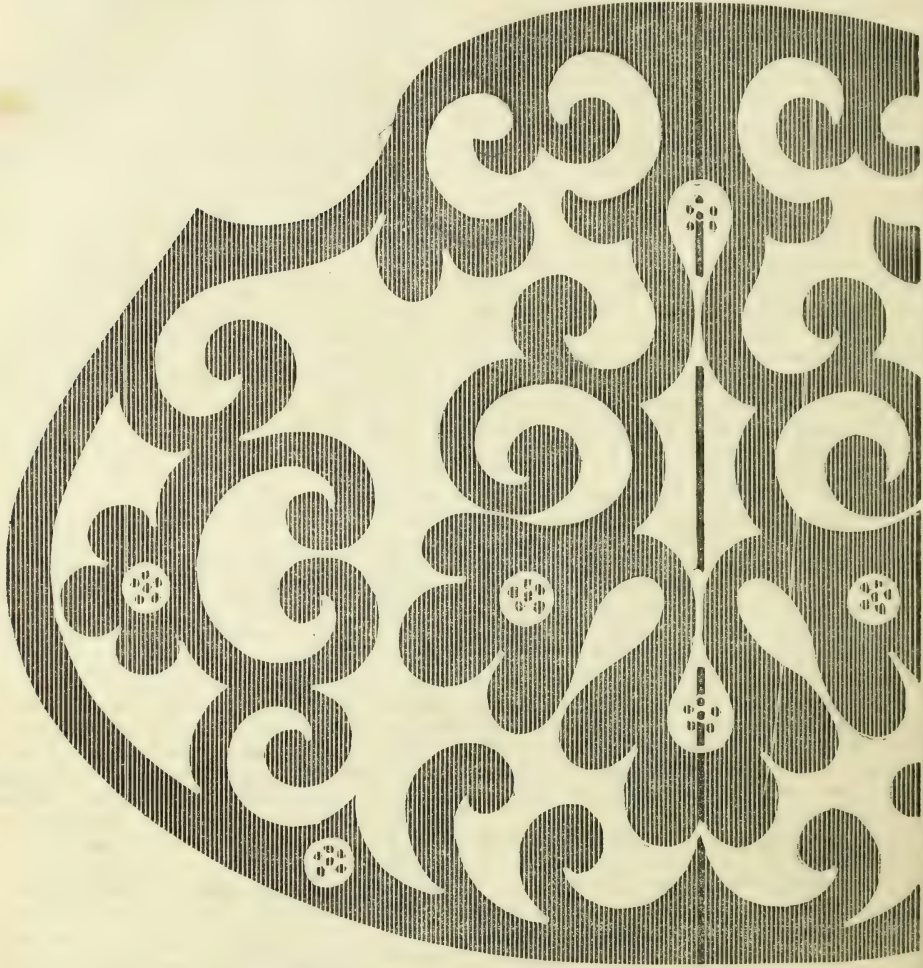
In the Crystal Palace of New York, there were exhibited specimens of raw silk, sewing silk, gimp, fringes, and tassels of an excellent quality from the manufactories of Mr. Royle and Mr. Crossley, in Paterson, New Jersey. A great number of hands are employed; and their business is rapidly extending.

The Bengal silk is very inferior in quality to the Chinese, and is chiefly used in the manufacture of fringes. It is of a bright yellow tinge; and its thread is coarse and uneven. The same objections may be urged, although in a less degree, against some of the Italian silks.—*Godey's American Magazine*,

# THE WORK-TABLE.

## APPLIQUE RETICULE.

**MATERIALS:**—Leather, or Cloth of two contrasting colours; Russian Alliance Braid; a yard of good Silk to match one of the colours of the sides; Cords and Tassels.



There is hardly any one who does not occasionally stand in need of a bag, at once pretty and commodious; and as the style of design we now give certainly combines these qualities, we hope it will be generally popular. There are several modes of working the sides, which are intended to be rather stiff. Either the pattern may be cut or stamped out, on one piece of cloth or leather, and appliqué, with thin gum, to another, the outlines being covered by a row of Alliance braid; or the pattern may be marked, and simply braided, on either material: or it may be marked on canvas, and worked in two colours, in cross-stitch, with a line of gold-coloured silk stitches by way of outline. A thin card-board should be introduced between the

outer part and the lining, to make the side firm.

To make up this bag, unite the sides by a strip of the silk, 3 to 4 inches in width. It must be gathered at each edge, being very full. The sides should be piped all round the edge with some of the same silk. The upper part—a straight piece of silk, is set on each side to the work, and half the silk-puffing joined up the sides, and then the lining, which comes from within the running, below the hem at the top, and goes down to the bottom, is added. The silk puffing must be lined separately. In putting on the silk top, lay it beneath the side, so that the form of the latter is preserved. Run in the cords and tassels, to draw it up.

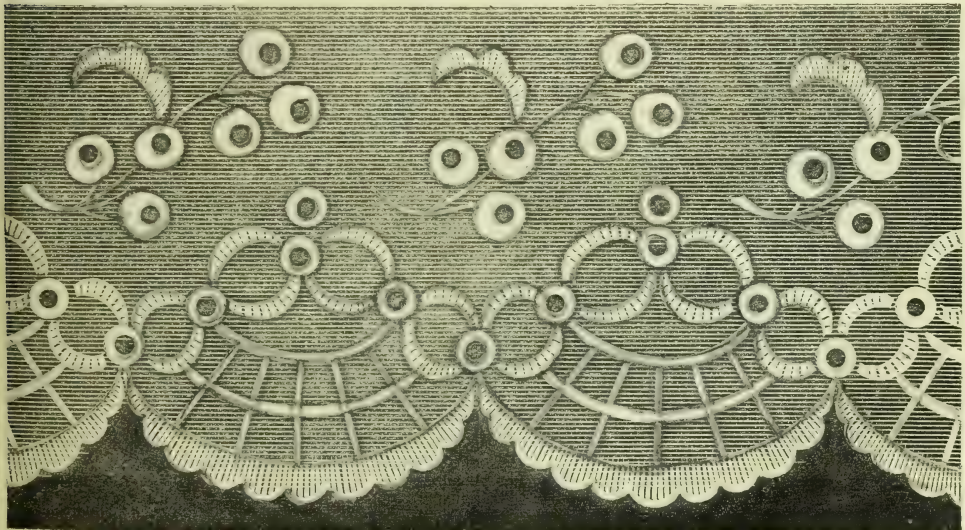
AIGUILLETTE.





TRIMMING FOR DRAWERS, PANTALETTES, &c.

MATERIALS:—Very fine Long Cloth, and the Royal Perfectionnée Embroidery Cotton, No. 24, of Messrs. Walter Evans and Co., of Derby.



The designs worked in overcast, or button-hole-stitch, are so generally popular, that we give one done entirely in that style. The scallop, forming a sort of shell, is open, being worked in bars, which, of course, must be the part *first* done. The remainder is simply overcast, no other part being open, except the centres of the eyelets, which are to be pierced.

AIGUILLETTE.

## BABY'S BOOT.

Cast on 20 stitches on the first, and 25 on the other two needles; knit a row, make a row of holes, purl a row, and begin the pattern thus:

1st row. Purl 1, knit 1, bind one, knit 2 plain, make 1, knit 1, make 1, knit 2 plain, and knit 2 together.

2nd row. Purl 1, knit 9. Continue doing these 2 rows until there are 20 holes; then take off the first stitch of the second needle, and put it on to the end of the first needle.

Take up the stitches on each side, and put them on the side-needles, and knit as follows, beginning on the left-hand needle:

A row plain.

A row purled.

A row of holes.

A row purled.

A row plain.

Do the same on the other side: fasten on the coloured wool to the heel of the right-hand needle, and when you have knit plain to the end of the row, cast on 15 stitches more for the toe; knit 11 rows more plain, then 12 more, knitting 2 together at the beginning of each row; fasten off, and take up the 15 stitches at the toe, and knit plain until you have taken off all the stitches left on the front needle, which is done by slipping the last coloured stitch at the end of every row, and binding it over one of the white; then knit off all the white stitches on the other side, and do 11 rows plain, then 12 more, knitting 2 together at the end of each row. Cast off and sew the shoe together at the bottom. The stocking part of the boot is always knitted with white wool.

AIGUILLETTE.

## "HOME, SWEET HOME."

(A Tale in Six Chapters.)

## CHAP. I.

"Indeed, avourneen," said Mrs. Barry, caressing the little girl who had climbed up into her arms, to hide her face and her tears on her bosom—"indeed, indeed, avourneen! I'll never part ye; if it was the last bit and sup I had, sure I'd share it with you. Look up, Sally, and see if I'd have the face to part you; I'd give my heart's blood sooner—sooner, by far. Haven't you lain by my side every night goin' on six years? haven't you taken your bit on my knee, ever since I waned you? Don't I see you playin' about with the others, and which of them all do I love better than yourself?"

'Twas thus Mrs. Barry tried to comfort the poor child who seemed in such trouble. She was one of those foundlings who had been laid in the basket placed at the entrance of the Foundling Hospital in Dublin, for the reception of such forsaken ones. She had been sent with other infants belonging to the establishment, who seemed to require country air, to be nursed in the county of Wicklow, and taken care of for three or four years, for which small wages were paid annually, on proof being given that the child still lived.

The English, ever ready to perform their duties with exact scrupulosity, have still no idea of the passionate attachment which the poor Irish fosterers have for the children they have nursed. Davies, in his work on Ireland, says: "In the opinion of the Irish, fostering has always been a stronger alliance than blood." The poor women who used to take charge of the foundlings, invariably, when the time of their engagement was over, wished to retain

them with their own children, asking no remuneration for their care and trouble. All that they desired was still to have them by their side. Many a scene of agony took place in the cabins where they had been sheltered, when the period for their removal arrived, that they might get schooling, or learn a trade. Often were the poor women heard wailing and weeping over the children about to be taken from them, and not unfrequently have they feigned that their charge was dead, that they might not be separated from the *fondlings*, as they not inappropriately called these deserted ones.

"Mammy! mammy!" screamed the terrified child, as she clung closer and closer to her nurse; "don't let the ugly men take me from you! they'll never bring me back again; and I'll never be in your lap again, mammy; and I'll have nobody to kiss me any more; and the ugly men would bate and kill me."

A passionate burst of tears put an end to the speech; and Mrs. Barry vowed that if they attempted to take the dear baby from her "it should be with a death-blow to herself." When she heard the cars approaching, which were to convey the children back to the Foundling Hospital, she tossed little Sally on her back, and rushed into the fields in a frantic state. She never slackened her speed till she got on through the fields for nearly two miles. Then she sat down by the hedge-row, and placing little Sally on her lap, and covering her with her apron, soon hushed the poor child, who was spent with crying, into a quiet sleep. An hour had passed away, when Ned came running along, to tell that all was safe. He had followed the cars and seen them take the road to



Dublin; so all was secure for the present, and nothing might disturb their peace till that time next year, when the children were to be gathered into the establishment again.

Ned was a fine strapping boy of about nine years, the eldest of Mrs. Barry's flock; the two children born after him were in their grave. Then there were two younger, fine sturdy boys, and a little girl.

As Sally slept on her nurse's knee, Ned knelt down beside her, and with her own soft curls wiped away the tears which still glistened on her cheek, and kissed her over and over again, glad to find that she was still left among them. Ned would often take her little hand in his, and lead her through the romantic glen of Imale, and pluck wild flowers from among the crags and bushes to amuse her. She was indeed the darling of all the family. Mrs. Barry loved this poor outcast with an affection as ardent as she had felt for her own babe, whom she had nursed at the same time. Little Sally repaid the love of all the family with equal fondness; her coaxing ways endeared her to them all. She loved to busy herself as well as she was able about her "Daddy," whose health was declining, and he never seemed so much cheered as when the little *fondling* stood by his knee; weak as he was, he would run his wasted fingers through her bright curls, and laugh as she would turn up her face to have a kiss. When poor Barry died, none among the family cried more bitterly than little Sally. Many a day after, she would often be found kissing the walking-stick which he had been accustomed to carry.

Poor Mrs. Barry felt her loss sorely; but Ned was growing apace, and he had been always good and dutiful, and she looked to him for future protection for herself and his little brothers and sister, and for the poor disowned one whom she had adopted and loved as if she were her own. Her earnest prayers for permission to keep her were at length granted, and she, who had never known a mother, was left to be as a daughter to the kind-hearted woman.

I remember well the first time I ever saw Ned and Sally; it was on one of those bright evenings which have justly conferred on the month in which they are most frequent the appellation of "the merry month of June," that I enjoyed a ramble with my friend through the romantic glen of Imale and its picturesque neighbourhood. In that delightful walk, of which I often think, nothing delighted me more than the rich meadows through which we passed. The sun was casting partial gleams on favoured spots of the freshest green, and lighting them up into the very picture of gladness. The perfume of the new-mown hay was on the air, and the groups of haymakers scattered through the fields gave life to the scene. Ned and Sally plied their task together, apart from the others. It would have been impossible not to have been struck by the specimen of rustic beauty which these young people afforded. Though the

delicate symmetry of Sally's form and features spoke her of gentle blood, the glowing tint of her complexion showed that she, like the other cottage maidens, had been exposed to the air and the sun. Ned's form was not devoid of grace, and his countenance expressed frankness and good temper. As he stood by Sally, her slight figure was contrasted with his apparent breadth and strength.

Could they have been observed as they bent their way homeward through the pleasant green lanes, kind looks might have been seen, and fond words heard. A cordial welcome awaited them within, where the homely and plentiful supper, of potatoes, and new milk from their own cow, was prepared.

The days within that humble cottage passed on in peace and industry, the evenings in social meetings—the highest enjoyments of its inhabitants were those which affection and health supplied; and no repinings were ever heard, for luxuries which had never been known there. A conscience free from reproach brought refreshing rest to each member of the family at night. All was peace and harmony in that simple abode. The very scenery around gave the impression of undisturbed repose.

One morning, as the family were gathered round the breakfast-table, they were attracted to the door by the unusual sound of fifes and drums. They looked far down the glen, from whence the sounds came, and soon they saw the glittering arms of a party of soldiers who were marching on to the merry air which was played. The scarlet coats—such a novel sight to those who lived far from any town where the military were quartered—were gaily contrasted with the green foliage. The party, consisting of some twenty men, whose gaudy cockades and streamers showed that they were on the recruiting service, halted before Mrs. Barry's door; and the sergeant, pulling out a handful of silver, offered it for refreshment. In a moment the large table and the small one were brought out. Such of the soldiers as could not be accommodated with seats threw themselves on the grass, while they partook of the abundance spread for them. The eggs ready for market were hastily unpacked; the milk-pans were emptied into jugs; and the *griddle bread* (made of brown wheaten meal) which had been baked for a treat on Sunday morning was laid on the table, with large wooden bowls filled with smoking hot potatoes. During their meal, which a long march rendered very palatable, the soldiers laughed and chatted away, some among them putting Sally to the blush by their bold looks, and praise of her beauty; others displayed their accoutrements to the wondering and delighted children, explaining their various uses, and described to Ned the exciting scenes through which they had passed abroad; to which he listened with the most lively interest. He attended them to the village where they were to take up their quarters for a few days, and by the time he left them he was perfectly delighted, and had promised to



show them all that was curious or worth seeing in the neighbourhood.

Mrs. Barry, who had the very soul of hospitality, was glad to think that courtesy should be shown to the strangers. As for Ned, she never dreamed that the dissipation of a few days could be injurious to one whose industry and goodness so well merited indulgence. Ned felt a pride in showing the fine views which the bold scenery afforded, and in leading the soldiers through the secluded glens and rich valleys which abound in that picturesque country.

A visit to the remains of the old Danish forts which were in the neighbourhood was highly interesting to the military men; and Ned, fully impressed with the holiness of the ruins, proposed an excursion to the remains of the old church on the summit of *Shive Gadoc*, or the *Church Mountain*, which is the highest of the group which separates the King's River from the glen of Imale, and which is 2000 feet above the level of the sea. He brought them to the holy well, near the ruins, whose waters are supposed to possess a miraculous healing influence; here the afflicted with various ailments repair, and leave their propitiatory offerings for St. Silvestre, who in ancient days presided over the church, and still hallows the well. These diversified offerings fluttered from the branches about the well; many of them but fragments torn from the garments of the patients, to be hung up in token of faith or gratitude.

The path which led to this holy well was worn away by the steps of the pilgrims who came there to tell their beads, or perform some act of penance.

The soldiers appeared to take a deep interest in all they saw, and in all that Ned recounted. The legends with which he entertained them, were to him sacred as Holy Writ. The day was intensely hot, and by the time they returned to their quarters in the village of Donard, they were fatigued and heated. Ned was persuaded to share their mess, and in the excitement of chat and merriment, he was induced to partake largely of their potations. After a while he accepted the challenge to join a dance, in which some of the village girls were engaged with the soldiers. This completely upset poor Ned, and he was no longer master of himself. The glories of war, and the honour of serving a royal master, were loudly vaunted, and excited his feelings beyond the control of reason; and when he replied—"Yes!" in a loud, determined tone, when asked whether he would *serve His Majesty*. Shouts of uproarious applause rent the air, the King's money was given and taken, the gay cockade was fastened in Ned's hat by the sergeant, and all the soldiers, doffing their hats, gave three cheers for their new comrade, in which Ned joined most vociferously.

#### CHAP. II.

The next morning brought its headache, and, what was still worse, its heart-ache. Ned found

himself still in the quarters of his riotous companions: at first he had no remembrance of what had passed, but by slow degrees some indistinct recollections of the occurrences of the preceding evening disturbed his mind; for awhile he fancied it but the floating memory of a troubled dream; yet, why was he there? and what would his poor mother and Sally think of him? he, who would rather die than grieve them, must have caused them a night of painful and anxious watching. He looked in the faces of the soldiers for some explanation of his situation; but coarse jokes were all that he heard. His hat lay upon the ground beside him, and caught his eye; the cockade confirmed what he most feared—it was then no dream—it was too, too true; he had sold himself—he was no longer free; he had deserted his happy home—he had left his poor mother and the dear girl that he loved. The soldiers did not attempt to conceal that they thought it a very good joke, and they evidently plumed themselves on having trepanned him: one or two, however, spoke words which they intended should comfort him; but they were hateful to him, interlarded as they were with coarse jokes. The sounds of the fifes, which they made strike up a merry air to cheer his heart, filled him with disgust.

When he spoke of returning home he was told that he was no longer at his own disposal—that he was ~~the~~ a recruit—that they were to rejoin their regiment in a few days—and that he was to go up to Dublin with them that very evening, from whence they were to sail for England. The consternation of his looks and manners, when he heard that there was no way of avoiding the fate which he had so recklessly made for himself, determined the soldiers not to lose sight of him, for fear of his deserting.

Mrs. Barry and Sally had been expecting Ned all the day; but as the way to the Church Mountain was long, they thought he might have waited to rest himself; but when evening was closing in they both began to think of the deep chasms which lay by a path which he might have taken in his descent—it was a dangerous pass, that few liked to tread; the little boys, who were too merry and thoughtless to anticipate evil, wondered to see their mother and Sally so uneasy—for they could not keep a moment from the door, and would often pace up and down outside, straining their eyes in hopes of discerning Ned in the distance. Nightfall came, and it seemed more than usually dark to those who had watched the road by the last glimmer of light. Every sound they heard set their hearts beating for they fancied it was Ned on his way; if cart-wheels rattled on, some neighbour had given him a lift; if steps approached, it was Ned's foot; when they heard the distant watch-dogs baying, they were persuaded that Ned was the stranger who excited their vigilance; it was late when the moon rose, he might have delayed for its light to guide him: thus moment after moment brought some new hope, which was to end in disappointment. They listened all night, with fears becoming



every moment more intense; at length the grey twilight of early morning came with that comfortless chill which belongs so peculiarly to the hour, and which seems more particularly to affect those who are in trouble, or who are watching; few who have attended a sick-room are unacquainted with the sensation. The fields looked wide and desolate in that early mist, and the woods black, as if they had been traced in Indian ink; by degrees a soft glance edged the horizon; the singing of the birds and the tinkling of the sheep-bells and the lowing of the cattle broke through the silence; all nature was alive once more; the dew glistened on the soft green grass, and sparkled like gems upon the gossamer that hung among the branches; the sun rose in all his majesty from behind the hills, and lit up the woods and plains; the sharpening of the scythe, the stroke of the anvil, and the distant hum of men, gave notice that they were up and stirring. At length Ned was seen wending his way towards home; his mother and Sally were too glad to see him safe and well to mark the dejection of his air. The sergeant walked by his side, and some of the soldiers followed. He begged that he might hide the cockade 'till he had seen his mother and Sally. Their delight cut him to the very heart.

"Mother," said he, when the first greeting was over, "I have been very foolish—very, very foolish—*out of measure foolish*: I don't know what came over me to do it—it was the bad and foolish turn—I can't bear to make you and Sally sorry; but there's no help, I must leave the place where we were all so happy. If it would be any comfort to you to know that my heart was breakin', I might tell you *that*; but sure I know that your own are just as bad."

"It's not with the sodjers you're goin'?" interrupted Mrs. Barry, guessing the fatal truth, and breathless with agitation. "Sure it's not that you're about—you never was a madcap fool to do the likes of that?"

Ned made no answer, but drawing the cockade from his pocket, he tossed it angrily to the sergeant, who very composedly adjusted it in the hat.

"Oh! sir," said the poor woman, falling on her knees to the serjeant, "sure you won't take Ned away from us! I'm a widow woman, and my heart lies in the boy. I love him for his father, for he has his very nature. Sure you wouldn't be such a tyrant as to take him. I couldn't think to do without him. Sure, sir, you won't take him from us! That girl, too, she doats on the ground he treads. They're all one, as promised to aich other, though nothin' was ever fixed. They have grown up fond of aich other since they were but children together. You couldn't have the heart to part them. A Turk wouldn't do it, let alone a Christian. Moreover when you know that she is an orphan like, her natural friends never havin' come to look after her; but the Lord sent her to us to be a comfort and a child to us. When I am dead and gone, who would she have in the wide world, only Ned? Surely, sir," added she,

wringing his hand passionately, "you couldn't think to part them!"

Though used to scenes of distress, and to much that tends to deaden human sympathy in his soldier's life, a tear started to the eye of the sergeant; but he hastily brushed it away, and explained that there was no help.

"Couldn't I buy him off, if you please, sir?" said the poor mother, as she cast a look round the furniture, which only consisted of articles too coarse to bring any price that would avail. "We have these, sir, and the cow; you shall have them all; they'll bring their worth in Dublin, I'll be bound. Take everything I have, but leave me my child!"

The sergeant spoke gently, but told her it was impossible for him to let the recruit off: "Go—go, Ned, and strive to quiet the poor girl. See how she is takin' on. Her heart will break. It's me that will be the desolate crature, sure enough!"

Sally had thrown herself on a chair by the table, on which she had buried her face in her hands, and she wept and sobbed like a child.

"Sally—my own darlint Sally!" said Ned, laying his hand upon her head.

Sally looked up. "Ah! Ned," was all she could say. She hid her face again, and gave way to a fresh burst of agony. The little boys clung to their mother, weeping most bitterly. It was thus the moments of that unhappy day passed on—a day so unlike those that had so lately brought nothing but peace and cheerfulness. The time of parting drew near; the drums and fifes were heard, and the tramping of the soldiers sounded near. Cries of anguish resounded through the cabin; the poor mother sunk exhausted into a chair, while the little boys hung about her scared and troubled. Little Nanny, who stood at Ned's knee, looking up in his face, repeated over and over again: "Sure, Ned, you won't go away!"

At the sound of the fifes and drums, Sally had started to Ned's side. She grasped his hand wildly, and laid her hand upon his shoulder.

"Come, come," said the serjeant, taking hold of Ned, whose tears fell fast, "this won't do! Remember, man, that you're a soldier!"

Sadly and fearfully these words fell upon the ears of the family: too well did they feel at that moment that he was indeed a soldier! Led by the serjeant, he was obliged to tear himself from all that he loved, and join the ranks. The unhappy inmates of the cabin tottered to the door, where they remained weeping in silence till long after Ned was lost to their sight, and the sound of the drums and fifes had died away.

"Nothin' would sarve them," said the poor woman, when at length able to speak—"nothin' would sarve them but to take him away—to take our boy, our good and pleasant boy, that never since the day he was born harmed anything! Nothin' would sarve them but to lave us without his pleasant words, and all his fond ways—nothin', nothin'! But to drag our innocent, good boy into the wicked world, among their own wicked selves, where they

make but light of drinkin', and blaspheming, and keepin' the worst of company!"

It was thus the poor woman ran on, wringing her hands as she spoke, and weeping bitterly between every sentence. Vague hopes filled poor Sally's mind. She fancied that the soldiers would be touched with pity, and would bring him back; or that he would break from them and speed home again. A hundred times did she open the door and look out upon the darkness and stillness of night; then heaving a deep sigh, turned away.

Exhausted by the violence of their feelings, at last these poor creatures lay down in their bed, and fell asleep in each other's arms—heavy was that sleep! such as often falls upon the wretched after the bitter excitement of agony: but the hours of forgetfulness were succeeded by a terrible awakening, an indistinct sense of something dreadful oppressed them. But soon the clear memory of all that had happened returned. Some days elapsed before their feelings settled down into a sorrowful composure. The only comfort which they could find they were glad to take, and "the Lord be with him," which they often repeated, had its full import to those who believed that the innocent and good are the especial care of Providence. They had their superstitions, but a trust in the Almighty was a pure and holy stay. When the Sabbath-day came round, they got themselves ready to attend chapel—the first time they had ever gone there without Ned, and the way seemed long and sad: his pleasant talk used to beguile the time. The winding stream and sheltering woods all looked melancholy without him.

As they reached the secluded old churchyard, where her husband and children lay buried, Mrs. Barry proposed to rest awhile. She and Sally sat upon the low wall, side by side, and talked together of those who lay under the green mound before them.

"Oh, Sally darlint, wasn't it the happy day *he* went? wasn't it the happy day—the Lord forgive me! didn't I often wish to have him back again? and didn't I think it was hard to do without him? But the Lord's will be done. He knows the sorrow that he took him from. Isn't it a happy day for me, Sally darlint, to know that he was to have none of this trouble? that he's lying there in pace beside his blessed angels? Sally, Sally darlint, if it wasn't for you and those two boys yonder, and little Nancy, wouldn't I like to be there myself! But my poor child, I wouldn't like a sore heart to be the worse for me. There's my hand, Sally; I'll strive the best I can for your sake. God will take us all to himself in his own good time."

Such discourse tended to calm their troubled feelings, and they were able to return the kindly greetings of their neighbours, who awaited them as they left the chapel, and who looked with pity

on them; for they knew how much Ned had been to his mother, and all his family; and they had known him since his infancy—from the time that he was a wee thing, playing about the fields, till he grew up into the likely young man, whom they all admired and were fond of: and they missed him early and late.

## STANZAS.

BY ANNE A. FREMONT.

Thou hast forgotten the long summer evens,  
With their refreshing calmness, and the bright  
Pale moon, as it came through the clear blue  
heavens,

That shone still purer with its holy light;  
Thou hast forgotten what sad feelings started  
Into our hearts, as we reluctant parted:

And have I, too? Ah no!

Thou hast forgotten all the bliss of meeting;

How we would try, with anxious fear, to calm  
The voice that falter'd with the heart's quick  
beating,

Lest smiling lips should Love's quick pride alarm,  
And trembled lest the eye, grown bright with  
pleasure,  
To others should reveal our soul's rich treasure:

And have I, too? Ah no!

Thou hast forgotten when the summer showers

Came without warning, how we sought the shade  
Of some broad tree, around whose stem the flowers

Twined lovingly and a bright mantle made;  
How the leaves leapt to meet the rain-drops, while  
Each flower breath'd rich perfume and wore a smile:

And have I, too? Ah no!

And thou couldst treat affection as a flower

We heedless gather but to fling away,  
As carelessly within the passing hour,

Leaving no trace of its quick-wrought decay;  
Couldst bid Love's music into air depart,  
Nor feel an echo ling'ring in thine heart:

And can I, too? Ah no!

REVERENCE OLD AGE.—Bow low the head, boy; do reverence to the old man. The vicissitudes of life have changed the round, merry face to the worn visage before you. Once that heart beat with aspirations, crushed by disappointment, as yours are perhaps destined to be; once that form stalked proudly through the gay scenes of pleasure, the *beau ideal* of grace; now the hand of Time has warped that figure, and destroyed the noble carriage. He has lived the dream very near through; the time to awake is at hand, yet his eye kindles at old deeds of daring, and the hand takes a firm grasp at the staff. Bow low the head, as you would in your old age be revered.



## LEAVES FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

## THE TWO PHILOSOPHERS.

Once upon a time, in the great silver fir-tree by the shrubbery palings lived a little squirrel. All the summer he had spent with his parents, amongst the beech-trees by the side of the avenue; but, as the autumn came on, they laid up a little store of nuts and beech-mast for him, in a hole in one of the branches of the fir-tree; and told him that he was old enough now to take care of himself, and that this was to be his home.

Eyebright (for that was his name) rather liked the idea of being his own master. "Now," thought he, "I can travel to the thick wood that I can see across the wide field beyond the gate, and find out what sort of country that is. And I can play as often as I please with my Cousin Lightfoot in the Scotch firs; and I can have acorns for breakfast and nuts for supper, just as I like best, without asking leave of any one. To be sure, I shall miss my parents a good deal; still, I can go and see them often, and they will sometimes visit me, I hope."

So saying, Eyebright tumbled head over heels half-way down the tree, and then went to his cupboard and took out a large double nut for his breakfast. Whilst he was nibbling a hole in it with his sharp teeth, he heard an ugly, hoarse voice near him; and looking up, he saw Gaffer Croak—the old raven—sitting on a branch just above him. He was ruffling his dark feathers, that looked blacker than ever in the morning sun, and shaking his head now and then, as he let fall little short groans, that seemed to mean a great deal.

"Good morning, Gaffer," said Eyebright.

"Good!" quoth the raven: "bad, I should say to you—a *very* bad one to you, I should say."

And the old fellow began swinging to and fro, with his head on one side, and his large bright eye fixed full on the little squirrel.

Eyebright left off nibbling his nut, and scratched the side of his head with his long claw—he was so puzzled with the raven's manner. "Why, what's the matter?" he asked at length. "Why should this be a sad morning to me? Certainly my father and mother have left me: but we are often to meet; and now I may do as I please, and see a little of the world."

With which view of the subject Eyebright was so pleased; that he went on again with his nut with vigour.

"Ho, ho, ho!" laughed the raven—but it wasn't a merry laugh at all. "And so you are to do as you please, now that you are left by yourself. But there's something beside pleasure in the world—there's care! And who is to

care for you, do you think, now that your parents are gone?"

"Oh, they have left me quite a large store!" said Eyebright. "I shan't want anything all the winter: and besides, I can pick up a little for myself during the autumn."

"The raven sighed hoarsely, so as to blow off a little withered spray near, which fell on Eyebright's pretty brown coat, which he instantly began brushing and cleaning.

"Ha!" said the raven, "you won't care about fine clothes soon, I can tell you. I know what a life you have got before you.

"But why?" asked the squirrel.

"Why?" said Croak. "Don't you know that you are surrounded by enemies? As long as your parents were by, to guard you, a fine life you led indeed! Now you must defend yourself."

Poor Eyebright felt quite alarmed at the raven's words, and still more at his voice and manner, which were indeed very ominous and gloomy. "I didn't know, I am sure, Mr. Croak," he said, humbly, "that I had any enemies. I have done no harm to anyone, that I know of."

"No enemies!" said the raven, laughing his ugly laugh again—"have you never heard of men?"

"But I thought men liked us," said Eyebright, "and planted trees on purpose for us to live in, and pick nuts off. 'Tis true that I run away when I see them; but that is because they are so large, and walk so differently to us, that I don't understand it."

"And have you ever heard a gun?" asked the raven, significantly.

Eyebright trembled a little at this question, for he did recollect a terrible crash awaking him one day, when he was dozing at the top of the tree, and his mother calling to him to run into the hole, for that was a gun that was fired. And before he could reach the hole, he had seen a blackbird, who had been singing sweetly but the minute before, fall screaming and fluttering to the ground! So that it was with a very grave voice that he replied yes, he had heard a gun once.

"Men carry guns!" said the raven, in a deep, hollow tone.

Eyebright shuddered, and mentally beheld himself struggling and screaming like the poor blackbird.

"Have you ever seen cats?" continued the raven, pursuing his inquiries.

Yes, indeed; Eyebright had often and often watched the gambols of the pretty little white kitten with blue eyes, who seemed as if she would make such a nice playfellow—and so he told old Croak.

The raven sneered. "Cats eat squirrels!"

he said shortly—"when they can catch them, that is."

"I can run faster than any cat," said Eyebright.

The raven fixed his great eyes upon him: "Do you never sleep?" he said. "And who is to protect you then? Cats hunt by night!"

"What is to become of me?" cried Eyebright, in despair.

The raven shook his head and coughed. "Come with me," he said, "and I will show you what you have to expect. It's best to be prepared for the worse—come!" And he hopped solemnly down from twig to twig.

Eyebright hesitated a little, before following his guide; for his beak looked so strong, and his eye so fierce, he was not sure but that this might be another enemy. Yet he feared to offend him by refusing to accompany him; so when Croak had got about half-way down the tree, with one spring Eyebright was at his side. The raven then flew slowly across the paddock, towards the poultry-yard, and there alighted on the lime-tree that overhung the entrance, pretending to wait for Eyebright, who ran after him at full speed—but I believe, in reality, he was peering about after a brood of young ducks that had been hatched the night before, and from which he thought he might contrive a savoury breakfast. As Eyebright stopped, panting, under the tree, he looked down on him: "Hark!" said he; "do you hear what those guinea-hens say?"

Eyebright listened, but did not very well understand their language; so Croak translated it into a sort of *Lingua Franca*, in which the squirrel and himself conversed. "They are warning you of danger on your road," he said. "Listen! 'Go back! go back! go back!' That's what they say."

"Had we not better return?" asked the squirrel, timidly.

"No," replied his companion. "Having come so far we will proceed; and I will shield you from danger—if I can," he added, emphatically.

The next point at which he stopped was the stable; there perching on the weathercock, whilst Eyebright scrambled up a water-pipe to the roof, he bade him look down into the hayloft. There lay Puss, giving her kittens their breakfast. She had just brushed her glossy coat, and, with her eyes half-shut, was purring a nursery-song for her children's amusement. Now and then, through the fingers of her velvet mittens, her long, sharp claws might be seen, as she stretched them out, and then withdrew them again.

Croak shuffled up to Eyebright, and in a loud whisper, that roused the cat's attention, asked, "Do you see those claws? Strong enough, ain't they?"

Whilst he spoke, Puss, rather tired after a night's hunting, gave a great yawn, and showed such a set of sharp, white teeth, that Eyebright started, and scampered away in a hurry, kicking a loose tile after him in his flight. Having se-

cured his retreat on some trees that grew near the stable, he looked about for the raven, whom he soon saw hopping along the gravel-walk, and beckoning him to follow. With still greater reluctance, after his last fright, Eyebright obeyed, and found Croak in an attitude of profound meditation, standing near a kennel; in which, with his head resting on his paws, lay a great black dog, dozing in the morning sun.

"There's a monster!" quoth the raven. "What should you say to meeting him some fine day, as you were crossing the avenue?"

Leaving Eyebright to improve that suggestion, he hopped sideways towards the kennel, and began slyly drawing towards him a large bone that lay within a few inches of the dog's nose. But stealthy as his movements were, they were sufficient to arouse black Wallace, who, waking up suddenly, and perceiving the thief, rushed from his kennel, shaking his chain, and showing his teeth with an angry growl that sounded terrible in the ears of the poor little squirrel.

The raven croaked angrily, and hobbled away, bidding Eyebright still follow him, and so led him up the steps on which the hall-door of the great house opened. Eyebright peeped furtively in, and saw a number of glass-cases, in which were all kinds of stuffed birds, looking as if they were alive, and yet with a hard, strained, uncomfortable expression, that made him cold to see. Their eyes, too, though staring wide open, were motionless; and never had he seen birds so still, even when they were asleep. Altogether, that pretty, sunny hall was, to Eyebright, a chamber of horrors! And then old Croak addressed him solemnly: "I have brought you here that you may see assembled together, and in a state in which they can do you no harm, a few of the enemies of whom I have warned you; others I have already shown you."

He then pointed to him a small brown owl, and two large white ones, looking solemnly down on a little mouse; a hawk, with its claw in a sparrow, and a kite gazing hungrily at a chicken. He quite omitted to show him some of his own brethren, though there were a pair of them in their glossy black coats, with an egg—in which a hole had been pierced!—lying before them.

"How do you ever expect to be safe, surrounded by these?" asked the raven.

But whilst he was speaking, Eyebright's attention was drawn to another case, in which he saw a relation of his own, with his tail spread over his head; apparently, only that he never moved on, in the act of running up the mossy branch of a tree, from which hung a bunch of hazel-nuts. "Why doesn't he move?" he asked the raven; "and why does he not eat the nuts?"

"He can't," returned Croak. "He can't stir from that place. There he must remain, for ever and for ever!"

He spoke so lugubriously, whilst his eye sparkled so viciously, that Eyebright could bear it no longer; but without waiting to take leave



of him, he rushed down the steps, across the lawn, in and out of the flower-beds, leaped the sunk fence, and never stopped till he got to the top of the silver fir again.

A doleful life was Eyebright's, from this day forth. He was afraid of venturing to see his parents, lest he should meet the great dog in the avenue. On the lawn Puss and her progeny occasionally disported themselves—so that, of course, he shunned. From the poultry-yard he could hear the guinea-hen's warning cry: and how he started at every sudden sound, thinking it the report of a gun! The trees in the thick plantation he would not approach; for there he knew the hawks had their nests, and over them he had many a time watched the kites sailing. At last he never quitted the silver fir at all—though far from feeling secure even there. He scarcely slept all-night, trembling as he listened to the hooting of the owls; and once he quite gave himself up for lost, feeling persuaded he heard the cat scrambling up the lower branches—though I believe it was nothing but the peacock, who was disturbed with bad dreams. Then he was afraid almost of eating a nut, lest he should not have enough to last him through the winter; and he was too timid to venture out to look for more.

All the evil that morning call of the raven's did, it would be hard to tell. Poor Eyebright soon became quite thin and dejected; and his coat, which he had not the heart to brush, grew dim and dusty. I think he must soon have pined away, but for another morning visitor of his—a Sparrow—who, as he sat drooping at the entrance of his hole, trying to shelter his head from the east-wind with his bushy tail, hopped up to him, calling out briskly, "Cheer up! cheer up!"

Eyebright lifted his head, and gazed mournfully at the homely little fellow, who gave him so friendly a greeting.

"What's the matter with you to-day?" asked the Sparrow, twitching one of the feathers in his wing, which was rather ruffled. "Why don't you eat your breakfast, and then go and see your Cousin Lightfoot, who is wondering what has become of you?"

Eyebright sighed heavily, and began retreating backwards into his hole; for he suspected the Sparrow of being a spy sent to betray him to some of his enemies; but the Sparrow was not so easily to be got rid of, but hedged himself to the entrance of the hole after him. "I'll wait whilst you are at breakfast, for company," he said; "and then fly over to Lightfoot and tell him you are coming."

"I shall eat no breakfast to-day, thank you," was the reply.

"No!" cried the Sparrow—"and why not, pray? There's plenty in the larder, I am sure."

And he stood on tiptoe, and peeped in; for he was not a very refined bird, I must admit.

"Not more than I shall want, nor as much, through all the long, long winter," replied Eyebright, dolefully.

"Then why don't you go, and gather more for yourself?" asked his visitor. "I can show you splendid filberts outside the walled garden. But dear me! you need scarcely take the trouble of hoarding them," he continued; "for there will be plenty of hazel-nuts in the hedges for the next two months; and there are always a good many walnuts under the trees in the avenue till Christmas; and the beech-mast and the acorns won't all be gone then; and after that, there are the cones on the firs and the larch-trees. Oh! you needn't fear being starved—there's no chance of that."

"Certainly," returned Eyebright, "if it were possible for me to go out and gather these filberts and walnuts, and all that you speak of; but surrounded as I am with enemies—"

"Enemies!" cried the Sparrow, and burst into such a fit of laughter as nearly threw him off the branch on which he sat—a laugh, though, so hearty and cheery, that it did poor Eyebright good to hear it. "Well, who are your enemies?" he said at length. The squirrel told him of the raven's warning; but when he spoke of men, he interrupted him at once. "Men!" he cried—"why they are the very best friends we have! What would become of the blackbirds but for their orchards? And how useful the swallows and martins find the eaves and the chimneypots! I believe those tall steepled buildings are meant expressly for the Jackdaw's fortresses! And why do the farmers plough their fields, if it is not to feed the rooks? or sow them, if it is not to support the partridges in the autumn? I and my cousins have, I confess it, our full share of the ricks; and it is certain that the corn in the granary belongs quite as much to the mice as to men! And even little Robin, who is a poor soft-billed creature, and can't do much for himself, has his breakfast of bread and milk at the nursery-window most mornings with the children. And for myself, I certainly get my dinner from the dairy-maid, as regularly as the Dorking cock or the Guinea-hens."

"Ah! those frightful birds!" said Eyebright. "But they warned me not to go on. They knew the horrors that awaited me!"

"What warning did they give you?" asked the Sparrow.

"They bid me go back—they did, indeed!" said Eyebright.

"So Mr. Croak told you!" answered the Sparrow, tossing up his head. "You mustn't mind him: he is a great age, and has had losses. The real meaning of their words is an invitation to you—'Come quick! come quick! come quick!' At least, so I always understood it at dinner-time."

All the time he was speaking, the Squirrel felt himself growing less gloomy. Things looked much brighter than they had done since the raven's visit; and now he sat up briskly, and began cracking an acorn. "Perhaps," said he, stopping in his employment—"perhaps, as Gaffer Croak mistook the guinea-hen's lan-

guage, he may have made some other mistakes too?"

"Very possibly," said the Sparrow. "Indeed, I observe that those who see an enemy in everyone that they meet, are themselves their own worse enemies."

Eyebright thought there might be a great deal of truth in this last remark of the Sparrow's, and he pondered over it a great deal, long after he had flown away; and when he heard him singing his merry song, "Cheer up! cheer up!" near the gilded cage of the canary-bird in the drawing-room window—"Well," he said, "I have not been the happier for following the raven's advice; and how much time I have wasted, in which I might have been adding to my winter's store! Now I'll try the Sparrow's

plan; and trust, instead of doubting every-one!"

So he ate a better breakfast than he had since that which the raven had interrupted; and after he had brushed his coat, went out and spent the morning with his parents in the avenue, where he picked up some acorns and beech-mast to add to his store. And when he had put these away, he ran over to the Scotch firs, and finished the day with Lightfoot—and a famous game of hide-and-seek they had together: and though the white owls were bemoaning themselves over his head, for an hour at least, he slept through the night without once waking; and from that day there was not a happier little squirrel than he, in all the wood!

## A MANX WEDDING IN HUMBLE LIFE.

Have our readers ever been present at a real Manx wedding? Being lately cognizant of one in a respectable family of the class answering to that of the English yeoman, we proceed to give some account of the event; prefacing our relation by a brief notice of the dwelling where the festivities were held, and of the family of the youthful bride.

The bride's father, a well-to-do and somewhat pompous man, holding a small official post in the parish, resides with his wife, two daughters, and a son, in a white-washed thatched cottage of some four or five rooms. This cottage—to which appertain a stable, cow-house, and cartshed, all thatched like the principal dwellings, and bulging, like irregular excrescences, from the solid earthen fences of the little garden—stands in the midst of the few corn-fields and meadows that compose the estate, and a small elevation commanding an extensive view of the "cloddagh," or breezy common, through which runs one of the principal rivers of the island.

Within the dwelling abides much homely comfort; only we must admit that it is rather of the free-and-easy sort. The kitchen, or house-place, is on one side of the green-painted door and short passage; and on the other side is the narrow slip of a parlour, furnished with a square mahogany table and half-a-dozen old-fashioned chairs, a short, low-backed, chintz-covered sofa, or settle, in the window, and over the mantelpiece a tolerably large mirror—a piece of vanity of the girls'—in the lower part of which is reflected a miniature bazaar of China dogs, birds, vases, and shepherdesses, together with a few handsome foreign shells left there by the absent sailor-brother after his last voyage home.

But the parlour being ordinarily for show and not for use, the kitchen is by far the most com-

fortable apartment in the house. Here may be seen the usual wide stone hearth, for burning turf or wood; the great chimney, with its strong chain and hook for slinging the porridge-pot over the fire, its hams and flitches, its salted beef and fish—all acquiring a most delicate savour of the smoke. Here also rears its stately height the inevitable dresser, with its shelves of gaudy crockery-ware, and its deep drawers—one for the reception of the daily gathering of eggs, the other heaped to the edge with the weekly baking of barley clap-bread—the staple bread of the family. At one end of the long deal table, just beneath the corner-cupboard, stands a large cask of pickled, or, as they are called, "grey" herrings; in another and a smaller cask beside it, is a store of salted mutton or goose; while a dignified eight-day clock looks blandly down upon all. As for the corner-cupboard, towards which the little hungry neighbour-children direct their eager glances, it possesses an importance peculiar to itself, for the bounteous receptacle is known never to be without such comfortable matters as a pound or two of home-made butter, tasty skim-milk cheese "in cut," pots of honey and coarse jam, slices of fancy bread and cake for the delectation of juvenile visitors, who seldom leave the house without a liberal "piece" in their little "fists," bountifully spread with butter, cheese, or sweets.

The human furniture of the dwelling is all of it ornamental in its way, as well as useful. The father, although one of twins, is as fine a fellow of his inches as you would wish to see—stout and pompous as we have already said, with a pair of bright, black eyes, a straight nose, a sonorous voice, and a bearing as erect as if his back-bone were made of steel; the mother, a fair, comely, pretty-featured and low-voiced



dumpling of a dame; the daughters, severally as like to either parent as half-blown roses to the fully-expanded blossom; the son, a sly, good-looking, even-tempered wag, with the stature of his father, and the dimpled face and laughing eyes of his mother.

A pleasant sight it would be for stranger eyes to watch this homely Manx family, unseen by them, when the labours of the day are over; when the heaped turf flickers bluely on the glowing hearth, when the father dozes lightly in his three-cornered oaken chair, and the sleepy burr of the mother's spinning-wheel competes with the drowsy ticking of the tall old clock. Then the son laboriously cons over the "Herald" of his native isle by the light of a home-made mould candle, or perchance of the simple greased rush in its iron clipper-stand, through which he has to pull it, from time to time, as it rapidly burns away, thereby inevitably losing his place in the closely-printed columns. With kindly respect to the studies and slumbers of their male relatives, the buxom sisters have been whispering and tittering low over their needle-work, when suddenly the latch of the outer door is lifted—small need of eventide bolt or bar in that primitive country dwelling—and in walks Joe Kinrode, the jolly miller from the Kella-mills; and with him his friend and comrade, young Philip Kewish, the village saddler. The father rouses from his stately nap in the old arm-chair; the mother stops her busy wheel, pointing hospitably to a warm seat in the chimney-corner; the blushing girls glance slyly at one another and at their waggish brother, who forthwith lays down his paper and begins to "chaff" the new-comers about that "row" the other day up in the mountains, concerning the hotly-contested "Rights of Common," in which battle of "right *versus* might," Joe Kinrode, the intended bridegroom, was, by reason of his stalwart frame and out-spoken courage, a distinguished and indomitable ringleader.

Joe takes the "chaffing" very good-humouredly, being sufficiently placable in his ordinary habits; but seizes the earliest opportunity of sidling away towards his intended bride. Something has been conveniently forgotten out-of-doors, which she suddenly recollects must be attended to. Her disappearance is speedily followed by that of Joe; and there the two stand whispering in the old cart-shed, to the accompaniment of the short rush of the river, and the "sough" of the rising breeze in the venerable ash-trees hard by. The stars peep through the interstices of the careless thatching, and gleam momentarily on a broad gold ring, which the miller is fitting on the brown taper finger coyly held out to him. Then the girl breaks away with a coquetish laugh, and regaining the house and the warm hearth-side, spreads her hands over the blue turf blaze—the ring is safely in her pocket, be sure, in a folding of silver tissue-paper—and tells how skittish the white calf was, as she gave her her evening meal. The circle look meaningly at one another; and even the pompous father

deigns to smile, as he inquires—"Well, Kate, and when is it to come off?"

"Deed, father, and it's none of me knows," saucily replies the pretty betrothed, with a light toss of her head; which mendacious assertion is speedily contradicted by honest Joe, who lumberingly re-enters, and taking the father aside, with no small blushing and confusion upon his broad ruddy countenance, informs him that they have settled it at last, and that he is going to the vicar-general to-morrow to procure the licence.

The simple wedding-garb has long been ready, but the wedding-feast has now to be prepared. Puddings and pies, stewed, and roast, and boiled, will delight the eyes and olfactory nerves of the wedding-party, on their return from the cold, damp, whitewashed parish-church to the combined breakfast and dinner. But this complicated array of dishes is to be got up without the knowledge of any prying neighbour; for dearly do the "canny Manx folk" love a little mystery on these occasions. Relative or friend, closely or slightly acquainted, it is their delight to keep all alike ignorant of the important affair on the *tapis* until it is safely over, and the happy couple irrevocably united. Whether this arises from any fear of the malign influence of the "evil eye"—a superstition still exercising a wide influence over the more rustic portion of the population—or from a prudent appreciation of the wise old proverb anent the cup and the lip, we have never been able to determine.

For the better preservation of the desired mystery, therefore, the house retains its ordinary appearance up to a late hour of the evening preceding the wedding, when active preparations are at once commenced. The outer door being safely locked, and the lords of the household out of the way up-stairs, where sonorous music of a peculiar kind testifies to their sublime indifference to the "fuss" of the women-folk below, the kitchen-fire is roused up, and a fire lighted for the occasion in the little parlour as well. The great pot, used habitually to boil turnips for the cattle, is hooked on to the chimney chain and filled with water. Then ensue all manner of recondite operations, which we cannot pretend to meddle with, even in the harmless way of description, but which terminate in the production of sundry enormous pies, and puddings, with crusts that will test the sturdiest grinders brought to bear upon them. There is also a batch of bread to prepare, made of the finest wheat-flour, raised with carbonate of soda and buttermilk, and baked in cakes half-an-inch thick on an iron girdle over the turf-fire. The pot-oven is in great request throughout the night. This consists of a thick iron pot, fitted with a massive lid. A large pie, or cake, being deposited within, a portion of the live turf is raked out on the hearth, the pot-oven placed upon it, and the lid heaped up with glowing turf-ashes. The result, within a certain known period, is a crisply-baked and well-browned comestible.

Roasted and boiled geese, form a constant feature of humble Manx weddings, and usually grace the top and bottom of the table. Fowls, hams, and huge pieces of beef, compose the first course, along with mashed, or, as they are commonly designated, "bruised" potatoes—a rich compound of the homely vegetable, with butter and thick cream. Afterwards come the puddings and pies, with plenty of home-made cheese ready-cut in thick slices; and the never-failing cheap spirits, chiefly rum and gin. "Jough," or small-beer, although plentifully consumed at other seasons, is somewhat too vulgar a drink to find much favour on an occasion the magnificent outlay for which frequently swallows up the resources of the family for several months thereafter.

The night is now wearing fast away, and the preparations are nearly complete. The long tablecloth of home-spun linen, white as the drifted snow, is spread over the row of joined tables in the narrow parlour, where, for gentility's sake, the feast is to be held. No fanciful decorations are there, no flowers or evergreens; all is plain and substantial as the feast itself. The air grows cold and clear, the dawn breaks over yonder heathclad mountain, and is saluted by the cheery crowing of the cocks. From the little group of thatched and slated cottages on the further side of the river slender columns of smoke begin to rise; and the postman winds his horn as he drives rapidly from village to village with the scantily-filled mail-bags. Our two damsels and their heated mother gently unlock the outer door, and, breathing the reviving morning air, speculate on the chances of a fine day for their drive to the parish church two miles off. Pretty Kate looks, perchance, a thought jaded with her long night's work, but an ablution of pure cold water from the river quickly removes all traces of fatigue, and with laughing eye and rosy cheek she ascends to her bridal toilette. On the great chest in her little bedroom lie the dress of claret-coloured silk and the plain white bonnet that are to form her becoming costume. Hurriedly she attires herself in these, her warm young heart fluttering somewhat wildly now; for, with almost the first ray of the rising sun, Joe and his groom's-man are to arrive. And see! already the darting gleams glisten over the heather and the yellow gorse on the mountain's top, and light up the sparkles on the rushing river.

Meanwhile there is hot confusion and hurry below. The cows have to be milked as usual, bridal morning though it be; the pigs are clamouring for their breakfast like peevish children; horses and calves and dogs and cats are waiting to be fed. In the midst of this unavoidable farm-business the car arrives, with Joe and his friend the saddler. The girls are hurried down; the pompous father—who has been performing an unwonted shaving operation—has the last touch given to his bran-new satin neckcloth; and off drive the party of five in the open car, leaving the dimpled dame to hurry matters as she may during their absence,

The neighbours are now beginning to scent the affair; the village turns out bodily as the car dashes through its single street! and loud hurrahs and coarse witticisms greet the wedding-company. All along the road, too, the denizens of the little thatched mud-huts, that look more like some huge species of brown nest, niched into the hill-sides, than tenements containing whole families of human beings, hurry out at the sound of rapid wheels so early in the morning, and merry criticisms and vociferous enquiries of—"Who is it at all?" follow the retreating carriage. At length the tapering spire of the church appears among embosoming trees, and from the grey stone vicarage hard by the clergyman issues, ready equipped in gown and band for his solemn office. The car stops at the churchyard gate; and one or two acquaintances of the bridegroom, with whom he has secretly appointed a meeting there, join the little procession, as it winds slowly between the grave-stones—which bear such uncouth names as Kague and Quiggan, Kissack and Cowle, and Kueale and Quayle, with an "alias" for the maiden appellations of the married women, thus—"Here lie the mortal remains of Margaret Cowle, *alias* Kague."

The joyous-solemn rites at an end, that have united two young hearts for weal or woe, but little time is lost in tarrying. But where are the three bachelors of the augmented party, and whither are they rushing, their swiftly-disappearing forms just dimly seen at the turn of the road as the others reach the gate? For no mere caprice did the happy miller give the meeting to his cronies at the churchyard gate; he wished to afford them an opportunity of testing their lungs and legs, like brave young Manxmen, and their future matrimonial luck as well; and now they are off, with what speed they may, to try which shall arrive the first at the farm-house on the *cloddagh*. Whoever succeeds in doing this shall be the happy man on the next occasion; the winner of the race being likewise entitled to promotion to various important offices connected with the present festivity. For instance, so soon as he shall have recovered speech and breath—both somewhat damaged by his intermitting two miles' run—he is set to work upon the wedding-cake by the female satellites, who now surround the bustling dame, and cuts therefrom a heap of tiny slices to fling over the wedding-party as they re-cross the threshold on their return. The discomfited swains have waited at some little distance for the car, slowly driven to afford time for the above-mentioned mirthful proceedings, and they all enter the house together. The slices of richly-spiced wedding-cake, dexterously thrown, shower among them; and for a few moments there is a good-humoured scramble of the entire household.

This is the last feature of the Manx wedding to which we need advert. It is almost a matter of course that the youthful couple, after a day of mirth and feasting at the residence of the bride's parents, retire at once to their own snug home,



and forthwith commence their permanent household duties. If the bridegroom be in a position of servitude, or comparative poverty, earning his weekly wages by his weekly labour, the narrow slip of a parlour is cheerfully given up for the use of the newly-wedded pair, and serves for kitchen, bedroom and all; until the further necessity of converting it into a nursery, and the increased inconveniences resulting from increasing numbers, drives the younger family from the pa-

rent hive. For the remainder of our delineation, feasting is feasting everywhere, and varies only with the nature of the viands and the habits of the eaters. Absurdities are uttered and weaknesses betrayed, at a higher order of rejoicings than those which take place on the occasion we have endeavoured to describe; and love and hope, smiles and sighs, modest blushes and kindly wishes, are not confined to a Manx wedding in humble life.

## OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

**CHEMICAL, NATURAL, AND PHYSICAL MAGIC.** By Septimus Piesse, Analytical Chemist. (*London: Longman, Brown, Green, and Co.*)—Fully alive to the necessity of fireside recreations, if we would make home happy "to the young," Mr. Piesse has produced a most amusing, and at the same time instructive volume, for an introduction to which our boy-readers (and we know we have some) will be most obliged to us; and for which we expect to receive the thanks of unnumbered grateful parents. The book is a crowded magazine of experiments, puzzles, and receipts for magic legerdemain; many of them exceedingly ingenious, and all calculated to exercise the intelligence and awaken inquiry in the minds of the performers. To quote the author:

Nearly all the renowned chemists have in their youth been only "boys fond of experiments."

And we entertain no doubt that the practical knowledge to be gleaned from the present volume will bring forth fruit in the latent talent of some future philosopher. The subjects—of which there are nearly three hundred—are exceedingly varied, and calculated to amuse even a full-grown audience. Many of them, indeed, have been successfully performed in public, and enable us to comprehend the extraordinary feats of M. Frikell, and even the mysterious clairvoyance of Mde. Prudence: in fact, the book is not only a manual of magic for amateurs at home, but contains a stock-in-trade for more pretentious practitioners. Few boys but will be glad to know how to set the Thames on fire—a feat of which dull ones are proverbially said to be incapable. This most miraculous effect of causing water to burn may be produced, Mr. Piesse informs us, by means of the metal potassium.

When it was first discovered, by Sir Humphrey Davy, the large laboratory of the Royal Institute, in Albemarle-street, could not contain the concourse of people who came daily to witness its effects; it caused more astonishment than any other substance which science has revealed, excepting perhaps

phosphorus, which was exhibited at every Court in Europe. We have merely to drop a piece of potassium into a basin of water, which, though quite cold, instantly bursts into a beautiful and brilliant flame wherever the metal is in contact with it, and continues to burn until the potassium is quite dissolved. Sufficient may be procured from any operative chemist for a shilling to exhibit this wonderful effect several times.

Here is another curious experiment:

### THE RING SUSPENDED BY A BURNT THREAD.

Put a teaspoonful of salt in a wineglass of water; stir it up, and place in it some coarse cotton, such as mamma calls No. 16; in about an hour take out the thread and dry it. Tie a piece of this prepared cotton to a small ring, about the size of a wedding-ring; hold it up, and set fire to the thread. When it has burnt out, the ring will not fall, but remain suspended, to the astonishment of all beholders. Philosophers account for this effect by stating that the salt in the thread forms, with the ashes of the cotton, a fine film of glass, which is strong enough to support the ring, or any other small weight.

We are greatly tempted to go on, but the number of books on our table reminds us that we must be brief, and that, after all, it is impossible to give an adequate idea of the amusement and instruction compressed within the harlequin cover of Mr. Piesse's volume, and therefore in justice to the author, as well as to our juvenile clients, we must refer them to the book itself, which is characteristically adorned with an *invisible* portrait of the author. We may add, however, that "children of a larger growth" will find pleasure and information in perusing it.

**FATHER CONNELL.** By the O'Hara Family. A new edition, with introduction and notes. (*Dublin: O'Byrne and Co., 43, Wellington Quay.*)—Seventeen years have passed since this tale (one of the series written by the brothers Banim) first saw the light—seventeen years—in the course of which much of the enthusiasm with which we then received and enjoyed works of fiction has sobered down till we only tolerate what then delighted, and like a sated guest, fall to analyzing where we should have feasted,

Exactng as we have become in such matters, critical even where a master's hand is evident, the beautiful character of Father Connell—pious, tender, and genial—affects us with its pristine power. A bit of nature, it has all the vitality of its origin, and the amiable old man has lost not one point of expression or character, but shines on the familiar, long-closed page, as simple-hearted, as worldly innocent, as religiously wise, as when the genius of the chorister-boy, (Michael Banim) in later years, with a faithful, loving, and facile pen, delineated it. Do our readers remember the story and its hero, the hale, sturdy parish-priest, between seventy and eighty, without any droop of figure, or any indication of old age about him?

He used to walk along, with his chest expanded, his shoulders thrown back, his head quite erect, his arms hanging straight by his sides, and his fingers closed on the palms of his hands, and almost always working against them. His face showed scarce a wrinkle, and it was florid; not red and white, however, like some old people's faces, nor yet purple like those of others, as if the smaller blood-vessels had burst, and become congealed within the surface of the skin; but it was overspread with a still rosy colour of health. His forehead was expansive, and at the temples square; his eyes were blue, and generally expressing thought and abstraction—in which state they used to look straight-forward, almost without ever blinking—yet they often relaxed into a smile, or as it might be moistened expression, during which change they appeared half-closed, and opened and shut very fast. His scarcely grizzled eyebrows were bushy and protruding; his nose was long, large, but well formed, and with a broad back. His lips were full, and for his age, remarkably red and handsome. But above all, there was about his countenance the indications of great singleness, and primitiveness, and beauty of character; so that if you met him stepping measuredly yet almost springingly along his suburb street, or the adjacent roads, silently moving his lips, and working as usual the palms of his hands with his fingers, and taking no notice of you, though perhaps you might be an intimate friend—and his old eyes winking, and his whole face smiling to itself—you must inevitably have said that the smile was not provoked by any object or circumstance then noticed by him, but rather that it came from a heart enjoying at that moment the sunshine of a virtuous and therefore very happy intention; or, excuse poor human vanity, even in its least offensive shape, recollection, perhaps.

The character of Ned Fennell is not less happily drawn, though left to define itself through the course of events to the reader's imagination—a clear-headed, quick-hearted youth, with strong affections, and a grateful nature, ardent, courageous, and enterprising. For the other prominent characters, with the exception of Helen and the beggar-girl, they are nearly all, even to Dick Wresham's school, when not brutal, of a semi-barbarous type, now happily more rarely met with in Ireland than formerly. The robber Costigan, the potato-beggars, the coiners, and the idiots sheltered in Nick M'Grath's loft, are fast-fading characters; but in our young days we remember that many a specimen of these

sturdy beggar-women, and local fools abounded, ragged, stammering, half-crazed, or wholly witless creatures, each differing from the other in his peculiar phase of idiocy, with one common likeness however—a decided unfitness for, and disinclination to labour. With such wild, truculent, and, but for the remarkable power of the writer, even repulsive materials, the tale is one of absorbing interest. We are compelled to follow through the "shower of houses," the after-day orgie of the potato-beggars, and peer with Ned Fennell through the smoke of Mrs. Flaherty's dry lodgings, at the matted grey hair and large crown of the old robber's head, and watch the whole progress of the mendicant and his pretended family's street-toilet:

Other objects drew Neddy's attention. While engaged in his toilet as has been described, Robin Costigan severely studied the proceedings of three children, who had not yet quite arisen from the straw in which they had burrowed during the night. One was a girl of about nine years, wearing only the scantiest and most shreddy drapery, secured by any possible contrivance around her elegantly-formed little person. The second was a boy, an insipient giant—say of five years. His upper dress consisted of an old waistcoat, his bare arms thrust through its arm-holes, while a threadbare piece of sacking tied round his waist descended almost to his feet. The third child was no more than an infant, rolled up in the most curious bundle of rags; its sex is not yet known, but the presumption is in favour of its being a little female human creature. The girl was busily employed scrubbing the infant's face with a coarse damp cloth. The boy—who was sitting in the straw, his chin resting on his little fists, and they in turn resting on his crippled-up knees—showed plainly that he contemplated in mortal terror and dislike the process he beheld going on, inasmuch as he expected to be himself subjected to a similar one. The infant gave a restive squall, and, had it been any other infant, would certainly have fought, with full lungs, kick, and wrestle against the uncongenial friction inflicted upon its face in such severe weather. But a bellow from the man of the tattered "riding coat" at once terrified the little animal into seeming acquiescence; it became silent and still, tears only running down its miserable face as it fixed its frightened eyes on the bellower.

"Devil's in your wizen!" apostrophized the superintendent of the scrubbing; "there's no squall from you when it's wantin'; but I'll larn you to bawl out in the right time, and to hould your whisht in the right time. Burroo! hould it up here," addressing the scrubber, who with visible trepidation obeyed. The man critically inspected the face, neck, hands, and arms of the unfortunate baby, twisting its little limbs here and there, with about as much compassion as if he were scrutinizing the points of a turkey offered to him for sale. He continued speaking to the little girl—

"Well for you, you jade, that there's not a speck the size of a pin's head, or I'd make you rue the day. Fall to the legs an' feet now, an' make 'em as clane as a whistle!" And he went on combing his hair with his fingers.

The priest's house, his loving charities, and self-denials offer abundant relief to the dark scenes in the volume; and the frequent out-



breaks of his housekeeper's (Mrs. Molloy's) indignation when the good man is caught in *flagrant delicto* robbing his own premises, for the sake of some poor destitute parishioner, are not a little comic. The intimate knowledge of the writer with the vernacular of the classes depicted, and of their superstitions and habits, renders his descriptions as graphic as they are startling: in brief, the stamp of genius rests upon these pages, as upon all the other stories of the "O'Hara Family," and its present form will bring the volume (which is neatly and even elegantly got up) into the hands of a yet wider circle of readers. We hope it is intended to reprint the whole series in this popular and portable shape.

A FEW OUT OF THOUSANDS. By Augusta Johnstone. (London: Groombridge and Co.)—The author of this volume, already known to the public as the writer of an exceedingly sensible and well-written work—"A Woman's Preachings for Woman's Practice"—exhibits in the one before us the same clear power of observation, the same level compact style of writing, and the same shrewd, occasionally caustic—well, not exactly satire—but keen perceptiveness of whatever is wrong, or mean, or mendacious, in the moral and social subjects with which she deals, and a thorough and contemptuous condemnation of them. The present work consists of series of character-sketches and short stories having no sequence in themselves, but illustrative of the sayings and doings of working-day men and women; and all of a nature to point to practical good, or the avoidance of error. Miss Johnstone has confined the scene of her sketches to a London suburb, from amongst the inhabitants of which she has taken her "Few in Thousands," and has made their characters her own—a pleasant and well-diversified gallery of subjects, and in the way our author uses them, but little touched on. Let us take "A Sunbeam" as an illustration of her style and of her knowledge of her subjects. How true to nature is the loving, trusting character of the young "white-chip" bonnet-maker, the youngest of Mrs. Popham's three unmarried sisters! who, with all her winning looks and sweet temper, had managed to be jilted twice, and by the same man—the thick-set, hirsute skipper of a north-country collier, who, the first time, had almost named the wedding-day, and then, without the least apparent cause, took himself off in a tangent, and put out to sea in less than no time, *sans* explanation, letter, goodbye, or any other useless ceremony; and just as the poor girl began to get over the disappointment, appeared again as suddenly as he had departed, made it all up, gave her no peace till she had pardoned his bad conduct, swore to be faithful for ever, fixed on a house, came punctually to see her, and on a wet Sunday picked a quarrel with the weather, declared it always rained in London, said it was all her fault, swore never to come again, and then vanished once more.

Worthless as every one else deemed the man, Carry suffered agonies, and persisted, greatly to everyone's disgust, in saying that she never should like anybody else half so well, and that she knew she should make matters up again if he would only come back. Back from whence? Her vivid imagination would paint him as embarked for the Arctic regions; where, she argued, being all snow and ice, they must want coals. She had heard of Sir John Franklin, and pictured her hero starving amid fields of boundless ice unwarmed by his own cargo, or on the point of being murdered by a band of Esquimaux. Reasoning in such cases being proverbially useless, I allow her to talk on unchecked, pretty well satisfied in my own mind that although there is not the smallest reason to believe the adventurous collier has attempted the north-west passage, he is never likely to return. Not so quiescent her cross sisters; they rate the poor girl soundly, and cut the whole affair to pieces with the most ruthless and unsparing scissors. Carry mopes, loses all her bright colour, and wanders distractedly in all parts of the house, always with a "white chip" in successive stages of progression; nothing but the exigencies of a "large order" can settle her down. At last she tries, though, to be of a calmer spirit, and does her best to forget the inconstant—whether successfully I have my doubts, as I see her buxom form getting slighter, and her trim person wearing that neglected look which is, I believe, one of the attributes of a love-lorn maiden. Another fortnight passes, and Carry one morning says, with a bright look—"She has a deal to tell me."

She has, it seems, received a letter, in answer to certain inquiries addressed by her to the faithless collier's relations. The letter indeed is from that veritable swain himself. He writes in a very formal style, calls her "Miss Bower," and himself assumes the part of the injured person. He complains that his letters have been returned by the post-office authorities; which statement he attests by sending the returned envelope to her. But this part of the affair ceases to be very astonishing when we perceive that the gallant collier had written on the said envelope the address of a totally different number and street; so that Carry looks thoughtful, and wonders if he could be tipsy when he directed his letter—a propensity, by the way, of which I find she more than suspects him. However, as he condescends to intimate, in a postscript, that there exists a remote prospect of his coming to London, Carry feels, this time, that all will be right. I hope so. I hear one evening a loud rat-tat at the door. There is a scuffle below. The door is presently opened. Miss Bower is asked for Miss Carry Bower—with emphasis on the word Carry. Carry (who every afternoon for a whole week has been dressed, on speculation, with the most scrupulous care) comes slowly from the basement; puts her hand to her side; pauses a minute; opens the parlour-door, and gives a little scream. I, who am passing by just at that minute to go out, perceive a great rough-coated arm stretched out to catch her, and then distinctly hear strange muffled sounds repeated a good many times. Carry is being happily deceived for the third—I do hope it may be the last—time!

We also recommend "*Ecclesiasticæ*" to the notice of our readers; it is suggestive, and but too truthful. The "School-mistress's" would be laugh-provoking but that something very pitiable is blended with their too common history; while the "Street Apprentice" contains the

elements of deepest tragedy, and "Our Mary Anne" confirms the fact, but too well known in domestic circles, that servants are the "greatest plague in life;" but let us add, in many instances the greatest comforts also. Many of the passages scattered through the volume are well worth abstracting for the sake of the wholesome truths, the quiet good sense, the womanly sentiments, or didactic wisdom they contain; and we regret that our space will not allow us to advantage our readers by quoting a few of them. But we have much pleasure in recommending the volume as one well worthy of their attention.

TALES FROM THE OPERAS. Edited by George F. Pardon. (*James Blackwood, Pater-noster Row.*)—The idea of giving a literary form to the shadowy outlines of the incidents on which the operas are founded (as revealed to us in the attenuated published books of the operas) was, to say the least of it, an ingenious and useful one. Now that it is done, we wonder no one thought of doing it before; and remembering how much the knowledge of the plot facilitates our enjoyment of a theatrical representation, and the discomfort of having our attention divided between the performance and the *libretto* at the opera, we feel doubly grateful for the present volume, which, without attempting to compress the plots of *all* into a single cover, gives us the most popular of them in a readable and really interesting form, and enables us to make acquaintance with them at our leisure. The tales—twenty-one in number, ranging from the master-opera of Mozart to the recent ones of Balfe and Flotow, comprise the utmost variety of plot—"tragedy, comedy comical tragical," sentimental, farcical, and, in the sense of the opera-house, sublime! "*Lucrezia Borgia*," "*L'Eliser d'Amore*," "*Fra Diavalo*," and "*Don Giovanni*" (which we think one of the best), "*La Sonnambula*," and "*Norma*" being amongst them. We cannot, judging from the versicles, say much for the poetic genius of the author. Why is it, whenever an opera is concerned, Apollo is found divided against himself? But he has certainly done his best with his prose materials, considering their arbitrary nature. And though the absurdity of the situations and plots of many of them gives a footlight unreality to them—a literary author's fiction, straining generally at a likeness to truth—still, the romance and the mirth, and the breathless interest of the occasional positions, render it on the whole a very diverting volume, and one that will materially add to the enjoyment with which opera is listened to, especially by those who love music too well to break its charm to their souls, by having recourse to "*the Book of the Opera*" to know what it is all about.

SONGS BY A SONG-WRITER. By W. C. Bennett. (*London: Chapman and Hall.*)—That Mr. Bennett has a perfect right to style himself a "song-writer," no one who has read his former poems can doubt. His songs have generally a music of their own, and seem less

words written to be sung, than words which came from their author *in* song, primarily and essentially. We take this to be the true test of a song's merit. Nothing, so we deem, is *really* a song unless its very gush and flow irresistibly impel you to chant it forth in musical accents. It would be false to say that all Mr. Bennett's songs have this highest force and crowning merit; but many of them undoubtedly have. When Mr. Bennett fails, he fails through that master-sin of all modern writers—diffuseness. The idea is good, the expression pointed: let the poet stop. Every poem is a failure when it does not suggest more than it contains. Those old ballads which, for their simplicity and directness should be lovingly studied by every poet, never hunt a sensation to death, or weary it into feebleness. They leave upon the ear that tremulous, palpitating, bewildering music which follows the sudden close of some great orchestral effort—a music which perhaps may best be likened to the mysterious clamour that long haunts a man who is journeying away from the sea. As the musician, with however delicate a skill, and exquisite a perception of harmony in contrast he may show the varying melodies that flow from the central theme, should yet finally rehearse that theme and leave it in its simplicity to dwell in the hearts of those who have heard, so should the song have its one supreme idea, thought, or feeling—so should the song, ceasing, leave the emotions of which it sings to develop *themselves*. Several of the songs in the volume before us have already appeared; but the majority are new. Many treat of the old, old subjects—the dear, simple, inexhaustible old subjects—of Love and its ever-varying rapture, and of Nature and its ever-varying beauty. Others deal with sadder and sterner topics; often, not without becoming passion and adequate force. Some of what we may call the *revolutionary* songs of Mr. Bennett have a rough clangour and a hurried tramp which are sure to find echoes. Widely as our own political opinions may differ from Mr. Bennett's—small as may be our faith in the real value and depth of many a popular movement which he may support—it is only fair to him to remember that these opinions of his do not date from yesterday, but were often expressed at a time when they were far less fashionable than they are now; whilst all those who have been concerned with him in any public work can bear witness that his energy is equal to his sincerity. With a far more hearty delight can we dwell upon those songs of his which treat of the home and its affections. How exquisitely he has depicted the thousand little witcheries of childhood! With what fulness of a father's love—what keenness of a poet's perception—he has sung of those adorable young mysteries who, fresh from God, are at once the everlasting prophecies of heaven and the continual delight of earth, most readers already know—many English mothers know. That they look upon the author as a friend, is to him worth more than any criticism. Briefly, we may commend this volume for its healthy



moral tone, its genial poetic glow, generally for its power of expression, always for its nobility of motive and its purity of aim.

**HANDBOOK FOR KENT AND SUSSEX.** (*London: John Murray.*)—Now that Norway is almost as familiar as Norton-Folgate, and Egypt as Eastcheap, our good countrymen and countrywomen, having “done” the Rhine and the Nile till they are tired of them, begin to look nearer home. But how can a Briton or a Britoness trave without Murray? Minus the red-book, what is travel? Murray is a necessity of the situation: *vivat* Murray! Here we have the article we wanted—a good, honest, business-like article. That, perchance, it will make certain English routes as stereotyped as its predecessors have already made the Continent, matters little. England is not easily exhausted. Murray is going to handbook every county of her: good speed to him! We have tested this volume in many places, and found it creditably accurate. It has many faults of omission: sins of commission few or none. It has the essential merits of clearness and condensation; is free from Ruskinianism when speaking of architecture, free from rapid elaboration when speaking of scenery, free from pedantry when speaking of the past. The information that one has had to hunt for painfully in the Cimmerian gloom of Hasted, and other topographical oddments is here pleasantly brought together. We can advise the home-traveller to buy it, to study it, to put it in his pocket—and then to strike out new paths for himself. What information he wants, it gives him: the power of observation, the gift of *sight*, depend upon himself.

#### PERIODICALS.

**QUARTERLY MAGAZINE OF THE INDEPENDENT ORDER OF ODD-FELLOWS.** (*Faulkner, Manchester.*)—A very excellent number, with a due admixture of fiction with descriptive, and other papers of an interesting and instructive character. The editor supplies a pleasant paper on proverbs, from which we extract the following paragraph:—

The essence of a good proverb is its terseness, or the quality of being both brief and smooth—a quality that gives double force to the wisdom it contains. To uncultivated minds proverbs stand in the place of quotations from the poets, historians, and orators to the learned. They contain the soul of wit and wisdom, and are therefore great favourites with the people. They are used as arguments by the ignorant, and are pleasant forms of speech for the scholar. They teach those who would not otherwise learn, and are of great use even to the wisest in presenting them with phrases common to, and understood by all classes of men.

“Cartouche” is the title of a short memoir of the remarkable Parisian robber and murderer

of that name, and who had for accomplices persons in the most elevated ranks of society, who scrupled not to participate in the profits of his crimes,—a circumstance which, the writer reminds us, suggests the progress society has made since those days. Mr. W. C. Bennett contributes a very sweet poem—more suited for a lady’s magazine, however, than for the Independent Odd-Fellows; and Mr. W. Peacock an interesting and well-written paper, descriptive of a visit to the Giant’s Causeway. “Our Prison Punishments” is another carefully-written article worthy of attention. Altogether this number is an excellent one, with much more in it than we have particularized, and possibly of greater interest to the Order of which it is the organ.

**THE ENGLISHWOMAN’S JOURNAL.** (*Piper, Stephenson, & Spence, Paternoster-row.*)—The January number of our interesting contemporary opens with an important and solemnly suggestive article on “Emigration as a Preventive Agency.” In relation to our own sex, let us consider well the following passages:

The dire lack of employment, and consequent debasing struggle for the bare necessities of life, have told frightfully on the social condition of the humbler women of this country. The most terrible phase in the criminality of the country is the number of its female criminals. One-third of the convicts of the kingdom are women. But that is a shallow calculation. Women are more often the accomplices of crime, its aiders and abettors, than its actual perpetrators. Then also they are the victims of crimes and the seducers to crimes which do not come within the power of the law, while inflicting the deadliest wounds on society; and over and above their own lives of crime, they become mothers of criminals. It is well known how brief is the unhappy career which our female criminals run. How they are recruited it is not hard to guess, in a country where there are fifty thousand women working for less than sixpence a day, and a hundred thousand for less than a shilling.

No eloquence can be more powerful than these statistics. The paper is deserving of deep and thoughtful consideration, while the preventive measures pointed out by the writer (that which Caroline Chisholm noble pioneered) is still available and full of *hope*. “Life Assurance” is another able and most useful paper, and places this subject—too little understood and appreciated by women in its beneficial relation to themselves—in a clear and practical light; and we fully echo the sentiments of the following paragraph, and earnestly desire that it may find many advocates, and be immediately acted upon:

Men have their sick-clubs and friendly-societies; but these are not adapted for females. What is really amongst the “wants” of the age is some society for the *sole benefit* of the industrial classes of *women*; not only for those who can earn their bread by the numerous employments of life, but for

those whose existence is dependent on intellectual labour.

We feel confident, were such a society formed, it would prove of incalculable benefit to the self-dependent of our sex; and we gladly welcome the proposition. The memoir of Johanna Kinkel will be read with a sad interest by those who in life were conversant with her musical and literary talents. We find, with infinite re-

gret, that several books—amongst them a charming story by the author of “Magdalen Stafford,” “The Romance and its Hero,” the Rev. W. Landell’s “Woman’s Sphere and Work,” “Liliäs,” and two or three minor volumes—must stand over till next month. Our space being quite unequal to our demand on it, we have acted with stern justice, and noticed the volumes in the order in which we received them.

## NEW MUSIC.

“WHEN MY LOVE SIGHS I HEAR.” Song, composed and written by Nectarine Sunnyside, Esq. (*Cramer, Beale, and Chappell*, 201, *Regent-street*, 67, *Conduit-street*.)—A very graceful and original melody, set to appropriate words, the sentiment of which is not overstrained: while the rhythm of the air is well-marked, and expressive. The author is already favourably known in musical circles, as the writer and composer of “I too am Seventeen, Mamma,” which has reached (in twelve months) a *fifth edition*—a conclusive and pleasant proof of its popularity. In the present song, the light and flowing prelude leads gracefully to the air, the echo in which it just hints at, and then the melody bursts quite away, only returning in the refrain, “When my love sighs I hear,” with very sweet effect.

“SING HEIGH-HO!” Words from the poems of the Rev. C. Kingsley; the music by Hermann Slater. (*London: C. Salter, Cambridge Terrace, Camden Town*.)—The sweet, quaint words of this ballad are not more quaint than the simple air with which the composer has clothed them. A youth in years, he exhibits an originality of conception, and a knowledge of the rules of musical composition, which promise highly for his future works. With a proper catholicity, he has dedicated the present ballad to the “Young Ladies of England,” amongst whom we have much pleasure in introducing it. The accompaniment—a modulation of the air—is very gracefully arranged, and the melody within easy compass.

## AMUSEMENTS OF THE MONTH.

### PRINCESS’S.

We have already detailed the principal points of scenic attraction in the pantomime at this house. Through the past month Shakespeare and the “Corsican Brothers”—most powerful and most impossible of dramatic fictions—have sustained their wonted interest and continuously-crowded audiences.

### HAYMARKET.

At this theatre a new star from the Western hemisphere has appeared, in the person of Mrs. W. C. Forbes, a lady of considerable stage qualifications—in appearance, voice, and manner—who made her first acquaintance with a London audience in the character of *Widow Cheerly*, in the “Soldier’s Daughter;” in which some veteran play-goer may possibly remember to have seen Mrs. Jordan. A comedy of the old school,

full of fine sentiments and stilted phrases, absurdly unreal, to our present mode of thinking, but yet glowing with a certain *bonhomie* and heartiness, and large generosity, in the region of which it is pleasant, now and again, to pass an evening.

### THE NEW ADELPHI.

The last event at this house, at the period of our going to press, was the production of a two-act original drama, “The Borgia Ring,” of a rather complex character, wild and improbable in plot, and with but little connection in the story; yet sufficiently exciting in its situations to rivet the attention of the house. There is no doubt that powerful melodramas are necessary to the enjoyment of an Adelphi audience, and the author has done his best to supply them with a thorough article of the desired description. Mr. B. Webster bestows his usual artistic care in realizing a very unsatisfactory character (*Piers*



Wenlock), and Mrs. Mellon (*Mabel Davenport*) very ably seconds him. There is an attempt at a comic underplot, in which Mr. Toole, and Paul Bedford, as *Maximus Moth, M.C., of Salisbury*, play an important part; but the incidents are exceedingly extravagant, and have been recommended to be modified or wholly left out. The scenery is in keeping with the beauty of the house, especially the two views of Stonehenge, which are highly effective, and admirably painted. We are fain to echo the judgment of a literary contemporary, that with such a house and such a stage, the entertainments should be of the highest character. The French *drame*, or that school, is Mr. Webster's business; but it must be done by the best artists, when he can lay his hand on them.

#### ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.

To pass over the usual exhibitions and entertainments of this admirable institution, which has done, and is doing so much, in an educational sense, for its visitors, we desire to draw attention to the growing interest of a new branch of this establishment—"The Economic Museum"—the idea of which originated by Mr. T. Twining, and was first illustrated at the Paris Exhibition in 1855, and subsequently at Brussels, Vienna, and Feldsberg. The collection includes materials for building, furniture, and other household requisites; models of buildings themselves, specimens of manufactured utensils, and furniture; the various substances from which food, clothing, and the various textile and woven fabrics used in our households are manufactured; illustrations of the fabrics themselves, specimens of food, fuel, and other domestic stores; in a word, the wonders of our daily life, exhibited in the varied substances that, even in the humblest phases of it, are required for the subsistence and comfort of the civilized human being. Amongst the many schemes for bettering the condition of the labouring-classes with which the present period abounds, it appears to us that this collection ranks in the first place: it begins literally "at home"; it shows how much may be done with small means towards brightening and bettering and even beautifying its condition; it affords a means of comparison between the dwellings and habits and food of other nations; it teaches the means of distinguishing genuine, wholesome, substantial, durable articles from those which are not so, in brief, to use the words of the programme, "how to live with judgment, and get the best money's-worth for money." To ladies interested in the improvement of the homes of poor neighbours, and in advancing their knowledge and practice of domestic economy and management,

this museum will be found to afford important and most valuable information.

#### ROYAL COLOSSEUM.

Amusing as ever, and the entertainments varied and good. Our town readers will be glad to hear of Mr. Buckland's re-engagement; the talents of this gentleman, as a popular lecturer, are too well known to need our eulogy.

#### VOCAL ASSOCIATION.

The wonderful progress of the love and practice of music in this country within the last few years, has resulted in numerous public, and local associations for the enjoyment, and exercise of this delicious and refining art. Amongst them the above-named society, under the conductorship of M. Benedict, takes an important place; it aims at much more than its title implies, and offers to members, of which it now numbers a large body, musical advantages of a high order. On Tuesday last, the 25th ult., the first undress concert took place, which, though the audience was confined to the subscribers and their friends, was fairly attended. A liberal programme offered a varied character to the evening's performance, and the manner in which the choir acquitted themselves reflects great credit on the eminent conductor, for we believe it is not twelve months since the association was commenced. Bishop's "Tell me, my heart" (a little marred by the timidity of the singer) was, nevertheless, very sweetly sung by Miss Mann, a member of the association. Sig. Luigi, a gentleman whose voice by no means needs an Italian name to recommend it to the appreciation of his hearers, and whose looks, style, and pronunciation are most unequivocally native, sung, with much taste, intelligence, and ease, the cavatina, "Ecco il pegno," from Donizetti's "Gemma di Vergy;" but the gem of the solos, in the first part of the concert, was the song, "Sweet little bird, depart," charmingly given by Miss Chipperfield, whose fresh, sweet voice, admirably supported by the obligato accompaniment of the violoncellist, Herr Daubert, rang clear and full to the remotest part of the hall, without any apparent effort on the part of the young vocalist, who was rapturously *encored* and compelled to repeat her delicious song. Miss Gresham's cavatina, "Und ob die Volke" (*Der Freischutz*), and the aria, "Ah, gia Soffro," very floridly executed by an Italian artiste, Madame Cedroni, with a well-cultivated and affluent voice (which we do not remember to have heard before), were also very well received. The only solo in the second part—a very salient one, from the rare quality of the singer's voice—was Macfarren's (recitative and rondo) "Gone, he's gone!" admirably sung by Miss Binckes, whose rich, deep voice—a contralto of remarkable power, conjoined with the clearest enunciation—did infinite justice to this apparently difficult composition.

Towards the close of the evening, the duet, "O Maritana," delightfully sung by Miss Harrington and Mr. Suchet Champion, was tumultuously applauded; and throughout the concert the singing of the part-songs for male voices, and the performances of the choir, merited high praise, and afforded great satisfaction. Altogether, we congratulate the musical society of London on the addition this association promises to their numbers and efficiency.

### ST. JAMES'S HALL.

#### BARNUM ON MONEY-MAKING.

During the past month Mr. Barnum's amusing lectures on money-making have had the desired effect of filling this magnificent hall, and of adding a farther proof (if necessary) of the lecturer's cleverness in that science—not indeed peculiar to himself, for in this country we have no lack of professors and students in the art of Humbug—but of which he claims to be the exponent and apostle. Curiosity, and it may be a latent hope of catching some grains of the golden-powder of this maker of many fortunes, to aid their own advances on the slippery road, has at any rate resulted with the usual effect to Mr. Barnum, who, as we understand him, contends that, provided you give the public a good article, you are justified in any lie or artifice by which you draw their attention to, or induce them to purchase it. *Apropos* the present lectures, which are capital. But *Art of Money-making*—O ye anxious speculators, and ladies eager for something better than three per cent., the road to wealth leads, by the lecturer's own showing, through the old narrow paths of careful living and frugal expenditure, with Franklin's rules for hedges, and— Well—yes, should the opportunity occur, a sharp stroke of business at the expense of friend or neighbour; for *I guess* when once the system is begun, the practitioner finds no difficulty in stretching the line to suit all circumstances; upon the same principle as the American Quaker, who, having some doubts of the safety of one of his ships, hastened to cover her possible loss by effecting an insurance on her. The underwriter, another Quaker, knowing with whom he had to deal—knowing also of the turbulent weather the ship had, or must encounter, would only undertake the insurance upon such terms as were anything but easy to his friend and co-religionist. However, the matter was arranged; when, upon the latter's arrival at home, he found a letter, informing him of the loss of his ship; whereupon, in order to assuage his conscience, and save his pocket at the same time, he addressed the underwriter thus:—

"Friend,—If the papers be not ready, thee need'st go no farther in the business. I have heard of my ship."

But his friend, not at all behind him in matters of business, replied:—

"Friend,—Thy papers are all ready. I am glad thou hast heard of thy ship."

With such racy anecdotes, and humorous or

apt illustrations, Mr. Barnum's lectures abound; while, at the same time, there is no lack of practical good sense, and worldly wisdom of a thoroughly straightforward character. It is rumoured that Mr. Barnum has received the offer of £1,200, from the Messrs. Routledge, for the exclusive right of publishing his lectures in this country, and that he has refused it.

### LONDON AND MIDDLESEX ARCHÆOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

We have great pleasure in noticing the preparations of this intelligent and useful society, for the benefit of members, during the present year. Several exploratory visits are projected to various interesting buildings in the metropolis and its vicinity. In April: Christ's Hospital, the Boy-King's foundation in the Grey Friars' Convent, "with its great hall, and the paintings, by Verrio and others," made classic by the facile pen of Elia, is to be visited. Thence the company will emerge to examine St. Bartholomew's the Great and Less; St. Giles's, Cripplegate; Barbers' Hall, which, as is well known, is considered a masterpiece of its great architect, Inigo Jones, and the court-room of which, with its fretwork ceiling and fine paintings, with Holbein's Henry VIII., solemnly uniting the barbers and surgeons into one company, an union which continued till dissolved by George II., will well repay the attention of the visitor. After this, however, the crypt under St. James's in the Wall will be explored; and bastion of London Wall. Pretty-well this for a Spring-day's programme.

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**NEW METHOD OF MAKING A FIRE.**—Put a piece of brown-paper\* over the bottom of the grate; then lay in fresh coals close together to the top bar; then put some bits of wood and paper, and a few cinders over them. Light the paper, and it will speedily burn downwards and make a good fire. *No smoke* will arise, either up the chimney or into the room, and the fire will continue to burn brightly for eight or ten hours without adding more coals. The prevention of smoke, the saving of coals, and the comfort of leaving your fire for many hours, without fear of its going out, are all obvious advantages, much prized by all those thrifty housekeepers, or housemaids, who have wisely adopted this new plan. If it were in general use, the atmosphere of London would be sensibly clearer and more healthy. The diminution of smoke from large furnaces has greatly improved the air in the City; but the West-end is less changed, because the smoke there arises entirely from private fires; which might, however, be made *smokeless*.

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\* A thin piece of iron to fit the bottom of the fire-place has been recommended and found to be an improvement.



## THE TOILET.

(Especially from Paris.)

**FIRST FIGURE.—HOME DRESS.**—Robe of deep blue Lyons poplin; round *corsage*, ornamented with a rich black silk *fourragère*, with epaulettes Figaro. Sleeves large, plaited at the top and bottom, and finished with a deep facing, ornamented with a wide chain of loops. On each side of the skirt depends a *châtelaine* of *passementerie* of the same style as the epaulettes, forming *montants*. *Coiffure* of black lace and velvet, fastened by two gitana-pins in gold. Collar of *guipure*. Under-sleeves of puffed muslin or *tulle*, ornamented with four lozenges surrounded with Valenciennes. Narrow waistband and buckle.

**SECOND FIGURE.—WALKING DRESS.**—Robe of Isly green *moire antique*; plain *corsage*, high and buttoned, with five points ornamented with fringe. *Bertha* of castillane fringe, of the same shade as the dress. Sleeves plaited at the top, and set in under a jockey, wide at the bottom, and lined with white satin, finished with a *ruche* of narrow ribbon. Black velvet mantle, with large sleeves; *fichu* and muff of marten-skin. Bonnet of white crape and mallow-velvet royal, ornamented with black lace; in the interior of the front a *bandeau* of velvet, with *pomponette* of black lace in the middle. Under-sleeves of puffed muslin, set in a full wristband, through which a mallow-coloured ribbon is run. Hair bracelet, with Gothic *reliquaire*—*gants glacés*.

All the sleeves of dresses worn in *négligée* are closed at the wrist. Those for dress are very large, long, and open, finished with lace, and floating ends and knots of ribbon.

The following is one of the most magnificent toilets imaginable:—Robe of plaid velvet, with a *bandeau* of black velvet edged with jet. The *corsage* is made with five points, and is fastened up the front with black velvet buttons, encircled with fine *guipure*. The sleeves, very large, are lined with white satin, and are made with a jockey of *guipure*, bordered with jet. A collar of *point d'Alençon*, and

floating under-sleeves of the same exquisite lace. A large *burnous* of plaid velvet, the same as the robe, appertains to this costume, and is trimmed with *bandeaux* of black velvet, ornamented with jet, and the *capuchin* carries three rich light glands of *guipure illustrés*, with sprigs of jet. To complete this toilet a charming bonnet of quilted white satin has been designed, ornamented with a bunch of green *plumes de coq*, with *reflects* of gold; the brides are of white satin, bordered with green.

Here is another toilet, very simple, and, as the phrase goes, in this land of euphonious adjectives, adorable; all of black velvet, without precious stones or lace; the draperies of the *corsage* and the sleeve are *grecque*. In the hair and on the bosom tufts of Bengal roses, without foliage. A young lady may wear the same toilet to a ball, only the robe, instead of being velvet, is in *flots de mousselin cristyal*.

You will comprehend the charm of such toilets; their simplicity is sure to be appreciated by men of taste, and to distinguish the wearer in the midst of more costly and splendid ones. I have seen an exquisite *toilette de bal* composed of *flots* of white *tulle* thrown over a *jupe* of white satin, and retained, from distance to distance, by bouquets of golden honeysuckle; the *corsage* and the hair ornamented with the same flowers.

A word about *lingeries*. The collars and sleeves, of embroidered in muslin, are at present the style of Louis Treize, and harmonize perfectly with the style of the robe. Handkerchiefs, of batiste, are scattered with miniature flowers on a wide border.

You ask me for details of *sorties de bal*: the *genre* of this vestment affects, pretty generally, the form of the *burnous*, but it is only in *form*; some, very ample, cross on the breast, and have the ends thrown, in the manner of antique drapery, over the shoulder, the stuffs of which they are composed being very soft, light, and fine:

## PASSING EVENTS RE-EDITED.

Recent letters in the *Times*, from dyspeptic diners-out and dissatisfied donors of dinners, of benedicts haunted by the too-well remembered saps of club-house *entrées*, and the nightmare apprehensions of made-dishes at home, exhibit a state of tumultuous dissatisfaction with the general state of the *cuisine* in middle-class establishments, that threatens to bring about a domestic revolution in the training of young ladies, and the introduction of a new science in the cramming processes of ladies' colleges and schools.

Time was when ladies did not disdain to take lessons from professors of the art of cookery, and the service of the table, when even the family physician found it to his account to teach

the secrets of making flesh and hartshorn jellies the preparation of conserves and preserves *makeroones* and Naples biscuits; witness the said receipts in the "Marrow of Physik," experimented by the industry of Thomas Bruges, gent., practitioner in Physicke and Chyrurgiry; dedicated to the honourable and singularly virtuous Mrs. Margaret Evre, 1640.

Gentlemen seem to be only now awaking to the fact that the taste and direction of the mistress of a house is as necessary in the kitchen as in the drawing-room; and that without it no cook will long continue to prepare elegant and wholesome dinners. As for the so-much vituperated *entrées*, if even this functionary be equal to their preparation, which is exceedingly

doubtful in the case of our home-made members of the craft, she is rendered supremely indifferent to its performance by the knowledge that "missus" will remain perfectly ignorant of its materials, or of the just mode of their amalgamation.

Remembering Leigh Hunt's assertion—"It is in private life that food reigns most markedly absolute. It stimulates or it blunts the perceptive faculties; it increases or it diminishes the will; it enlivens or it deadens the moral sense: 'We are such stuff as food doth make us'"—our fair readers would do well to lay aside the crochet-needle, leather-work, and wax-flower making, and invest a little of their time, taste, and ingenuity in the study of this truly great art, the highest secrets of which are not responsible to fixed rules and measures, but rather rewards of earnest votaries; *vide the côtellettes à la Maintenon, the carré de mouton à la Conti, and the caisses de ris de veau à la Ninon de L'Enclos*, the tasteful production of Seignè's own daughter, and which have, as it were, embalmed the memories of their discoveries in their delicate and appetisant savours.

Have we not the authority of the witty and clever Sidney Morgan, "that women never understood the kitchen better than in that epoch of their greatest power, the time of Louis Fourteenth? Then they understood it in its physiology, in its morality, and in its politics." And does not this same writer clearly trace the rising of clubs to the neglect on ladies' parts of the science of which they are the modern temples? And with what pretence of justice, therefore, can we complain of their attractions, and the consequent exigence of the outcry for a better order of cookery at home, and a style of entertaining one's friends, which shall depend less on the marshalling of the dishes, the table ornaments, and the attendance, than on the composition, harmony and excellence of the repast?

Dr. Johnson, in language scarcely to be gainsaid, has set it down that "Cookery is one of the arts that aggrandize life, and the masticulation duties are those that we ought principally to at-

tend to"—a laboured sentence provokingly suggestive of a badly-dressed and tough rump-steak; whereas cookery should prepare for the masticatory process, so that when the lips present the savoury morsel to the expectant palate already moistened with anticipation, and desirous to enjoy; the principal duty so gravely insisted on by the great doctor, should merge in the gratification of taste, and the provocation of fresh appetite; for intellectual cookery—the cookery of the *gastronome*—renders nature easy in her progress of vitalization. We are far from recommending a too-frequent invasion of the kitchen to our lady clients. Knowledge, direction, and observation should be theirs; nor will the occasional personal manipulation of a pet dish for husband or father pass without proper appreciation both from him for whom (like another Rebecca) she has made the meat that his "soul loveth," and from cook herself. But an efficient servant must not, of course, be unduly interfered with; and an inferior one would soon find means to retort these visits of inspection by making the kitchen, as did those of the famous Lady Cork, too hot to hold her.

Out of this subject arises another—the paucity, not of thorough good, but ordinary cooks. Of the many charitable institutions with which London abounds, and in which girls are supposed to be trained for household service, it is a notorious fact that a thorough servant of any kind rarely comes. As for cooking, the simplest roast and boiled in a tradesman's family is quite beyond their art; and, what is worse, girls who have passed through such families, the mistresses of which we should have hoped to have left some traces of good housewifery on their understandings, emerge from them to seek a higher service, as ignorant, careless, and more uncleanly (for the method of the school is lost) as when they entered them.

There must be some truth in a want so generally felt as that of faithful and efficient servants; but we fear that kind, wise, and well-taught mistresses are also rare.

C. A. W.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PROSE, *received and accepted*:—"The Feathery Star," from J. L. Friskney, Boston. *Under consideration*: My Story;" "A Domestic Husband;" "A Nice Article;" and "Unruly Members."

POETRY.—"The Dying Year," out of date, declined; "Winter Time," "A Life Rhyme, &c.," accepted.

*Homerton*.—In the multitude of our engagements, and the numbers of letters and contributions we receive, it is an easy matter to overlook a copy of rejected verses. Our correspondent has, we think, no reason to complain. Several of his poems have appeared, and he may depend, in the case of those

that do not, the fault is not ours. As we never give the names of correspondents in these columns when we can avoid it, and it is somewhat difficult to specify poems to which *no title* has been affixed by the writer, this want may possibly have caused the oversight of which our correspondent complains, and which we hope he will enable us to obviate in future.

NOTICE.—The Editor begs to call attention to the rules issued with nearly every number of this magazine, and to remind contributors and correspondents that, unless complied with, their communications can only be answered through the medium of these columns.



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June 1843

Caroline Chisholm



## THE BLACK POOL.

BY WALLER BYRNE.

I am a passionate fisher, deeming a good day's sport at the water-side the *summum bonum* of human existence. Moreover, I have always had a strong partiality for what Snobley would call "low life"—that is, for seeing at their own fire-sides the peasantry that have made Britain what it is. With these inclinations, and living the greater part of my life in Scotland, I can reckon up on the tablets of my memory many days of the purest enjoyment by loch and stream, and not a few adventures, the recollection of which often comes back to me now that I am far away from the scenes where they occurred. I have heard stories from the lips of grey-headed fishers at the burn-side, told in words whose very simplicity doubled their force, which were far more interesting to me than all the laboured fictions I ever could be got to read, and which I might be tempted to tell again on paper, were not that equivalent to destroying them. Some of these adventures, though, were concerned with anything but the bright side of life, and produced for the time a sobering effect even on my careless and unsentimental temperament. One made an impression that has not worn off to this day—perhaps never will.

"The deuce!" said I; and, under the circumstances, the ejaculation was not only pardonable, but mild—milk-and-watery. It was breathed in the valley of the Luar, a lovely stream that, as all the world knows, adds its waters to the Tweed by the far-famed Luar Braes. The previous morning had been one of heavy rain on the head-waters; the evening delightfully calm, with a gentle southerly breeze; and to-day I had started in the hope of getting a fine brown water, and making glorious work with the red-hackle on my way down to the Tweed. The arrangement of my tackle, and an occasional confidential communication with my pocket-companion, had beguiled a six-mile walk over the hills; and now, with rod prepared, and a killing cast affixed thereto, I came eagerly down on the river through the glen of a mountain runnel. Shade of the professor! it was roaring in a white flood! Down it rushed; no longer silver Luar; tearing away the soil from the hills, rolling along, with a deep, dead sound, the stones and boulders in its bed; foaming in wide pools where yesterday it had scarcely co-

vered the smooth pebbles; and seeming to call out "More! more!" to the torrents that far up the valley came down their gullies like white lines drawn on the hill-sides. I gazed at the water, fast rising to where I stood—my fishing for that day was done for; so I said, "The deuce!"

But then, as now, my maxim was to take everything coolly, and make the best of a bad job; so, ensconcing myself on a stone, and pulling forth my meerschaum, I strove to soothe my disappointment in the balmy fumes of caven-dish, and draw inspiration therefrom as to my future proceedings. While thus gravely considering whether I should go home again and make love to Cousin Mary, or bring up some of my neglected college work, or write an ode on the vanity of all mundane affairs, I suddenly remembered that this was the last day on which I could call my old sweetheart Annie Lee by that pretty name, she on the morrow taking unto herself a husband for better or for worse. Starting up, therefore, I was setting off for a walk down the Luar to Mrs. Lee's, and a chat with the bride-elect, when my name was shouted forth in a stentorian voice, and, turning, I beheld two figures approach me. One of these was a gentleman about six feet and a-half in height, and broad in proportion; whose dimensions were exhibited to the fullest advantage by a tasteful military uniform. His Glengarry bonnet, set carelessly on one side, surmounted a regular forest of thick brown curls; and his eyes seemed made for the express purpose of lighting up the smile that constantly rippled over his face. He could, however, occasionally employ them in other ways; for this gentleman—Hugh Gordon, Esq., full Sergeant in her Majesty's Honourable Corps of Sappers and Miners, and as fine a fisher as ever cast fly on Tweedside—was the identical swain who on the morrow was to make Annie Lee a bride. His companion and attendant, a small boy with a stolid face, and an intense veneration for the sergeant, was devoting his energies to the portage of a surveying chain, and being then and there dismissed with his burden, may now also be dismissed from this history.

I had known Hugh Gordon nearly two months, and during that time had always found

him the fine fellow I had been led to expect from his story, which was this:—He had first seen the light in a shepherd's cottage, but a short distance from where we then stood. No mother's love ever blessed Hugh. When they held him up to her lips to be kissed, the poor girl whispered, "God be wi' my bairn!" and a week after lay under the green turf of Luar Braes kirkyard. They said his father never looked up again. Stiff, and without a tear, the old man watched the clods cover her coffin; and when all was over, he turned and saw his sheep-dog Mysie gazing with a wistful eye at the little mound that marked her grave. "It's a cauld hame we'll gang tae noo, lass!" said he, and from that moment none ever heard from James Gordon's lips one word of her who had been all the world to him. But his step failed, and his form bent; the locks grew thin and grey over his hollow eyes, and when he and Mysie came in at night from the hills, he would take little Hugh in his arms, and sit for hours gazing at the well-remembered face in the child's laughing countenance.

When Hugh was five years old, he too went to a funeral, and wondered much at the black box with the solemn people round it, and at his going afterwards to Auntie Lee's at Luar Braes, instead of his old home in the Linhope glen. But we don't take long to come to our troubles in this world, and Hugh soon knew that he was an orphan and a burden to his aunt and his wee Cousin Annie. Hugh was not the fellow to stand this. With the diligence and earnestness of one twice his years, he worked away at the village-school till his twelfth birthday. Next morning no one answered to the name of Hugh Gordon. The dominie, on releasing his urchins for the day, quietly wended his way to Mrs. Lee's cottage, and after some serious discourse with that matron, put into her hands a piece of paper, on which, in letters about the size of halfpence, was written as follows:—

"Ye've been aye kind to me, Mr. Elliott, and I wad like ye to tell Auntie Lee and Annie that I'm awa' to work for mysel', and be a man—I canna tell them mysel'—and I'll come back when I hae siller."

*Anni labuntur*—fifteen years slipped away: Annie Lee was a blooming lassie of twenty-three; the dominie had long been gathered to his fathers, and for three successive vacations had I haunted, rod in hand, the streams of Luar Braes, when one morning some red-coated gentlemen arrived to execute the Ordnance survey, and set the *belles* of the village in a flutter of admiration. The sergeant to whom these gentlemen owed fealty came down by the afternoon coach, and ran, rather than walked, to Mrs. Lee's cottage. Many hours elapsed ere he emerged therefrom, and next day it was rumoured up and down the water that Hughie Gordon had come back, a gran' sodger, wi' heaps o' siller; that he was gaun to bide there for a year to tak' doon every hill-road an' kail-

yird on a map, and that when he gaed awa' he wad tak' Annie wi' him as his wife.

For once Rumour spoke truth in every particular. A happy night was that round Mrs. Lee's fire, and many moving stories had Hugh to tell. Though but twenty-seven, he had seen much and travelled far. He had gone through shipwreck and battle, toil and suffering; but Fortune had stood him in good stead, and the brave heart and clear head of the Luar Braes school-boy had at last gained him a good position in the finest corps in the service, and the respect and esteem of all who knew him. And so the year of his duties had passed by. Days of cheerful work—in which the head was more engaged than the hand—a brief run to the capital, or ride to some distant point of observation, these rarely kept Hugh from his ramble with Annie in the long summer evenings, or his seat at his aunt's fireside; when the winter's snow lay heavy on Luar banks. And pretty Annie did indeed love him. Many a strapping young swain of the glens had sought a favourable glance from the belle of Luar Braes; but she turned gently, though decidedly, from all, and gave the passionate love of her heart to her old playmate. So that when, six weeks before my story opens, I hastened from city turmoils to mine own dear Tweed, the ancient liking I had for Annie disposed me to immediate acquaintance with the gallant sergeant; and, as I before said, this acquaintance had ripened into as great a friendship as our somewhat different ranks would admit of. A keen fisher myself, I recognized in Hugh a deacon of the craft; and in our walks by the water-side was never ashamed to take a lesson from his exquisite tact and skill. The simple, modest way, too, in which he told many a stirring accident of flood and field, rendered him a prized companion; and when I heard myself hailed in his merry voice on the day that this story beginneth, I joyfully hastened to greet him. "Well," Mr. George," said he, when the morning salutations and a mutual gulp of Glenlivet had succeeded the departure of the attendant gnome—"well, Mr. George, you're not in much luck for a cast to-day. The dam-head down at the town's taken clean away, and the folks say there's not been a flood like it for twenty years."

"So I should think," I replied, as a large piece of the bank fell in, and rolled off bodily. "It's confoundingly provoking, for such a splendid morning I've seldom seen. It'll work harm among the trout, too."

"You may say that, sir. There's many a dozen fine fellows will be lying on the bank, when Luar's small and clear again. I was thinking of taking a cast myself to-day; James Otterson was telling me he hooked a trout twice last night in the Black Pool; the second time it leaped high out, and t'was six pounds' every ounce of it."

"Ah!" I exclaimed, interested (a six-pound river trout is not met with every day on the Scottish waters); "well done, James; Well, a fellow like that is worth a cast, certainly; but I



should have thought you had other things to think of to-day, Hugh?"

"Aye, Mr. George," he said, with a slight blush, "if I was'n't to be happy to-day, I would never desire happiness again. But, by Jupiter! (this was the strongest ejaculation that ever passed his lips) "I must be going, now. I should have been there an hour ago: they'll think I've been taken off with the flood!"

And Hugh drew up his gigantic figure with a merry laugh, as if to say it was a queer flood that could do that. That laugh has often come back to me since.

"Well, Hugh," I replied, handing him my tobacco-pouch, "to tell you the truth, I was just going down to take my last look of Annie Lee. She was my sweetheart, you know, till you cut me out; so, if you like, and if you're not jealous, we'll go together."

I thought this was pretty well put: it decidedly told. Hugh's eye sparkled brightly, and as we set off at a quick pace down the Luar, with the cool morning breeze playing joyfully up the valley, I saw he was delighted. Poor fellow! well might that day repay him for all he had undergone.

I have often been told (and I believe it) that I am the most thoroughly unsentimental dog in existence. Yet when, during that walk, Hugh spoke out of the fulness of his heart all about his anticipations, his hopes, and the love he had borne Annie for so many years—when the big, strong man, who had faced battle and shipwreck, stood there shedding tears for a little girl, somehow or other, hang me if I didn't find myself getting affected too! In fact, it was quite a moving concern; so that I was glad when we came to within a quarter of a mile of Mrs. Lee's, and saw Annie looking out of the door. Perhaps she had her morning's work done; perhaps she knew what we were saying about her; at any rate, off she ran to meet us, and was in Hugh's arms in no time. The sinner—didn't he kiss her! I almost got angry. "Remember, Annie, it's my turn to-morrow!" I said, when Hugh let her go, and once more walked erect.

Annie blushed like a rose, and, gaily laughing, we went on to the cottage.

"I'm proud to see ye, Mr. George," said Mrs. Lee, removing imaginary dust from the best chair—"I'm proud to see ye, sir; sit ye doon by the fire. The fire's aye cheery, though it's no cauld the day. An' hoo are Mrs. —, and the young leddies at The Ferns?"

I satisfied the worthy matron's anxiety on this and sundry other points connected with The Ferns, where in old time and under a former dynasty she had filled the onerous office of dairymaid. Very soon her garrulity as a woman and a mother brought us round to the subject of the coming event. "You'll miss Annie, Mrs. Lee?" I said, like a fool.

The apron went up to her eyes immediately. "Deed, sir, I'll no ken myself or the hoose for lang, lang. Annie's been aye a gude lassie to me, and I'll miss sair the blink o' her ee in the

long winter nights. But the Lord's wull be dune; we canna hae oor bairns wi' us aye; and there's nane I wad gie her tae wi' a lighter heart than just Hughie there!"

Ah, Hughie was there—a great smack of a kiss came booming through the little room, and as I turned my head, there stood he and Annie in the window—Annie's face like fire. She came forward and held out her hand; how desperately pretty she looked!—half ashamed, half delighted.

"Hugh was saying, Mr. George—" she began—

"Well, Annie, what was Hugh saying?" I asked, as she hesitated, and the giant looked confused.

"Hugh was saying, that if ye wadna think it ower much to come doon the nicht, and tak a cup o'tea wi'us—and I'm sure my mither an me 'll be happy and prood—and ye ken Hugh 'll no be here anither nicht—" and Annie's voice fairly broke down.

As I saw that all their faces seconded the invitation, of course I felt pleased, and accepted on the spot.

"Thank ye, Mr. George," said Hugh, coming forward; "well and kindly said, sir. Now, Auntie, run you away, and you too, Annie, lass, and see that your cakes and bannocks and things won't be matched in the whole of Luar Braes. And, flood or no flood, if ever I took a trout out of Tweed water in my life, we'll not want one to-night; and if there's any cunning left in my rod, it'll be James Otterson's six-pounder, that's more."

"An' that's richt, Hugh," said Mrs. Lee, rising and opening the window. Then, as she looked at the wild flood sweeping in the distance, and held up her finger that we might listen to the "sough" of the water, she added: "But Hughie, lad, ye maun be carefu' and no waud the day. Gude save us! mony a spate I hae seen on Tweed water, but never the like o' that. Ye maun be carefu', Hugh."

"Never fear, Auntie," he said, lightly, slinging his basket on his back, and taking down his rod—"never fear; if the spate doesn't take more than me, the folks at Berwick won't be much the better of it. Now, Annie, I must have one more—for luck, you know."

I turned away my head this time: but my ears afforded me ample evidence that the salute was as satisfactory as the last. Hugh joined me immediately, and we stepped away on the road that led up the Tweed. A few stone-casts on, a bend shut us out from sight of the cottage, and here Hugh stopped for a second, and looked back. Annie was still at the door, gazing proudly after him; a fond glance, a wave of the hand, and we passed on.

I've done a good deal of so-called fine scenery in my time. I've been over most of the conventional *lions* of the Highlands—Staffa, Glen-coe, The Trossachs, and so forth; but (perhaps it is because I'm such a disgustingly unsentimental fellow) no place takes my fancy so much as the valley of the Tweed, and especially that

part where the road winds by the water-side for miles, between Carton and the Luar Braes. To be sure, there are no big mountains, covered over with jagged stones and prickly heather, and whose tops you never can see for their nightcap of fog and mist; no water-falls that you go to the bottom of, get soaked with spray, and call it enjoyment. But there are plenty of green hills rising in all directions, interspersed with meadow and ploughed land; and every valley, ravine, and break among them has its own clear burn or river rippling away to the main stream of the Tweed, crammed—living with trout, and gliding by green holms and corries, in each of which you would say—"If ever Nature made a place on purpose for a pic-nic, behold it here!" Somehow or other, to-day the scene was changed. Hugh and I walked along for half-an-hour, and at every turn we were struck with the rise of the water. Sometimes it rushed with frantic fury at the foot of the steep bank over which the road wound; then diverged in wide sweeps, covering the fields that skirted its ordinary channel. Of this there was no trace. The beds of smooth shelving sand, and white pebbles, that had shone yesterday under the clear current, were now buried deep beneath brown foaming water. A pathway joined the road on our right, that led through the woods to my home at The Ferns, and when we arrived at this path, we came in sight of the place known as the Black Pool. I couldn't help giving a start; it had such a terrible look.

This name—the Black Pool—had often struck me as well applied to the place. It was the gloomiest spot to be found for miles and miles. On one side the bank rose very high, and, though almost perpendicular, was covered with dark foliage. On the other, though not so high—being crossed by the road—it was also very steep, and had a narrow ledge of rock about three-fourths down, by which alone the wary fisher might command the throat of the Pool. At the edge of this ledge of rock the water went down at once—fathoms and fathoms: other parts of the river might be at their smallest and clearest; this was always black, like ink. No current was discernible in it; the water slipped in, as it were, and was at once engulfed in the abyss. Besides this, the place had a bad name. There wasn't a man, woman, or child in Luar Braes, that didn't reckon it "no that canny," and eschew, as much as possible, after dusk, the road that overlooked it. They said that more people had been drowned there than at any other part of the river—nineteen in the last seventy years—and, strange to say, not one of the bodies ever seen. Of course all this was superstitious nonsense; but, even I, who never let fancies trouble me, am bound to confess that in the brightest sunshine the Black Pool had a queer look, and that sometimes on passing it in the twilight, I have involuntarily quickened my step, with a strange sensation that it was coming after me to drown me.

But I had never before seen it as it was then. The water had risen to within an inch of the ledge,

and came into the pool with such terrific force that it formed a raised line of boiling foam throughout the entire length; and its roar was distinctly audible even where we stood. I didn't like the look of it at all; and as we parted at the pathway, I said to Hugh, "Hugh, if I were you I wouldn't try the Black Pool to-day, for all the six-pounders in Tweed." He gave me a smile, and "Good-bye, Mr. George, till the evening," and so I left him.

A very unusual thing for me at that time—I was dull and restless all the afternoon. I tried twenty things, and couldn't stick to one. I strolled round to look at the dogs. I determined to ride, put the saddle on my pony, and took it off again. Then I went into the dining-room, where cousin Mary was doing knitting, or crochet, or some sort of feminine work: I settled myself on a stool at her feet, with the glorious Pickwick—the best recipe for blue-devils ever invented. 'Twas no go. The lines seemed to run into one another, and Sam Weller and the red-nosed shepherd become preposterously identical. The motion of Mary's quick fingers, too, made my head ache and my thoughts ramble, and I began to wonder whether Hugh had caught the six pounder by this time, or not. At length I shut the book, and asked Mary what she was making.

"Oh, Mr. Politeness, you've deigned to speak at last, have you?" she replied, half playfully, half tified—well, if you must know, it's a collar." And she spread the thing out on her knee for me to admire. Of course I said it was splendid; it was one of those collars full of holes, that girls wear.

"And whom do you think it's for?" asked Mary, softened.

"Well, it's not for me, I suppose, is it? And as long as you give it to no other gentleman, I don't much care."

This pleased her, and she thereupon informed me that the favoured recipient was to be Annie Lee. Then she ran up-stairs and brought down a whole host of other things of the same sort, that were likewise to be presented to the bride-elect, and which I had also to praise, though they didn't much interest me.

"Well, Mary," I said, "I'm going down in the evening: so if you like to put them up in a neat parcel, I'll take them with me." And I went off to arrange some little keepsakes on my own account.

It was six o'clock, as, loaded with these and other remembrances for the young couple, I started from The Ferns by the path already mentioned. The weather had changed considerably. The breeze had quite died away, and a glow of warm sunshine lay upon everything. It was one of those calm, still evenings that make Tweedside so glorious in the month of June. The notes of the birds came, sweetly through the green boughs above me, and as I stepped along the soft turf on which the sunlight fell in bright streaks, I felt myself getting all right again. It was so quiet, that long before I got out of the woods I heard the low droning *sough*



of the Tweed, and as I crossed the stile, where I had left Hugh, the roar of the waters told me they had risen still higher since the morning. Going towards the cottage, I scanned carefully the nooks and turns of the river, to see if he had left it, or was still pursuing his sport; but no Hugh could be seen.

"So," thought I, "my gentleman has got his trout after all. I'll find him more pleasantly engaged, I'll warrant."

Finding no one to welcome me at Mrs. Lees', I concluded that she and Annie were at their toilets—"making themselves decent"—and prepared for a blaze of rustic finery. But mighty were the preparations for the banquet. It was clearly a great occasion, for not only every known specie of *scone* and *bannock*, but bread of snowy whiteness and cake with innumerable currants graced the board in rich profusion. Jams and jellies, too, were there in vast pots; and as I deposited my presents on a side-table, I felt flattered. This feeling somewhat subsided when a door opened and Annie appeared, looking perfectly bewitching. She glanced round, as if expecting somebody.

"Is Hugh no wi' ye, Mr. George?" she said.

"Hugh? No; I expected to find him here; hasn't he been home, then?"

A sort of distressed look came into her face as she asked hurriedly—

"Did ye no gang wi' him to the water?"

"No, Annie; I left him at the Shaw, and went home."

She darted from me, crying—"Mither! mither! Hugh's no wi' Mr. George; and he has'na gaed doon the water this day."

Instantly both women were in upon me, speaking at once, with looks of the wildest alarm.

"Come!" I said, feeling rather hurt, and taking up my hat, "this is not like Hugh; I think he might have remembered his duty better on a day like this. But never mind," I added, with a laugh, "I'll bring him back, and then we'll give him a lesson he won't forget."

Certain that I had not passed him, I knew that he must have fished down the river, below the cottage, and so walked rapidly in that direction. The stream here flowed with a great many short bends, and, as I before said, the road wound beside it. After passing five of the bends—more than half a mile from the cottage—I began to get seriously provoked, for nothing was to be seen of the loiterer. Suddenly I encountered James Otterson, the hero of the six-pounder. "Have you seen Hugh Gordon on the water, James?" I asked, as he took off his hat.

"No, sir, I hae'na; if he's on the water, he'll be far doon, for I cam up frae the Whin Lee, by the side o't."

This was curious. The Whin Lee was a good two miles further down; what could have induced Hugh to go so far? "However, I'll meet him coming back," I thought, and leaving James Otterson somewhat abruptly, hastened on. I got over a mile in no time, my mortifica-

tion increasing at every stride. Then the windings of the channel ceased, and a straight view could be had down the river for an immense distance. I looked along the road, where the sun still shone warm and bright: no Hugh.

For the first time, and in spite of myself, I was conscious of a vague feeling of uneasiness, an indefinable dread of some impending ill; and as I gazed on the swollen torrent, its roar seemed to grow louder in my ears, with a boding, melancholy sound. I tried hard to laugh at this feeling, and shake it off; the thought came back again and again—"Can any harm have happened to Hugh Gordon?" I directed another searching glance down the road and river-side; it rested on something in the far distance, which at first appeared to be a small drove of cattle. Whatever it was, it had a strange fascination for me. For the life of me I couldn't take my eyes from it. It came on slowly—very slowly: some men walking close together. For a few seconds the deep red glow of the setting sun fell strongly on their figures, and I perceived that they were carrying something. Had they been in black I should have thought that it was a funeral. A chill ran through me from head to foot, and still unable to avert my gaze one inch, I fairly leaned against the hedge for support.

It must have been about half an-hour before they came up—six of them; it seemed like half a century. I recognized the two leading men; one of them belonged to Luar Braes. Each held one end of a long staff, in the middle of which was the thing they carried, covered with a shepherd's plaid. There needed no second look to tell me what it was.

"John Burn," I gasped out, "in the name of God, who is that?" The man knew me, and perhaps my choking voice and ashy paleness frightened him, for he hesitated. I leaped forward with an effort, and snatched up the end of the plaid—it was Hugh Gordon. May I never look on such a face again! I got deadly cold in an instant, and felt as if I had been shot through the heart. Presently I got better; the men were still standing, looking doubtful and uncertain, and whispering to each other. A few words told me all that would ever be known of poor Hugh's death. How the cruel flood had taken him, no mortal eye had seen; but at the very moment when Mary was showing me her little presents for the bride, the torn and bleeding body of Hugh Gordon was lying wedged between the rocks, seven miles down the river.

As I put back the plaid over the dead face, the thought struck me that if they took him home without warning, Annie would die; and though it was a terrible thing for a youngster like me to do, I resolved to go on before, and break it to her and Mrs. Lee as well as I best could. The men approved of this at once, and with an overwhelming sense of misery, and yet feeling that I was doing right, I took the road back, scarcely seeing how I went. The sun having gone down, it was gradually getting darker—not the darkness of night, but the soft

glowing twilight of a summer evening in the country; yet I knew it was Annie Lee that was coming towards me. I tried hurriedly to find words that might soften the truth as much as possible, for I did not know what might happen. But she came up and looked in my face quite steady and firm, and laying her hand on my arm, said in a low composed voice, "Is he alive or dead?" I was going to tell her, but she saw it in my face, and went on without another word, but with the same strange stiffness, on to where they were bringing up poor Hugh. As the last fold of her dress fluttered round the bank, the sense of duty, that had till then borne me up, left me in a moment; I became giddy, and to this day cannot remember how I got home.

But that night I packed my portmanteau. I could not bear to stay another hour in the place, in whose every glen I had wandered with the poor fellow that was gone. With the first streak of daylight, I kissed cousin Mary, and started for the Edinburgh train.

A week afterwards, they laid on my table the county paper. I knew what was in it before cutting the string:—

"On the 14th inst., at Luar Braes, in her twenty-fourth year, Ann, only child of Mrs. Lee, of that place. 'The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.'"

A letter from Mary accompanied the newspaper, and in it was this passage:—

"We know now where poor Hugh Gordon met his fate. His cap, and the broken butt of his fishing-rod were found the same evening at the Black Pool."

## MONT BLANC.

(A Sketch.)

BY F. LOUIS JAQUEROD.

Proudly up-rear'd, where Alp on Alp ascends,  
Cloud-worshipp'd, with dread avalanches arm'd,  
And diadem'd with everlasting snow,  
A giant king, in stainless ermine clad,  
Lo, where Mont Blanc, with wild majestic mien,  
Stands in his high solemnity; yet still,  
As if all reckless—or Time or Men—  
Threat'ning to crush his tributaries near!

Like a vast ornament, by Ages rais'd  
For some grand pageant, by stern barriers fenced,  
Till man advanced, and in his daring strong,  
Tore, as it were, great Nature's veil aside,  
And, from the wondrous height, beheld the stars  
'Mid a benighted heav'n, at noon of day.\*

\* From a certain point of the Mount, and through a fissure in the rock, the heavens appear darkened, and the stars are perfectly visible at mid-day.

And see where, slumbering at the monarch's feet,  
To the deep plaint of troubled Arveiron,  
Lapp'd all in flowers, the green and perfum'd vale  
Woo's a repose, o'er which Death, frowning, reigns.  
Yet, more at peace than *he*, who at the feast  
Beheld a sword suspended o'er his brow,  
Chamouni seems to smile, and calmly sink to rest.

Vale of Chamouni (Switzerland), Sept. 1858.

## THE SOWER.

Forth went the mystic sower  
In the spring-time of the world,  
Morn and night the seed so precious  
From his brave right arm was hurl'd,  
Broadcast, o'er hill and meadow,  
The golden treasure fell;  
And the old Earth-mother guarded  
The sower's offering well.

Uprose the blue corn-flowers,  
And they cried, "How long, how long  
Till the sleeping time be over,  
And we hear the reaper's song?"  
A patient voice of weeping  
Trembled forth o'er all the land,  
Saying, "Rise! oh, rise, our treasures!"  
And, "Thou sower, stay thy hand!"

Spring waned, and faded slowly;  
All the days went summering by,  
Till the sleepers rose, and whispered,  
"Brother, wake! the time is nigh!"  
Then up from hill and meadow  
Rushed the mighty hosts of corn;  
And the earth-fields glowed and whitened  
In the joy of harvest-morn.

Forth came God's sons, the reapers,  
With their sickles keen and strong,  
And the morning-stars together  
Chanted out the harvest-song:  
Till shadows grew and lengthened  
'Neath the last day's evening sun—  
Till the sheaves were angel-garnered,  
And the sower's work was done!

P.

## SONNET.

DETUR PULCHRORI.

Wisdom, or Power, or Pleasure? Let the choicest  
Fall on the Fairest. Not the Idalian swain  
Alone, but *all*, sore-tempted by the voice  
Of sweet-lipped Aphrodité, strive in vain  
Against those liquid trebles. Limbs foam-white,  
And laughing brows, and golden hair half-veiling  
Love-lights of dark-fringed eyes, to ravished sight  
Of eager, thoughtless youth, are all-prevailing.  
The broad-browed Heré's deep-toned accents fall  
By most unheard; unseen, her regal arm  
Its sceptre proffers. Pallas, shunned of all,  
Grave-tongued and awful-eyed, hath not a charm.  
But Aphrodité first, then Heré too shall fade,  
While ever-fairer bloom the beauties of the Maid.  
April 20, 1858.

J. A.



## BIOGRAPHY OF AN IRON RAIL.

There are, I suspect, very few people, of the many thousands who daily skim along by the Great Western express, who think very much more of the roadway along which they are so swiftly borne, than that it is made of iron rails. Little do they wot of the toil and trouble which have been lavished on every inch of material; of the enormous fortunes lost and won in its manufacture, of the cyclopean labours expended on it, of the pandemonian scenes which it has gone through. How many of the tens of thousands who daily glance over the *Times*, I wonder, read with any interest the news from Birmingham or Wolverhampton, that "the iron-masters' quarterly meeting was dull," that "bars were low," or that "pigs were looking up?" and yet what a mighty importance to England's commercial greatness do these few sentences represent!

The following few statistics will show the immense importance of the iron trade in the South Wales coal-field; important not only to the commercial world, but also as the means of bringing together a population little short of half a million.

The total produce of coal raised in Breconshire, Glamorganshire, Monmouthshire, and Pembrokeshire, in 1855, was 8,552,270 tons; and the total produce of pig iron made in the same counties was 840,070 tons. The number of furnaces in blast in the same year was 145, and the number of collieries at work 245; while the number of persons employed in these several works was about 60,000. If we take into consideration the number of agents, shopkeepers, wives and families, all dependent upon this body, it will be seen at once what an important item in our social economy it represents.

The iron ore, then, is found in close contiguity of the coal—indeed in many instances only separated by a few inches of parting of shale or rock, as the case may be. Although, however, so close to the coal, it has by no means the same arrangement; and so far from being always a continuous mass of ore, is frequently disposed in lumps of different shapes and sizes, locally termed balls or pins, which are also of several degrees of richness, and rejoice in many queer names, as, for instance, in the Ebbw Vale district: Pin Will Shone, Black Pins, Black Band (very rich), Spotted Vein, Yellow Vein Pin, and so on. The general composition of these iron-stones, although of course differing in component parts, will be protoxide and peroxide of iron, silica, a little alumina or manganese, carbonic, phosphoric, and sulphuric acids, and some earthy residue. An interesting question, but one almost impossible to solve, has been raised, from whence have all these immense stores of iron been derived? and it has been suggested that they have been de-

posited from the contents of the coal, which, as we know, is an enormous mass of vegetable matter. This scarcely seems probable, as the quantity of iron and manganese in plants is but small; although of such sizes were the forests compressed into coal, that a deposit extremely small, individually, might mount up considerably in the aggregate. Silica, we are told, abounds in grasses, particularly in equisetæ and reed plants, which kind of flora figured so largely in the history of the coal vegetation; but however it may be, it is not an important question as regards the iron trade. There is often found in some of the veins of iron-stone a singular formation, which considerably deteriorates the ore on which it intrudes. It goes by the dignified name of "jack," and presents the appearance of perfect pyramids, fitting into each other. It is unfortunately as common as it is worthless, except as specimens of crystallization, from which it probably results, its chemical ingredients being a considerable amount of silica, lime, iron, magnesia, alum, and carbonic acid.

The ore having been raised from the pit, is sorted, so as to separate the rubbish and jack, and afterwards built up in large mounds, and set fire to, until it is perfectly calcined, the result of which is to drive off as much as possible of the useless gases contained in the iron-stones; after which process it is thrown into the furnace in company with a charge of limestone and coke, to serve as a flux for the reduction of the ore into veritable metal. Most people have been struck with the appearance of the "black country," as it is called, round Wolverhampton and Dudley, as they have passed on the railway, by the furnaces at night; and many too, I dare say, are deeply thankful that they do not live in the vicinity of such a Hades. The furnaces are shaped, outside, not unlike a great dice-box, at the bottom of which is the fire, heating the materials thrown in from the top; and to enable the charge to be melted gradually, it is narrowed inside about the middle, somewhat after the fashion of an hour-glass. The charge, then, is thrown in from the top, and the result is the disengagement of an enormous quantity of gas at a great heat, which immediately takes fire on emerging into the atmospheric air. Formerly, and indeed still in some works, magnificent flame is made; but an economical improvement was brought into play in the retention of the gases by means of a large cone or extinguisher, and the conveying them by a flue down to the blast engine, where they are made subservient for generating steam. It certainly spoils the picturesque, although it no doubt saved the pocket. Below the hearth of the furnace is a chamber, into which the molten metal flows on its reduction, and in which it is confined until the signal for casting is given,

which takes place twice in the twenty-four hours. Previous to this occurrence, however, a number of moulds are made with ash or sand, ready for the reception of the ore. Of all spectacles, perhaps this is one of the most beautiful, and would delight a student of Rembrandt above everything. The signal is given; the fireman uplifts a mighty hammer, and proceeds to knock away the plug or stopper of the chamber; out flows the torrent of liquid metal, rushing in huge white waves, lighting up the fretwork of the casting-house, and shedding a brilliant glare for a long way round. On it comes, hissing and bubbling, and, like Nebuchadnezzar's fiery furnace, scorching away the lookers on, with the exception of those salamander workmen who, with perspiration running off in streams, guide the stream into each set of moulds as the previous ones are filled. One would imagine that a life of such intense heat would soon put an end to the unfortunate fireman; but it is not so; and as a general rule they enjoy better health than other classes of workmen, as colliers and miners. The thing that they appear to suffer from most is ophthalmia, and that more from their liability to get sparks of hot iron into their eyes than from the heat itself. After some hours the contents of the moulds, now cool, are taken up. They bear the name of "pigs"; not the only curious term used for different things connected with the works. For instance, the mass of material which is cleaned out of a furnace which has been working for many, many years, is "the old horse" or the "donkey;" and a valuable animal it is to the mineralogist, who finds in this rubbish the glittering crystals of titanium. But, to return to our pigs, these are exposed to a second intense heat in the refinery, which has the effect of drawing off still more impurities and rendering them more malleable; then recast, though not in the form of pigs, but in square blocks, and transferred to the multitudinous operations of the forges. The first visit to the rolling mills, I should say, is generally uncomfortable, for almost all the energies of the stranger are spent in trying to make out what is said to him, and the still more perplexing endeavours to get out of harm's way. At first sight it really seems an inextricable chaos, more particularly if seen at night; for the glare of the numerous white hot balls being rapidly carried out, rivals that of the electric light, and makes the eye quite insensible to all minor appearances; while the rattle of the rolling wheels, and the yelling and shouting of the men, with every now and then a sharp explosion, compel the imagination to compare the scene with the possible appearance of the infernal regions. The refined iron, when brought to the mill, is again put in a small furnace with closed doors, and well worked or "puddled" about, until it is a pasty mass at a white heat. The puddler then extracts it with a gigantic pair of tongs;

and it is hastily wheeled to the rollers, which are nothing more than four or five grooved moulds placed one above another, each one of a smaller gauge than its predecessor. As the metal passes through the lower rollers, it is seized on the other side by the attendants, and shifted up to the next series; each operation producing a more lengthy bar than the last. The labour, however, of this is immense; and a very useful and ingenious machine has been patented by Mr. Richard Roden, of Abersychan Works, consisting of a moveable platform, regulated by a boy, which carries the metal up to each roller as soon as it has emerged from the one below. In point of fact, then, the iron rail is made, the only after-operations consisting of its being taken to the steam circular-saw, where in a trice any unnecessary length is cut off amidst a shower of brilliant fireworks. Gauging, punching, cleaning, smoothing, and oiling are now severally performed on the new-born rail, which is afterwards launched into the world to form a component part of our iron roads.

Let no one, then, think meanly of an iron rail, but consider that in the many processes it has passed through, and the numerous collateral trades that its preparation involves, it has given employment to nearly a quarter of England's labouring population.

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## STARS AND ANGELS.

Bright stars, ye shine above this earth,  
Like angels ye beyond our ken  
Thus differing from the sons of men,  
As all unconscious of your birth.

Ye bloom in airy fields above;  
Feebly we lift our wondering eyes,  
Up-gazing to the outspread skies,  
Lost in adoring, speechless love.

Stars never fade; they shine serene,  
Through countless, changing years the same;  
Beaming as bright as that which "came  
And stood" o'er Bethlehem's stable mean.

Not so the flowers of earth; for they  
Do fade and droop, and, dying, must  
Be mingled with the common dust,  
Aside their fragile beauty lie.

As fading flowers are we below,  
As steadfast stars are ye on high;  
For you, ye angels, never die,  
And death is our unconquered foe.



## WAYSIDE SKETCHES IN FOREIGN LANDS.

## VIENNA.

Nothing can be less imposing than the entrance into Vienna, through a flat and dreary suburb. It was an unfavourable hour of the day too, neither exactly afternoon nor evening; the sun that had been glaring had disappeared for awhile, leaving a dull grey sky, and a stifling and oppressive heat indisposed one to exertion. And here I might enter on a long digression to prove what has a thousand times been proved before—the wonder-working effects of genuine Bohea. Thanks to its inspiriting virtues, we had, in half-an-hour afterwards, not only arranged endless plans of sightseeing for the morrow, with the intelligent Ober Kellner of our hotel, but we were on our way to the Volks Garten, to hear an *al-fresco* concert, under the leadership of Strauss (son of the celebrated composer), whose music had formed one of the great attractions of Vienna for years past. And if you would see how these pleasure-loving people pass their evenings, I pray you to follow me.

After paying a fee at the entrance we walk on, guided by the well-dressed crowd of new comers and the sounds of a splendid band, till suddenly, and as if by enchantment, we find ourselves opposite an elegant semicircular building, in front and at the side of which are arranged two orchestras filled with musicians. In the large space before us are chairs and innumerable little tables, at which are seated all the *beau monde* of Vienna who are not out of town, and parties of all nations in every variety of full evening costume, laughing, talking, drinking coffee and eating ices, and in the intervals listening to the enchanting waltzes of Strauss. Endless orange-trees send forth the most delicious fragrance; the elegant acacia with its brilliant green leaves, and the oleander trees weighed down by the voluptuous beauty of their clusters of rich pink blossoms; and in the background hundreds of variegated and Chinese lamps, that will presently burst out into a blaze of splendour, are hanging to the great dark-green trees.

After walking about for some time, we too seat ourselves at one of the little tables; a waiter glides with mathematical precision among the lines of scarcely-observable space, and in a few minutes he appears with coffee, cakes, piled-up tempting pink and white ices, and the invariable accompaniment to all continental meals—glasses of iced water! Here we sit for an hour, giving ourselves up to the full enchantment of the scene. Ladies in every variety of light-gossamer costume are moving around; and we may, without much flight of imagination, fancy it a fairy scene, and these delicately-clad, vapoury-looking forms flitting in and out of the trees actual fairies. Crowds of fashionable loungers, with faultless boots and primrose gloves, pass by: perhaps some of them look at

us, for we hear occasionally the half-whispered exclamation, “Engländerin!” A party of ladies seat themselves near, who attract much notice, and eye-glasses are at a premium on our side of the garden. We are curious—we turn round, and, disappointed, we see a very griffin-looking elderly female. It can’t be at her the eye-glasses are directed, certainly? We look again; we notice their exact latitude; and there, answering to it, we see one of the most perfect specimens of loveliness I ever beheld—a young girl of about eighteen, of graceful form, exquisite features, and dazzling complexion; the light-blue gauze dress which she wore, with no additional covering, heightening the effect of her rare beauty. Large plaits of rich black hair were arranged like a coronet round her head, which the apology of a bonnet did not conceal; dark expressive eyes, with long-fringed lashes giving a sort of liquid lustre to their brilliancy, a coquettish nose, and a mouth that gentlemen would call “provoking”—at least I am sure if I had been a gentleman I should have felt this conscious little Vienna beauty most irresistibly “provoking.”

We had sat some time amusing ourselves with the groups around, when my next companion observed a gentleman bowing to us. Strange that anyone should know us, for we had only arrived in Vienna a few hours. Again the hat was raised—once, twice, it moved in our direction, and under it we recognized one of our friends of the Danube steamer, who was, like ourselves, glad to see faces he knew again. Under his escort we went through the large circular building before mentioned, which proved to be a *café*, filled with company, and elegantly decorated with gilding and mirrors and full-length portraits of the reigning House of Austria. In a few minutes afterwards the hundreds of coloured lamps were lighted, and shone like huge glowworms from among the dark foliage; fireworks were let off, and the entertainment was at an end. Our kind Swiss friend was much concerned lest we should be inconvenienced by the crowd in coming out; so turning to my companion, who did not understand German, he suggested, “Eff you please, Mademoiselle, you shall *expect* yourself here a lettel while.”

We reached the Kaiserin Elisabeth soon after ten o’clock, and thus agreeably passed our first evening in Vienna.

What am I to tell you of Vienna? That it is the loveliest, the cleanest, the busiest, and the noisiest capital on the Continent; that concerts and balls seem to be the great objects of life; that the dance-inspiring waltzes of Strauss resound from almost every house, mirth and gaiety shine in almost every countenance, care and poverty seem unknown; that with a bluer sky and brighter buildings, Vienna has all the

activity and bustle of London; that one sees more carts, carriages, coaches, and vehicles of all descriptions cracking, rumbling, rattling—more people, both natives and foreigners of all countries, hurrying and crossing and passing in five minutes than one sees in Munich in a week. I may tell you that Vienna is a singularly laid-out city, being nearly all suburbs, which contain some very fine palaces and public buildings; that around the city is a belt of verdure (formerly part of the fortifications) planted with trees and traversed by roads and walks, which are called *The Glacis*, and now forming a delightful promenade for the inhabitants; that the dwelling-houses are of enormous dimensions, let out in flats, and inhabited by numerous families, as in St. Petersburg; that the palaces of the Austrian, Bohemian, and Hungarian nobility are some of the most princely and wealthy abodes in Europe; that its *cafés* and *restaurants* are not inferior to those in Paris; and, lastly, that for a stranger it is one of the most attractive, and at the same time most expensive cities on the Continent. If you have a taste for pictures you will have additional enjoyment, for Vienna contains some rare collections.

Ascend a hill in one of the beautiful suburbs, and you will see a noble palace, with princely gardens, which are open to the public: this is the Upper Belvedere. Walk up the broad marble stairs, enter the gallery, and then forget the present, to live awhile in the past. Let us learn how the saints and heroes and demi-gods of sacred and profane history appeared to the thoughtful minds of those great painters; for most of these men felt they had not only a picture to execute, but a high moral purpose to work out. I need not tell you that we seek out Raphael's "Virgin and Child," nor Fra Bartolomeo's "Presentation in the Temple," nor Caracci's "Christ and the Woman of Samaria"; that we stop to carefully examine that extraordinary composition of Albert Durer's, "The Martyrdom of the Ten Thousand Christians under the King of Persia," in the centre of which he himself stands with his friend Pirkheimer. How well Cranach's portraits of Luther and Melancthon relate the histories of those great reformers! The next remarkable picture that attracts our attention is the celebrated "Ecce Homo" of Titian; it once belonged to our King Charles I., and was sold by Cromwell. Those rich brocades and velvets must belong to Paul Veronese; among them is the beautiful Queen of Cyprus. A number of people are gazing on a picture in the next room, with evident delight. Ah! no wonder, for it is, of all Coreggio's paintings, that delicious one "Io and the Cloud."

On we pass; for how can I give you an idea of five or six hundred master-pieces? Suddenly we stop: we find ourselves in a hall containing pictures of such unusually large dimensions, such brilliant colouring, masterly fore-shortening, bold drawing, and skilful grouping, that we are sure they must belong to Rubens. We are right; the rooms are entirely filled with his

works, the most remarkable of which are the two enormous compositions of "St. Ignatius Loyola driving out Evil Spirits," and "St. Francis Xavier preaching to the Indians." I like to look on Ruben's men; what grand, powerful fellows they are! just such as one of his energetic temperament and intellectual calibre would be likely to produce; for we are told, in addition to his marvellous artistic industry, that he was an accomplished diplomatist, skilled in the sciences, and that he spoke seven languages fluently! It was said that he was accustomed to read some of the finest passages out of the ancient poets in a morning, before he began to paint, in order that his thoughts might be freed from the cares of life, to soar into the highest realms of imagination.

Rembrandt's portraits—there is a strange fascination about their mysterious depths of shadow. Through what unearthly darkness one has to penetrate! and then comes out a face so wrinkled, scarred, and blurred, and such lustrous eyes and strange supernatural gleams of light. One would like to have known that man. And, *à propos*, I must not forget to tell you of that wonderful, grizzly, old Jew, looking out of a window, by Hoogstraeten; when once you have made his acquaintance you will never forget him—mind that. Tenier's "Peasants' Marriage" is full of life and drollery and truthfulness, like all his pictures; and Denner's "Old Man" and "Old Woman" are known the world over. Take a microscope, and you will see every hair and wrinkle made out, till you could fancy they were actually living beings! But I must stop; our over-strained eyes and aching heads have reminded us of the realities of life. We leave poetry, and history, and the fine arts, and, delighted as we have been, are thankful to find ourselves out of doors. Our coachman, tired with waiting, has disappeared; some of our party are annoyed; I enjoy the prospect of the walk, for though the air is hot and oppressive, it is a relief after the labour of a great picture-gallery.

I have told you how magnificently the Austrian nobility live here; so you may like to go with us to the palace of Prince Lichtenstein. Our long walk from the Belvedere has tired us; so before we enter the *Herren Gasse*, in which the palace is situated, we will stop at that pretty café, outside which chairs and little tables innumerable are invitingly placed under the shade of the *jalousies*. What! drink coffee in the open street? Certainly; and very pleasant it is too, and not at all peculiar, as all the world on the Continent seem to live out of doors; and the farther south one goes, the less in-door life there is, till its climax is reached at Naples, where *houses seem to be almost superfluous luxuries*. We have paid our bill; one of the obliging Kellners has pointed out the way, and in a few minutes we are ringing the bell at the great doors of the magnificent palace of the Prince Lichtenstein. A pompous porter admits us; we wait a second, when another official appears, under whose escort we ascend a noble staircase,



with walls and steps of polished marble, and entered a suite of apartments, in which are presented to us every form of effective decoration that can well be shown in a house. I know of no palace out of Rome to compare to the chaste and elegant design of this one. The rooms are painted of the purest white, relieved with a profusion of brilliant gold ornament; ceilings the same: walls panelled with looking-glass; and floors richly inlaid with coloured wood in exquisite patterns. In the dining-room, which is of immense size, the walls are of polished marble. The grand ball-room is still more gorgeous; in its centre is a splendid candelabrum, which holds six hundred and sixty lights, and on each side of the room are rows of fifty lamps, thus making eight hundred and sixty sources of light! Imagine such a room filled with the beauty—the jewelled, courtly, and high-born company who are at times assembled there; and what a blaze of splendour must the scene present!

The Emperor's palace, which we visited afterwards, seemed somewhat to fade beside the newly and brilliantly-decorated palace of his subject; still it was the imperial palace of the ruling house of Hapsburg—the palace of Maria Theresa and of the Emperor Francis; and though having no particular political predilection for their rule, it had all the prestige of historical association; so we traversed through a succession of rooms hung with silk damask of various hues, the amber drawing-room and the rose-coloured drawing-room, and the Emperor's private room, and the Empress's boudoir, and lastly to the room in which the Catholic ceremony of the feet-washing takes place every year, till we were in a perfect fever of scarlet and gold, and satin and velvet, chandeliers and mirrors.

After dining at our hotel, where I must tell you the *cuisine* was perfection, we drove to the Prater—the Hyde Park of Vienna—nearly four miles long, and where sometimes, in the fashionable season, twenty thousand persons are collected, beginning with the equipage of the imperial family, and going through all the degrees of rank—ambassadors, princes, counts, and commoners; and a brilliant assemblage it must present at such times, with the variety of military dress and costumes of different countries. *Now*, it was flat enough, ours being the only carriage visible. Herds of deer were roaming about; and as we drove on we came to lawns and thickets, and fine old forest trees; and thus one may continue till we find ourselves in the country, on the border of the Danube, far away from all trace of city life.

We met my friend Mr. T. returning from the part of the park called the Würstl Prater; and very much more amusing his walk had proved than our solitary and dignified drive. At the part where the Prater of the great world ends, that of the common people begins; and here, far as the eye could reach, under the trees and over the greensward, were booths and endless rows of little tables, at which parties were drinking beer or coffee, smoking, and eating sau-

sages. Around were shows, mountebanks, jugglers, punchinellos, music, singing, and dancing to the enticing strains of the indigenous waltz. Such is the Mahomet's paradise of the lower orders in this pleasure-loving city.

On returning to the hotel, we retired early to our rooms, for we had much work planned out for the morrow. A few minutes afterwards my door was knocked at, and a woman in the peasant dress of the country advanced towards me, dropped on one knee, and then respectfully taking my hand, kissed it. I wanted an explanation of this strange proceeding, when, lo! the kneeling figure presented me with a slip of paper, and I found it was—my washerwoman! Fancy one of our ungainly, gossiping, tea-drinking, English heroines of soap-suds going through such a theatrical pantomime!

Most of the streets of Vienna meet together at a point near St. Stephen's Cathedral, whence they radiate in all directions. The square, with its shops and hackney-coaches, and carriages and crowds of pedestrians, is very noisy; even at this early morning hour the sun is hot, and glares fiercely as we stand gazing up at the graceful spire of the tower, which, like many of the campanili in Italy, rises from the ground: it is a masterpiece of Gothic architecture. We retreat into the cathedral, and what a change from the noise and glare outside! Mass is just chanting, for it is the poor man's hour of prayer; kneeling figures are all around; lamps are burning; incense is rising; priests in all the effective adjuncts of the Romish ritual are officiating at the altar; and the rich tones of the organ come grandly and solemnly on the ear.

Whether this church is as beautiful as the guide-books say, I know not; but seen at this hour, with its dark and gloomy colouring, relieved by the glowing tints of the sunlight shining through the painted windows and bathing the curious carvings and sculpture in alternate streams of rich red and golden light, like the changing of a kaleidoscope, it makes a strong impression on the imagination.

I love to roam about these old cathedrals, with their harmonious gloom, dim perspective of gothic arches; quaint monuments—where every stone is a record, every niche an illustration. There is a sentiment of holiness in them that gives their dark and stately masses a wonderful power over the mind.

We mounted to the tower by steps whose name was Legion, and Vienna lay spread like a map before us; its palaces and churches, and great public buildings defined sharp and clear in the strong sunlight.

Among the many remarkable monuments in Vienna none interested me more than those contained in the churches of the Capuchins and Augustines; yet the interest is of a very opposite character: in the one it is historical, in the other artistic; the former containing the burial-vaults of the Imperial family, the latter one of Canova's most beautiful and successful works of art.

How much one's impression of a place depends on the circumstances under which it is seen!

Everything in art and nature gains by an appropriate setting. A cottage may appear to you at one time simply an uncomfortable, ill-contrived, disorderly compound of wood and brick and mortar; let but a gleam of the bright sun tip it here and there, it is transformed into a lovely rural picture, a pastoral. A ruin, a church, a landscape—no matter what—gains in beauty from such favourable casualty. Thus we felt it as we descended into these vaults, to survey all that now remained of the regal and imperial dead of Austria. Without, it was broad day; the streets teemed with life and bustle and motion: within, all was silent and solemn as suited such a place. Our guide was a Capuchin monk, with a head like John the Baptist's; his coarse brown serge dress and beads, tall, meagre figure, and attenuated countenance (on which the flickering glare of the torch he held in his hand cast an unearthly pallor), gave him such a striking resemblance to the pictures one sees of the old Catholic martyrs, that we could have almost fancied one had suddenly walked out of its frame.

In and out and past rows of coffins, he led us; some plain and simple, others decorated with the most lavish waste of wealth in every variety of funereal magnificence; the most splendid mausoleum being that in which Maria Theresa and her husband Francis repose, and which she had herself erected. It is a very large and most elaborately-executed sarcophagus; and if not entirely composed of silver, as is said, at least it is richly ornamented with this valuable metal.

Maria Theresa was certainly one of the grandest historical women of modern ages. Queenly she looked in life; royalty itself in her seemed more royal; and thus queenly she reposes in death. It is said she descended every Friday, for thirteen years, into this tomb, to weep *and pray by the remains of her husband Francis*. The Capuchin now takes us to another side of the vaults, and our friend directs our attention to a simple copper coffin. We read the inscription, "*Napoleonis Galliæ Imperatoris Filius*." There by the side of his grandfather the late emperor Francis, who desired not to be separated from him when dead, repose all that remains of Napoleon's son, his idolized child, the hope of the French nation, the heir for which so much had been sacrificed. Man proposes, but God disposes; and full of the strange teachings of the past and the present, to which the names on this coffin had given rise, we ascended the steps and found ourselves once more in the broad light of day.

Canova's monument of the Archduchess Christina forms the chief ornament of the Church of the Augustines. It represents a pyramid containing a funeral vault, towards the entrance of which two melancholy groups are slowly ascending. The one consists of Virtue bearing the urn which contains the ashes of the deceased, and with her are two little girls carrying torches. A most exquisite figure representing Benevo-

lence descends the step, supporting an old man, whose limbs totter with age and grief. He is accompanied by a child, who folds its little hands and hangs its head in infantine sorrow. A lion crouches on one side, and a desponding genius on the other. The portrait of the Archduchess is in a medallion over the door of the vault, held up by Happiness. The figures are as large as life, and the entire composition forms one of the most affecting allegories, and one of the purest and most beautiful monuments in Europe.

In speaking of Canova, I am reminded that I forgot to tell you that at the Volksgarten, in a building copied from the Temple of Theseus at Athens, is placed his fine group of "Theseus killing the Minotaur," which was bespoken by Napoleon to decorate the arch of the Simplon at Milan. In the fortunes of war it fell into the hands of the Austrians, who had this building constructed expressly to contain it.

As time passed, and as the weather was just suited to such an excursion, we resolved to take a carriage and to proceed at once to the imperial residence of Schönbrunn, distant about two miles from Vienna. The road is as flat and uninteresting as can well be imagined, and we were glad to see the magnificent façade of the building. To those who have travelled much on the continent, the generality of royal palaces offer few attractions. There is so much of sameness in their style and character, that we are wearied and surfeited with their masses of gilding and ornament, velvets, brocades, and mirrors; but there are historical associations connected with Schönbrunn, that gave it an especial interest to us. Napoleon had inhabited it; his son had lived and died there. It had also been a favourite spot of Maria Theresa's, who had finished it. We knew, too, that it contained endless objects of interest; and among them the most authentic portraits of the imperial house of Austria, and one of the lovely and ill-fated Marie Antoinette, which we would have given much to see. Soldiers were patrolling in the entrance court. We addressed one. He directed us to the porter's lodge, where a very dignified individual in royal livery, a kind of fossilized butler, frigidly informed us that the palace would be closed to strangers for some days, as the Queen of Greece had arrived on a visit to the Emperor and Empress, and that their imperial highnesses were themselves expected from Ischl at seven o'clock that evening. All our eloquence was unavailing: neither bribes nor entreaties had any effect on this man of stone; so heartily wishing the Queen of Greece had followed the apostle's injunction of "being a keeper at home," we walked forward to the gardens and grounds.

Somebody has remarked that there is something good in a lovely day; it brings out beauty, as a kind word brings out the feelings of a retiring heart, gently and sweetly. We can hardly be out of sorts when the bright sun is shining



and the soft shadows playing. Through its benign influence, our disappointment was soon forgotten in our visit to the grounds, enjoyed equally though differently to what we had expected. The gardens are laid out in long straight avenues, high clipped hedges, and ornamented with statues innumerable and fountains, among which is the *Schöne Brunnen*, which gives its name to the palace.

This quaint stiff style of gardening pleases me; it sets one thinking. We insensibly go back to the times of that grand old sensualist Louis Quatorze, and Versailles and its courtly beauties, in hoops and stomachers, its Pompadours and Lavallières, its courtiers of the old régime, with their wigs and velvet coats and ruffles, with their ceremonious gallantry and their pompous phraseology—certain lovely and nearly-forgotten scenes of our childhood are recalled, and we remember old yew trees that were cut into the figures of peacocks and other wonderful birds, that had never had any earthly or heavenly existence save in the head of the artist-gardener. So we like to stroll among these grounds. The straight long avenues seem to radiate from the palace; the tall velvety compact masses of their foliage cast a broad shadow, in the coolness of which we sit, and wander up and down.

On an eminence in the gardens is a large, elegant, white building, a sort of temple or summer-house, called "*La Gloriette*." It consists of a splendid saloon, with a fine colonnade of pillars on either side. Hither and about the gardens crowds of citizens and their families resort on a Sunday and on other holidays. We ascend by a fabulous flight of steps, and seat ourselves under the shade of this elegant building. While admiring the fine view of Vienna which this spot commands, we are agreeably surprised by meeting a Dutch lady and gentleman whose acquaintance we had made on the Danube steamer; so with the pleasant addition of their company we visited all parts of these extensive grounds, glanced at the conservatories, peeped at the tropical region of the palm house, amused ourselves and the animals in the imperial menagerie—lions, tigers, elephants, dromedaries, camels, and bears, elegant antelopes and tall giraffes, shy kangaroos and impudent monkeys, who, excited by the cakes and nuts thrown to them, were engaged in every variety of fun and frolic. Crowds of people of all nations were amusing themselves as we were doing, among whom were a party of Armenians, with enormous flowing beards, long blue dresses, red sashes, and caps.

The carriage had gone round to Hitzing, a village renowned chiefly for its celebrated café, the *Casino Dommeyer*. It is fitted up with great elegance, and balls and concerts are held here. The villa of Prince Metternich is oppo-

site. We seated ourselves at one of the innumerable little tables spread around in the open air, took a cup of coffee, bade adieu to our Dutch friends, who were remaining for Strauss's concert, and in half-an-hour were in Vienna at the *Kaiserin Elisabeth*.

I told you how rich Vienna was in pictures. In addition to the great National Gallery in the *Belvidere*, there are the private collections of the Princes *Lichstentein* and *Esterhazy*, and of the Counts *Czernin*, *Schönbrunn*, *Harrach*, *Lamberg*, and innumerable others. The gallery of the former contains more than 1,400 pictures, and most of them works of the highest excellence, among which I will only now mention two or three: Two beautiful pictures by *Leonardo da Vinci* and *Guido*; the former, "Christ bearing the cross;" and the latter, "The infant Christ asleep on the cross." I need not expatiate on these works; if you have studied the works, and are acquainted with the peculiar style of treatment of these two great masters, you will imagine the spiritualised beauty of these compositions. "A female head regarding the picture of *Lucretia*," by *Giorgione*; "*Rubens*' two sons;" and lastly, "A portrait of *Wallenstein*," by *Van Dyck*, which possibly from its historical associations interested me more than any other portrait in the gallery. He is represented tall and dignified, with a face one could never forget. There is a grand kingly look, and a deep earnestness of purpose in it, that well accords with *Schiller*'s account of the man. We are told that he was dark, reserved, and impenetrable; that he never smiled; that the coldness of his temperament was proof against sensual seductions; that, ever occupied with grand schemes, he despised those idle amusements in which many waste their lives; and that he was so cautious in trusting to the silence of others, that the correspondence he kept up with nearly the whole of Europe was chiefly managed by himself.

July 24th.—It is five o'clock in the morning: we are up, and dressed for travelling. Porters are hurrying down-stairs with luggage, and others are piling it on two carriages that have just rattled over the noisy flint stones, and are now standing in front of the hotel. We take our places, bid adieu to the obliging and gentlemanly *Ober Kellner*, who returns it with the air of a foreign prince; the drivers crack their long whips, and we leave this pleasant city, perhaps for ever. The fine old Gothic cathedral of *St. Stephen*'s looks grander and more solemn at this early hour, and we gaze at it regretfully as we drive by, and the noble monuments and sculptured fountains erected in the different squares are distinctly and clearly defined in the morning light. Gradually all this recedes from our view, and we are again on the banks of the Danube.

E. C. B.

## "HOME, SWEET HOME."

(*A Tale in Six Chapters.*)

### CHAP. III.

The effects of the separation from Ned were soon visible in the altered looks of his poor mother and Sally; the neighbours all remarked that they looked but poorly, and that they were not sprightly as they had been; and those who happened to drop in when they were at their meals observed that "the creatures did not relish their food as they used." A letter often lay at the post-office for them; it was always opened with eager haste. Ned was no great penman, nor adept in the epistolary style; but his letters were addressed to those not more accomplished in that branch of literature; had it even been otherwise they would have agreed with Sir Lucius O'Trigger, that "When affection guides the pen, he must be a brute who finds fault with the style." The very hand-writing, crooked and blotched as it was, was gazed on in admiration; and the sentences, though not in accordance with the orthography taught in schools, or with the strict rules of grammar, contained all that was welcome to them—the feelings of an affectionate and honest heart: one of them ran thus:—

Dear Mother and dear Sally,—I write these few lines to let you know that I'm safe and well in quarters, as I hope you both are. I seen a dale since I left you, and maybe its I won't divart you, if ever I get back to you. Such illigant gentlemen's parks, and great houses, I never thought there was the like in the world; but, at any rate, I'd rather have one look at the cabin door, than to be admirin' them from mornin' till night. The men have shewn me friendship since I came; but there are wild chaps among them, and will go headlong into mischief; but I mind what my father said about bad company, and I keep myself to myself. Some are very fretful in themselves, and don't covet the life of a soldier. Some, they tell me, have almost blinded their very eyes, and chopped away their fingers to get their discharges; and they went with their own likin'—not like poor me. But it's no matter; and there's a sayin'—*What's done can't be undone*. At any rate there's not a night but I dream of bein' at home; often I think I see my mother at the spinnin'-wheel, and Nancy and the boys playin' at jackstones, on the ground beside her. Last night I consaved that I was standin' by Sally in the river field, she was singin' away, as she always does at her milkin'; it was that same Coulin that was so sweet and pitiful-like, that I used to stand by to listen to, when I was at home; I listened in my sleep like as when I was awake, and it was the most beautifulest singin' ever I heard—no birds on the trees was ever sweeter to listen to; but as I went to help Sally with the pail I wakened, and the green fields and the runnin' stream and the

sweet singin' and Sally were all gone; and then it was that I felt that I was far away. You see that I be thinkin' of you all, even in my sleep. Keep up your hearts; there's no use in life in frettin' about what can't be helped. I daresay the children sometimes talks of me, and maybe poor Rover, that Sally and I minded when he was a pup, would know me still. I don't know how I got to write such a long letter. Plaise don't forget to answer, and b'live me, my dear mother and Sally, your lovin' son till death,  
"EDWARD BARRY."

If Ned's thoughts were with his mother, and Sally waking and sleeping, theirs were not less with him. The evening this letter came, Sally tried to sing the Coulin, as she sat milkin' the cow; but she had scarcely sung half the first verse when she broke down and burst out crying. Years passed away, but time stole nothing from the affection of those who were parted. Sally loved the paths that she and Ned used to tread together. She sometimes took a solitary walk along the glen to the old linden tree, where they had so often sat side by side, and where, when she was a child, he would sort the wild flowers which he had gathered for her and where they used to sit of a summer's evening, when they were grown up, and have their pleasant talk.

Sally liked to go there still, and ponder over "the good old times," melancholy though it made her. It was long and many a day after she and Ned were parted, as she sat there one morning wondering whether Ned was thinking of her, that she heard a rustling among the leaves, and, as she looked up, she saw Ned himself rush out of the thicket, and fly to her side. They could not speak for joy; but they embraced again and again, and cried like children.

"Sally," said Ned, as soon as he could speak, "before we lave this to go to my mother, you must make me one promise. I have risked everything to see you once more. We may be happy and contented. Give me your hand and word that you will marry me. What's to hinder us goin' to the Priest this very evenin'? He will not refuse; and my mother, she'll be glad; for she loves you as if you were her own; and if we marry, you will be more our own than ever."

"And will you never lave us any more, Ned?"

"Never while the breath's in me," answered Ned. "There's my hand and word, then!" and she wept upon his bosom.



Mrs. Barry could not think who the stranger was that she saw coming hand-in-hand with Sally. As they got nearer, a scream of delight proved that she had recognized Ned. She flung herself into his arms, uttering words of the most passionate fondness and delight. The children came bounding and skipping over the green, and poor Rover, too, who knew his master's voice, though long he had been away.

"And are you come for good and all?" said his mother; "and will you always stay to comfort us all—more especially the poor mother and Sally? You see how the poor girl has fretted since you went—the half of her aint in it—and the cheeks that wanst had a blush in them like any rose, are turned quite white. Sure, Ned, you'll never lave us any more—never go sodgerin' again. Have you lave to stay with us for good and all?"

Ned hung his head, and looked abashed.

"Mother," said he, after a moment's pause, "there was no lave given and there was no lave asked. The thought of home left me no rest by night or by day; so I determined I'd have one sight of you and of Sally and of the childer, in spite of them all, if I was to die for it. What made me more determined in myself was the usage I met. I was put into the black-hole, and kept there for a night and a day, for just nothin' as I may say. A tyrant of a man, who trates the men as if they were no better than brute bastes, was the one that done it; and that very night, when my blood was up, I thought to myself that I'd put up with it no longer. Besides, my heart was fairly broke with the cravin' I had to be at home, and to see you all, and to marry Sally here."

"Oh! Ned, I am afraid," said his mother, "that the comin' without leave was a foolish turn. What in the wide world would we do if the army was to take you up? I heard tell that deserters got the worst of bad usage. But we won't talk of that now; for ain't we all glad to see you back, come how you may? I don't think they'd go to the expense, besides, of findin' all the ways out of England to look for you; so to tell God's truth, I blive 'tis best for you to be at home."

"And I'm sure that it is, mother," interrupted Ned. "And the more I look at you and Sally, the more I think that same; the more, by far, I think it. Sure, mother, you won't say against our goin' to the Priest this evenin' and gettin' married. I have what will pay for that same. Sally, darlint, will you come?"

"Come!" said his mother, half affronted at its being implied that there could be a moment's hesitation on Sally's part. "Come, indeed! hasn't she gone mopin' after you ev'ry day since you left it—airly and late glimmerin' about, like a ghost for all the world? Come! To be sure she'll come. I'd like to know what would prevent her. Spake up, girl, and say that you'll

come! Put on the white gownd that you got to wear May-day, and the cap with the pink riband, that looks so well on you; and make haste and away with you, for fear you might miss of his riverence."

Preliminaries having been settled, and the bridal toilet completed, they hurried to the Priest, and having received the nuptial benediction, they returned home man and wife.

What a different family met round the social board that evening, to partake of its humble fare, to that which assembled there in the morning! Little blaming Ned for escaping from a situation into which he had been trepanned—little calculating on the probability of his being found and taken (for England was too far), there were too many waves of the sea between Ned and the regiment to make it likely that any steps would be taken for his capture; so they gave full loose to their joy, and Sally's face, lit up with delight, had never looked more beautiful.

Days sped happily away in fancied security. Ned would sit recounting all he had seen, as his mother and Sally were busy at their spinning and their knitting. Thus a few weeks went without any occurrence to disturb their tranquillity; but just then a friend told Ned that the police stationed in a neighbouring town had received orders from head-quarters to be on the look-out for deserters.

This was bad news for the Barrys, and it was necessary that they should take precautions to elude the search which would probably be made. The next few months were very miserable. Whenever a policeman was seen, it was supposed that he was on the look-out for Ned, and he would run off to the glen and hide among the rocks and brakes all night—sometimes in storm and rain. It was wretchedness to those who loved him best, to think when they heard the tempest howling and the rains beating, that he had no better shelter than such as the wild woods and hard rocks afforded; and when the long cold wintry nights came on, that he was wandering through the frost and snow. When he would steal in to them of a morning, his mother and Sally would try to warm his poor benumbed hands and feet, and stir up the fire and make it blaze, and do what they could to comfort him; but he looked worn and haggard, and they who had been watching all night in dread lest he should be taken, were little better. With bitter feelings they thought of that day when they saw the soldiers marching down the glen to their cabin. The police were scouring the country, and they could scarcely flatter themselves that Ned could escape them.

"I am no better nor a wild baste," said Ned, "hunted about from lair to lair. Wouldn't it be better for me to be shot at wanst, like a dog, than to be driven about at this rate? Wouldn't it be better that my bones were blackin' on a gibbet than see me as I am, a poor heart-broken boy, that gets no rest by day or by night? But

that's not the worst: when I see you, my poor mother, that I ought to comfort in your old days, goin' down fast into the grave through me, without the rest at night which age requires, and evermore with an unaisy mind; and Sally—my poor Sally—that I loved from the moment that she came among us; Sally, my own wife, and the best and truest girl that even drew breath; to see how she looks—she that was the beautifulest—to see her withered away afore me—the very eyes in her head lost for want of sleep; no songs or laughin' heard inside our walls any more. Oh! if I had died when I was a young boy, before ever I had brought this trouble on you! Wouldn't we all have been the better of it? I'd have been lyin' beside my father now, and the two that's with him: the mother and the wife would not have been put to, the way they are now."

"Don't spake that way, Ned," interrupted Sally. "Don't we like to be lookin' at you wanst more. Though you're tired and down in yourself, don't we like to be lookin' at you? Won't good times come? Though 'tis bad times now, it won't always be so. If you did lave them, sure they won't keep up anger for ever—the police itself will tire out chasin' you at night, and will be at peace again."

Sally was perhaps right in thinking the police would tire of the search, or it may have been that they wished to put Ned off his guard, which caused them to slacken in the pursuit. There were many nights, too, when it was known that they had duty in another direction; so that Ned enjoyed some quiet, and it was quite surprising how cheerful he would be at these times, and what perfect security he seemed to feel. During one of these intervals of apparent safety the family were wakened from sleep just before the dawn of day one morning, by loud knocking at the door. In answer to "Who is there?" they were told a travelling man wanted to light his pipe.

Ned felt his heart sink, and he whispered it was no one but the police, to look for him. The back-door was opened softly, and Ned stole out and hid himself in a heap of straw; meanwhile his mother kept the man outside in parley, to give him time to conceal himself. She then unlocked and opened the door, and four of the police, with loaded carbines, entered, and commenced a diligent search. When they missed finding him in or under either of the beds, they tumbled the clothes out of the boxes, to see if he could be there. Then they passed into the cupboard, and dived their hands into the tubs, crocks, and potato-pot; they examined the back-yard, and had just made up their minds that he was nowhere about the premises, and were going away, when one of them turned back and began to pierce the straw with his bayonet, from mere idleness, and without the least idea that he should find Ned there. He was just about to desist, when Ned (who believed he was discovered and gave himself up for lost) jumped out, and begged that they would spare him.

They seized him roughly, and one of them produced a pair of hand-cuffs, with which he had come provided, and put them on the prisoner's wrists, and guarding him between two of them, they marched him off amidst the piercing cries and lamentations of the family from whom he was torn.

Poor Sally followed after them, with affrighted looks, and hands clasped wildly on her bosom in agony. She could not even walk by his side, as the guards would not allow her to approach.

Poor Ned looked pale and very sad, and hung his head in shame, as he walked along; and felt that he was a gazing-stock for those who thronged the streets and crowded to the windows and the doors of the villages through which he passed, many among the spectators making remarks on him sufficiently loud for him to hear.

After proceeding for two miles, they reached the police-barrack; but Sally was allowed no entrance. What her feelings were may be easily conceived as she saw Ned led in. The poor dog, who perceived that something was wrong, and could not understand why he should be parted from his master, bounded to him, and jumping up on him, licked his poor manacled hands.

"Rover! poor Rover!" said he; and tears (the first that he had been unable to restrain) forced themselves from his eyes at this mark of attachment in the poor dumb creature at a moment of such humiliation.

The dog was turned away, and Ned cast one sorrowful look on Sally. A fervent "God bless you!" were his parting words, as he was brought into the guard-room.

The next morning he was conveyed to Dublin, with some other prisoners, where he was put on board a vessel which was to take him to his regiment, to be dealt with according to the tender mercies of military discipline. Arrived in Manchester, where the regiment lay, the court-martial to judge his case soon took place. Many of the officers who sat in that court would gladly have absented themselves from what was a painful task; others, strict martinets, were anxious to perform to the letter what they considered a sacred duty, and not to spare a single lash which justice demanded.

Unfortunate Ned was sentenced to receive five hundred lashes—a fearful punishment and fearfully executed! The men who were his companions—who ate, drank, and slept in the same room with him—were drawn up on the ground where the infliction was to take place; they were to stand immovable during its operation. No compassionate word was to be spoken; no friendly hand was to offer support!

Sullen looks and low mutterings might have been observed for many a day after. The executioner (one of the drummers) was under the superintendence of the drum-major, whose duty it was to see the lash laid on with a heavy hand. The surgeon stood by the tortured, to give notice when a continuation of the agony



might endanger life: if it reached this extremity, the atrocious operation was to be suspended, till returning strength rendered its completion safe, and then the poor festered wounds might be again exposed to the inhuman lash. Of the officers, some among them, unused to such barbarous spectacles, shuddered at the sight; and the pleasures of the evening ball could scarcely banish it from their minds. Those more accustomed to witness the savage exhibition, looked on with perfect *sang froid*, and went afterwards to the mess-table with a keen appetite for the delicacies prepared for them! Such scenes are, indeed, ill-calculated to soften the heart or refine the feelings.\* After the perpetration of these sanguinary military rites, poor Ned was an altered man. No vestige of that constitutional cheerfulness, which had never before forsaken him, remained. The pale, compressed lips, which looked as if they had never known a smile; the sunken eye and hollow cheek; the heavy, listless movements, and the painful shrinking from social intercourse, told of mental as well as of bodily suffering—of one who feels that he is under a ban. We have heard officers say, that a soldier was never worth anything after he was flogged—in truth, poor Ned looked as if he thought so too. He felt no regret when he learned that he was drafted into a regiment under orders for Spain, where reinforcements were immediately required; but for the want of men to serve during the war, Ned would probably have been sentenced to one thousand lashes, with his discharge. His fellow-soldiers looked on him with pity, and spoke among themselves of the time when he had joined the regiment—"one of the finest young men in his majesty's service." He was glad to leave his associates, and go among

\* Humanity recoils from a punishment so cruel and so savage. So shocked were the Chinese at seeing sixty lashes inflicted on a British soldier, for some petty traffic with one of the natives, that the failure of Lord Macartney's embassy to China was the result. The transaction was thus described by an eye-witness:—"The soldiers were drawn up in form in the outer court of the palace where we resided, and the poor culprit was fastened to one of the pillars of the great portico: he received his punishment without mitigation. The abhorrence excited in the breasts of the Chinese at this cruel conduct—as it appeared to them—was demonstrably proved by their words and their looks. They expressed their astonishment that a people professing the mildest, the most benevolent religion on earth—as they wished to have it believed—could be guilty of such flagrant inattention to its merciful decrees. One of the principal Mandarins, who knew a little English, expressed the general sentiment—'Englishmen too much cruel, too much bad!' By the divine law forty stripes might be imposed on the criminal, not one more. Our military tribunals ordered one thousand!"

strangers, who had not witnessed the disgrace which had made such an indelible impression on his own mind, that he felt it would for ever lower him in the eyes of those who had been his companions.

## BETTER DAYS.

BY MRS. ABDY.

Changed were her fortunes; troubles lay before her,  
Where'er she turned in life's perplexing maze;  
Stern Poverty soon cast its shadows o'er her,  
And mournfully she thought of Better Days.

The world was now despoiled of gloss and glitter—  
Alas! how chilling was the stranger's gaze!  
Alas! the stranger's bread was harsh and bitter,  
And evermore she dwelt on Better Days.

Wrapped in the stillness of her deep dejection,  
Hope never cheered her with its kindly rays:  
She only seemed to live in recollection—  
Her only converse was of Better Days.

The cold and careless to her plaint would listen,  
Scoffing the sameness of her measured phrase:  
No tear of pity in their eyes would glisten,  
When the sad widow talked of Better Days.

By gentle words her confidence securing,  
I sought her in her solitary ways,  
And spoke of joys more perfect and enduring  
Than all that she had known in bygone days.

Those days were days of vanity and folly;  
She strove not then the Lord to serve and praise:  
I told her how true faith, devout and holy,  
Might win for her the boon of Better Days.

Hearing my words with gratified conviction,  
Ere long she seemed her drooping head to raise  
From the dark, whelming waters of affliction,  
And trustfully looked forth to Better Days.

She found them. Calm, unselfish, unrepining,  
The world with tranquil patience she surveys:  
The light of Peace is on her pathway shining,  
And, even on earth, she welcomes Better Days.

Bearing the ills of life with resignation,  
For Heaven's sustaining aid she humbly prays:  
Thus may be found the balm of consolation—  
Thus should the mourner seek for Better Days!

## THE CAVERN AND THE CLIFFS.

It was on a glorious day in July that we set out to visit a place which for years I had wished to see; yet hitherto wished in vain. We had about eighteen miles of ground to traverse ere we could attain our object; but the rapid drive over hill and dale through the fine old city of Wells, with its noble cathedral, and the many bright English villages and homesteads which adorn the rich county of Somerset, would in itself have been a delight, even had no especial object of grandeur or beauty offered itself at the end of the journey. To observe the Flora of the different counties through which I pass has always been to me a great pleasure, and one that has cheered me through many a mile of otherwise uninteresting travel; and this taste found abundant field for indulgence in the course of our drive to Cheddar: for to view those far-famed cliffs and caverns was the ultimate design of our summer day's journey.

Each soil, each climate has its own distinctive flowers, and those of Somerset are not amongst the least beautiful or the least abundant; and although July is scarcely one of our best months for hedge-flowers, there is even then a rich display to be seen. In the eastern part of Somerset the fields are frequently fenced and divided by low walls built of slabs of limestone, and uncemented. These are usually covered thick with vegetation; and the dark mosses, delicate ferns, and rich yellow stone-crop (*Sedum acre*) which cluster on them and start from every crevice, are most beautiful, and greatly adorn the country. Almost every wall is inlaid with tufts of the elegant little fern, *Asplenium trichomanes*, and the scaly Hart's-tongue (*Ceterach officinarum*), and the Wall-rue (*Ruta muraria*) abound there. In one place I found very fine specimens of the graceful Brittle Fern (*Cistopteris fragilis*)—a species very uncommon in the south-west of England. It was in full fruit, the green substance of the under part of the frond being closely covered by the thickly-set brown capsules. On the banks and hedges which occasionally intervened, the great Male-fern, the Lady-fern, the Broad-leaved Shield-fern, Hart's-tongue, and other species, grew in great profusion, and of large size; but what most delighted me was the abundance of that beautiful flower the tall Meadow Cranesbill (*Geranium pratense*). Large clusters of it stood in every field and hedge throughout the early part of our drive, its intense blue lighting up the hedgerows and fields with sapphire gems of exceeding beauty. This flower does not grow in the West of England, except in gardens; and though I had often seen it wild in Wiltshire, its extreme beauty made me rejoice to renew acquaintance with it.

Honeysuckles, the beautiful blue tufted Vetch

(*Vicia cracca*), and wreaths of the large white Bindweed (*Convolvulus sepium*) hung in masses on every hedge; and the sweet new hay—the last almost of the season—lay here and there on the fields, or scattered its sweet odours on the air, as the laden waggons bore it to the ricks. Birds, butterflies, and heavy droning beetles, and humming-bees enlivened the scene as we passed onwards, and then all came to a sudden close! One of those dense fogs which in summer time rise from the sea, and, giant-like, stride over the country, wrapping every bright scene in its dark embrace, came on. We saw it before us, drove on, and met it. Then the sounds of nature were all hushed; the birds sang no more, the bright rays of the sun had vanished, the elastic feeling of the air was gone, the hue of the flowers seemed to have faded, and no bee or butterfly stirred in the damp and heavy air. All was now dulness and obscurity. It was like man's life: one moment all buoyantness and promise, and the next, trouble, like a cloud, has arisen and dimmed its light, and shut out all joy. What should man do in such a case? Why, as we did. We did not sit down and mourn; we did not turn back and give up our hope. But we wrapped ourselves up in our shawls and cloaks, and pressed onwards. Let a man in trouble do so. Wrap himself in the armour of Faith; steadily, cheerfully press on, and meet the difficulty; and it is ten to one that, by God's mercy, he will do as we did—in the end emerge on scenes fairer and brighter than before. Ere we reached the city of Wells, and came in sight of its beautiful cathedral, the fog had vanished.

After passing through several lovely villages, we reached the village of Cheddar St. Andrews, famous throughout the whole South of England for its cheese. Cheddar is a lovely little village, situated just at the entrance of the great chasm which divides the two mighty masses of rock called Cheddar Cliffs, and runs for more than a mile in a direct line between them. Michael Drayton, in his notes to that curious old book, the "Polyabion," says:

"Neere Axbridge, Chedder Cleeves, rocky and vaulted by continued distilling, is the fountain of a forcible stream (driving xii miles within a mile's quarter of its head) which runs into Ax, derived out of Woakey."

This stream, once clear as crystal, is now unhappily spoiled by the washings of a lead-mine which lies in its course; and all the fish which used to throng its waters have been killed by the poisoned waves. The name of the village is, however, in part derived from it, and is descriptive enough of its situation: *Ced*, a brow, and *Dur*, water. It was here that the noted



Mrs. Hannah More held her schools for forty years; and her name, together with that of her good sisters, is still held in reverence there.

The Cheddar cliffs may be said to form a part of the Mendip range of hills, of which the quaint old poet Drayton sings:

“As in some rich man’s house his several charges lie;

There stands his wardrobe, there remains his treasure;

His large provision there of fish, of fowl, of neat;  
His cellars for his wines, his larders for his meate;  
There banquet-houses, walks for pleasure; here againe

Cribs, graneres, stables, barnes, the other to maintaine—

So this rich country hath itself what may suffice,  
Or that which through exchange a smaller want supplies.”

And true enough is his statement; for it is indeed a rich country—rich above and below ground for valuable veins of metal, and still more valuable seams of coal underlie these fertile hills, and yield wealth in many ways to the owner of the soil. Cheddar was the occasional residence of the Saxon kings, and belonged to Alfred the Great, who bequeathed his hunting-seat at Cheddar, together with his *brugge* on the Ax (Query—Axbridge? from *Brücka*, a bridge), and the Wetmoor (Wedmoor) to his son.

Our objects for the day were to see the cliffs, and a beautiful stalactite cavern discovered of late years, and then returning by another route, to visit a small estate of my host’s, and drink tea in rustic style at the farm. Our first business was to see the cavern. I had heard much of this, but I confess I had not expected so wonderful and interesting a sight as that which awaited me. Another party had preceded us, and it was necessary to wait at the entrance of the cavern until they came out, for which we were none of us sorry, as a little rest in the shadow of the rock was not undesirable, in order to fit us for encountering the much colder atmosphere of the underground palace which we were about to inspect: so there we stood, a large party, all grouped in little knots, examining the lofty-pointed archway, and rough pillars of brown stalactite which guarded the approach to the treasures within, until a gush of light from a side-passage which we had not before observed, and which proved to be the true entrance, indicated the return of the obstructing party, and summoned us to begin our downward course.

Our guide (who was also the owner of the cave) informed us that he had been going to build a coach-house, and in striking the rock to begin, broke at once into the entrance of the cavern. The ground, he said, was at that time covered with a thick incrustation, such as that which clothed the roof; but he had been obliged to lower the floor, as the height at the entrance, and in some other places, was not enough to allow of passage. With the exception of this,

and the removal of two or three points of rock that obstructed the way, the cave remained exactly as when discovered. Of course, at his first sight of the interior he could not have perceived half the marvels it contains; nor could his uneducated mind have at all duly appreciated them; yet, even so, great must have been his excitement and delight at the objects which met his view, as with his single little candle he penetrated on and on from one strange scene to another, to a depth of three hundred feet, into the side of the hill close to which he had so long lived, wholly unsuspecting of the marvels which lay hid beneath its rugged surface.

Cheddar Cave is, at the entrance, about one hundred feet in height. The hills in which it lies are composed of limestone, and full of springs, some of which, percolating through the rock, have formed the beautiful stalactite lining of the fissure that constitutes the cavern.

It is not easy to describe the effect that is produced on the mind by the contemplation of the extraordinary developments which the infiltration of these springs has produced; or the deep and overwhelming feelings which arise when a little thought has manifested to you that the work that meets your eye must probably have been in progress for thousands on thousands of years! that multitudes of generations of human beings have been born, and lived, and died in close proximity to this wonderful scene, and daily passed by its entrance, without an idea that such a thing existed! that those massive pillars, that delicate net-work which greet your admiring view as, step by step, you progress into the interior, have been slowly accumulating in those dark airless regions, and becoming fixed in such exquisite forms, and tinted with such varied colouring as they now exhibit, without ever having been seen by one human eye, until a single blow of the pickaxe lay bare the secret chamber, with all its mysteries!

As you advance into the cave, you see huge pillars of five or six feet in thickness, and curiously fluted, which seem to support a groined roof, all of which are formed from the deposit of the water which has infiltrated, drop by drop, through the rock, each drop adding its little store of calcareous matter to that which had been before deposited, until at last those massive pillars had accumulated. And they are still in process of formation; for, as you walk, you are every now and then startled by the fall of a large drop of pure cold water on your upturned face. But the work must go on but slowly, for there are stalagmites of several feet high, rising to meet their destined mates the stalactites, which are descending towards them from the roof, between which drops of water are communicating every few minutes; yet our guide assured us that he had seen no observable change since he first entered the cavern some nine or ten years ago. I measured a space between two approaching points, which wanted but a quarter of an inch of uniting and becoming a single column, and he assured me that

even in that narrow space he had seen no decrease.

The forms into which this encrusting substance had fallen were in many instances grotesque; but more generally they were either infinitely grand and majestic, or else most delicate and elegant. One of the first things pointed out was of the former class, and consisted of a group of fine turkeys, all fit for the spit, and flanked by a handsome chine of bacon! A little further was as perfect a colossal loaf of bread as the presiding genius of any cavern could have desired to feed on. The form quite perfect,—the “kissing crust,” the pithy side where it had touched a neighbour loaf in the oven—the fine brown rounded crust at the top, and, above all, the deep indenture where a gigantic thumb seemed to have been pressed in, as if for the purpose of keeping it from rising too high as it baked, were most curiously like those of modern loaves in a good farmhouse kitchen. Then a little further on there was a fat goose, and several other things suggestive of good eating.

But the beautiful icicle-like clusters of stalactites slowly approaching the corresponding groups of stalagmites which rose from the rocky floor, each with its glittering point catching and reflecting the light as it flashed about, were perhaps the most interesting of all. Beside and between these fell heavy folds of rich drapery, looped and tasselled into the most graceful forms; and every here and there projected, hung thin wavy plates of shell-like substance shelving out from the walls one above another, richly striped and shaded with different tints of warm brown, very like tortoise-shell. These were, in some places, eighteen or twenty inches deep, and standing out like broad plates of fungus, some horizontal on the sides, and others pendant from the roof, and often of some yards in extent. When struck, these plates gave out a most sweet and musical sound, as clear as a bell, which echoed back and forward beneath the arches of the cavern, in the finest cadence; all the pillars and pendulous icicles were musical, and the notes they sounded, being in proportion to their size and position, were capable of producing musical effects, so that a simple harmony might, with a little study, have been arranged on them. One cluster of pillars our guide called “The organ,” and as he struck them the effect was very pleasing. The effect of the lights, as our conductor lifted them and made them flash beneath the arches and between the chinks in the rocks, was very interesting—one of these effects was very beautiful. I was placed on a high step, and directed to look down. I did so, and saw, as it were, a chamber below me, the view of which seemed given through a wide aperture in the rock. The ground of this chamber glittered with light, as if made of ice, and from it arose hundreds of exquisitely formed stalagmites, which appeared to be rising to meet corresponding stalactites, depending from the roof above. I was greatly surprised and delighted when I found that I was looking

at a *reflection*, and that though the roof, with its stalactites was real and substantial, the lower chamber, with its rising pillars, was but a mirrored resemblance on a pool of pure clear water, which lay in the hollow of the rock formed by the slow-falling drops that had accumulated for ages in that solid basin of stone. It was exquisitely lovely, and made me think of many a tale of enchanted scenery that I had read, and almost fancy that I was in an enchanter’s hall. I tasted the water, the surface of which was every now and then rippled over by the circles formed by a new-fallen drop, and found it sweet and pure as possible. There was one other feature in the cavern, which greatly charmed me: it was a still pool of water resting in a deep basin of incrustation, which the guide called “The Christening Font.” This basin stood about four feet from the ground, and was three or four feet in its lowest diameter, irregular in form, but its edges most curiously and beautifully fretted and moulded as if carefully sculptured by the chisel. Outside it had a sort of rippled edge, rising shelf above shelf, as if the water had suddenly been congealed to stone just as it was about to overflow its basin, and then another wave had gradually risen to a certain height, and been fixed as its predecessor, and so on to the number of six or seven ridges. Inside, the font was covered with a welted fretwork, of a dark-brown hue, exceedingly curious.

The whole substance of the incrustation of this cavern is extremely brittle, so much so that a splendid pendant of about three feet in length, which was slowly progressing to join itself to a shaft which rose from below, was broken off by a lady shortly before we saw the cave. The slightest touch with her stick, and that work of ages was gone for ever!

But one of our chief objects of interest remained still to be explored. From childhood I had looked forward with delight to a sight of Cheddar cliffs; and now that the promise was about to be fulfilled I felt quite excited, nor was I disappointed, for the grandeur and beauty of the scene to which I was introduced even exceeded my expectations.

On leaving the village of Cheddar, on the Wells side you at once enter a cleft or ravine, about a hundred feet in width, which runs for the distance of a mile between stupendous, and, in many parts, perpendicular cliffs of limestone. These cliffs are, in many cases, so abrupt that no foot could scale them, and crowned about the summit by ivy-clad rocks, which look so like ruined castles that you can scarcely believe they are not such. Some of those which lie lower are encircled by smooth slopes of turf, which look exactly as if they had been moats filled up and turfed over. These rocks rise stage above stage, and give the idea that they are formed of solid masonry, and once formed part of some antique fortress, placed there to overawe the wide extent of country that they commanded; for these heights overlook a view



reaching for miles in every direction, even to the other side of the Bristol Channel.

There can be no doubt that the wide chasm through which we wound our way was produced by some extraordinary convulsions of nature, which rent the solid mountain in twain, and hurled its mighty fragments, some to this side, others to that, piling them on each other in wild confusion. But when was this mighty rent effected? Was it at the deluge?—was it in ages before that era? None can say, but it speaks to us of the mighty power of Him, whom nothing can withstand, “who takes up the isles as a very little thing.”

Amidst the fissures of these splendid cliffs, of which the summits of the highest rise eight hundred feet above the level of the valley in which we stood, hang tufts of wild flowers, some of them peculiar to the place. There is the “Cheddar pink” (*Dianthus cæsius*), a lovely little pale rose-coloured pink, of a delicious fragrance, said to grow only here. These plants are much sought after by botanists and collectors, as they form very pretty garden ornaments, especially for rock-work; but as they grow only in places difficult of access, we were obliged to content ourselves with specimens procured for us by others, and had not the delight of digging them up for ourselves. Another rare flower which blooms here is the yellow poppy (*Papaver cambrica*), which is very rare in the South of England. I observed two or three varieties of purple and blue bell-flowers (*Campanulæ*) in full flower in the cleft of the rock, and large quantities of the Columbine (*Aquilegia*), of an exceedingly dwarfed growth. These were, of course, not in flower, as that plant blooms earlier in the year. Every here and there I observed an appearance which was as inexplicable to me as the somewhat similar appearance on Dartmoor: I allude to immense congregations of stones, lying loose on the sides of the hills, as if just shot out of some giant’s cart, and suffered to fall as they would one over the other. Hundreds of tons must have been by some means or other thus precipitated in heaps; and there they lay, all looking as fresh and clear and unclothed as if stone-crackers by the thousand had been at work on the summit, and had thrown down all their broken stones to form these *clitters*, for so they call the corresponding scatterings of stones, which astonish one amidst the hills on Dartmoor. The Devonshire clitters are, however, formed of much larger stones than their congeners at Cheddar, and are partially clothed with mosses and lichens; whilst those at Cheddar are untouched by vegetation, and have not a moss, or tuft of sedum, or grass, to be seen amongst them. Query, how came they there?

B A L L A D.

What shall my glad song be? What shall I sing to thee,

To give the glad welcome I’d fain give to thee?

How can poor words tell the rich love within for thee?

Let thine own heart tell the story for me.

Say, used ye to think of me in the soft twilight,

When, like to good angels my thoughts were round thee?

Say, used ye to dream of me in the deep, still night,

Where in blest slumbers I ever found thee?

What shall my glad song be?

Say, used ye to count the long days in their passing,

The weary time chiding that kept thee from me?

Ah, say, was thy happy home memory glassing;

Its light and its joy were both absent in thee?

Yes, thou wast far from me. Oh, I was lonely,

Sad, stealing from all away—thinking of thee.

Now thou art back with me, loving me only,

What shall I sing to give welcome to thee?

What shall my glad song be?

BESSIE.

THE CHILD OF THE GRANGE.

BY ADA TREVANION.

A little past the village

The grange stood, grey and hoar,

Tall, stately trees behind it,

And a garden fair before.

The wayside well was near it,

And travellers loved to tell

The quiet of the ancient grange,

The garden, and the well.

Amid the garden’s bowers,

And on its daisied green,

There played a little maiden—

The loveliest ever seen.

Her sunny ringlets round her

A golden glory made,

While her dark, drooping lashes

Kept her blue eyes in shade.

I watched her from my window

On many a lengthening day,

When April broke in showers,

And Spring smiled forth in May.

We were heart-friends, though strangers;

And she, so glad and fair,

Would twine her brightest garlands

To wreath her brow of care.

The flowers to dust have crumbled,

And grange and garden seem

Like the dim, misty visions

We’ve looked on in a dream.

Yet aye the thought I cherish

(Wild fancy though it be),

That still the little maiden

Loves and remembers me.

Ramsgate.

## M A N O E L A.

*(A Story of the Azores.)*

BY TH. PAVIE.

To the west of the Archipelago of the Azores, so picturesque and brilliant in their rich vegetation, are two little islands, poor and forgotten amidst the wide waters of the Atlantic; they are named Flores and Corvo. A narrow strait separates their rocky coasts, and on the high lands some red-tiled houses may be distinguished. In the more sheltered valleys grow the fig-tree with its broad leaves, the sweet-scented myrtle, and even the orange-tree, which serves as a retreat to the birds with which Nature has enlivened these dreary shores. Placed like sentinels in the ocean, ships pass by frequently, but at a distance: it is an event for all the inhabitants when one anchors to purchase provisions: all hasten to exchange their fowls, wine, or fruit for money, which is scarce in an island having no commerce.

One morning the captain of a vessel was folding up his maps; he had distinguished through his telescope, in spite of the fog, the two islands, though he had scarcely determined whether to make for them, when a young lady ascended the cabin staircase.

"Good morning, senorita," said the Captain, politely.

"The sea, the sea; always the sea," she replied, pouting; "really, Captain, you are determined not to get to land."

"Certainly," he answered, smiling, "I can prevent the storms of Cape Horn and the calms about the Equator."

"It is nearly a hundred days since we left Lima, and are we not still far from Cadiz?"

"If the wind rise, we shall be there in a week. But, Senorita, I can make land rise out of the ocean—under those clouds there is an island."

"Oh!" cried she, leaning over the bulwarks, "but there is really land: if you would only let me rest there for a day—a single day!"

"We shall see; it is chiefly on your account that I have approached these islands."

"Mamma, mamma," cried Theresa, "come on deck! there is land—an island, close to us. What a pleasure! We must take a great deal of money: I want to buy so many things; it is so long since I made a single purchase. Ah! that is the great pleasure of Lima—silks, shoes, fans, and gloves!"

The young girl, who chattered like a Peruvian parrot, was about fifteen—a true type of the women of Lima, who are Spaniards blown under tropical suns: she had the lively manner, ready speech, and capricious temper natural to the Spanish race. Her mother, Donna Rosario, a native of Cadiz, where a Peruvian merchant had married her during one of his voyages, had

been a widow some years. She had regretted her native country, and, finding herself solitary at Lima, decided to return to her family. Whilst her daughter, impatient to set her foot on land, dragged her most splendid dresses from the bottom of her trunk, as if she were about to make her entry into a capital, Donna Rosario dressed slowly.

"Dear mamma, do make haste: I see I must help you. Which fan will you have? Oh! my shoes hurt me; it is so long since I wore them!"

Be quiet, *Nina*; you turn everything upside down. There, I am ready: let us go on deck, and show me this wonderful island, which makes you mad with joy."

The ship was rapidly approaching the land. Some fishermen were rowing at a distance; they feared lest the large vessel might be a slaver in distress, which would take their provisions without paying for them. At length one boat ventured nearer; and, seeing some ladies on board, the fishermen hailed the Captain, who threw him a rope, and in a moment he was on board.

"At length I have a pilot!" said the Captain. "Can I anchor here?"

The fisherman replied in the affirmative, and, pulling off his heavy coat, seized the wheel. He was a fine young man, with regular features, large black eyes, and a sunburnt complexion. Obedient to his hand the ship turned on itself, and the anchor fell.

"Well, do we stop here?" asked Theresa.

"Do you think my ship can go over the pebbles?" replied the Captain. "Come this way, the boat will take you to land."

Theresa grumbled a little when she found herself obliged to sit on the wet benches of a boat strongly impregnated with a fishy odour, in her silk dress; then shook her fan passionately, and burst into a laugh. Five minutes after the boat touched the shore, and the captain assisted the two ladies to land.

"Will your ladyship buy a fowl?" screamed a child, holding the bird at arm's length.

"Will senorita buy some wine? some milk?" cried the crowd, who had descended from the mountain and surrounded the strangers, presenting their covered jars.

"This is deafening," said Donna Rosario. "They speak altogether, and in Portuguese too! Theresa, what are you doing there, my daughter?"

"I am drinking fresh milk, mamma," said she, raising the two-handled jar gaily above her



head. "Stop, little one, here is some money. What is your name?"

"Manoela."

"Theresa," cried her mother, "come, and leave this troop of beggars."

"They are human faces," replied Theresa, "and it is so long since I have seen a fresh one. Stop, dear mamma, look at this Manoela: is she not pretty? Come here, Manoela; do not be afraid; tell me where is the town."

"Before us, *Senorita*, the town of Santa Cruz is on the other side of the island."

"Are there any shops, warehouses, or curiosities to be seen?"

Manoela shook her head.

"What a miserable life they lead in this country!" cried Theresa.

"Pleasure is like riches," replied Manoela: "it is not for everyone in the world."

"I never thought of that before," said the young Peruvian, in a low voice; "there are people, then, who never have any amusements."

"*Senoras*, is it your intention to cross the island and go to Santa Cruz?" inquired the Captain.

"Yes," replied Theresa, "I shall walk as long as there is land before me. Is it far, Manoela, from here to the town?"

"Oh no! one or two hours' walk."

"Forwards, then! forwards! I have never walked so far before."

Donna Rosario made some objections, and complained sadly that there were no sure-footed mules in the island, such as those at Lima and in Andalusia. The Captain not daring to leave his ship any longer at anchor on the dangerous coast, returned on board, promising to meet the two ladies in the evening on the opposite shore.

"Go to your ship, and sail as long as you like," said Theresa; "Manoela shall be our guide: will you not go with us?"

"Yes, with all my heart; and half way you will come to my mother's cottage, where you can rest?"

"And procure something to eat? I begin to feel hungry. All that is in our humble hut is at your service."

"I accept the offer. Ah! what a pleasure to dine in a tub, as I used to read in that French fairy tale when I was a child!"

Unfortunately there was no tub in old Josefa's garden, Manoela's mother. The miserable house, tumbling to pieces, had no ornament but a very old vine, which seemed to prop up the cabin, and threw its long branches round the walls, like so many cables. Some fowls were pecking before the door; startled by the visitors they rushed into the house, and old Josefa, suspecting some unexpected visit, appeared in the porch. She was a tall, skinny woman, who long ago might have been as pretty as her daughter. When persons are poor they do not like to have their indigence discovered by indifferent eyes. The appearance of the two ladies made the old duenna frown, and Manoela felt some embarrassment, when Theresa, stopping before the door, said:

"Good morning, my good woman. Can you find us something to eat here? Ah, you have a lovely daughter! Do not blush so, my little one; when you have lived in cities you will know better what your large blue eyes and black hair are worth!"

"I have but little to offer you, ladies," said Josefa; and she cast her eyes upon the poultry around her.

"What beautiful fowls!" said Theresa: "will you sell them?"

"What would you do with them?" said Donna Rosaria. How could we carry them, and where would you put them in the ship?"

"That is my business, dear mamma. I will give you a piastre for each." Then she seated herself under the vine, whilst Manoela placed white bread, eggs, milk, and raisins on a table: the old woman, in good temper at the sale of her poultry, sought out some large rush baskets to carry them in.

"They were woven," she remarked, "by my lost husband, eight days before his departure in Don Pedro's expedition: the poor man had gained his epaulettes as serjeant-major, but at the debarkation at Oporto he was shot through the breast."

"I can condole with you, madame," said Donna Rosaria, gravely: "these are sorrows which can never be healed."

"The truth is, he did not make me happy: before leaving the poor man had ruined me, and has left me in poverty."

This complaint was interrupted by the sudden apparition of a white goat which came bounding up to Manoela.

"Is that yours?" asked Theresa, quickly.

Manoela replied by an affirmative nod.

"Let me have it! O let me have it, I beg," continued the young Peruvian; "would you not like it, mamma?"

Accustomed to satisfy all her daughter's caprices, Donna Rosaria made some objections, which were immediately overruled; but Manoela did not give her consent: silent and sad she stood by the beautiful animal.

"Ah! you can take it," said Josefa; "the vile beast eats my vine and destroys my turnip-field."

"No, my child," replied Donna Rosaria; "keep your pet, it loves you, and you seem much attached to it. My daughter would be tired of it in two days."

"It is a pity to leave it," interrupted Josefa, "perhaps Manoela would work better when it is gone: young girls now do not know how to do anything. Ah! if I had had a boy!"

Manoela wept silently; there was a harshness about the mother that frightened Theresa. She whispered, "My dear girl, your mother seems to be very cross."

"Oh no, *Signorita*; only she wants me to earn more money."

"Is that all? Wait until I speak to mamma."

There was a long conversation between Donna

Rosario and her daughter. At length, Theresa having conquered, she cried with transport:

"Donna Josefa, your daughter pleases me so much that I will take her under my protection. Do you hear, Manoela? Give me your hand, and do not cry. It is agreed that as you will not give me your goat I will carry you both away."

Josefa stared, whilst Theresa's little hands were busily untying a corner of her handkerchief, in which were several ounces of Peruvian gold, representing the sun darting its rays over the lofty peaks of Potosi.

"Ladies," cried the mother, trying to weep, "I have only my daughter to help me to gain a living. At my age I am fit for nothing."

"Here are ten ounces of gold to fill the place of your daughter's labour, and two more for the goat."

"Oh! the beautiful pieces of money!" continued Josefa. "Go, Manoela, and thank these good ladies. You cannot fail to be happy with such rich people!"

"Manoela stood amazed and confused. She saw herself banished from the maternal roof, exchanged for ten gold pieces without regret and even with joy. During the sixteen years of her short existence she had suffered much from her mother's harshness, but had submitted patiently. Sometimes, when sharper words than usual had been used, she left the house, to soothe a sad heart by the sea-shore. One day she brought a white goat from one of these dreamy walks. Where had she got it? Who gave it to her? It was her secret. A mysterious tie united these timid free creatures. At no price would she have consented to part with "La Branca," so that she was overwhelmed to see her mother give up her daughter for a handful of gold. Avarice is a passion that youth cannot understand. When she perceived that her mother did not love her as much as she fancied, she thought she could read an expression of sympathy in Theresa's face, and throwing herself into the young Peruvian's arms, she shed bitter tears.

"Oh, Nina! you will stifle me."

Then addressing Josefa, Theresa inquired—

"Your daughter knows how to sew and embroider?"

"Certainly she has good sense, and will soon learn what you tell her."

Manoela saw from these words that she was to enter into the service of these strange ladies and lose her freedom. It seemed like a dream. Her poor little island was like a paradise from which they were driving her. The preparations for departure were soon ended. Manoela took her little bundle under her arm, kissed her mother with the warmest affection, saying, in a low tone—

"Why do you send me away?"

"For your happiness, my daughter. What can you do here? At least show yourself obedient."

There are people who cannot cross a garden without plucking a flower or gathering a fruit: with a capricious and careless hand they possess

themselves of whatever they take a fancy to. Such a one was Theresa; never questioning the perfect happiness of the poor young girl she carried away from her humble cabin. They walked on slowly; and Manoela, who had no desire to be seen by the inhabitants of Santa Cruz, led the ladies to a landing-place a few hundred feet from the town. The Captain met them with his boat at the same spot.

"Captain," said Theresa to him, "we bring you two passengers. One of the first class, who will take her place in the cabin; the other you can put near the mast, among the sheep."

"Ah! Teresita," cried the sailor; "there is more caprice than wisdom in your little head!"

"What can you do?" interrupted Donna Rosario; "young girls of the present day have an obstinacy that nothing can equal."

"As if it were not the weakness of their mothers!" muttered the old sailor, turning on his heel.

By nightfall the passengers had reached the ship. Placed among the sheep that were to be eaten on the voyage, La Branca soon leaped out of her prison; she ran about the deck, putting her head into the sailors' cabin, and looking down the hatchways. The poor animal was seeking for Manoela, who, seated beside Theresa, was weeping and covering her face with her hands. The senorita addressed kind words to her in vain, and recounted the pleasures of her childhood in the joyous city of Lima, which is called the paradise of women.

"You see clearly that she is distressed," said Donna Rosario to her daughter. "Let her recover herself. To-morrow you can tell her all those stories. Manoela, my little one, here is a berth for you. Lie down, and go to sleep."

"If you will permit me, madame," replied Manoela, "I will go on deck into the fresh air. I am stifled here."

Manoela mounted on deck. La Branca was by her side at a single bound, loading her with a thousand caresses.

"You love me, poor little animal," murmured the young girl. "We shall never see our rocks again. We shall never see him who brought you to me when a little one. Oh my poor island!"

Saying this to herself, Manoela looked through the increasing darkness at the coast on the island of Flores, which stood off against the horizon like a dark black spot. She was suffering, and no one around her cared for her sorrow. Were not all these strangers rejoiced to set off again on their route, and to leave far behind the little island which occupied no place in their remembrance or affections? However, at this moment some-one was thinking of the poor child, and running with a joyous heart to the hut where he hoped to find her.

The fishing-boat, which had accompanied the ship since its appearance on the opposite coast, had now regained the shore, and the tall young man who had acted as pilot jumped out, and walked at a rapid pace up to Josefa's cottage,



coming by the garden at the back, and knocked at the shutter.

"Who is there?" asked the old woman.

"It is I—Diogo," replied the fisherman.

"Where do you come from, my boy? What do you want at this hour? It is nearly midnight."

"I have been piloting a ship, and am on my way home. I have had a good day's work. If I had such people often to serve, my fortune would be soon made. Open the door, I beg, and light your lamp; I have something to show you."

The old woman would have preferred closing the shutters and sending Diogo away for the present, but he had often rendered her little services, and she might want his help again; so she opened her door.

"Thank you, mother Josefa!" said Diogo, entering. "See, here is a beautiful little China-crape shawl, which the captain has given me besides my money-wages. But where is Manoela?"

"She is gone. She is at Santa Cruz. You were saying that this China-crape shawl——"

Diogo folded the shawl, and put it back into his pocket. Then crossing his sinewy arms on his breast, he looked fixedly at Josefa—

"Manoela is at Santa Cruz! She is gone! The truth—tell me the truth!—Where is Manoela?"

"Gone," said the duenna, rather frightened—"gone with the ladies who came in the ship, and who took a fancy to her. Her future fortune is secured, my boy; and I too have made a good day's wage."

"She is gone!" cried Diogo, choked with emotion; "and it was I who guided this cursed ship here! Why did you let her go? Ah! if I had been here! Did she not cry sadly at parting? Did she not go hence in tears?"

"It is true," replied the mother, "she was moved at the thought of leaving me; it was very natural."

"And they have given you money?"

"Yes, heavy pieces of gold."

"And you have given up your daughter for gold pieces?" said Diogo, advancing a step nearer. "And what will these ladies make of your daughter? A servant, a waiting-maid, and you will never see her again. As if they could not find others in the world to serve them! But no; they wanted the pearl of our island, and have carried it away as they passed through; and I who came to say to you—"Mother Josefa, I wanted but little gold to complete a good round sum I have hidden in the rocks. I have earned this gold to-day, will you give me your daughter?"

"It is too late. What would you have me do?" said Josefa. "Go and rest, Diogo; leave me in peace. We will talk of it another day."

"Another day!" interrupted the fisherman. "Do you think that I speak of this because Manoela is gone! Ah! if I had known that you were tired of her—if you had said to me, 'I give her to you for one or two hundred piastres,'

instead of asking a dowry of you, I would have paid her ransom. The poor child! You were, then, tired of having her near you?"

"She was much oftener running on the rocks than beside me," replied the mother, with dryness. "She set off at the least remonstrance that I made to her."

"Because you would return to her the blows you received from your husband."

"Diogo," cried Josefa, angrily, "are you come here to insult me?"

"No; on the contrary, I came expressly to kneel before you, and ask you to call me your son. Give me your hand, and reply to my question, I conjure you. This charming daughter, that every mother coveted—was she not very wicked?"

"I do not say that."

"She loved to wander about. She was neither wise nor virtuous."

"I have never said so."

"Is it true that she had no beauty? You may have had more to boast of yourself, mother Josefa; but grant me that your daughter had no rival in the island."

"I know that Manoela had a very good appearance."

"Yes, you had a charming daughter—full of affection and sense, fresh as spring, beautiful as a rose; and then you say, 'Bah! a purse of gold is worth more to me—good-bye.' Speak freely: do you not already regret your daughter?"

"You are a good fellow, Diogo; and, as it appears, love my daughter. Love turns young people's heads."

"Speak freely," repeated Diogo, "do you not regret her? Let that little tear which sparkles in your eye, fall; no one will see it but I, and it will do you good."

The old woman threw her arms round the fisherman, and pressed him to her heart, weeping.

"Why say all this, my son, since it is too late?"

"But I can tell you there is yet time," interrupted Diogo; "there is no wind to-night, and the ship which carries Manoela away must be becalmed near the island. Will you let me bring your daughter back?"

"Will I?" cried the old woman. "You would restore joy to my old age."

"Then give me the gold pieces," replied the fisherman; "I must restore them to the ladies."

"But the ladies are so rich! They will not, perhaps, think of them again?"

"The gold pieces!" repeated Diogo—"keep other people's money! What are you thinking of, mother Josefa?"

"They are so beautiful! Peruvian gold such as you have never seen before to-day."

"Cursed avarice!" cried Diogo, stamping his foot. "Give me them quickly: I must go. If the wind rise, the ship will depart, and all will be lost!"

Josefa, breathless and anxious, put her trembling hand under the mattress, where she had concealed the treasure she had so soon to aban-

don. One by one she drew out the pieces. The fisherman took them in a handful, and shut them up in a leather purse; then turned to the door.

"Diogo; you will not deceive me?"

The fisherman shrugged his shoulders as his only reply, and ran across the fields.

"Diogo! Diogo!" repeated Josefa, ready to faint, "there are twelve. If you do not succeed in your voyage, you will bring them back. Ah! my God! if he intends to rob me!"

The fisherman heard no more: he rushed down the rocks, and sought through the darkness for the sails of the ship. Applying his vigorous shoulder to the little boat, he soon floated her; with a few strokes of the oar gained the deep waters, and as soon as the morning breeze rippled the surface of the sea he hoisted his sail, and the bark advanced rapidly. The ship, too, had the advantage of the first gusts of the long-expected breeze. Becalmed during the early part of the night, it had been brought back by the ebb of the tide towards the rocks which form the eastern part of the island of Flores.

"As long as it blows no more than this," thought the fisherman, "I shall go more quickly than they will; but if the breeze increase?"

He used his oars at intervals, to make greater way; then stopped, and again sought the ship, still concealed by the darkness. Many hours thus passed—hours of anguish for Diogo, who felt the sea swell, and the waves enlarge, under his little boat. At length the stars grew paler; a light streak, slightly coloured with red, shone in the sky, then on the waves. Diogo perceived that he was to windward of the ship, the white sails of which rose like a pyramid in the sea some miles from him. He rowed to this side with a joyful cry: the eight bells calling the sailors to their duties, sounded over the waves and reached his ear.

It is the hour when the ships are scoured. With bare feet, trowsers turned up, and arms naked to the elbow, the sailors throw buckets of water over the deck; whilst the cabin-boy brightens the brass of the binnacle. In the midst of this tumult, poor Branca, sadly frightened, bounded from one side to the other, pursued by the buckets of salt water flying from the besoms and swabs which strong arms were using in every direction. The officer of the watch, seated on the poop, was delighted to see the gambols of the pretty animal, which bleated its regrets for its lost island.

In the meantime the fisherman's boat rapidly gained ground: when within a cable's length Diogo took down his sail, and made signs that he wished to speak. A rope was thrown to him, by which he climbed on board. La Branca, who recognized an old friend, ran to the staircase which led to Manoela's room. At the same moment the captain, who had been told of the fisherman's arrival, came on deck. "It is you, pilot," said he: "what do you want?"

"To speak to the ladies you have on board, Captain."

"They are still fast asleep, and are not accustomed to such early visits."

"I have no doubt of that; but time presses for you as well as for me: we cannot stop long here. Will you have the kindness to say that the mother of Manoela wishes to have her daughter back again, and has sent the money they gave her."

Saying which, he put the gold in the captain's hand, who went down into the cabin, and after knocking at the door, gave the message to Theresa.

"That is well," replied the young girl. "Let him take away Manoela, and the goat, and anything else he wants, provided only he will let me sleep. Do you hear, little one? eh, Manoela?"

"What is this about?" asked Donna Rosario.

"Nothing, mamma: the old woman regrets having let her daughter go yesterday, and asks for her back again."

"She has sent back the money," added the Captain. "I have it in my hands."

Manoela stood ready to go, her little packet under her arm, so much the more awake, seeing she had never slept during the night, and looked alternately at the ladies, waiting for a parting word.

"Adieu, Manoela, adieu," said Theresa, turning round to fall asleep again. "Keep the money: I give it you. I am certain to have a headache the whole day, owing to being awake so early in the morning."

"But, my daughter," interrupted Donna Rosario—"this is inexcusable prodigality."

"Dear mamma," replied Theresa, pettishly, "I cannot understand, I cannot hear: I am asleep. Since it gives me pleasure, let it be so."

"There, all is ended," said the captain. Well, my child, you have passed the Custom-house, your papers are correct; you have only to dress."

Manoela felt a sincere gratitude, which she longed to express. She timidly kissed the ringlets of black hair which hung round the neck of the sleeping Peruvian, and made a low bow to Donna Rosario; then rapidly crossed the deck, rather ashamed of the smiling faces of the sailors, who understood what was passing in the heart of the tall fisherman as he gave her his hand, and helped her into the boat, without speaking a single word. La Branca did not wait for an invitation; she leaped over the bulwarks and fell into the sea, from whence Diogo easily pulled her into the boat by seizing her long beard.

"Hoist the topsail! ply to windward!" cried the chief officer; "starboard, steersman!"

The ship went on its way to Cadiz, and the boat coasted the island.

If Diogo had had all the treasures of Peru in his boat, he could not have felt greater joy. Seated by the rudder, his delighted eyes rested on the beautiful Manoela, whom he had for a



moment lost and regained by a decision as sudden as bold.

The poor girl hung her head, and shivered in the sharp morning air; whilst the high waves made her afraid. Diogo wrapped her in his thick coat. "There," said he, smiling, "you look like the Madonna in our church, wrapped up in her brown mantle, 'you only want a crown—take that to cover your head.'"

Saying so, he rolled the China crape shawl into a turban, and adjusted it in its place. "How good you are!" said she.

"Yet you would have left me!" replied Diogo, shaking his head. "You fled from our poor isle as a bird flies from its cage."

"That little fairy from Peru had bewitched my mother."

"Who knows if Josefa will not set a face at me when I bring you back?"

"Oh! no," said Manoela; "I can answer for that."

"After all, if she will not have you—pull the sheet-ropes, Manoela: we must not fall under the wind from the island. Very well done! Oh, what a famous fisherman's wife will Manoelita be!"

"I tell you she will receive me well, and you too. The little fairy has given me the gold pieces. There! do you see?"

Thus they sailed, chatting pleasantly, full of hope and joy. These twenty-four hours, marked by so many unforeseen events, sorrows, and tears, had advanced matters more than years of their monotonous existence. A single day had ripened a mutual affection, which languished in this little country, given up to poverty and isolation.

On the rocks near the port of Santa Cruz were some idlers, watching the boat coming in from the open sea, and were lost in conjectures as to the bold mariner who came straight inshore. As it approached, they prudently drew back: the strangers had a singular appearance. Manoela had not remembered to take off her turban, and the wrapper was still over her shoulders. When the prow touched the sand, Diogo called to one of his friends: "Holloa, Pero, haul the boat ashore."

La Branca jumped out. Pero, at the sound of his own name, fled with all his speed at the sight of the white animal, which he thought savoured of witchcraft. Diogo was obliged to draw up his own boat; but when Manoela came forward, the spectators recovered their serenity on recognizing "the pearl of the island." Without stopping in the town, they set off over the mountain. When the little hut was in sight, Diogo said, "You are affected, Manoela! Must I go on before?"

"Why is it that we return with tears to places which we have left weeping?" cried the young girl. "Yet I feel as happy to-day as I was miserable yesterday."

"Ah, women always cry: it seems to do them good. Ah, mother Josefa, where are you? Here we are, all three together!"

The old woman slowly opened the door:

"Who is there?" she asked. "Ah, it is you, Diogo! I have been very ill since the last night's excitement."

"Here is something will cure you! Do you recognize your daughter and La Branca?"

"Yes, here you are, Manoela! They have let you return, then? Diogo was like a madman last night!"

"Does it not do you good to see Manoela and embrace her? Come, open your arms!"

She stretched out her bony arms, and her daughter threw herself into them with a burst of tenderness. Whilst loading her mother with caresses, she slipped the gold into her hand, saying, "They have given them to me; take them."

"Ah, my dear daughter; I feel myself restored at the sight of you. Diogo, I shall be eternally grateful to you!"

"In that case," said Diogo, "let us dine: I have an appetite as if I had been fishing. For dessert you shall fetch us the old wine which you have hidden behind the alcove; and we will drink first to your health."

"You are very obliging, Diogo!"

"And then to our own; for I ask you now for your daughter's hand! You cannot refuse me, for she brings her own ransom."

\* \* \* \* \*

As they were sitting at dinner, Donna Theresa was breakfasting beside her mother, carelessly eating preserved guavas. Donna Rosario, who was of the old school, lighted a cigarette, and sipped her coffee.

"Ah," said Theresa, holding her hand to her head, "what a miserable little island you took us to see, Captain! I have brought a frightful headache away from it!"

"You promised me never to pout or sulk again!" replied the sailor. "And that little girl, that I took the trouble to bring here, I am so glad to have got rid of her—a Niobe, who sighed after her rock, and would not listen to my stories."

"And that goat, with its abominable smell!" added Donna Rosario; "I am enchanted that she is gone; only I regret that it cost us so dear!"

"I should also regret it," said the captain, "if we had not made two beings happy."

"Happy on that rock!" interrupted Theresa.

"Why not? You have dowried Manoela, and I the fisherman. After all, such a result is cheaply purchased by a slight headache; and I conclude that our day was not lost."



**DIALS.**—The words anciently written on dials were often very expressive, though few. Over an arch which extended across the street of old London Bridge, when houses were there, was a dial with this motto, "Time and tide stay for no man." And on a dial opposite to the north end of Paper-buildings, in the Temple, is the following short, but admirable piece of advice: "Begone about your business."—*City Press.*

## HOW TO SPEND A HOLIDAY.

BY MILL.

“ Though on pleasure she was bent,  
She had a frugal mind.”

“ What a wallible hinvention is a trip-train !” we once heard an old lady remark, as she made a rather unintentional bound on to the platform of a railway station. Doubtless it had proved so to her, and hundreds daily continue to re-iterate its “ wally.” And many a toiling, worn, manufacturing, biped, in this commercial age, enjoys a glimpse of the beautiful, and breathes a clear draught of lighter air than ever fell to the lot of his forefathers, through the untiring exertions of that “ wheezin’, crackin’, bustin’ monster” (as old Weller hath it), the steam-engine.

Ah! your strength, old Guy, and that of the Dun Cow to boot, would have cut a sorry figure before so powerful an adversary; but perhaps one was but a symbol of the other; Guy might have been steam, for aught we know: at all events one is inclined to believe *anything* a fiction after reading the audacious chronicle of a topographer, who positively thinks it doubtful that Guy ever existed. Away with such a destroyer of romance—away with such an infidel! he deserves not to see and enjoy one scrap of romantic scenery to the end of his mortal days, and certainly not to go by a trip-train!

But we anticipate.

The smoke and the dust, and the cobwebs of every-day duty, were beginning slightly to tarnish the usual brilliance of our soul, and cling closely enough to encumber as well as clothe what few wits we can boast of; when the welcome expediency of a holiday was suggested, and the natural question arose—“ How to spend this holiday?” Far be it from us to follow the example of Sibbie Marsh’s friend, and take it out “ lying in bed.” The spirit oftener wants refreshing than resting; indeed—

“ Active and stirring spirits *live* alone;  
Write on the others, Here lies such a one.”

Off! off! away to the fields and trees; change of scene is a wonderful cure for either heart-ache, or heart-weariness.

And after all this preamble about trip-trains, we did not go in one; no, we went as politely and genteelly as was meet and fit and possible, in a second class, for the small sum of 4s. And a valuable investment of money it was, and always will be pleasantly remembered!

All we can say is, “ Go and do likewise, ye who can.”

Like Wordsworth amongst his daffodils,

“ I gazed and gazed, but little thought  
What wealth to me the show had brought :

or, how often, when sad or listless, scenes enjoyed once would come again, and flash upon that inward eye, that is the *bliss of solitude*.

But ’tis evident we are not going by “ express”—that certainly does not allow of stopping at poetical stations.

The country through which we whirled had nothing in it at all likely to call forth enthusiasm: it was flat, uncompromising-looking meadow-land, with a few calm-looking cattle, after Cooper—duly mottled red and white, and black and white—grazing as though they had been doing so for the last year, and would contentedly go on for years to come, in like manner; nothing but milking-time to vary the monotony of their existence. We were in search of the picturesque, and the picturesque did not appear forthcoming, when a beautiful remark of Ruskin’s, about “ Cloud-land,” which the bright-souled Miss Mitford, in her “ Literary Life,” called our attention to, came happily to raise the thoughts a little.

It was a pleasant, blowing day, reminding you there was such a thing as rain in nature, though perhaps it would be obliging enough to defer its visit just that one day; the very sort of weather when over our heads fleet all that is lovely and fantastic in vapour. So light, careering, and feathery the soft morning clouds scudded along the clear blue vault above them, the spirit could not but feel eased of half its yearnings for fair sights, and the “ thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears” were not far off.

It is indeed strange that we do not look up oftener, in more ways than one.

Drawing near Warwick we caught glimpses of earthly beauties too, and after our little sojourn up in the air, the *realities* had the pleasures of novelty, as well as their own intrinsic attractions; but we sped past “ spire and tower and civic pile,” and came to a halt at Leamington. Here we merely stayed an hour or so, admiring in a swift glance the excessive air of cleanness and *trimness* the town wears, the charming situation of the Jephson Gardens, and stylish-looking individuals even at that early hour stirring,



and marvelling at the multitudes of Bath chairs. We had always a *penchant* forseeing the interiors of churches; and the gate of All-Saints standing invitingly open, in we sallied. An old woman made her appearance from a cottage-door, leading into the churchyard, and obligingly offered to "shownd" us all over it; as strangers often called "permiscous" (casually), and it was her office to lionize them; strangers desiring entertainment could not do better than put themselves under her guidance; for, once drawn into conversation, our guide's natural shrewdness, united to considerable information, were amazingly edifying.

She pointed with much pride to the east window, which is very beautiful, and finding we had at first some little difficulty in interpreting the subject, which was partially from Revelations, feared we "wasn't conversant with Scripture," and accordingly reverently repeated the verses. The window is in memory of three sisters, with still two divisions unfilled for those yet to follow. She spoke of them as of beings whose loss would not be easily supplied; their alms and benefactions forcibly reminding one of the centre compartment of their window, the Six Acts of Mercy: "I was hungered, and ye gave me meat," &c.

A massive eagle reading-desk of the thirteenth century, our guide informed us, came originally from Oxford.

The West window, which is of great antiquity, is very elegant in shape and design, but the characters, which are in Latin, are only discernible from the height with a telescope. It was singular to compare the workmanship of two such different ages. The way in which heads are arranged in old windows has often struck us as remarkable: in whatever position the figure is represented, the head has a clumsy, unnatural, screwed-on appearance.

Our guide entered into a minute description of the perilous position of masons in the interior of the roof: "for her sake she never seen hawfuller proceedings; what with um swaring and clombing such unlikely places; and when one feller, ye see, called to 'em to let go and let him down oncet afore they was aready at the bottom, to see him come a swingin', and at last fall twenty feet, an' his bones a scronchin' on the pews; but they carried him off, and he's got well, and I seen him one day. 'I hope you're more careful,' ses I. 'Lor bless ye, I've had a hundred times worse fall nor that since,' ses he;" so you see," shaking her head gravely, "'taint one fall nor two, so long as life's not touched, as'll make a man car'ful of his self."

True, good woman; only too true.

Finding the distance to Kenilworth five miles, and no train for some hours, we determined to return by omnibus to Warwick, and content ourselves with its ample materials for entertainment, without attempting too much—the story of the Dog and Shadow having made a forcible impression in our infancy.

A complaisant fellow-traveller, acquainted with the town, had mentioned all in it worthy of note; and thus prepared, and time being precious, we made the most of it.

Arrived at the mighty gates of the castle, the neatest and most loquacious of old ladies ushered us into the grand drive, begging of us to hasten after a party just going up, and that on our return she would gratify us with a sight of Guy's porridge-pot, &c.

The approach to the castle is comparatively new—a deep broad road cut in the solid rock, which, at the distance of a hundred yards, brings you in sight of the building, standing out (as the guide-books say) in "bold magnificence"! presenting as stern a front to its enemies as its once invincible master; and the rich masses of varied foliage, from the deep olive tint of the cedars to the delicate pea-green of grass and shrub, forming as softening a shroud to its stern grandeur as the amber scarf with which the playful Lilius bedizened the grim stone figure in the gardens of Vivian Place. There is less of desolation and sadness of feeling in retracing scenes of ancient grandeur, where the modern hand of restoration has performed its works so imperceptibly as here; nothing *shocks* the antiquary, no *palpable* alteration or so-called improvement; it is as though the fairies had been at work at Warwick Castle, and silently and delicately, and in character, from time to time touched it with their tiny wands, and supported and decorated what their mythological brethren the giants had commenced.

There is something about the place that strangely links the present and the past. You have an odd feeling that you'd hardly be surprised to meet a knight in armour, wandering with his lady-love under the old cedars; or a jester peering quaintly from some antique window; nor would you suppose *them* to feel by any means out of place there (indeed, how should they?); things seem to be still so unaccountably in the middle ages. And the impression only deepens as you pace the great hall, "where shield and axes deck the wall," a heterogeneous collection of old pictures, armour, trophies of the chase, garnished here and there with carvings of the "Bear and Ragged Staff."

How we should delight in gathering here a thoroughly old English Christmas party! and to correspond with the scene, let them be garbed in any quaint and "old days" attire, that fancy or taste might deem becoming. We have already pictured the most sturdy and robust of our friends arrayed in the identical buff doublet in which Lord Brooke was killed, at Lichfield, in 1643; and yet that is an unfortunately gloomy association. We will not meddle with it. Let it hang, all blood-stained; and let us be content to gaze on it with reverence for the brave heart that once beat so earnestly beneath it, though one can't but regret the cause. To us, who live in these loyal days, the idea of taking up arms against a lawful sovereign does seem sadly

anti-English. One turns with a feeling of relief, after all, from these grim revivers of dismal war and feud, to the scene from one of the three huge Gothic windows. A brilliant sun and dazzling sky are silvering the sweet waters of Avon; and the bubbling, glittering cascade comes down like the waters at Lodore in their more genial moments—when they are tolerably well-behaved: while the cedars that “wave on Lebanon” can surely hardly surpass these plumed masses in solemnity and beauty, looking gravely and protectingly down on the glittering, frisking, glancing waters, as old age does on the frolics of youth.

We are reminded that the party must proceed to another room, and again glance round that noble hall, and picture a merry-making there—a bridal party—perhaps a second edition of the “mistletoe-bough!” We look in vain for an “old oak-chest.” There is evidently nothing there convenient to creep into, unless it were the Grecian sarcophagus—and that were no meet place for “a bride to hide!” Alas! poor Juliet! Our guide is pointing out, from the end of the long passage leading to the hall, the *wonderful* portrait (by Wandeyck) of Charles the First mounted on agrey horse.

We had not then been amongst the extatic multitude who have worshipped at the shrine of Madame Rosa Bonheur’s “Horse-fair,” and wondered could her pencil convey anything so marvellously life-like as the action of this royal steed. To us it seemed perfection. The animal actually appears advancing up the narrow road to meet you! But the cedar drawing-room! Who can fail to recognize the *harmonious* beauty of this apartment? Truly a cunning hand must have restored this—and a fine taste to boot. We wander from picture to cabinet, from mirror to table, in that kind of mute admiration that beautiful works of art—especially antiquities—always create in the mind.

As we are not a “guide-book,” we despair of attempting anything like a straightforward enumeration. We touch here and there upon some object particularly gratifying to our own somewhat uneducated fancy.

First and foremost came the Etruscan vases, scattered here and there; and a curious image in green basalt from Egypt—such an one as Mr. Layard would have hugged to his breast; and truly, were it not for the thorough interest that he contrives to make his readers feel, as they explore and excavate, and sit down with the workmen to enjoy the dates or raisins, or what not, that he has just eased a stray merchant of, to treat his people, one would have passed by so queer a mass with far less of attention. This was brought over by Mr. Salt.

Amongst the paintings in this room, the most attractive were Charles the First, by Vandyck—poor thoughtful face! how wretched it is to feel, as you grow older, you *must* blame what was once an object of the most profound child’s pity, such a real, real feeling in those early days!—and a Circe by Guido, so very lovely and

fresh, and *bewilderingly* Circe-like! It is said of this painter, that in one portion of his life, when given up to the terrible fascination of gaming, he only painted for money to squander thus. There was a recklessness in all he did, that, in a less exalted genius, would deserve no better name than slovenliness of touch: if so, most assuredly this picture was achieved in some happier moments. Hardly anything can exceed its delicate beauty. Oh! how different such works as these, from the eternal “portraits of a lady”—so everlastingly offered to view in our exhibitions in town and province. Why does not some enterprising individual open a gallery for their especial reception, and offer a prize for the ugliest? Alas! where would the Apollo be produced who would award the golden apple?

The Muse of Painting is a sweet, loveable picture, too (to our uncritical eye), though we believe we are correct in saying it is the work of a young and self-taught artist. It might, indeed, stimulate unaided talent, to the true source of all success—perseverance. It is a strange mistake of young people, that little can be done without good masters! Good masters would tell a very different story. They could, did they choose, many of them, point back to some far-away period of their own lives, when, *unassisted*, they “followed the little light in them,” and worked by it, and on it, trusting to the “good time coming,” when a friendly hand should help them to rise a little; and aware that the more self-acquired knowledge (ever the most profitable) they had to commence with, the more acutely a good lesson from one better informed would be felt and profited by.

In the state bed-room, Queen Anne’s bed—an uncomfortable-looking affair, and as ponderous as the car of Juggernaut—did not suggest any very composing ideas: indeed, the heavy oak canopy would have effectually dispelled a drowsy sensation in the minds of the nervous. It was a gift of George III. to the Warwick family, and is certainly what might be termed a *substantial* present. This state bed-room seems especially dedicated to Queen Anne. A portrait of her by Sir Godfrey Kneller is over the mantelpiece, and strikingly illustrates our child-like impression of her character as derived from a game of historical questions—well-meaning and inoffensive. As the good Mrs. Howitt says—

“I’ve learned divers lessons;  
Have seen, and heard, and thought”

considerably since those days; and it puzzles me how any thinking being could pronounce on her such a character, unflattering as it is even. How *could* a woman who was treacherous to her own father (erring or not), and to a warm-hearted creature, such as was Mary Beatrice, with all her faults—how could she be *inoffensive* and well-meaning?



Perhaps she looked so; Sir Godfrey leads us to that conclusion. Alack! "prunes and prism" is not such a new invention after all! She may take refuge in the plea of "weakness"—*harmless*, but weak; is such a thing possible? In these days, at least, it seems to us that between the consequences of weakness and wickedness the boundary line is not very clearly defined! But she is here no longer; therefore, as the unclassical old lady had it—"Rest quiet cat in peace."

In the Boudoir lours the original Bluebeard, by Holbein. How any man had patience to sit and disfigure his canvas with such a representation, is a mystery. (As to poor Haydon, he would have told his Majesty flatly, at the risk of his own head, it could not be done, and have dismissed him in disgust, as he did the vulgar citizen and his wife; who, in compensation for not painting their portraits, he benevolently loaded with some small fancy pieces of his own.) Was it in reward for taking such an ugly dose that the old tyrant permitted him to use his skillful pencil to pourtray the charms of the fair Anne Boleyn and Mary Boleyn as a *bonne bouche*?

Sweet faces! We turn from them with a sigh, and console ourselves with a good look at the miniature of the Countess of Warwick, by Sir George Hayter.

There is an old woman eating pottage, by lamp-light—Gerard Douw; and a head of an old man, by Rubens—each equally striking. The last thing we turn again to see is Caracci's Dead Christ.

In the Compass-room is a Napoleon Bonaparte, by David; well known from the engraving: and most interesting portraits of Maximilian and his sister, by Lucas Cranach.

A beautiful bust of the Black Prince, in the Passage, is most striking. Noble face, there is a shade on it that foretells the early discipline and suffering he was to pass through, in his short life of glory. There is a *love* in the expression that helps one to understand how his friend and favourite could "die for him."

With a quieted feeling we passed on to the Chapel. A picture-frame, of gilded wood, attracted our attention, surrounding Augusta of Wales and her infant, George III., by Philips. Poor baby! what a long, long weary path, from that soft resting-place to his last, had he to wander along! Good Mr. Thackeray! he does justice to as honest a heart as ever breathed; but in upholding his character as a gentleman in the forcible and touching terms he does, he hardly rests enough upon the sole comfort of his age. He dwells too gloomily on his Lear-like desolation, and ignores what alone could have consoled and supported in trials such as his—that he was a Christian.

"The family of Charles I.," by Vandyck, is the most interesting thing in the breakfast-room. Perhaps it would have been more orthodox to have eulogized that of Queen Elizabeth, by her goldsmith; but she was never a pet heroine of ours. The vanity which could prompt her to forbid any shadow on her portrait, lest it should

mar the delicacy of her complexion (utterly to the annihilation of all rules of art), is in a piece with much else most contemptible in her character. Hard, hard heart—it did feel at last: her agony of remorse for having condemned poor Essex proves there was some feeling there; and one can hardly help compassionating the forlorn old queen moaning and crouching among her cushions, a prey to that bitterest of all sorrows, the remembrance of a wrong done to one whom she had loved. And from her the transition is natural to another of her victims—Mary Queen of Scots.

From Beauty, a step brings us to Chivalry and Sir Philip Sydney. What a noble tribute to his merits is comprised in the epitaph Fulke Greville (Lord Brooke) chose for his own honour, "*the friend of Sir Philip Sydney*." His last effort—that well-known act, his sending the cup of water which was being raised to his own parched and dying lips, to a soldier who lay wistfully regarding it—with the words "His need is greater than mine!" was such a beautiful exposition of his great Master's words; "Whoso shall give to one of these little ones a cup of cold water, shall in no wise lose his reward!" that we think it requires no deep philosophy to discover the secret of the *loveliness* of his character.

In the Dining-room is a picture, about which artists cannot agree as to whether Berghern or Cuyp is the painter; but there is no doubt what it is intended to represent. No occasion to write underneath, as did our ancestors, "This is an ox!" for surely were a real one placed *en vis-à-vis*, there would be an instantaneous attack. It is life itself!

But we must hasten on, for the guide evidently thinks we are over-inquisitive; and though we have not seen a tithe of what the rooms contain through which we have been whirled, nor enumerate half that we have, we must rest for a moment before one of the great wonders of Warwick—the vase. It is within the greenhouse, surrounded by varieties of exquisite shrubs, and is of white marble. In the words of the guide-book, "It is in the purest Grecian taste; one of the finest specimens of ancient sculpture at present known; compared to which the age of the present castle is but the thing of a day. It was found at the bottom of a lake at Adrian's Villa, near Tivoli, twelve miles from Rome, by Sir W. Hamilton, then ambassador at Naples, and obtained from him by his nephew, the present Earl of Warwick." The vase will hold one hundred and thirty-six gallons. The handles are formed of vine-leaves. The middle is enfolded by a panther-skin, with head and claws; above are heads of satyrs, Bacchus's spear, and vine-leaves—all of the most exquisite workmanship. Any real lover of antiquities would consider this one object alone worthy of the visit to Warwick, and indeed hours might be spent contemplating its beauty.

One more saunter under those lovely cedars, where a couple of lovers were lingering evidently in a state of the highest bliss imagina-

ble, and consequently the object of several side-glances of pity at their simplicity, and satirical smiles from the remainder of the visitors, most of whom appeared to have seen the shady side of life; and if they ever *had* a sunny, had darkened it with a worldly-wise plaster.

Having lost breath a little in this parenthesis, we will rest, as we did at the top of the hill under the cedar, just in time to hear from lover masculine to lover feminine, "Aren't you dreadfully happy? *I* am." No wonder! Such a scene as that before their eyes, a cloudless sky over their heads, velvety grass beneath their feet, and *love* in their hearts—surely if troubles and bickerings come (as, alas for human nature! it is too probable they will), a glance back at this one hour of overflowing happiness will help them to "Forget and forgive;" or, as the Irish improvement runs:

"Half the maxim's better yet—  
Oh! forgive but *don't* forget."

Passing the mount where, a thousand years ago, Ethelfleda the Brave raised a keep, one makes the final visit to the porter's-lodge. Here the "neatest of old ladies" discourses volubly, à la Baron Munchausen, of the extraordinary collection of articles evidently her "perkesites." She hangs Guy's porridge-pot with Guy's flesh-fork, fit to break the drums of your ears! She begs you'll get into it, if you please. She tells you how it is now used to brew punch. Eighteen gallons of brandy—and *very* shocking we thought it! She points out his lady's *steerups*—and one wonders *how* she rode! She shows you the *rib* of the dun cow—and of course you doubt no longer, even were you as sceptical as the ancient grandame who could not credit that her boy had seen in "forrin parts" a flying-fish; though *she* did believe in the bit of wood which he told her was Pharaoh's chariot-wheel, picked up while taking a matutinal plunge in the Red Sea.

"Yes," she believed that; "that was in the Bible!"

Besides there is the very tusk of the wild boar. Now don't go and be incredulous any longer. Here *are* the things. For ourselves, we tried our best to "take it all in;" it is half the enjoyment in such scenes. Guy's Cliff we regretted want of time to see. A year or two ago, Messrs. Elkington manufactured a most exquisite design of the parting of Guy from his ladye. An attendant is checking back the horse; and Guy, subdued and bowed, is just meeting the outstretched arms of his tearful wife. The expression of overpowering sorrow is most speaking, and the costume beautifully quaint and correct. There was an engraving of the cup in the *Illustrated London News*; but no engraving could do the group full justice.

After leaving the castle we peeped at Lyncester's Buildings, and admired the attire of the aged pensioners, sunning themselves at their old-fashioned doorways; and by that time were

glad enough to trudge back to the station, and "take our ease" in our railway-carriage.

And so ended a charming day, confessedly most feebly described. Perhaps it will be well to address the kindly reader in the words an unfortunate Royalist soldier, in the civil wars, 1642, contrived to engrave on his dungeon walls, beneath Cæsar's Tower, at Warwick Castle:—

"WILLIAM SIdIATE ROT This  
SAME AND if MY PIN HAD  
Bin BETER FOR HIS sake  
I wold HAVE MENdEd  
EVERri lETTER."

## FRENCH FRIVOLITIES UNDER THE OLD REGIME.

Notwithstanding the efforts of philosophers, the majority of society remained essentially frivolous. Nothing was so fashionable, for both sexes, as to cut up costly engravings, and stick the mutilated figures on fans and fire-screens. To make up ribbon knots came next in vogue. The childish game of cup and ball was also one of the favourite amusements of this indolent aristocracy. Some noblemen sought to distinguish themselves by the singularity of their conduct. The Duke of Gesvres kept open house during a fit of illness. Forty persons daily sat at his table. Only about twenty of his privileged courtiers, whom he had presented with splendid green suits, were admitted into his presence. They found him in a magnificent apartment, richly dressed in green, reclining on a couch, and making up ribbon knots. Another nobleman, the Duke of Eperon, placed his delight in surgical operations, and by mingled threats and promises compelled his unhappy vassals to let him exercise his skill upon them. Women rendered themselves conspicuous for the eagerness with which they entered into all these frivolous amusements. The celebrated singers, Mdles. le Pelisser et le Maure, divided the court ladies into two rival parties. Leading a life of indolence and sensuality, Louis XV. could not always find in hunting, or in a puerile devotion, a sufficient source of pleasure; he accordingly indulged in the most effeminate amusements. At one time the whole court was thrown into great commotion by a sudden fancy which the king took for worsted work. A courier was instantly despatched to Paris for wool, needles, and canvas; he only took two hours and a half to go and come back; and the same day all the courtiers in Versailles were seen, with the Duke of Gesvres at their head, embroidering, like the sovereign. But even *tapisserie* was ineffectual to allay those periodical attacks of despondency to which Louis was subject from his youth, and during which his only pleasure was to entertain those around him with long and dismal accounts of grave-yards, sudden deaths, and all the melancholy pageantry of stately funeral processions.



## LONDON POLICE COURTS.

## LOST—LOST!

Shivering, creeping, half-blind, blear-eyed; with thin grizzled hair hanging about a neck whose skin is brown, cracked, and dirty; with down-at-heel shoes, and thin trembling hands grasping a shrivelled breast; who is this that comes into the full sunlight of the London police-court, making day hideous?

A drunken woman—a drunken woman, the most piteous, revolting sight in the good world. A man drunkard is dreadful; but a woman—heavens! how looks an habitual female drunkard? There is a little hope for a man; for in him, as thoughts go, it is not so great a sin—drunkenness—as in a woman; but for this latter—ah, me!—did a drunken woman ever reform? Did ever a woman-drunkard take the pledge and keep it? Did she ever look upon her old friends again with sober eyes? I think, never: I think, never!

The effect of drink upon woman is wonderful. Whether the cause may be found in her physical weakness is an open question; but certain it is that a woman who takes to drinking withers (I can use no truer expression)—withers before the corn, gathered when she was quite noble, is wholly eaten. The shrinking of the breasts, to me, is terribly symbolical—the skin wrinkles—all expression passes from the face—and only a poor miserable scandal upon her sex remains.

So, creeping into court, she is helped up two short steps leading to the place in which she must stand before the court, held by two sturdy and grinning officers.

She slowly drags herself on to the other end of the box, where she knows, from experience, that there is a seat; slowly drags herself onwards by means of the railing, and reaching the other end she slowly turns her shaking head, to see if the seat is there—for it is a bracket seat, and is raised like the leaf of a table. Seeing that it is down she looks about, still clinging to the rails with her hands.

"Let her sit down," says the magistrate; and one of the attentive officers shoots up the seat to a level position, and thrusts the bracket under it.

Then the woman sits down in a crouching manner, and shudders; for she has passed the night in one of those awful cells, and she feels the warm day as ice.

"So you are here again?" says the magistrate, in a sad, pitying voice.

"Oh—you won't see me here many more times."

"I'm afraid not," said the magistrate, as an awful silence creeps over the silent court.

"No, no, that you won't," says the woman,

as her paralyzed head shakes more than before, from the agitation of her thoughts.

"Can you make *no* struggle to mend?" asks the magistrate.

The woman only shrugs her shoulders, and draws herself more together.

The pitying magistrate looks at her, shakes his head, and says, wearily, "Go on with the charge."

'Tis the same that has been brought against her many a time before: an officer has found her lying near a public house, whence she had been driven at midnight—found her lying on the flag-stones, half-articulately grandiloquent as to her own merits, and utterly contemptuous as to the merits of anybody else; and after trying to induce her, in familiar language (though old enough to be his mother), to go home, this deposing officer jocularly brought her to the station; then the cold, deadening cell, and the miserable sight in court next day.

The magistrate asks her what he shall do with her—shall he dismiss her, or send her to prison?

She shrugs her miserable shoulders again, and so she is dismissed, and in that miserable state she goes through the light streets to her wretched room, from which she shall soon be taken, raging impotently, to the next Samaritan hospital, and thence to the dissecting table (a great moral lesson), or to a pauper's grave; and so the end!

Ah, me! And to think that amongst the everyday tragedies acting about us this is a common one! And to think that it is not a tragedy thrust upon us, but one we grasp at, and will not leave, till it casts us, dead, unrepentant, and loathsome, within a few planks which we are unworthy to touch!

## THE DEAD INFANT.

BY JAMES EDMESTON.

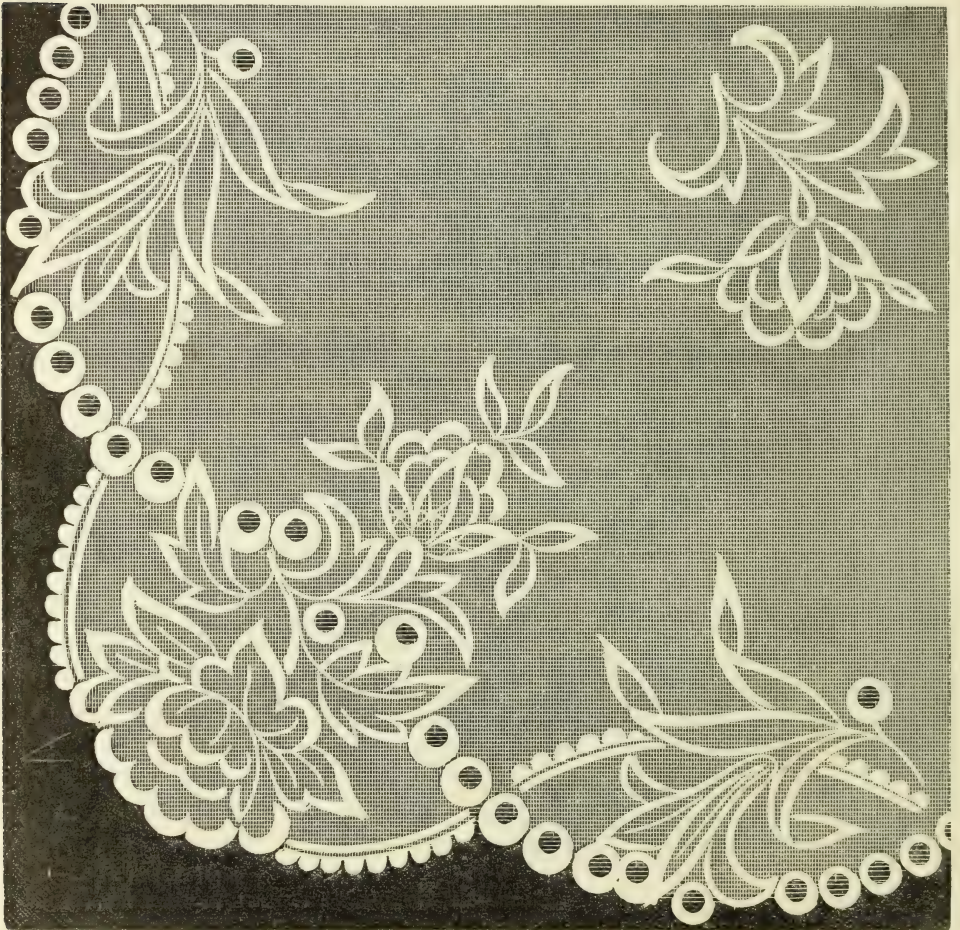
Safer than in the nurse or mother's arms,  
Free from all present and all future harms,  
Mantled in sacred rest an infant sleeps,  
And God himself the guardian station keeps.  
Repose celestial! sleep supremely blest!  
Who can look on, and envy not such rest?

# THE WORK-TABLE.

## HANDKERCHIEF BORDER.

(IN BRODERIE ANGLAISE.)

MATERIALS :—A square of French Cambric, with the Royal Embroidery Cotton, No. 50, and the Boar's Head Crochet Cotton, Nos. 70 and 90, of Messrs. Walter Evans and Co., of Derby.



There is a great difference in patterns. Some, with little show, have a great deal of work; others, with comparatively little work, are highly ornamental. This design is of the latter class. All the outlines are done in button-hole stitch—by far the easiest that is known in embroidery.

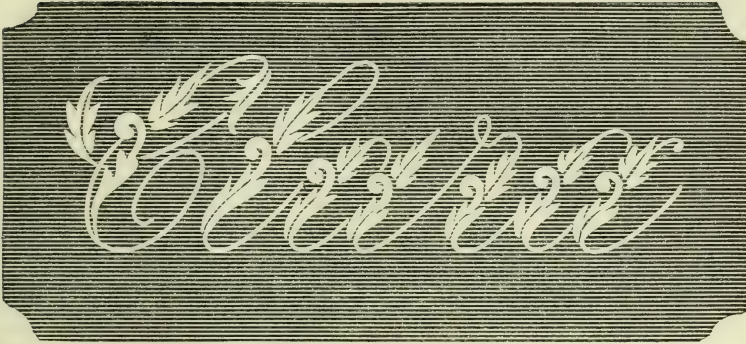
The rosettes and Brussels lace done with 70 Boar's Head are also familiar to our readers; and in the outer petals of the rose is the *shell-stitch* which we introduced, some time ago, in a point-lace collar. It is worked with No. 90 Boar's Head.

AIGUILLETTE.



C L A R A .

(IN FRENCH EMBROIDERY.)

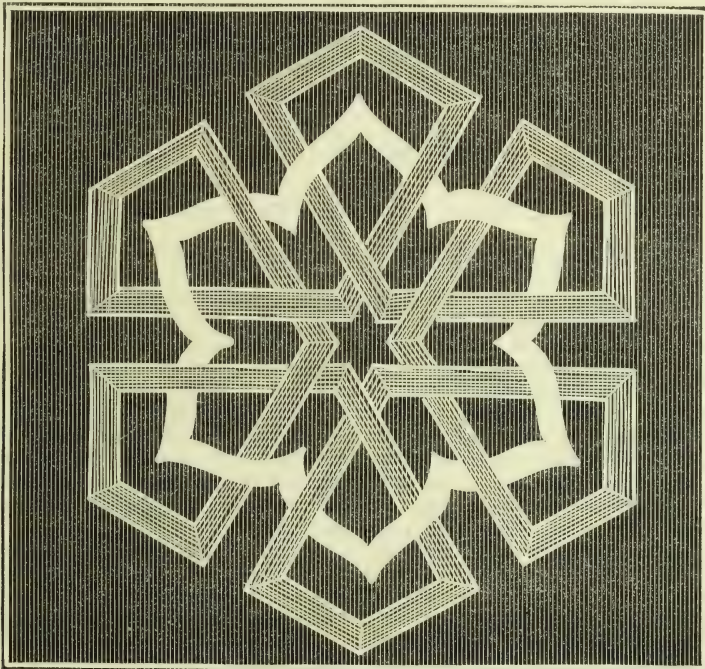


For ordinary cambric, No. 50 or 60; for extremely fine, No. 80, of the Royal Perfectionné Embroidery Cotton of Messrs. Walter Evans and Co., will be suitable. The design is simple, and may be worked without difficulty.

AIGUILLETTE.

DESIGN FOR A BRAIDED PEN-WIPER.

MATERIALS: Cloth, or Velvet; with a small quantity of Russia Braid, of two different colours; Gold Braid, and Gold Cord No. 3.



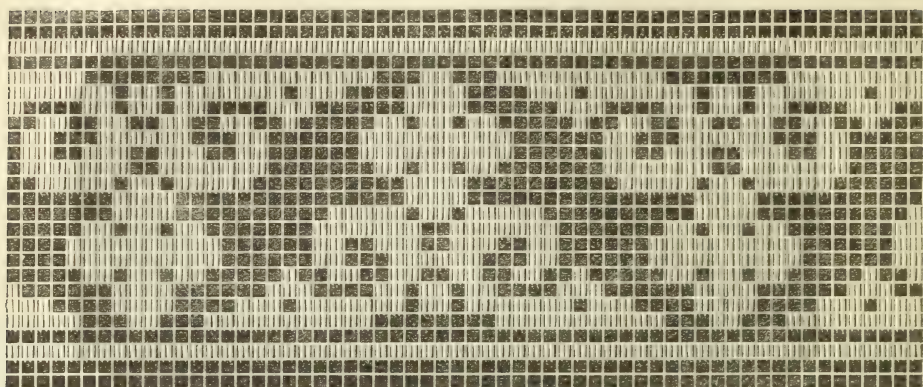
The larger pattern is to be braided in one colour, edged on each side with gold braid, which will give it the extra width. The braid of the smaller design is edged with the cord only, sewed over. Care must be taken that the braids are passed under each other, to cross properly, as seen in the engraving, as on thi

depends much of the beauty and regularity of the pattern.

A single line of braid round the edge, and a bead fringe, would form an appropriate border. The usual penwiper button will be used in making it up.

AIGUILLETTE.

## DESIGN FOR CROCHET (SUITABLE FOR BEADS.)



There is no prettier mode of making antimacassars than in stripes of alternate square and bead crochet. The design in this number is very suitable, and would be very effective for both. No. 2 beads should be employed, with Evans's Boar's Head Crochet Cotton, No. 10 or 12; and the same size would do for the open

stripe. Our readers know that bead crochet is always done on the *wrong* side of the rest of the work. There are many other purposes to which this pattern may be applied; as, for instance, the band which forms the border of those antimacassars that are made to fit arm-chairs.

AIGUILLETTE.

## K A T E A N S O N .

(A Tale of Real Life.)

## CHAP. XI.

Time passeth on. He heeds not the tear of anguish, nor stays by the resting-place of the dead. The gayest smile of the happy cannot lure him from his onward flight, nor the whisper of the maiden and her lover beguile him to lend an ear. Forward! forward! though the shriek of Despair cries "One moment more!" and the trembling hand of Fear tries to grasp his shadowy robe; though the young and the fair find life so sweet that they sigh to see him hasten on—on to eternity! He steals the brightness from the maiden's eye, and the rose from her blushing cheek; the lightness from her bounding step, and the golden gloss from her hair. He takes from childhood its careless joy, and its heart so glad and free; from youth its glowing hopes and dreams, and the courage that feareth nought. But he heals the wounds of sorrow and grief, and dries the tear of the lonely and sad, and leads them on to heaven.

Time passeth on!

Spring buds in hopeful beauty—Summer blooms in rich profusion—Autumn gives her ripened store—Winter clothes earth in white array!

Time passeth on!

Earth's erring children are laid on their

mother's breast. Calmly they sleep, and are soon forgotten!

Time passeth on!

Childhood to Youth—Youth to Manhood—Manhood to Age—Age to Death!

Time passeth on.

\* \* \* \* \*

Five long years had passed away since that dreadful night when death seemed about to take from Gilbert his loved though erring wife—that night when a cry went up to Heaven, "O spare her to my love!" and God, in mercy, heard and answered.

Many changes had been wrought by the hand of Time.

Sad and desolate was the old Manor-house now. Eva's sweet voice no longer echoed through its ancient walls, for she lay sleeping beneath the wild-flowers in the little churchyard near. Often beside that simple headstone that marked her resting-place stood a white-haired man, whose heart felt very lonely. He missed her every day and every hour; but mostly when the light began to fade into twilight, and the fire cast strange shadows on the dark oak wall; for it was then she used to sing to him those simple songs whose melody was mingled with the memory of his own early days. Ann, the noble-hearted



and the brave, often felt wearily the absence of Eva's sunny smile—the clinging of her loving arms—her words of never-failing kindness; but she knew that the gentle spirit of their darling lived for ever with the angels in God's heaven, and that no sorrow would come near her there. But not only in the old Manor House was Eva mourned; many an humble friend, whose bed of sickness had been cheered, whose trouble had been soothed, whose wants had been supplied by her tender care, wept tears of heartfelt sorrow when they saw her laid to rest for ever, and knew that her voice would be heard no more among them.

And Ann? Had five years brought no change to her? No; many had sought to win the beautiful heiress of the old Manor House, and sought in vain. Ann was no ordinary character; she had loved once—poured out the full depths of her passionate heart at the feet of her cousin Gilbert—that one who seemed to be so worthy of a woman's worship; and though, when it became wrong for that love to exist, its nature was, by strong discipline, changed to the unselfish affection of a sister towards a brother, Ann felt that, for her, love would henceforth be but a name. Yet she was not unhappy. Her path was clear before her. There was work for her to do; and cheerfully, earnestly, heartily she set her mind to face it all, and fill her place at home and in society as became the daughter of Major M'Allister. Many wondered at one so beautiful, so fascinating, and so calculated to make a man's home happy, apparently so indifferent to all the homage she received; but none knew the history of her inner life, the struggles, the self-abnegation that had made Ann M'Allister what she was. To her very utmost she endeavoured to cheer and comfort the poor old Major after the loss of his "sunshine" Eva: indeed it seemed to be Ann's mission to cheer and comfort everyone in their trouble, and forget her own griefs and anxieties in those of others. She really bid fair to be another Aunt Susan some day. She had nursed poor Kate through that terrible illness, when sent for by Willie on his own responsibility; she had nursed her darling Eva through all the suffering that preceded her peaceful death, and held her in her loving arms until the last faint trembling sigh told of the pure spirit's flight to Heaven. Yes, though many would have deemed her life a path in which blighted hopes and crushed affections were the only landmarks by the way, Ann could never be devoid of a certain happiness which the consciousness of being useful to others never fails to produce.

Thus a lapse of five years finds Ann still living at the old Manor House; attending to the comfort and happiness of her father, now beginning to grow somewhat infirm, and therefore more dependent on her love and care. We must now see what has become of the other personages of our narrative.

"Little Ruth," the sweet, gentle blind girl, is the happy wife of Percy Olno.

Mrs. Olno, of Oak Lodge, was, as the reader

may suppose, violently opposed to her son's forming what was to her mind a most decided *mésalliance*; but Percy was quite immovable, and she dare not say very much to oppose his wishes, for the excellent reason that whenever she got into those little financial difficulties before mentioned as sometimes occurring, Percy was the only person she could well apply to for assistance, and she was therefore naturally anxious to keep tolerably friendly with him.

As to Miss Beard, her indignation was such, on first hearing of Percy's engagement, that she upset a small table in her drawing-room, and thereby broke into seven pieces a most venerable China vase, which she was wont to assure her more credulous friends had been in the Beard family for "at least two hundred years."

But notwithstanding Miss Beard's wrath, and Mrs. Olno's proud displeasure, one bright sunny morning, during the summer following our last peep at Aunt Susan's little home, Percy and Ruth were married very quietly, and the pretty little blind bride looked very lovely in her simple white muslin dress, and a soft white lace veil, that made its appearance from the depths of Aunt Susan's large black box, in order to form a wedding-present for her gentle niece. There were no prancing horses and splendid carriages, no train of bridesmaids, no silver favours, at Ruth's wedding; but it was a happy and a holy marriage, for two earnest, loving hearts were united, and that is what does not always accompany a gayer, richer wedding. John gave the bride away; a young school-friend of Ruth's acted as bridesmaid, and dear Aunt Susan (in a new black silk dress) completed the little party. After the solemn ceremony was over, Percy took his wife away to a pretty, though small, home farther out of London; and, not very long after, the curtains in Aunt Susan's front parlour were taken down; there was a vast amount of fuss and packing apparently going on for some few days; and then she, and all her goods and chattels, betook herself to the newly-married couple, to live with them always, and help little Ruth to keep house; and very happy they all were together, in spite of all Miss Beard wished to the contrary.

\* \* \* \* \*

At the time we again resume our narrative, Percy Olno and his fondly-loved wife still lived happily together, and Aunt Susan superintended affairs in the household; not excepting a very small specimen of humanity, apparently chiefly composed of white cambric muslin and fine flannel, whom Percy seemed to be at once immensely proud and a little frightened of; calling it "Papa's own boy," and making those particularly uncouth sounds generally supposed to be pleasing to infants in general (but which always appear to me infinitely more calculated to frighten them into fits), with every appearance of satisfaction; but looking rather alarmed when Aunt Susan or its little blind mamma insisted

on his taking the atom of humanity in his own arms, instead of contemplating it in theirs.

Fanny Olno still remained Fanny Olno—much to her own surprise and her mother's annoyance. She sometimes favoured Percy and his wife with a visit, and generally contrived to keep Aunt Susan in a perpetual state of astonishment and apprehension by her eccentric manners and noisy conduct in general.

\* \* \* \* \*

And now to speak of John Grey. The last we heard of him was his leaving Falconbeck the day of his fearful interview with poor Kate. It would be impossible to describe his state of mind for many days after that dreadful shock. The evening of his return to Aunt Susan's home, where Ruth and Percy eagerly and hopefully awaited him, was perhaps as touching and sad a time as can well fall into the life of anyone. But John was a man of no ordinary strength of mind. When recovered from the first overwhelming anguish of that frightful discovery, he endeavoured, calmly and truthfully, to look matters in the face. Kate was the wife of another; it was therefore henceforth sin to think of her as other than a friend and well-wisher. With John, to see a thing his *duty*, was to do it. It was plainly now his duty to forget the past—to go on with energy in the hopeful path before him, though the motive for striving after success was no longer there to act as an incentive. He did so, not without many a struggle with his own heart; not without many a cry to Heaven for help and comfort in this his sore trial; but he acted as his heart told him it was right he should act, and he won the victory over his own weakness. He became not only a prosperous, but a wealthy man, and a useful member of the society in which he moved. Four years after his memorable visit to Falconbeck, most unexpectedly he met the M'Allisters in London. Kate greeted him kindly as an old acquaintance, and his pulse did not quicken nor his hand tremble: the victory was complete. He saw that Kate's cheek did not flush, nor her voice quiver, in addressing him; but he did not see a fairer cheek grow pale, or notice the icy coldness of a little hand that was in his for one short moment.

Jessie, from a lovely girl had become a beautiful woman: If at seventeen calculated to awaken admiration, at two-and-twenty she seemed worthy of universal homage. Her health had continued improving—slowly, but surely; her slight figure had gained fulness and grace, and her carriage and dignity were very different to the timid bashfulness of her manner five years ago. The coronet of golden hair, the deep violet eyes, the pure white complexion were unchanged, but the expression on her lovely face was quite altered; there was more depth of character, and less nervous sensibility. Yes: Jessie was a glorious creature; but, though sought by many, still unwon.

Even John—pronounced by the London ladies to be iron-hearted and perfectly invulnerable—

could not but acknowledge she was very beautiful. But on the night of their chance meeting she avoided him strangely. He saw it, and no longer endeavoured to converse with her; but he could not help once or twice looking towards the spot where she stood, surrounded by admirers and taking little heed of any.

\* \* \* \* \*

Now, reader, we will return once more to Falconbeck. A tall, gentlemanly-looking man was walking up and down one of the terrace-walks: there was something about him that reminded you of Kate—something about the eyes. It was rather a cold day, and he evidently endeavoured to keep himself warm by marching quickly up and down the long path. Presently a cheery, merry voice was heard, singing "Old Virginia;" and our old friend Willie came hobbling along, at a wonderfully quick rate, followed by Crib, who, despite his "thinness," had grown fatter than ever, and very grey into the bargain.

"Harry! Harry!" shouted Willie, suspending "Old Virginia" for the purpose of speaking. "stop that constitutional promenade, and come in, there's a good fellow."

"I have no inclination to do so yet. Who wants me?"

"I do."

"Well, then, I think I shall stay awhile longer."

"Don't be *too* polite: I can't bear it! The fact is, a lady wants you."

"Kate, I suppose?"

"No, not Kate: you're out for once, my fine fellow!"

"Who is it?"

"Ah! our curiosity's up! What a happy fellow you are, Harry! No young ladies come looking after me. I'll tell you what it is, it's those horrid brown eyes of yours!"

"Really, Willie, what nonsense you talk. Do be steady, and tell me who's here?"

Willie looked very mysterious, and spoke in a sort of stage-whisper—"Miss Olno."

"What the deuce—"

"Now, my dear Harry, don't say 'deuce!' It's confoundedly immoral; but come in at once, like a Christian."

"Come in to see Miss Olno! That I won't!"

"Well, then, you're an ungrateful puppy, that's all I can say; for she's been asking after you in a manner quite touching, to even my cold heart!"

"I wish she'd leave it alone, then."

"What, my heart—eh?"

"Willie, what a goose you are!"

"Don't be too complimentary, Harry. I've told you once before I can't stand it. I'm all of a flutter now! Do go in! you'll get your death of cold, standing out here without your hat."

"Will you come with me?"

"Not I?"

"Well, it's a horrid shame, I'm sure. Miss



Olno takes pains enough to see *you*; and you're—I don't know what, everything that's bad. But I'll tell you what: if you don't come in with me, I'll go straight off, and say you're sorry you're engaged *just now*, but hope to call for Miss Olno in the phaeton this afternoon, and drive her as far as Cleatherbrook, if she'll allow you that pleasure!"

Willie immediately set off, perfectly regardless of Harry's calling to him to stop, and promise not to say any such thing; and just as he got to the end of the terrace-walk, turned round and shouted, "Shall I say half-past three, or four?"

So there was nothing for it but surrender; and, very unwillingly, Harry went in, to encounter Miss Fanny Olno, and her dear maternal relative.

Certainly, if Willie's inuendo concerning the younger lady's *penchant* for his brother had any truth in it, she showed her taste, for you might go a long way before you would see as fine a looking young fellow as Harry Anson.

Five years had changed Willie as well as his brother: he had grown taller and more manly, but remained as lame as ever; if possible, more fun lay in the arch glance of his eye, and his thick curls had grown a shade darker. Willie was the life and spirit of Falconbeck: everyone loved him; and old James, the ancient butler, believed that, next to his master, there wasn't such another young gentleman in the world, notwithstanding the fact of Master Willie constantly assuring the faithful old man that his livery-suit grew visibly tighter every day, in consequence of his increasing "*embonpoint*," and would shortly have to be supplanted by a new outfit, made a quarter of a yard larger every way, and assuring him that he needn't feel at all uncomfortable about it, as Crib was in the same predicament, and should have a new and more capacious skin at the same time James's new suit became necessary: all of which James took very quietly, and would have laughed at heartily, had he deemed it quite respectful to do so; but as his ideas upon such subjects were strict, he listened with an air of grave amusement infinitely entertaining to his young tormentor.

Few, to have heard Willie's lively chatter, would have given him credit for the sound sense and warm feeling he really possessed; but those who knew him well appreciated the sterling qualities of his character, and the affectionate kindness of his loving heart.

Mrs. Anson, still the beloved and carefully-tended inmate of Falconbeck Hall, seemed to have made some slow progress towards recovery; she now often joined the family circle, and there were times when those who so dearly loved her began to hope that the cloud on her mind would one day clear away entirely.

We have a new inhabitant of Falconbeck to introduce to the reader's notice—a little creature with a round, rosy face, and merry blue eyes, who bids fair to rule the whole household, from Sir Gilbert himself down to Crib and the ancient

butler, and who seemed to have supplanted every other living thing in our friend Willie's affections. This small being had but been an inmate of Falconbeck two years and a few months, but appeared to entertain neither fear of, nor reverence for, any created thing. He trotted about the house, attired in a particularly short white frock, and a particularly broad blue sash; teased Crib by rolling that devoted quadruped over and over upon the floor with the greatest impunity; insisted upon the ancient butler allowing him to pull the venerable queue which that functionary, out of respect to the days of yore, persisted in wearing, and, as Willie often assured him, thereby presenting the appearance of a Chinese Mandarin with a very stunted pigtail.

Often the young monarch of the short frock and blue sash might be seen riding upon Sir Gilbert's shoulder, crowing and laughing with excess of delight, and burying his little fat hands in that gentleman's brown locks. Yes, Charley was like a ray of sunshine in Falconbeck Hall: he generally went by the name of "Papa's little king;" and often, when Sir Gilbert came in from hunting, or indeed any absence from home, he would call out at the top of his childish voice, from the open door of his nursery, "Do papa 'ant his 'ittle 'ing?" And, on receiving a satisfactory reply, come trotting down the broad flight of stairs, and spring into his father's arms, with a joyous cry of "Here I are! here's dee 'ittle 'ing tum to papa!"

O how Sir Gilbert loved that tiny boy! He would shudder sometimes when he thought of the possibility of God's taking the child to himself—as though he could never bear that. And this idolizing love was fully repaid by little Charley himself. Dearly as he loved his mother, and Aunt Jessie, and his Uncles Harry and Willie, most dearly of all he loved his "own papa!"

And Kate? What had five years brought to her? We left her hovering between life and death, watched over by a loving husband, prayed for, and forgiven. Weeks passed away before Kate was able to leave her room—before she could even stand without her husband's arm around her. As soon as a little of her strength returned, he took her away from Falconbeck—from all that could remind her of what she must learn to forget: and in time the deathly pallor of her poor thin face gave place to a healthier hue; her figure regained its lost roundness, and Kate looked herself again. Never once did her husband allude to that dreadful day, when he first learnt that the passionate love of her heart had been given to another, even when she took the solemn vows, that made her the wife of his bosom, the companion of his life-journey. He was kind, thoughtful, careful of her as ever—every wish was almost forestalled—and he meant to be the same in everything as heretofore; but Kate soon felt there was a difference—a difference that, in time, she learnt to look upon as the bitterest trial of her life. She thought that the past had not only destroyed

his confidence in her truth, but lost his love—that passionate, tender love, that she had once tried vainly to return—and now, now that she believed it lost to her for ever, she would have died to win it back again. She thought of his noble forbearance with her, through all that must have so bitterly wrung his heart—his perfect forgiveness of her culpable abuse of his trust in her unsullied truth; and she learnt to wonder at the greatness of his soul, and yearn for the love she had once received so coldly. It was as though the past were done away—clean gone, forgotten.

Deeply—ah! more deeply than she had ever loved John, she now loved her noble husband. One loving word, one look or tone, telling of his love still deep as ever, and she would have thrown herself at his feet, and told him that she had learnt at last to love him dearer than life itself—that her heart bounded at the sound of his step, at the touch of his hand, at the distant echo of his voice. But she looked in vain for the glances or the words of old; he was kind, gentle, thoughtful; but where was the passionate worship of days gone by? Hidden deep down in his heart of hearts—still there—still there, unchanged; but she knew it not, no more than he, that his hand might take away the veil between their hearts, would he but stretch it forth. Gilbert had vowed that he would never send her from him—he had vowed to his own heart to cherish and to guard her, as long as he lived, and she was spared to him; but the belief that it would be happier to her, for him to hide the still absorbing passion of his heart from her eyes now, made him resolve at once to do so. Poor Kate! she was far too proud to sue for the love she had once spurned; but her heart cried, bitterly and often, “O Gilbert—husband—love me as you used to do!” and so time passed on, and the veil was between their two hearts still.

Kate clasped in her arms a little helpless babe, that nestled lovingly in her bosom, and clung with feeble arms about her neck. She had hoped those tiny hands would lead her husband’s love to her again; but it was not so: he saw her almost make an idol of her child, he saw how she *could* love, thus devotedly, absorbingly, and then thought of her calm, kind manner to himself, and the bitterness came to his heart afresh; then, as the child grew older, the love he would not show to the mother was lavished upon the little creature beginning to lisp his name, and soon learning to love him beyond all else beside. Then Kate’s heart felt very sad. She had used to call Charley “her little bird;” and one day, looking into his sunny eyes, she asked him, playfully, “Is Charley mamma’s little bird?”

The child shook his golden curls from side to side. “No, he ‘an’t—Arly papa’s ‘ittle ‘ing.”

Yet, though her heart was sad, she was not jealous of the boy’s love for his father; she loved him too dearly herself for that.

One word of Harry, before we proceed in our story. The promise of his boyhood had been fulfilled. He had become a thoughtful,

powerful-minded man; noble-hearted and generous to all around him, and so straightforward himself, as to be totally unable to tolerate the slightest deviation from rectitude in others. Deeply as he loved Willie, that young gentleman was a complete riddle to his own more serious, steady mind. Harry could not understand anything like playfulness, and Willie seemed as full of fun as a summer’s day of sunshine; so no wonder they didn’t quite comprehend each other, notwithstanding their sincere attachment.

The two brothers sat by the drawing-room window one morning when rain and mist seemed to be having a struggle which should gain the mastery. Harry was reading industriously, Willie looking out into the dreary fog, and whistling “Old Virginia.”

“I say, Harry, do put that book down, and talk to a fellow a little, will you?”

The book was quietly closed and laid on the table.

“What do you want to talk about?”

“Talk about? Why everything. I feel so miserably good-for-nothing this morning. I always do when Gilbert’s going away. O Harry, my boy! ain’t he—”

Willie’s power of expressing his feelings seemed to fail, so he gave a long low whistle, by way of finishing his sentence.

“What a boy you are!” said Harry, in some astonishment.

“You’re labouring under no end of a delusion there. I’m not a boy, sir; I’m a man.”

“Well, then, what an extraordinary *man* you are!”

“Very much so; extremely uncommon character—rare abilities—eccentric genius, very; but don’t talk in that way, any how, or I shall positively become egotistical, and I shouldn’t like that. But ‘to come back to our sheep,’ as the French say, ain’t you sorry Gilbert’s going? I declare I *must* have some black kid gloves, and a hat-band to wear while he’s away.”

“How long will he be away?”

“Why perhaps a month—maybe more; he’s never been away so long since we came to Falcenbeck.”

As Willie spoke, Gilbert entered the room, an open letter in his hand, and followed by Master Charley, scrambling along on all-fours, to the great detriment of his white frock.

Gilbert walked to the window.

“I do think it’s going to turn out a fine day,” said he, turning to Harry.

“I hope so, for your sake. What time do you leave?”

“Why rather earlier than I intended. It’s very disagreeable, but I’ve just got a letter, that makes it necessary for me to go round by Cleatherbrook on my way to the station.”

“Let me drive you there,” said Willie, who, having captured Charley, was engaged in the manufacture of a rabbit for that young gentleman’s amusement. (It was certainly a curiosity in the natural history line, being made of a



crimson silk handkerchief, with little round white spots all over it—a style of colouring decidedly rare in the rabbit species.) “Let me drive you there, Gilbert; I’m going to call upon Percy Olno, who is staying at Oak Lodge, if the day will only become passable, and Rub and Scrub will draw you beautifully, portmanteau and all.”

“Thank you,” replied his brother, laughing; “but if, as you say, the weather becomes passable, I shall ride Scamper to Cleatherbrook, and then on to the station.”

“And carry your luggage on the pommel of the saddle?” asked Willie, gravely, and putting a finishing touch to the rabbit’s tail.

“Why, I might have contemplated such an arrangement, had not Sam happened to be taking the drag to the village this morning to fetch some things for Kate, and consequently able to transport my goods and chattels to the station on his way.”

“Very good arrangement,” replied Willie, sending the now completed rabbit flying into one corner of the room, and laughing at Charley’s scrambling after it.

Gilbert was going to enjoy the luxury of a little shooting with an old friend of his in Scotland. He had not been away from home for some time, indeed, never without Kate since they were married; but she was very glad for him to go, for his own sake, as she thought the change would likely be both pleasant and beneficial to him. Still, as the hour for his departure drew near, she felt very sad. He was going to leave her—going away for what appeared a very long time; and going without guessing the pain it was to her to part with him. She was sitting in her own pretty morning room, embroidering some fine muslin-work for Charley’s use and benefit, when Gilbert came in, with that gentleman upon his shoulder. The needle trembled in Kate’s fingers. “You are not going just yet, Gilbert?” she said, without looking up.

“Not for about half-an-hour; but sooner than I expected, though; for I have to go round by Cleatherbrook. I shall ride Scamper there, and then on to the station. Now, young man,” he added, taking Charley from his elevated position, “go and show that pretty rabbit to Aunt Jessie.”

Kate, seeing that her husband wished the child to go, lifted him gently in her arms, and took him to his nursery, where he was soon engaged in an energetic romp with his beautiful rabbit, and a large horse, with a most astonishing mane and tail—the gift of his Uncle Harry.

Kate returned to her sitting-room: Gilbert had thrown himself upon the sofa, in a half-reclining posture. She thought he looked pale and weary, but she did not say so: she only took her work, and sat down by the window.

“You must take care of yourself while I am away, Kate.”

She bent her head down lower over her work. “Yes, I will.”

“And persuade Harry to stop as long as you

can. I think you like having him here with you?”

“Very much.”

Gilbert rested his arm upon the sofa-back, and shaded his eyes with his hand; while, from beneath, he watched her, gazed upon her, as she sat there with the light falling softly on her graceful head—gazed upon her with such passionate loving eyes, that, had she turned and met them, she would have thrown herself at his feet, with a glad cry of “I love thee! I love thee!” But she did not turn, and the look passed away unnoticed, as it came.

“You will write to me pretty often, Kate, and tell me about Charley?”

“Yes.”

“Only when it’s quite convenient to you, of course, I mean.”

“Thank you.”

She could not guide her fingers any longer: she laid down her work, and crossed to the fire-side.

“Are you feeling well this morning, Kate? You look pale.”

She turned her face from him.

“Do I? I am quite well.”

“You are sure you do not mind being left?”

“O no.”

There was a strange choking in her throat as she said so, nevertheless.

“Sam has taken your things to the station—I think they are all right. There is your portmanteau, hat-box, and gun-case.”

“Quite right, thank you. Have you some strong thread here, Kate?”

“Yes, plenty: do you want some?”

“See, the fastening of my wristband has given way; can you rectify the damage for me?”

“Very well indeed.”

She went to her little work-basket; but she was a long time before she could thread her needle. At last it was done, and she stood close beside him. The “shining steel” did its work very tremulously—so much so, that he noticed it, and looked up in her face. She felt his glance, but did not raise her eyes from her work.

“Kate, are you quite sure you feel well?”

“Yes.”

“I do not think you do. Would you like me to stay with you until to-morrow?”

“No, thank you. You are very kind to ask me!”

The wristband was finished, and Kate’s property restored to the little basket. He began to speak of different arrangements to be carried out during his absence. She resumed her embroidery, and listened attentively to all he said, every now and then raising her eyes to the time-piece, that told how swiftly the time passed away.

He rose from the sofa: she knew he was going. Her heart seemed to beat slowly, and heavily, like a muffled drum. He came and stood for a moment behind her chair; she heard

the sound of horse's feet on the gravel-sweep below.

"Well, Kate, I suppose it is time for me to go!"

She did not turn round to him. "I suppose so."

"Good-bye, then, if you are not coming down."

"Good-bye; I hope you will have a pleasant time."

He bent down and kissed her forehead. She gave him her hand, and he held it for a moment, saying, "Do not forget what I said about taking care of yourself."

"Thank you, Gilbert; good-bye!"

He was gone! Still she did not move. She heard his footstep along the landing; heard his dear manly voice call to "Papa's little king!"

She hesitated a moment, then hurried to the nursery, caught the child in her arms, and went down to the hall.

Willie stood by Scamper, who was pawing the ground impatiently; Harry and Jessie on the door-step, speaking to Gilbert. She went up to them, holding the delighted Charley, who clapped his little hands at the sight of Scamper. Gilbert smiled at the boy's pleasure, and held out his arms. Charley sprang into them, and in a moment was seated, laughing and crowing, on Scamper's back.

"O take care! take care!" cried Kate.

"Go on, gee-gee!" shouted the little fellow, in a state of great excitement. "Papa's 'ickle 'ing on a gee-gee!"

"He's his father's own son," said Harry, as Gilbert placed the child again in his mother's arms.

"That he is," replied the delighted father—"ar'n't you, Charley-boy?"

"Papa's own thun!" repeated the little one, making a great effort to pronounce the *s*, and failing most signally.

Gilbert shook hands with Harry and Willie, kissed Charley, who began to look rather serious when he found his papa was going away; and then once more took Kate's hand for a moment, before mounting his horse.

How well Gilbert always looked on horseback! So easy, so graceful in every movement! And Scamper was worthy of such a rider; perfect in every limb, and of a beautiful bright bay colour; there was a look in his eye and a set of his ears that would have alarmed a timid equestrian; but his high metal was in Gilbert's eye his greatest and most valuable attraction. He seemed peculiarly frisky this morning; gave one or two plunges before starting (thereby driving away every shade of colour from Kate's face), and, when he did condescend to start, went more than half-way down the avenue, in a curvetting, frolicsome manner, that elicited a scream of intense delight from Master Charley.

"How splendidly Gilbert sits a horse!" cried Willie, in a *furor* of admiration. "He looks like a prince!"

At that moment he turned round and waved

his hat to them in adieu: they answered the salute, and then Kate tried to watch him till he was out of sight; but the tears in her eyes blinded her; she could see nothing; so, turning hastily into the house, carried Master Charley off to her own room. Ten minutes after, Jessie followed her sister up-stairs. She was lying back upon the sofa, very pale, with her eyes closed, and dark shades beneath them. Charley had climbed up by her side, and was lovingly stroking her face with his little hands. As soon as the child saw Jessie, he held up his chubby finger in token of silence, saying in a very mysterious whisper, "Hush! pitty auntie; poo' mam'a tired!"

Jessie laid her hand on Kate's forehead: "Are you not well, love?"

"What's the matter?" said Harry, coming into the room. "Why, Kate, darling, are you ill?"

"Only rather dizzy," said his sister, getting up from the sofa, and looking very white and faint.

Harry sometimes had a cool, determined way of taking the law into his own hands that was rather amusing. He lifted the astonished Charley from the sofa, and into Jessie's arms, saying, "Now, 'little King,' go with pretty auntie, and see Willie's ponies."

The child cast rather a rueful glance at its mother, but obeyed without a word of remonstrance.

"Now, Kate," said Harry, "you must do as I tell you: the fact is, you are quite done up, and overtired, and must have a good rest."

Down went the blind as he spoke, and in a few moments Kate was very comfortably placed upon the sofa, a warm shawl thrown over her, and then left to her own meditations, with a strict command that she was not to stir on any account for at least an hour.

It was doubtless very foolish—many things that people often do are foolish—but, no sooner was Harry safely gone, than she had what ladies generally term "a good cry."

I have no doubt my readers feel very sorry for Kate, and just a little bit angry with Gilbert; but remember, though one of the noblest and best men breathing, Gilbert was but mortal, and, as mortal, prone to err. Remember how deeply, how passionately he had loved Kate, from the very first time he ever saw her. The warm expression of this love met with a cold, chilling reception. She was in deep trouble: he had the power to aid her if she gave him the right to do so; knowing her feeling towards himself to be simply those of friendship and esteem, he made her his wife, trusting to time, and his own assiduity, to change those feelings into real heart-love. But this was done under the belief that she loved no other. Cruelly, suddenly, unexpectedly the knowledge of the past was forced upon him; he was noble, magnanimous, forgiving towards her—but then he erred. Still passionately loving her, he concealed this love, under a mask of calm kindness. Yes, he erred; but he had been sorely tried, and not one man



out of a hundred would have acted as generously as he had previously; besides, Kate was only bearing the result of her own fault. Even now, had she trampled her woman's pride under foot, met his coolness with loving words such as burned within her heart, he would have clasped her to his breast, the past forgotten and forgiven, and the veil between their hearts done away for ever! Yet judge her not harshly: it is easy, when a thing is past, to see what would have been right and best; but, at the time, there are few who do not sometimes err.

As Kate lay, thinking sadly of the past, the present, and the future, wearied with all she had gone through that morning, tired in body, with exertion of mind, she fell into an uneasy dose. Sad dreams visited her sleep; once a tear stole from beneath her closed eyelid, al-

ready heavy with sleeping. Once she murmured softly, "Gilbert, Gilbert, O love me!"—could he but have heard the half-uttered prayer!

She woke with a violent start. There was a confused sound in the house, a sound as of many feet and subdued voices. She sprang to her feet; the sounds became more distinct. A vague fear came over her; she gained the head of the staircase, and at that moment a wild, piercing shriek came from the hall below. It seemed to chain her to the spot for a moment; but gathering all her energy, she descended the stairs, passing Harry and Percy, who vainly endeavoured to detain her—more like a spirit than a human being. Then came a voice of mortal anguish—"O Gilbert! Gilbert! my husband!" and a cry that thrilled to every heart.

## LEAVES FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

### THE SILVER THIMBLE.

Polly, otherwise Mary Anne Fielding, was the most industrious girl in her class, or belonging to the village school of Thorntree-dale, in Kent. The girls in this school had a wise and kind mistress, who endeavoured to teach them such things as when they grew up would make them useful and clever in their stations—such stations, indeed, as it might please God to place them in, when they grew to be young grown-up girls and women. As there was only one school in the village, some of the girls' parents were better off than those of others, whose fathers were only poor day-labourers, hedgers, ditchers, and such persons who had to work hard indeed for their daily bread.

Mrs. Gray, the schoolmistress, had seen, at a former period of her life, wealthier days than she now enjoyed; but it is not wealth that makes people truly happy, but being enabled to be of service to others, and completely to know and do one's duty. So that Mrs. Gray, although she had once been the mistress of a handsome house, and had two servants of her own, now that she was a widow, reduced by her husband's death to earn her own bread, found that she was contented and even cheerful in her new and labourious way of life. She had but one child, a girl who, alas! could be of little service to the poor widow in earning money—at least actively—for Sarah Gray was a poor cripple, who could not walk a yard without crutches, and then only with great pain. Perhaps the greatest trial her tender mother had, was in constantly witnessing the contrast between her sickly, helpless child, and the strong, hearty, romping, cherry-cheeked daughters of the neighbouring villagers and small farmers, who flocked to the widow's school, for hers was the only one Thorntree-

dale could boast. And many of the ladies belonging to the gentry around paid Mrs. Gray the compliment of saying that no other was needed, at least during her life-time. She had the happy art of fitting each child's education to its abilities; and, although she knew many ornamental arts and accomplishments, from her former genteel station, she never attempted to spoil the village children by giving them instruction in things that would be useless to them in after-life. But Mrs. Gray made all her pupils learn how to do the common things of every-day life in the best and quickest way, and thought that such knowledge, with a little plain cookery, plain sewing, and reading, writing, and arithmetic, was a sound and sensible education for those who would have to earn their living with labour and diligence.

To be punctual, strictly honest, temperate in eating and drinking, always to tell the truth, and to be afraid only of evil-doing and offending their Heavenly Father, formed Mrs. Gray's moral code of laws—a code which, printed, framed, and glazed, hung in the long, low out-building, which, attached to her cottage, served for a roomy and convenient schoolroom, whose floor was always kept as white as snow by each pupil in turn, and whose plaster walls were enriched by prints of Scripture subjects, the relics of Mrs. Gray's former prosperity, which served to illustrate those Bible stories which were every day read in class, and explained by the mistress, simply and clearly.

When any superior intelligence showed itself among the children, the good woman loved to discover its peculiar bent, and so tried to foster such indications: thus, a poor girl once came to her school, who displayed a wonderful genius for painting flowers. The ingenuity this child discovered in mixing colours from the poorest mate-

rials, and in copying the hedge-roses and convulvi made her instructress determine to teach her the rudiments of drawing, and her quickness and eagerness for knowledge induced Mrs. Gray to teach her other things beside reading and writing. Gentle and refined in her ways, this poor girl obtained employment, through some ladies to whom her teacher spoke of her, and so, getting on by degrees, was able at length to go to London and gain instruction in the beautiful art of painting china, at which she soon got plenty of employment, and which, when she grew up, afforded her an excellent living.

Mrs. Gray's pupils, then, were sought by ladies for servants in various capacities; or, as needlewomen, in which art most of them excelled in a superior degree. Mrs. Gray added to her own small income by taking in plain work, in which her daughter Sarah could assist her.

But we are forgetting the subject of this story, Polly Fielding, who especially took delight and pride in doing needle-work.

Polly, who was the daughter of a poor farm-labourer, who could hardly find the weekly stipend for her schooling, had but one grief—one ambition—that was to be mistress of a silver thimble. None of the girls, indeed, could boast of so grand a luxury in Thorntree-dale, and many were the wishes and aspirations breathed for an article so coveted, and of whose cost no one could so much as form an idea. There was a large green, on which the children of the village used at evening to assemble, and where, arm-and-arm, they were accustomed to converse about subjects; which to them seemed of the utmost consequence—what they should like to be, when they grew up; how they pitied poor Sarah Gray, who could not walk or dance about the village green as they could; and such like matters, interesting perhaps only to themselves.

It was a pretty sight, too, that village-green on a summer's evening. It was surrounded by a circle of cottages, poor enough as dwellings, but pleasing to the eye by reason of the brown thatched roofs, coloured with various mosses and clumps of house-leek; a quiet cow or a donkey, belonging to some of the adjoining neighbours, grazed unforbidden on the green, or crouched, on the rich and herby grass, serenely viewing the childrens' sports, as they shouted, tumbled, talked, and laughed till dusk and bed-time arrived. At their doors the labouring parents sat, well-pleased to see their children happy and contented; the fathers smoking a harmless pipe, and the dames knitting and indulging in neighbourly chat with each other, chiefly on the respective merits of their boys and girls.

Here Polly Fielding, who was eleven years old, used to walk with her companions and school-fellows, and plan how to procure a silver thimble. First, she should save all the half-pence she got (for sometimes she earned copper money by running on errands for the farmer's wives, or plain sewing)—her last savings

had been already taken out of the earthenware pan, which, with a hole in the lid, served her for a money-box, and had been appropriated to purchase for her a new bonnet; but then she suddenly remembered that her mother had told her she must now save for a new stuff frock, for her best was already getting somewhat shabby for Sundays and holidays; so it was plain the thimble could not be purchased from that source, and she reflected, with a sigh, that she might perhaps have to wait for years before she gained this darling object of desire. "I must and will have a silver thimble," she said passionately to herself, as one evening she sat at needlework before the door of her mother's cottage. "I would work my fingers to the bone, to get one—I would do anything for a silver thimble."

Perseverance is most praiseworthy when we pursue lawful objects—when, for instance, we desire to be good; to acquire learning, or to overcome those faults to which even the best are liable: but perseverance about things which are wrong in themselves, or of no real value or utility when obtained, is very wrong, and often leads to sad and serious results. Polly desired to save only to gratify her vanity to be superior to her schoolfellows in having a thimble made of silver; whereas, in point of fact, her old brass one, which she had bought of Dame Callet, at the village shop, for a half penny, was much stronger and far more serviceable than if it had been silver, which very soon wears into holes, unless it is made very solidly, and then every needlewoman knows it is of no use to a real worker.

Instead of trying to forget her silly wish, she dwelt on the idea till her very dreams were of it, when fast asleep in bed; and I am almost afraid to confess to you that it rose before her eyes while she said her prayers, read her bible, or sat in church.

We daily pray, children, not to be led into temptation; we should be careful to resist as well, when it comes to us.

It happened about this time that a girl named Leah Davies, who had been absent on a visit to some relatives—farmers, much wealthier than her parents—returned to her home, and likewise to school.

Leah Davies had actually become the possessor of the object which now engrossed most of Polly Fielding's thoughts and wishes. The farmer's wife, who was Leah's godmother, had one day taken her on the cart to the market-town, which was full, Leah said, of grand shops, and had purchased her this beautiful thimble, which she charged her never to give away, sell, or lose.

It was exhibited all round, for the whole school to admire, which the girls did heartily, Polly included; but I am grieved to say she envied Leah, as well as admired her thimble. Envy is a black, hateful passion to find entrance in the hearts of men and women; but in that of a child, what a terrible guest to admit!

She had little rest now, for she thought how



she too could gain a thimble, like that of Leah Davies. Every one praised Polly for her industry, for she was always eager to earn a penny in any way.

I do not know anything which hurts the conscience so much as to be praised when we do not deserve praise. Polly knew very well that she merited censure rather than the encomiums she gained; for conscience—that powerful monitor that dwells in every bosom, not entirely seared and hardened with wickedness—told her, that her industry, however commendable in itself, arose from anything but a right motive.

One day in the sultry summer-season, Polly had incurred Mrs. Gray's displeasure for negligence in learning her task of spelling. It was seldom she underwent punishment; but being noted throughout the school for industry and attention, it was the more necessary that an example should be made of her, when she did wrong. So, after the children had taken their bags and put on their bonnets and had trooped off home, Polly was left alone in the deserted schoolroom to learn her lesson. She was by no means quick at her book, though in general she made up for it by steadiness and attention; for though people may not all be clever, all all have it in their power to be earnest and painstaking: but now Polly Fielding, thinking as usual about the silver thimble, could by no means master her task. Mrs. Gray had been twice to see if she knew her lesson, and finding she did not, went away to her own dinner, telling Polly she must remain till afternoon-school began, and giving her a slice of bread for dinner, for the kind-hearted mistress did not wish the little girl to starve as well as be punished.

Polly was in a perverse humour, this day; she had idled so long, that she knew there was no chance of dinner at home, and therefore said to herself she could get her lesson before the children came back to school. The sun glared hotly even among the green trees that surrounded the school and cottage, and everything wore the stillness peculiar to a hot noon in the country; nothing, indeed, disturbed the summer-day's silence, save the hum of Mrs. Gray's bees, which were flying to and from the hives, ranged before the cottage door, laden with the honey gathered from the flowering hedges and sweetly-scented cottage gardens, scattered about at short distances from each other; or the lowing of a cow, gently chewing her cud in the meadows, which, stretching wide down to the river's edge, refreshed the eye, weary of so much brightness, with the richest and most verdant grass in all Thorn-tree-dale. The butterflies alone, chasing each other from flower to flower, seemed in full vigour, and revelled in the noonday-heat, as freshly as if they were anxious to make the most of their brief life—short indeed as that of the summer's day itself.

There was a large window in front of the schoolroom, through which the eyes of Polly fell on all this beauty of Nature; but she neither regarded the bees, the butterflies, the green meadows, or the bright sunshine; her thoughts,

which might have been employed in thanking the Giver of All Good, for so much bounty and beauty, were fixed solely on the silver thimble of Leah Davies. Tired, at last, of thinking in vain, our little scholar wandered about the room listlessly, looking at one thing or another which the children had left behind; so doing she came upon Leah Davis's bag, which had fallen on the ground, evidently forgotten by its owner!

"Leah has left her bag," thought Polly, picking it up, and about to place it on the long table which was in the centre of the schoolroom; just as she did so, something rolled out on the floor. Polly looked: it was Leah's silver thimble; the very thing of which she had been thinking—dreaming—for so long.

She stood looking at it, as if she were in a dream. She tempted, by so doing, evil thoughts; and soon evil thoughts tempted the little girl. "I could take that thimble," she said to herself, "and no one would know."

Yes, Polly, One would know, whom to displease is of more consequence than to anger all the whole world beside. She never thought, however, that One Eye looked on her, and beheld her yield to the temptations of solitude and silence. She picked up the thimble slowly, and looked cautiously around; no one was looking in at the window; but the sun had ceased shining now, and the air was darkened by thick heavy clouds; the bees still hummed in and out their hives; but the cow in the meadow was lowing heavily, as those animals do when in fear or danger. Polly's thoughts, however, were too much engrossed to permit her to notice these signs of the coming storm. She looked cautiously about her, as I have said, and then hastily thrust the thimble into her bosom.

Sin is born of sin, children, and one generally quickly produces others. If the bag was found in the schoolroom, she, having been there by herself so long, would become suspected of taking the thimble, when it was missed, which would be sure to be the case when the girls sat to their afternoon's sewing. This thought no sooner crossed her brain than she devised a scheme to throw suspicion from her. Theft quickly produced cunning. If I had been in Polly's place, how I should have hated myself. She opened the casement, and, first observing that no one was nigh, she threw the bag, with all her might, as far beyond the window as she possibly could. At that minute a terrific flash of lightning was followed by a peal of thunder, which echoed far and near.

Did Polly repent her guilt at that awful moment, when the voice of God himself spoke in the storm? She heeded it not, I regret to say; fear of discovery, and the shame of it, petrified every other feeling in her heart. She went to the farthest end of the schoolroom, and began studying the lesson, which she now resolved to master, in order to induce the belief that she had been fully employed.

She had just got her lesson perfect, when Mrs. Gray and her daughter Sarah entered the room. Mrs. Gray called Polly up, heard her

the lesson—which was said perfectly—and then told her to take a book till the rest of the girls came. This she did, thinking that the child was fatigued with study, and needed a little rest. She little thought what use Polly Fielding had been making of her solitary confinement.

By this time the storm had abated; the trees, refreshed by the heavy rain that had fallen, looked beautifully green; the bees were as busy as ever; and the sun shone, as if no tempest had ever obscured its brilliancy. So it happens to human beings: storms and troubles come over them in life, and, for an hour or two, hide hope and joy; but, if we have faith and trust, the sun is sure again to shine, and all vestiges of care and trouble are removed.

A little girl of ten years years old, Jane Stacey by name, came first to school; she ran in, and with a quick glance—sharpened, alas! by guilt—Polly saw she had Leah's bag in her hand. Jane went straight up to Mrs. Gray: "Oh, ma'am," she said, "look here, I have found some one's bag, and it is all covered with mud, for I picked it up in the road."

Mrs. Gray took the bag from her hand. "It is Leah Davies's," she said; "what a careless child; she deserves punishment; I wonder her books and work are not quite spoiled. Leave it with me, Jane, and I will return it to her, with a good scolding."

You may be sure naughty Polly's heart beat at these words; but the thimble's loss had not as yet been discovered, and the children soon came trooping back to school, and so, for a time, the subject of the bag was dismissed. The reading class was called up, and Leah Davies began looking for her bag, in which was her reading-book.

Mrs. Gray quietly called the little girl to her side. "Leah," she said, "I have your bag. Jane Stacey found it lying in the road, all mud and dirt. It was very slovenly and careless of you to drop it: you deserve punishment; I shall therefore give you a column of spelling to learn, which you will get by memory after school-time."

This was a sad blow to Leah, not to be able to run off to play when school was over. She answered that she had thought she left the bag at school; and no more was said, to Polly's great relief, till lessons being over, they sat down to needlework. Leah looked in her pocket, then in her bag; but, as we well know, her silver thimble was not there. She searched about the room, and fidgetted so much, that at last Mrs. Gray called, and desired to know what she could possibly be doing.

Leah came up, the tears in her eyes, and grief in her face. "Please, ma'am, my silver thimble was in my bag, and now I can't find it anywhere."

Every one of the girls held their breath as Leah said this loudly; and with one accord everybody looked at Jane Stacey. Polly could see—for she watched the scene with a beating heart—that the little girl coloured and fidgeted on her seat. Here was the consequence she so

wickedly had foreseen—another girl would be blamed for her guilt!

Jane Stacey was called up. Now innocence often assumes the embarrassment belonging to guilt; and guilt, instead of being abashed, is sometimes bold and brazen—it was so in this case. Jane was questioned, and, stammering and trembling, declared she had never looked in the bag—that she knew nothing about the thimble, had never seen it; and then the poor child, sensitively alive to the idea of being thought a thief, burst into a loud fit of crying. Only one there knew how truly she spoke—that was the real culprit herself, who came to listen with the rest, for the loss of Leah's thimble had disturbed the order and business of the little assembly.

Leah loudly declared the thimble was in her bag, and the strings, she added, drew so closely that she was sure the thimble had not fallen in the road.

Mrs. Gray rose up from her chair: "No one has passed the road," she said, "but you children, since school began. I shall go and look on the path and the road myself; if it is not there, some one has either picked it up, or I fear Jane, indeed, is keeping that which is not her own!"

She went out as she spoke, charging the children to keep within while she searched. She soon returned, and said that she had examined every corner and crevice, but no thimble was there. Jane Stacey was then searched, but nothing was found in her pocket or her bag; still she was suspected of having hid the thimble in some safe place. She was sent home in disgrace, and desired not to return to school till she could clear herself.

And the true thief—how did she feel?

School was dismissed early, and Polly wandered up and down the green where her mother's cottage was, without daring to look at her ill-gotten treasure. The silver thimble, which was now transferred to her pocket, seemed to its conscience-stricken possessor to weigh her down like lead. She did not know in the least what to do with it: she feared taking it home, lest her mother should see it. At one time she thought of throwing it down in the school-room, that some of the girls might find it and restore it to Leah; but her avarice would not permit that. At last she put the thimble in a little box, and hid it in an outhouse used by the cottagers to put faggots of wood, straw, and such things in. She looked at it once every day, and that was all the gratification she reaped from her sin. She had caused Mrs. Gray to lose two scholars. Leah's mother (Mrs. Davies) was so vexed at her child's loss, that—very unreasonably—she would not let her go again to school. As for Jane Stacey, Mrs. Gray would not receive her. She owned the child might be innocent, but said she dared not run the risk of her corrupting her other school-fellows.

Polly soon hated school so much, that she persuaded her mother to let her stay away on the plea of illness—and, indeed, this became no



excuse soon, for Polly's evil conscience made her bodily ill. The sick girl bore a load of guilt that indeed weighed her down; but she could not bring herself to confess that one moment of temptation had lured her to forget every lesson taught by her minister, her school-mistress, her Bible itself. She dared scarcely look at the thimble now: she started at every shadow, and once, when she was in the village, returning from a solitary stroll, seeing Mr. Jackson, the constable, coming quickly towards her, she set off running, and hid herself for hours in a copse before she durst venture home. Her young companions and Mrs. Gray were very sorry to hear of her ill-health—they were quite unsuspecting of the cause. Leah Davies, now, had quite given over her thimble; and poor Jane Stacey was losing all her schooling. Jane's innocence, however, sustained her, although her mother had been very angry, and had gone to the school, and scolded both the mistress and the scholars for their unjust suspicions.

These village children had two school-feasts in the course of a year—one at Christmas and the other at Midsummer. Mrs. Gray was not rich enough to provide a treat for her young people on these occasions; everyone, therefore, contributed a halfpenny a-week, and some of the visiting ladies of Thortree-dale added a trifle to these contributions. Buns, milk, and tea made a little feast for these simple folks, and were to them quite as good as negus and rout-cakes, trifles and mince-pies to little ladies and gentlemen.

The Midsummer feast came on a few weeks after the affair of the silver thimble. The Sunday previous to its celebration Polly went to church, for her mother insisted on her doing so, though she was too conscience-stricken to derive any benefit from hearing the word of God preached, knowing, as she did, that she had wilfully disobeyed the commandments of her Heavenly Father.

The sermon was preached from the text, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour;" and every word of the minister went to that poor little sinner's stricken heart—I say *poor* little sinner, because, however much we hate sin, we should always pity those who have been led into evil. Christ loved and pitied sinners, and came on earth expressly to save such; therefore we have no right to hate anyone, however evil they may be. Many repent in time, and try to lead new lives, if they are encouraged to do so by love and kind words.

Well, the sermon was not half-finished, when the congregation were startled by a cry and a heavy fall. It was Polly, who, stung by feelings of remorse and shame, which she could no longer conceal or repress, had uttered that piteous cry, and so had fallen down in a fainting fit. She was taken quickly out of church, and led home by her pitying friends, who were far from surmising the real cause of her sudden illness.

On the following Tuesday the Midsummer

school-feast took place. Leah Davies had obtained leave from her mother to be present on this occasion; and at five o'clock the children were at the height of their happy and innocent revel. About that hour Polly Fielding, her face flushed, her eyes unnaturally bright, ran into Mrs. Stacey's cottage, where was Jane, sitting quietly at work, alone. Polly seized hold of the frightened child: "You come, Jane, with me, directly!" Polly said, in a wild excited tone.

"Goodness!" said Jane, "what is the matter, Polly Fielding? I can't leave the house till mother comes home: she is gone to take some eggs—"

Polly cut short all further description: "Don't tell me," she said—"you *must* come, I tell you; everything depends on it! Here, here, is your bonnet," she added, reaching it from the nail on which it usually hung.

"But where to?" Jane asked.

"Where to?—to school, to be sure!"

"They are having their feast to-day," Jane said, with a swelling heart, as the memory of her wrongs rose before her—"mother said I was on no account to go near the school-house."

"If you don't you'll repent it!" Polly cried. "Come," she said, "or else my heart, perhaps, will fail me!"

And as she spoke she dragged the reluctant Jane out of the house, and running hard—for Jane was forced to keep up with her—they reached the school-house just as a game of "All in a ring" was commenced.

It was the work of a moment for Polly to drag the wondering and reluctant Jane into the centre of that ring, and to throw herself on her knees before the astonished Mrs. Gray, who was sharing the children's sports.

"Please I have been very wicked; and Jane is quite innocent! I took Leah's thimble, and—and I have never been happy since, indeed I have not! But Mr. Dawson said, on Sunday, if we confessed our sins, and tried to make amends, God will forgive us: I have brought the thimble back, and brought Jane too—poor Jane! I have been so sorry! I threw the bag out of the window into the dirt—oh, pray all of you forgive me! for I am very wicked, and very, very miserable!"

Only those who have been the praised and petted pupil of a whole school can guess what Polly suffered in making this confession. Now that she had made it, however, great as the shame was she felt, her heart seemed lightened from a heavy load.

Mrs. Gray was much surprised and vexed: she had suffered herself to be unjust, and therefore at first was disposed to be severe. Polly's action, however, testified her sincerity; and when, at the end of a speech to the astonished pupils, Leah Davies received back her silver thimble, that forgiving child stepped forward and kissed Polly warmly—an example, I am happy to say, followed by every one of the children, who assured her, now she was good, everyone would love her just the same as if she had never taken the thimble.

Polly wept faster than before, but they were tears of joy now.

"And now," said Mrs. Gray, as the children prepared to renew their sports, and some of them volunteered to sit with Polly if she would look on, "mind one thing, girls—whoever shall

tell Polly Fielding of her great fault, now that she has repented, will never be asked to a school-feast again—do you hear?"

The children clapped their hands, and, I am glad to say, for many feasts they all met together at Mrs. Gray's school.

## OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

**THE ROMANCE AND ITS HERO.** Two Vols. By the Author of "*Magdalen Stafford*." (*London: Bell and Daldy*.)—This is a charmingly-written story, fresh in style, and with a sufficiently interesting plot to keep the reader in a pleasant state of uncertainty touching the *dénouement*, till that crisis is quite, or very nearly, effected. A young girl, leading a lonely life in the desolate grandeur of an ancient house, without other companions than birds and flowers, and the occasional and unsatisfying discourse of the housekeeper and a dependent village-girl, bethinks her of writing a romance, and taking the picture of the Duke of Monmouth (in the gallery) for the model of her hero's outward looks—never gets further. There is no strength in her combinations: the qualities with which she would endow him refuse to consolidate, and her hero remains an outline which she finds herself unable to fill up; but instead of her mental romance, we have her own: the story of her life, from day to day, till the shadowy hero grows into reality; and the romance is finished when he has won her.

"A romance, indeed!" cried Mabel Annesley, as, with an impatient jerk, she turned a page in the eagerly-devoured volume that lay on her knee. "A romance, indeed! and not a hero in it. I could write as good a one myself." And flinging the book away from her, with an energy that characterized all her movements, she clasped her hands above her head, and threw herself back in a chair of state, where she lounged, not ungracefully, beneath a faded canopy. With closed eyes she went on with a vision that often occupied her in her disengaged hours, and they were many, in her seasons of loneliness, and they were not few. She had a dreamy, distant notion of one day committing her visions to writing—a vague idea of awaking some morning, and finding herself famous. Only one thing troubled her, and that was the misty, indefinite character of her hero.

\* \* \* \* \*

No wonder that Mabel was a dreamer. No wonder her dreams took such a colouring. When now she unclosed her eyes, it was to find the day dying out, and the pale twilight stealing up the lofty room where she sat alone.

There was a profound silence within; only a door below flapped backwards and forwards with the awful regularity of a minute-gun from a sinking vessel. A great moth whirled up and down the room; a half-opened casement creaked on its rusty

hinges. Shadows crept slowly along the wall, and the plaintive night-wind was sighing through the silent sky. Mabel rose, and stepped stately down from the dais, to the polished floor below. All her movements were peculiar. Now she paced along, like a young queen amidst a crowd of admiring courtiers. And she was queen where she stood—queen of the desolate old mansion—queen amidst the forsaken portraits—queen everywhere but in the bare music-room at the end of the long gallery, whither her steps were now directed. There she owned her subject state, and thence at this moment there came a low booming sound, as of a violoncello, streaming down the empty passages, and waking mournful echoes in the deserted chambers. Mabel moved on towards these sounds, and as she turned the handle of the door, the young queen descended into a shy, daunted-looking girl, who asked, rather timidly, whether Uncle David would like coffee?

The person thus addressed was a spare, feeble, little man, with a small pale face, a wide mouth, and projecting forehead, from which what had been a profusion of fair hair, but was now a mass of grey locks, was flung back in artistic confusion. The little man lifted his eyes. What eyes they were! glowing like burning coal. And with an appealing aspect, he let the bow that he held in his jewelled right hand fall gracefully to the ground.

"At such a moment," he said, plaintively, "to be asked such a question!"

This Uncle David—who has spent years in the composition of an opera, the bringing out of which is the great object of his life—is one of the most carefully-drawn characters in the book. Disinherited by his father, in consequence of his musical predilections; his younger brother also forfeits the estate in consequence of a *mésalliance* with a girl of great beauty and talent, the orphan-daughter of a musical composer, who had been entrusted by her father to his friend David's guardianship. Mabel is the child of this union, and resides (for both parents and grandfather are dead) in the old home with Uncle David, who remains there on sufferance at the hands of Herbert Annesley, who has come into the property in consequence of the will of David, who, right or wrong, had named a distant relative as his successor. The readers of "*Magdalen Stafford*," and of "*Bertha's Home*," will remember with how vivid a pen our author sketches the lineaments of Nature. A keen sense of its beauty, seconded by accuracy of description,



constitutes a pleasing characteristic of her writings. She never mars a sylvan picture with a blossom out of season, or a plant out of place; and this power, so pleasingly exhibited in her previous novels, is not less graphically exercised in the present story. Let us take, for instance, the following paragraph:

They passed through the old gateway, with its carved escutcheon and crumbling motto—"Let Annesley wear what Annesley won!"—beneath the tall elms, along the winding path that, down the steep bank, led to the lower park. The deer raised their stately fronts to gaze at them, but withdrew not from their approach; and the swan ruffled the pond to the centre, and floated there noiselessly, whilst it returned their gaze. They crossed the head of the pond by a narrow plank, and entered a tangled plantation, where black and white notices liberally informed the pilgrim, that man-traps were set there, and trespassers would be prosecuted. It was a mere figure of speech: man-traps had not been there in the memory of man; and an action for trespass was an obsolete usage. The two girls crept along under hazel-boughs and saplings that stretched across the path, till they reached a stile that led down a winding path into a pretty meadow, bordered on one side by the flowery bank that sloped up into the wood; on the other by a still brown stream bordered by rushes and yellow flags. Midway up the bank a service-tree, twined into a bowyer of briar-roses and honey-suckle, shaded a group of grey-stones, beside which, yellow ranunculus and azure forget-me-nots sprang up in rank luxuriance. A little track of red earth, worn in the green turf, led up to it; and thither the two friends directed their steps.

There are evident signs of clearer apprehension of the mystery of novel-writing than in either of her former volumes. The characters are more varied and numerous, and, as in the case of Mrs. Lindsay, the sentimental, worldly, selfish sister of Uncle David,

—"now pathetically alluding to Love's young dream; anon, breaking off to admire the shade of Mabel's silk dress, and passing over it the hand that had just dried away her tears, to confirm herself in the conviction that it was—"French, my dear!" with no small sense of satire."

Mrs. Francis Maynard, too, is cleverly sketched; though she becomes a little *de trop* before we have done with her; and we cannot but feel impatient at finding Mabel converted into a mere automaton in her hands. The scene at the inn is a new reading of an old situation, very exciting; but still it is the road-side inn, dreary and suspicious, and the hearse-like bed which has so often figured in romance. The gipsies, too, and the prophecy are incidents rather out of date; yet they are cleverly introduced and described: witness the picture of the old woman, as yellow as a buttercup, the outline of whose face was traced altogether by deep, rigid wrinkles, so lifeless, so little human, that but for the glowing eyes, you might have taken it for a clever piece of carving; and moreover there is a flavour of mystery and fear in such recitals, that the young and impressionable will always relish. Taken as a whole, the tale will find many admirers,

and add to the popularity which the author has already attained. We shall say nothing of the hero, nor attempt to outline the romance; but we cannot refrain from taking one other extract, in proof of the graphic power of the author:

"Change here for Mudborne!" And through the dark cold air, the chimes of Lakely broke the silence of the dawn. Then there was a disagreeable interval, spent in the miserable waiting-room, until the train arrived that was to convey him on to Mudborne. So, still striving to arrange his ideas, and still haunted by that inglorious headache, he at last proceeded to that delightful locality, from whence there was a coach to Sandybar. Yes, one of those cheery cherry-cheeked conveyances, with whose charms the rising generation are all unacquainted! It had been a celebrated fast coach in the days when coaches were fast, and still retained its title of "The Lightning," though considerably diminished in speed since the time when it had earned itself that designation. By this coach you travelled—you were not conveyed merely. You lived a great many lives in the course of the day that you spent in its company. There was the early start in the pale chill dawn from Lakely, with the drowsy streets waking up to business, and the deep booming from the minster-towers. There was the pleasant freshness of the country air, that met you as you crossed the bridge; and the delicious twitter of the birds in the dew-besprinkled hedges. The cottage-children on their way to school grouped round the stile as you passed; the bigger girls holding the little ones in their arms to look at the pretty coach and horses. And next, up a long vista of arching elms, you had a glimpse of a stately pile, where, you were told, my Lord was entertaining a sight of company. To this succeeded a sunny village edging a green, with a large pond in the middle, and a group of sycamores at the churchyard-gate. You and the coach were a great object of attraction. You understood the pleasure of making a sensation in the world; thought largely, too, of the profound repose prevailing, that made your advent of such importance. Then there was the wayside inn, where you changed horses, and where some interminable story was always going on about a bag that went up last time. Pass that inn as often as you might, you found that story still without an end. Then, after a sweep through wooded banks that brought you out upon smiling pastures, you came to a row of ugly ill-built cottages, with groups of dirty children playing about them, and were told that you were coming to Mudborne, where the coach would dine. The ugly cottages became closer and thicker, and after giving way to a series of dingy lugubrious shops, with last year's bonnets in the windows, and the shopmen all watching the coach from over their counters, expanded into a street of uglier taller lead-coloured houses, with white blinds to all the windows, and a flight of steps to the doors, each of which bore a brass knocker, and perhaps a small brass plate, enjoining you to knock and ring. Your first impression of Mudborne invariably was—

No matter what. The reader will find it for himself, and thank us for our recommendation of these volumes!

WOMAN'S SPHERE AND WORK. By W. Landells, Minister of Regent's Park Chapel. (London: Nisbet and Co.)—Our readers, like ourselves, must be thoroughly weary of this

subject, to which we have been treated *ad nauseam*; a masculine view of it was, however, a novelty, and we were fain to hope—from the character of the writer's pulpit oratory—of another type from the dull, didactic homilies, periodically poured out upon the wives, mothers, and daughters of England. The substance of the volume, we are told, was originally delivered in a series of lectures—a condition less open to criticism than its present form, and in which its compilative character was perfectly fair and less easily recognizable; but in a substantive work, this crowding of paragraph upon paragraph from the writings of others argues a dearth of original reflection on the part of the appropriator, and reduces his labour to that of an intelligent and skilful collector of other writers' thoughts. This is the more to be regretted, because wherever the author has expressed his own impressions, an earnest and affectionate spirit pervades the volume; and the language, smooth, even, and often flowery, leads one persuasively along the pages. Let us take, for instance, the following passage:

In the sick-chamber, where man has neither the quick manner nor the delicate touch, nor the assiduous attention, nor the sympathy and patience which are necessary, she moves with steps noiseless as falling snow-flakes, and speaks in a voice soft as an angel's whisper. Though subdued, she feels no embarrassing restraint, nor does the softness of her manner interfere with the promptness or efficiency of her service. Where man, by rough handling, would give pain, her touch is so gentle that it soothes the sufferer; and while everything is done for him which care or love can prompt, it is all done so quietly that, but for the offices she performs, and the comfort which she ministers, he would be unconscious of her presence.

In this way, the mildness and amiability of the author flow placidly through the windings of his theme. He has whole bouquets of compliments at command, and scatters them liberally amongst his fair auditors.

"Woman's tender and graceful form was never designed for jostling on the world's highways, or wrestling in its strife, or breasting its storms. Its weakness requires the shelter of the home, which its gracefulness is fitted to adorn."

There is more sense in the following paragraph. The author is arguing against the occupation of women in any public sphere, and, taking his example very far down in the scale of such labour, he observes:

When we look at women who have become coarse in the expression of their features, and ungainly in form and in movement through the weight of their daily toil, we see the folly of those who would make women the equal, or the rival, instead of the helpmeet of man; and feel indignant that, since many of our women must earn their own livelihood, we have not a more natural division of labour, which would assign to man the heavier, and to woman the lighter kinds of work. How the matter is to be mended we know not; but certainly it is not to be complacently tolerated, in a Christian land, that women should be toiling in the fields like slaves, while able-bodied

men are counting thimbles, or measuring tape, or doing other in-door work for which woman's lighter touch renders her better qualified.

Again, in the chapter on womanly qualifications, the following remarks are well worth the consideration of those to whom they are addressed:

Deem no knowledge beneath you, whether it relates to marketing, or cooking, or anything else which will be of service to you when you have to spend your husband's income to the best advantage, and, with limited means, to supply the wants and promote the comfort of a growing family. It may seem very refined to be ignorant of the price of various articles, and the use of others; but it is a refinement which does not fit you for being the wife of an honest man, and may prove exceedingly inconvenient in a world where men are not respected who cannot pay their way. You need not be one whit the less lady-like or refined from acquiring knowledge of this nature. The Queen of England—who might be a model to many in this respect—is not less queenly for being able to investigate her own domestic expenditure.

Many such valuable passages are scattered through the volume, which, with the drawback to its literary merit which we have named, will be found to contain much sound and amiable advice.

LILIAS; OR, FELLOWSHIP WITH GOD. By a Lady. (Nesbit and Co., London.)—A beautiful story for young people, by one who evidently understands them well, and can enter into all their joys and sorrows; their quick conceptions of, and aspirations after, excellence; and their difficulties, trials, and temptations in attaining to it. The story is of a little girl, intelligent, full of fine impulses, and of a generous disposition; but quick, passionate, and impatient—faults that, partly by the careful teaching and judicious discipline of a wise and loving father, partly by her efforts at self-improvement, and lastly by a bitter breaking down of her young pride and joy in sudden blindness, are eventually overcome. Here is a little peep of Liliat at play. A party of young friends are staying with her.

The desires of the children for a wet day were fully gratified, for the morning rose with such a clouded sky and such heavy rains that there appeared every prospect that none of the party would be able to get out of doors that day. The time did not, however, pass so pleasantly as the day before; the home resources had been in some measure exhausted, and besides this, Liliat had begun to forget her good resolutions, and had been rather cross and pettish. Josephine wished to play with the dolls again, and Lily had set her mind on a game of battledore with Johnny, and would not give it up; and then the little girls were very near quarrelling, and would have quite done so had not Gertrude (who was always watchful for opportunities of pleasing and helping others, and ready to give up her own pleasure, if, by doing so, she could minister to that of others) good-naturedly left her employment, and went to play at dolls and doctors with the little girl. All, however, went on pretty smoothly until after dinner. Then the long confinement to the house began to tell, and the children all became rather dull, and some of



them rather contradictory. Lilius had a pretty kitten, called Tiny, of which she was very fond. Josephine wanted Tiny to lie on her lap; but Tiny had a will of her own, and, springing off Josephine's knee, climbed up Lily's frock, and established herself on her shoulder, and then began to pull at Lily's curls, and comb them with her claws, as she was accustomed to do.

"Of course, she will come to her own mistress," said Lily, stroking the little creature; "of course she will. I should not love you a bit, Tiny, if you did not love me the best of all in the world!"

"Oh! of course, indeed!" replied Josephine, pettishly; "of course she does come to you, because you coax her away from everyone else; and it is only because you feed her. If I had some milk or meat, I would soon get her back."

Lily fired up. "You would not! You would never get her away from me. If you were to feed her all day long, she would not love you. She loves me, though, pretty dear!" added she, caressing her little pet, "and I never feed her, or scarcely ever. Stupid little thing you are, Josephine!"

"Lilius!" said Maud.

Lilius blushed, and looked ashamed. Her sister's glance had reminded her that she had resolved not to be selfish any more, nor to try always to be first. It brought to her mind those better feelings; and, taking the kitten gently from her shoulder, she placed her in Josephine's lap, saying as she did so—"I didn't mean it, Josephine. You shall have her: I'll soon make her stay with you!" And, stroking her little favourite, she soon got her to settle on Josephine's lap; and, shewing her friend how to please the little purring pet, by rubbing its throat and letting it lie without holding it so tight as she had before, she had soon the pleasure of seeing Tiny at high play on Josephine's lap, and needed not Maud's affectionate glance of approval to give her the higher pleasure of feeling that she had conquered self.

In this natural way the writer of "Lilius" teaches her happy lessons. Caught in a thunder-storm, in one of the lovely coves on the coast of Devonshire, where the kind father, Mr. Hope, had been passing the summer's day with his children, Lilius is struck by lightning, and is carried home blind and insensible. She for some weeks remains unconscious of her calamity; but

The exceeding woe of her father, when this fact first broke on his mind, may be imagined. There was no help for him but in his God; yet Mr. Hope could say, confidently, "I know in whom I have believed!" He could recognize a Father's hand, even in this dire affliction; and, though himself almost overwhelmed with grief, it was he who comforted the sorrowing brothers and sisters; it was he who tried to console the poor nurse, who, broken down under the sorrow that had fallen on her darling, could not be comforted.

As the poor sufferer slowly recovered consciousness and reason, she began to ask for more light, and to inquire for the morning; and the doctor, in order to delay her perception of her misfortune till her recovery was more advanced, ordered her eyes to be bandaged, that she might suppose her eyes were weak, and submit for a time to wear it. But by-and-bye, as she gained strength, it fell to her father's lot to break the

sadness to her; and Lilius, tearing off the handkerchief that had hitherto shielded her from this grievous knowledge, refused to believe she was blind, till, finding no light came to her, she gave way to such violent and impetuous lamentations that she again became very ill. When we again meet her,

Lilius was even more altered than her father. She was now a fair, delicate-looking child, very slight, and even thin; and the joyous expression which used always to gladden her countenance had changed into a mournful, and perhaps rather sullen, look. Her hair, which used to hang in long curls down on her back, had all been cut off in her illness, and now clustered in close curls all over her head, completely laying bare her fine high forehead and temples, to which the extreme blueness of the veins gave a peculiarly delicate appearance. She was lying on a couch, near the open window, her little thin hand resting on her father's knee, who sat by her, and had apparently been reading to her. He had now, however, ceased to do so, and was at that moment sorrowfully gazing on the child. At length he rose, and, leaning over her couch, kissed her tenderly, and, drawing her into his arms, he rested her head on his shoulder, as he seated himself on the edge of her couch, and there kissed her again and again. As he did so, the tears suddenly flowed down her cheeks, and heavy sobs rose audibly on his ear.

"What is it, my child?" he asked. "Why does my Lily cry so sadly? Tell me, dearest, what it is."

"I am sorry, papa," sobbed the child, nestling into his bosom, and trying to still the agitation that his affectionate manner had brought to a crisis; for before he spoke, one silent tear and her look of sorrow had alone indicated that a struggle was going on in her heart. "It is of no use to say anything about it, papa. I did not mean to vex you; it was only that something made a choking feeling come in my throat, and then I could not help crying."

"What was it, darling? What made that feeling come? Tell me, dear!" said Mr. Hope.

"I think it was part of what you were reading, papa," replied Lilius. "But never mind; don't you cry too, papa. Never mind!"

"What was it, my precious child? Was it that the beautiful scenes of which I was reading were bringing your loss to your remembrance?"

Lilius was silent. She liked to brood over her grief, but not to speak of it.

"Tell me, my child, was it so?"

\* \* \* \* \*

"Oh, papa! how shall I ever bear it? Never to see you, and dear Maudie, and Mabel again; nor my brothers! Never to see the flowers, and the birds, and the lambs! Oh, papa! I would rather have died at once!" And, giving way to her emotions, the poor child sobbed with almost hysterical distress.

Mr. Hope still sat on Lily's couch, and held her in his arms; and now, gently soothing, he suffered her to weep unrestrainedly for a few moments, until her excited feelings were in a measure relieved. Then he spoke:

"My child, you know whose hand it is that has thus stricken you. My darling says it would have been better to die than thus to lose the sight of all the dear familiar objects. If the choice were given to papa, and he could dare choose, he would rather have himself died; or what my child thinks is even worse, he would far rather have been made blind himself than that his precious little one should lose

the power of sight. But, thank God, we have not had to choose! We should have chosen wrong, darling. What we have to do is to try to accept God's will—to have the same will with Him, so as not ever to wish things to be otherwise than He appoints them for us. Try to do so, my child! I give you that for your aim in life. Aim always to consent to his will, dearest; not only to bear it with what is called resignation, but to accept it!"

From the specimen we have given, our readers will comprehend the purpose of this interesting story. How poor Lily eventually learned to follow the affectionate teachings of her father, and to find comfort and light in its practice, our readers must seek for themselves. Page after page present themselves to us which we could desire to particularize in our notice; but our space is nearly exhausted, and other works claim our attention. As a gift-book for the young—and which even an adult may enjoy and reap good lessons from—we strongly recommend "*Lilias*" to our readers.

#### PERIODICALS AND PAMPHLETS.

THE ENGLISHWOMAN'S JOURNAL. (14 A, Princes-street, Cavendish-square; Piper, Stephenson, and Spence, Paternoster-row.)—

Amongst several papers of average merit in the February part of this journal, we notice particularly those entitled "*Frau Rath*," and "*The Sorrows of Estelle Lamage*," by Mary Howitt; the first, an outline-memoir of the mother of Goëthe, adds another proof—if one were wanting—of the influence that affectionate and clever mothers have in forming the minds of great men. Married to a man whom she had never loved, though we are told she greatly respected him, and whose cold, formal, silent nature was the very opposite of her own enthusiastic and loving disposition, the birth of the little Wolfgang filled her with a joy that knew no bounds; and love for her children, but especially for this first-born, who had, in her own language, first "kindled the holy flame of a mother's love," filled up the heart of Frau Rath; and what with her tenderness, and indulgence, and lively fancy—which afforded her abundant materials for stories and fairy-tales (the nursery pabulum of many a fine imagination)—she won his heart as completely as he held hers, and preserved the confidence and affection of the "Great Goëthe" as entirely as she had done that of the little passionate Wolfgang, between whom and his father she had so often to act the part of a peace-maker. When, in 1755, the great earthquake took place which destroyed Lisbon,

Frau Rath was deeply moved, and from this period dates the more intimate intercourse she held with the pious Fräulein Von Klettenberg, whose con-

fession of faith Goëthe has immortalised in "*Wilhelm Meister*," as the "*Confession of a Beautiful Soul*." Frau Rath's belief in God's special providence, and in His all-wise counsels, though human hearts could not understand them, grew with this event, while the mind of the boy took the opposite direction. His faith was shaken, and the impressions which this formidable event left on the mind and fancy of the ardent boy, contained at the same time the genius of his later worship of Nature. The contrast in mother and son is as beautiful and interesting as it is instructive: both start, as it were, from the same point, diverge apparently in opposite directions, but, having divested themselves of all misty elements, meet again in the great centre of human existence, which is Love. Goëthe had to struggle through all the seductive errors to which an ardent spirit is inevitably exposed; but when the development of his mind was completed, when all wild passions were rocked to rest, his creed was as simple as his mother's. He understood the unity of the universe, he felt the boundless beauty of its relations and adaptations to mankind, and with humble spirit he bent his knee before the Sublime Cause of all creation.

A cheerful and active mind appears to have been the great charm of Frau Rath's long life, both as it concerned herself and others. Her amiability never left her, and her intellect and vivacity continued to the end, when we find her giving directions for her funeral, and particularly desiring that the cakes for the bearers should be well stuffed with raisins; for, says she, "I never could endure any confectionary without them." She maintained a numerous correspondence with the most illustrious men of her day; and her letters, though not always correct in grammar or spelling, teem with vitality and vigorous intellect. "*The Sorrows of Estelle Lamage*" is a tragical story of French village-life, very gracefully told. "Words about Actresses," might have been a more attractive paper, without any loss of truthfulness. "*Colleges for Girls*" draws attention, very properly, to both sides of this educational question, and is well worth the notice of parents.

THE GENIUS OF THE BLIND. By Edward H. White. (London: James Martin, 9, Lisson Grove, Marylebone.)—The preface and introduction to this poem puts it at once out of the pale of criticism, being simply an appeal to philanthropy on the ground of a physical misfortune. Under these circumstances, all we have to do is to notice the existence of the poem; at the same time assuring our readers that a great deal of research and ingenuity is exhibited in thus bringing together, from the times of Homer to its latest instance, the various blind persons remarkable for their attainments in various ways. One living Sister of Song has curiously escaped the notice of the author—we find no mention of Frances Browne, a contemporary with no mean claims to a place in the metrical category of "*The Genius of the Blind*."



## AMUSEMENTS OF THE MONTH.

## ROYAL PRINCESS'S.

There is nothing new at this house, the revived revivals continue to attract large audiences, the latest being "A Midsummer Night's Dream." The scenic glory in which this brilliant and most affluently poetical of all Shakespeare's plays is set, completes the charm of its describeless beauty, the realization of which depends so much on individual temperament and imagination. In these spring-like days, with summer-flowers impatiently coming into blossom, it is curious to recur to the existence of pantomimes, with their Christmas memories. Yet here, as elsewhere, the pantomime makes a nightly feature of the entertainment, and not the least delightful part to some.

## THE ADELPHI.

The appearance of Mr. Wright has afforded intense satisfaction to the patrons of this charming house, judging from the enthusiasm which greeted his entry, and gave so much meaning to the title of the piece—"Welcome Little Stranger," in which one evening last month he re-appeared on the site of so many former meetings with an Adelphi audience. In the meanwhile we have the revival of Messrs. Tom Taylor and Charles Reade's "Masks and Faces," the original acting of Mr. Webster in which we well remember, and time has not deadened the pathos of his acting, any more than it has shadowed the keenness of our own memory; only the *Peg Woffington*, who then moved our tears, and stirred thoughts that lay deeper than them, was impersonated by another mistress of histrionic art. The talent of the lady who enacts the part of the famous actress (Miss Woolgar) is so well known and so thoroughly appreciated, that to say she does full justice to the character is trite praise. In acting as in writing, the subject receives its peculiar colouring from the individual who represents it; every different mind is capable of giving a different impression, of clothing it with an ideality of its own, and thus the exquisitely delineated *Peg Woffington* of the Haymarket is as exquisitely delineated at the Adelphi, with the difference of equal *artistes*.

## HAYMARKET.

Miss Amy Sedgwick, as *Hester*, in the "Unequal Match," made the principal figure in the bills of this house, at the period of our going to press. This comedy is too well known to our readers to require fresh comments at our hands. The characters throughout have been well cast, and included the best force of the Haymarket company. Those of our readers who have not seen "Undine" (if there be any?), would do well to pay a visit to the pantomimists, before the reign of their wonders melts away with the approach of Easter.

## ROYAL POLYTECHNIC.

Music and the Salamander are chief attractions to the crowd at this establishment, and, judging from the eagerness with which this visible exposure of a living being to the flames is looked for, enables us to comprehend how our ancestors hustled one another at Smithfield to catch the best view of the burning of a heretic. Query—Is science, or morbid curiosity, best served by this exhibition?

## VOCAL ASSOCIATION.

The first dress concert of this society has been one of the noticeable events of the past month—not only in musical circles, but, judging from the large and elegantly-dressed audience that filled St. James's Hall on the occasion, in the realms of fashion also. Beethoven's grand overture to Leonora (Fidelio No. 3), charmingly performed, made a proper prelude to the three beautiful songs of Handel which followed. After which came the crowning delight of the evening—Sterndale Bennett's exquisite pastoral, the "May Queen," in which the members of the Vocal Association displayed unequivocal proofs of intelligent musical appreciation, as well as of careful training and industrious practice. In the absence of the first English tenor (Mr. Sims Reeves), the lover's part fell to Mr. Wilby Cooper, who sang the airs entrusted to him with great taste and expression; the delicious song, "O meadow, clad in early green!" was most artistically rendered; nor was the "May Queen" less happily rendered by Miss Stabbach; nothing could be more graceful than her singing of the charming solo, "With the carol in the tree,"—which was rapturously encored—with its fresh and breezy chorus and accompaniment. Miss Palmer (Queen of England) gave with care the music allotted to her while Mr. Saintly (bass) received the honour of an *encore*, in the fine ballad, "'Tis Jolly to Hunt," which only needed a little more animation to have been perfect.

The second part of the concert opened with the "Fest" overture of M. Benedict—a grand and spirited composition, into the performance of which the orchestra entered *con amore*. Of Meyerbeer's "Pater noster" we have our own opinion. The cathedral character of the music may seem scarcely fitted for a concert-room (if indeed fine music can ever be out of place), but was listened to with a wrapt attention, that spoke eloquently of its impression on the audience—an impression impossible, save in instances of high-class devotional vocal music. We have heard it twice, each time with increased pleasure, and have had occasion to remark the care with which it has been delivered by the members of

the association, who have evidently worked hard to overcome the peculiar difficulties of this composer's style, and with a very promising degree of success. A part-song by Otto Goldschmidt, "Come when the dawn of morn is breaking," showy and gay, was well received, and bids fair to be a favourite with singers and audience. Subsequently, Mendelssohn's "In the Forest"—full, grand, and satisfying—was finely sung. The improvement in the choir is quite remarkable, and reflects the greatest credit on the care and ability of the talented conductor. In the meantime, we beg to inform our readers that, on Wednesday evening, March 2,

"The Ave Maria," composed by Mendelssohn for the opera of "Loreley," will be produced, for the first time in public, at the performance of the Vocal Association, to which society E. Buxton, Esq., has kindly conceded the exclusive right of performing "The Ave Maria." To add a greater interest to the work, the whole of the finale to the first act of the opera of "Loreley" will be produced. Madame Catherine Hayes will sing the soprano music. Another feature of the evening's performance will be Dr. Bennett's "May Queen." The band and choir, under the direction of M. Benedict, will number 400 performers.

## FINE ARTS.

### THE THIRD EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF FEMALE ARTISTS, AT THE GALLERY, 7, HAYMARKET.

This society, although in its infancy, has made rapid improvements, and as there are so few opportunities for ladies to employ *profitably* their talents, we hail with much pleasure the position which female artists are likely to obtain as a *body*. There is an old saying, that women never agree with one another, but are always requiring the aid of the stronger sex to put them right; we trust this society will be an exception to the rule, and that members long known to the world will encourage by their counsel the efforts that the younger sisterhood are making to gain a reputation. The art of painting is so quiet in a home, it does not interfere with domestic duties, nor take the artist out of her social sphere; it teaches her to think, and opens her eyes to the wondrous beauties of Nature; to her the smallest blade of grass has its light and shade, the leafy or the barren trees have each their peculiar charms; sublime beauty, such as Miss Gillies has shown in "Vivia Perpetua in Prison," down to the stolid, homely expression of Mrs. Valentine Bartholomew's "Watercress Boy," are alike objects of interest, such as only painters can understand.

"A Dish of Apples," by the latter artist, are so ripe and juicy that we long to taste them.

Look at Mrs. Wither's "Winter Berries," how they teach us to admire Nature in her coldest mood! See how crisp are those holly-leaves!

Pause before Mrs. Dundas Murray's "Holy Island." How the transparent waves roll over and over, and what motion there is in the vessels! "Bamborough Castle," from North and South, are also by the talented secretary of this society.

"I've got a Fedder," by Mrs. Backhouse, is

boldly handled;—a little girl decorating her old torn bonnet with a long, trailing sea-weed. How the vain little minx revels in her attire! how those eyes sparkle with delight at this imaginary feather!

"Children Minding their Mother's Stall" is by the same hand—a sweet composition, but the vessel in the corner, which is passing some boats, is heavy and ineffective.

"The Comrades," by Miss Tekusch, is ably delineated. The attitude of the boy, drinking water from his hand, is as vigorous as Murillo.

Very different in style, yet equally good, is "The Hop-picker," by Sarah Hewett. What a broad touch is here, and how well the figures are grouped!

There is much grandeur in the conception of "The Capuchin Monk," which augurs well for the fame of Mrs. Christie.

Miss Emma Walter has some pictures of "Fruit" and "Flowers." Experience will soon teach her to subdue her bright colouring.

"A Dead Pheasant," by Miss Townsend, is vividly painted. The burnished gold on the feathers makes us wish that it had life to expand them.

Adelaide Burgess has "A Normandy Girl," full of vivacity. Few people could resist her entreaties to buy "*Les jolies Fleurs*."

Mrs. Elizabeth Murray, of Teneriffe, is scarcely so powerful this year; but there is a breadth and depth in her treatment hitherto rarely reached by a female hand. Her style is varied. Witness her exquisite sketch of "Bellagio, Lake Como," where the mountains seem to melt in the mist of a hot summer's day.

Mrs. Robertson Blaine has a powerful "Study of a Head," and a grand picture of "The Colossi Thebes at Sunrise."

Miss S. Wilkes' "Sunset on Hampstead-heath," will make many a weary worker long to go and see the reality.



Why, when the "Flowers" of earth are so beautiful, should Mrs. Wilkinson depict those queer ones from Dreamland?

How truthful and refreshing are the late Mrs. Spicer's "Transcripts from Nature"!

Mrs. Bodichon (late Barbara Smith) sends two of her beautiful unique drawings: "The Pine Swamp," and "The Arab Tomb"; the style is very original.

Miss Kate Swift has two charming paintings in oil: one, "I love to look upon a Scene like this," where a mother plays with her children at the cottage door; the other, "Taking up a Stitch," the arch expression of the little girl is in a fine contrast with the serious face of the old woman.

Mrs. Swift's "Pet" is worthy of Landseer, so is the dog's head in Mrs. E. M. Ward's pretty picture of "The Suppliant."

Lady Belcher exhibits three subjects, showing her versatile talent. "Interior of a Fisherman's Hut" is well-conceived, but the flesh-tints are not sufficiently clear.

Louisa Rayner's "Christ Church Gateway,

Canterbury," is honestly treated, with true architectural effect.

Mrs. Spencer Lewen has also shown skill in "The Church of St. Sauveur Caen."

Miss Sewell's "Bon Church, near Ventnor," is a faithful representation—a little too raw in colour.

Marianne Stowe has some beautiful studies in landscape. Nor must we forget to notice Florence Peel's extraordinary one, "A Study of Nature," where she illustrates her own quotation, proving that elaborate detail is not incompatible with the general effect. This is, indeed, a fine work of art.

Want of space prevents other interesting subjects being named.

We can only hope that the public will patronize this unique Exhibition, so that the energetic committee will be enabled to secure, in future, a *permanent* room, for a change of locality is not very advantageous to a rising and novel Society.

O. O. O.

## THE TOILET.

(Especially from Paris.)

**FIRST FIGURE.**—Robe of Prussian-blue *moire antique* [our artist has given us a wrong colour], made with a double skirt, bordered with black velvet, placed *à cheval*: the second jupe is lightly caught up, and relieved by two *nœuds* of black velvet, bordered with black lace: the lower *nœud* has two long ends. High plain *corsage*, pointed, and opening at the back. The skirt is set on in great hollow plaits at the waist behind, and in simple plaits before and at the sides. On the front an ornament with three points, designated a *bavette* (a name more graphic than nice) composed of black velvet bordered with a narrow black lace. Sleeves funnel-shaped, plain above, and very wide below, ornamented with five *biais* of *moire*, and lined with white satin, with a narrow *ruche* of satin ribbon trimming the *intérieur*; on the seam of the sleeve a band of black velvet edged with lace, and finished below with a bow in harmony with those on the skirt. Under-sleeves a double *bouffant* of *tulle*. Lace collar. *Chapeau* of Prussian-blue velvet and white satin; the crown of blue satin, and double *bavolet* of the same; the front and head-piece of velvet: the *bavolets* are also bordered with velvet. On the right of the bonnet a plume of white feathers falls forward to the edge of the front. The *intérieur* is ornamented with a plaited *bandeau* of blue velvet. Cameo brooch. Rich bracelets, and *glacés* gloves. This dress is suitable to the theatre and concert-room, as well as for visits of ceremony.

**SECOND FIGURE.**—BALL DRESS.—Under-slip of *drosé-satin*; crape robe of two skirts, trimmed at the bottom with seven rows of tucks, *traversés* from istance to distance by *ruches* of blond. Pointed *corsage*, draped before and behind. Floating sleeves, *à l'odalisque*, finished with a *ruche* of white blond. At each side of the second skirt tufts of roses

and white lilac. Bouquet and shoulder-knots of the same flowers. *Coiffure*—*Cache-peigne* of roses and white lilac. Short gloves. Rich bracelets. Round handkerchief of lace. White satin shoes.

*Apropos of souliers de bal*—in spite of good taste, which reproves a mode of *chassure* so *négligée*—though really elegant women wear their dress-shoes with or without heels, with or without rosettes or *bouffants*, no one thinks of wearing them *sans des Cothurnes*. Materials for ball-dresses range from velvet and *moire* to grenadine and *tarlatane*, which latter I should personally recommend for young ladies. It is produced in all shades of colour, and is this season manufactured in a great variety of patterns, rayed, *brochée*, and embroidered; and *toilets* of *tarlatane* are always delicious in their freshness and simplicity. Robes of *tulle* are equally in favour for ball-dresses, and as they are this year brodered with flowers, or strewn over with microscopic pearls, in silk, or chenille, or gold, or silver, their richness renders them equally in favour with young ladies, whether married or single.

And now a word of walking-dresses. Here is a model marvellously *distinguée*: A robe of black satin surrounded by a blue fillet; the skirt all in one: plain *corsage*, buttoned and finished at the waist with a *ceinture*, with a bow and floating ends. The sleeves long and ample, and retained at the shoulder by a double knot of ribbon.

Another very handsome robe is composed of laurel-green poplin, trimmed with graduated ranks of velvet buttons of the same shade, from the top of the skirt to the bottom; the *corsage basquine* forms a double skirt; is ornamented up the front with green velvet buttons, and on the *revers* of the sleeves. Properly each button should be surrounded by a little frill of Chantilly lace.

## PASSING EVENTS RE-EDITED.

Mr. Slaney's bill will shortly be before the House of Commons, to facilitate the purchase of waste plots of land, near populous neighbourhoods, for playgrounds and gardens for poor children. Who can doubt the sanitary benefits of such a scheme, whether regarded from a moral or physical point of view? The indiscriminate fellowship of the streets, the bad confidences and worse counsel so often shared in them, are as contagious of vice, as the noxious atmosphere is of disease in which these small recruits for prisons and reformatories are born and live. And though we fear good air and healthful exercise will not be found a panacea for the evil, we yet believe that the removal from foulness, and squalor, and bad association, will go far to create a love of purity and of innocent happiness in the puny bosoms of those adventurers between the wheels of cabs and bodies of omnibuses, those disputants over a heap of dirt, or for the first hand in raising a mud-pie. That all children are happily affected by sunshine and fresh-air and flowers, however dark or filthy or repulsive their homes and moral training may be, anyone living near a pastoral suburb may convince themselves. Here, in summer, files of small pilgrims, unwashed and ragged, may be seen trooping out in search of buttercups and daisies, and not returning till the long, long summer day is done; when you see them streaming back by twos and threes, sunburnt and weary, laden with flagging flowers, precious as golden nuggets to the digger. But the oaths and imprecations of admiration with which they have been gathered—will the playgrounds and public gardens put a stop to them? Is there to be a curator of the boys' and girls' behaviour and language, as well as of the greenward and flowers? Judging from scenes on summer afternoons and evenings in the parks, this will be necessary, if all the goodness such institutions are capable of, is to be gained from them.

Another undertaking, replete with that broad philanthropy which recognizes in more than expression the oneness of humanity, is the

project of Penny Readings for the People; means of instruction as well as of amusement that, if wisdom guide the choice of readers and of subjects, cannot fail of becoming a grand power for the advance and enlightenment of the working-classes. A lady-friend writing on this subject observes—"I know of a country village, where some of the gentlemen kindly volunteered to give weekly readings to the labourers and their families, and one of them actually read the whole of Julius Cæsar to his agricultural auditory." In connection with these subjects of congratulation, we notice the donation of Miss Atherton, of Kersall Castle, near Manchester (a descendant of the well-known Dr. Byrom) of £5,000 to the Manchester Ragged and Industrial Schools, with a special desire that the money may be applied more particularly towards that branch of the institution which affects the education and moral training of vagrant, destitute, and disorderly children. A noble bequest, dedicated to a noble purpose. How much better this Byrom wing of a charitable building, under which shall be gathered the refuse atoms of humanity, of which beggars and thieves are made, to pass therefrom into the rank of honest workers, than any number of memorial windows!

Another fragment, full of golden promise for the heroes of social life, suggests itself. A subscription has been set on foot, within the last few days, for the courageous and humane conductor of the fire-escape of the Whitechapel district, who recently saved the lives of six persons at the imminent risk of his own, making nine within three days. Altogether this brave man has rescued ninety persons in the same parish; and, at last, the gratitude and admiration of his fellow-men overflows in its usual and (at least in this case) most useful form; and we trust that the subscription may be met in the same ungrudging and generous spirit in which Samuel Wood has confronted every form of fiery danger, to rescue his fellow-creatures from destruction. Why have we no civic crowns, no legion of merit, for such moral heroes? C. A. W.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

POETRY *accepted, with thanks*: "A Spring Song;" "The Sabbath Day;" "Do they miss me at Home?" "Daisies."

SHIRLEY GERARD.—We quite agree with our correspondent's remarks touching the effect of dialogue in giving interest to descriptive narrative, and think the illustrations happily chosen; but the writer of "Unruly Members" will surely allow that the interest must depend upon the *subject* of conversation, and the cleverness with which it is handled. The maudlin gossip of a country-village

loses nothing of its weariness on paper. Condensation is still required. Did we even admire the subject of the tale or its treatment, the matter would fill a sheet of this publication—a space generally devoted to three or four separate articles.

*Declined, with thanks*: "A Conversation on Music." The obsolete form of this article is generally against its acceptance; moreover, the subject has been already discussed in these pages. The MS. will be returned on receipt of stamps and the author's address.



## M A S Q U E R A D I N G .

*Bottom.*—An I may hide my face, let me play Thisbe too. I'll speak in a monstrous little voice—"Thisne, Thisne! Ah, Pyramus, my lover dear thy Thisbe dear! and lady dear!"—*Midsummer Night's Dream.*

"Impossible!" cried Langley.

"My dear fellow, you have had too much wine," drawled Brereton.

"Much riding hath made thee mad, O horse-tamer!" said little Tom Coppett.

"You may say what you like," answered Bonser (called the horse-tamer), in great excitement, "but it's her, and no mistake about it. She was walking coolly through the market-place—think of that, now!—elbowing the greasy butchers, and— and leaning on the arm of some confounded University-man—some freshman or other, who ought to have known better than bring her there at this time of night."

"The man 'who puts an enemy into his mouth to steal away his brains'— But you never had any brains, Bonser, my boy," said Brereton, using unconsciously the figure *aposiopesis*.

"He has seen one of the *Napææ*, and so hath gone demented," cried Coppett; but he was groaned down immediately.

"Impossible!" Langley said again, with his cigar in his mouth.

"And yet, it is true enough," I broke in. "Bonser and I saw her, just five minutes ago. The Welsh parson's little daughter has found her way here; not a doubt about it."

"Had she that killing hat on, with the cherry ribbons?" asked Brereton.

"Did she look kindly at you, Bonser?" asked Coppett.

Langley contented himself with whistling "Jenny Jones" from one side of his mouth, while he smoked out of the other.

The above remarks were uttered in my rooms, in the town of Camford (I rejoice to puzzle my readers by this novel and ingenious hybrid), one Saturday evening, at about eight o'clock, early in the October term. Bonser and I had attended chapel (surplice-evening) at our college—that of the "Holy Bottle!"—and thereafter had taken a stroll through the town, particularly through the market-place; for Saturday was market-day in the town of Camford, and in the

evening that quarter was crowded and lively. The anthem had been one of Beethoven's, and its mystical music had trembled down the long chapel, arousing feelings not easily explicable in some of us—arousing in the breast of Bonser, in particular, romantic thoughts, which vented themselves in recurrence to a familiar topic with him, viz., the Welsh parson's daughter, with whom he had fallen desperately in love in the "long."

There were two specialities in Bonser's character: he had a natural love of horses and of music. He dressed like a groom, he rode like a jockey, he whistled like an angel. He could not sing; but this whistling of his was sweeter than most of the vocal music one hears, as many Camford men can testify. He played the violin, too, not despicably. Bonser was a Chiron among the centaurs. What connection there was between Beethoven's anthem and the Welsh girl I do not know; but, as we walked, he now quivered out little bits of the former, now indulged in recollections of the latter.

To say truth, the Welsh parson's daughter was a very pretty girl, and Bonser's heart (if it is the heart which takes cognizance of beauty) was not the only one which had been conscious of the influence of her bright eyes. Bonser, Langley, Brereton, Coppett, myself, and another man, had chartered Spicer, of "Gengulphus," as "coach," and had spent the "long" in Wales, reading for degree, which was to come off at the ensuing Christmas-time. The name of the village where we stayed was *Llannwllr*... (I am not sure about the spelling of it beyond this point, and so will not mislead future reading-parties). There was a parson at *Llannwllr*.; but he had no daughter. It was a village some three miles distant from *Llannwllr*, higher up among the hills, whose shepherd was the father of our Welsh beauty. I am bound to say that none of us, all through the long, had ever spoken a word to Miss Davis. We met her sometimes in our walks; we saw her at the paternal church, where

we went for that purpose. Bonser and Brereton had once seen her in a shop of the neighbouring town, whither she had driven in a pony-carriage. Langley and I, out riding, had another time met her on horseback, alone, and had had a favourable opportunity of opening a gate for her; but, just as we came up, she cleared it, to our admiration and regret. Why we took so much interest in a lady we did not know, may be partly accounted for by the facts that the neighbourhood of Llanvllwr... was deficient in girls of any kind—of pretty girls particularly; that our reading was not so arduous, but that it left much idle time on our hands; that our wish of becoming acquainted with Miss Davis seemed, as by some fate, forbidden to be granted; finally, that she really was a very charming person, with the prettiest hat and cherry-coloured ribbons in the world. Bonser, before we left, had become quite spooney about her—much to the detriment of his Paley-cramming.

On this Saturday evening of which I write, Bonser and I walking through the market-place, he talking of the Welsh girl, a strange thing happened to us. "Talk of the — of Satanella, and—" we all know the proverb. In the Camford market-place we suddenly came upon the very lady of whom we were speaking, and whom we had left but a fortnight before among the Welsh hills. There was no reason, certainly, why Miss Davis should not come to Camford; but the rencontre struck us with extreme surprise, and, as the reader has seen, its relation was received with much unbelief by the party whom I found assembled in my rooms. Brereton, Langley, and Coppett were discussing bitter beer, Lopez cigars, and ecclesiastical history when we entered. Our news disturbed the latter element of the discussion, cutting short Coppett in the middle of a sketch of the fast proceedings of Paul of Samosata. I ordered coffee, and we drew round the fire.

"I am seriously inclined to fall in love," drawled Brereton. "I can resist Jenny Jones among her native fastnesses; but when she pursues me to the Camford *parvé*, I am conquered!"

"Fall in love?" said I; "think of degree, old boy, and *don't*. Choker, of "Didymus," fell in love with Miss Chasuble this time last year, and instead of being among the first fifteen, he came out wooden spoon. I lost five pounds on him." There was a sound of some one rushing upstairs, and then a rapping on the door. "Come in," I shouted; and Elliston entered.

Elliston was a "St. George and Dragon" man, and had been the sixth of our Welsh reading party. "What do you think?" he said, entering—"You remember the parson's daughter? Well, a brother of her's has come to 'St. George and Dragon'—very much like her; his name Davis; has the Welsh accent; son of a Welsh clergyman—a brother of hers, I am sure."

"That accounts for it!" we cried. "Do you know him?"

"Not yet. I must look him up, I suppose. You 'Holy Bottle' men have the advantage of

us there. We small-college men must call on our freshmen."

"Is he in college?"

"No; has rooms in Aureole-street."

"His sister is in Camford, too," said Bonser; "and I suppose the governor and all the lot of them. Did you know that?"

Elliston did not know it; and so we told him about the meeting in the market-place; whereupon Elliston said, "Oh, I shall call on him, certainly."

"And what kind of fellow is he?" asked Coppett.

"Quite a small boy," said Elliston; "fast, though, for a freshman. I met him in Brown's billiard-room just now, playing with Swindleford."

"He ought to be warned against Swindleford," I said; "Swindleford makes his two hundred a-year out of the freshmen."

"Small boys ought not to be sent to the University," observed Brereton, sententiously. "I suppose they send them to bear out the wisdom of the statute about not playing at marbles on the Forum-steps. Small-boys, now-a-days, take to billiard-balls however, not marbles."

"I hate fast freshmen?" exclaimed Langley.

"So do I," Elliston assented; "but I must look him up, you know. He has a good seat on horseback, Bonser: you must get him to subscribe to that noble institution, the University Drag. He has been elected, I hear, into the "Sweetbread and Curaçoa Club;" and he is a great hand at theatricals, they say, and is to come out at the next performance of the C.A.D."

As we drank our coffee we continued to talk of the Davises. We wondered where the sister and the elders (we decided that they, too, must be at Camford) were staying; whether at the "Yellow Leopard," or the "Cow," or the "Dove," or whether at Davis's rooms in Aureole street. A compact was made between Elliston and Coppett to call on Davis the following morning. We determined to ingratiate ourselves with the Davises; to get them orders for "Holy Bottle" Chapel; to show them over our respective colleges; and to take them to the "Fitz-Thomas Museum." Bonser bragged about tickets for the University Concert; and Elliston said they must see the next boat-races, wherein he was to pull stroke in the "St. George and Dragon" boat.

While we were in the midst of our proposals, there was a sound of music in the street below.

"There is Colly!" said Bonser. "Shall we have him up?"

We agreed: the window was thrown open, and the musicians summoned. A violin, a cornet, and a harp (to identify the players with their instruments) entered, and ensconced themselves in a corner of the room. Colly, the violinist, was so called from his white head; for Colly was an abbreviation of "Cauliflower," under which *soubriquet*, or that of "White-headed Bob," he was known throughout the University, to the extinction of his own name. It was not through



age that his hair was white, for Colly was still in his prime, and handled his bow with a skill and dexterity which would have done credit to many an orchestra. What Camford man does not remember his rendering of the Carnival de Venise, and the Schottische of his own composition?

"Much doing to-night, Colly?" I asked.

"Not much, sir. We have a supper at ten at Mr. Pool's, of 'Barnabas.' We have been to several gentlemen's rooms for half-an-hour—to Mr. Gentling's, of 'Exeter Hall,' and to Mr. Davis's."

"—The freshman, of 'St. George and Dragon'?" broke in, Coppett. "Any ladies there, Colly?"

"Yes, sir," answered Colly; "one young lady—very much like Mr. Davis, sir. What shall we play?"

Dance-music was called for. Will my lady-readers think very contemptuously of us Camford men if I confess that, in ten minutes' time, we (all but Langley, who was too lazy) were spinning round to the tune of the "Summer Flowers"? Many and many an evening, after a snug little dinner, is the table wheeled into a corner, boots taken off, and waltzing and polking commenced as vigorously as if they were the sole business of life. I need not apologize in these days. Our latest evangel of *muscularity*, preached by athletic apostles, will bear me out. When we read about "God's feasts," and so forth, we may easily assert that such corporeal exercise as these Camford tripudiations is not only forgivable, but is morally and mystically and religiously a duty incumbent on every *earnest* Camford man.

On the next day, Elliston and Coppett called on Davis. They encountered nothing more feminine at his rooms than the "slavey." (N.B. Camford "slaveys" can scarcely be considered human at all, being mere hard-working machines, whose never-ceasing operations come the nearest of anything yet discovered to perpetual motion.) Neither of them seemed to be favourably impressed by the freshman.

"He is a deuced cool fish!" said Coppett. "The turbots, 'quos operit glacies Mæotica,' are nothing to him."

"Shut up, Coppett, with your classics!" said Elliston, angrily. (Coppett was going in for Classics, and, being of ill-regulated mind, was constantly boring us with quotations.)

"I can't stand conceited youngsters!" Elliston went on. "It seems that Lord Mirabel has taken him up—how he came to know him, Heaven knows—and commoners are not good enough for him. I have asked him to breakfast to-morrow. You will come? And I must get Mirabel, I suppose; though I hate the fellow."

The truth was that Mirabel had been a great friend of Elliston's at Eton; but on coming up to Camford had given him the cold shoulder. Why the two disliked Davis did not very clearly appear. They denominated him "Cocky"—an expressive adjective, not, I think, to be found in the dictionary. A fast freshman is generally

looked on with unfavouring eyes. We do not like neophytes who know as much of the mysteries as ourselves the impostors do.

"He is going a-head at a very average pace," growled Elliston. "It is to be hoped the governor has a long purse, though it's very few parsons that have; and if he has, he ought to be ashamed of himself. Why can't they equalize the incomes?"

They had heard nothing of Miss Davis; and this, no doubt, had tended to increase their acerbity.

I am not going to describe a Camford breakfast—not going to touch upon the curious medley of fish, flesh, and fowl—the superfluity of toast and muffins—the claret-cup which Dooden, the marker, flavours so exquisitely: all that has been done before; and, moreover, these breakfasts are very Gothic affairs. I found Davis by no means so unpleasant as I had anticipated. He was small and slight, having a boyish freshness of complexion, and was very much like his sister. His self-possession and assurance were certainly wonderful, considering his age, and were exasperating or amusing according to the light in which you regarded them. I was inclined to let them amuse me. Smallness of stature is generally compensated by a self-magnifying faculty. Ajax the Less (to quote Coppett) always thinks more of himself than Ajax Telamon. We talked about our reading-expedition to Llannwllr...; and this led to mention of our late glimpse of Miss Davis, in the Camford Market-place. Davis was a little shy on the subject of his sister; but Mirabel, after her name had once been introduced, referred to her often, saying, "Your sister was saying to me yesterday, Davis—" or, "As I was telling your sister, Davis—" and so forth. Some of us thought him confoundedly officious on this point; but we learned afterwards to look on the matter differently.

At Elliston's breakfast, I and Bonser had promised Davis that we would look him up the next morning; and so at about one o'clock we mounted to his rooms, in Aureole-street. We knocked at the door, and a voice said, "Come in." Davis himself was not there. Lord Mirabel was standing before the fire; and in the easy-chair, with her back to the windows, sat a young lady.

"It is very unfortunate," said Mirabel, "but Davis has just been summoned to his tutor. May I introduce to you these gentlemen?" he continued, turning to the lady.

We were introduced.

"These tutors, and deans, and persons," said Miss Davis, "worry my poor brother to death. He will be very sorry to have been absent, I am sure; for he told me before he left that he was expecting Mr. Bonser. He will not be long. Will you wait for him?"

Miss Davis did not possess that "excellent thing in woman," a sweet voice; it was harsh, and had a decided Welsh twang. Nevertheless, she looked very handsome. The light in the room was mellowed by half-drawn curtains, and

through this twilight her eyes gleamed bewitchingly. She was dressed for walking. Protruding from the pretty little bonnet were bands of most luxuriant black hair, which well defined the oval of her face.

"These little missives," said Mirabel, taking up from the table the notice, whereon was printed 'Davis to call on Mr. Orbilius, at one o'clock p.m.,' "are *billets-doux* which we could well dispense with."

The lady, in answer, opined that there *were* disagreeables in university-life; but that, nevertheless, it was very charming. Why were there not colleges for girls too? The dear delightful bells waking one in the morning—the quiet seclusion of cloistered life—the old, old trees—the manly athletic exercises—the dear grey-headed Dons (she believed she was right in that appellation?). Oh! she envied us Camford men beyond measure! Miss Davis turned up her beautiful eyes, and then fixed them on Bowser, with the most killing expression.

Bonser was a shy man. At home in the stables, witty and sententious in the society of admiring grooms, he was out of his element in a drawing-room, and sat silent and awkward among women. It is said that when the passion of Love (or the febrile ailment which is called by that name) takes possession of a masculine breast, it renders its captive timid and *gauche*. This is so in some cases; while in others it acts oppositely—warming into life all the latent talents and aspirations of the victim, and making him talk with a volubility as absurd as is the dumbness in the contrary case. Bowser's febrile symptoms, however, were of the silent class. The cruel victim not only handcuffed him, but gagged him too. With a malicious perseverance, the Welsh girl addressed herself to him—made eyes at him—flattered him—until poor Bonser, between pleasure and misery, was nearly beside himself. Miss Davis had certainly a marvellous gift of eye-language. It is a gift bestowed by Providence on some girls. Miss Beatrix Esmond, I think it was, who used to make eyes at her groom before she was a dozen years old, and took pleasure in setting by the ears jealous young gentlemen in pinafores. I can remember a pair of blue eyes, set in a well-preserved face—But I am being led away into confessions; and my priest is not at hand.

I offered to get an order for next surplice-night at "Holy Bottle," which offer was gratefully accepted. Bonser blurted out a similar proposition with regard to the University Concert. Miss Davis was not sure about her engagements: when was the concert? On Monday? She hoped she should be able to go; but she should see Mr. Bonser again before that time, and she must consult her brother about it.

She continued to praise the Camford manner of life; and I quoted Tennyson—how we longed

"All else was well, for she—society;"

how we

"—missed the mignonette of Vivian-place,  
The little hearth-flower, Lilia."

And then I prated about

"Sweet girl-graduates, in their golden hair."

I observed that Lord Mirabel called the lady several times, as if unconsciously, by what I supposed to be her Christian name, "Glorvina."

We sat for half-an-hour, and then left before Davis had returned. The impression on my mind was that Mirabel must be engaged to Davis's sister; otherwise it was strange that we should have found him there alone with her—strange that he should call her "Glorvina." This view of the matter Bonser would in no way admit. Altogether, our morning's call appeared in odd colours to me. Miss Davis's unpleasant voice still grated on my ear, and I recalled vividly those ostentatious eye-utterances which are more remarkable to a quiet onlooker than to the holders of the *tête-à-tête*. Bowser, on the contrary, was enchanted.

Glorvina did not go to "Holy-Bottle" Chapel, nor to the University Concert. When I took the Dean's order of admittance to Aureole-street, I heard from Davis that his sister was suffering from severe tooth-ache; from which he was suffering likewise, as his swollen face testified—a romantic case of sympathy, which might be worked up admirably were I inclined to sentimentalities; but I am not going to imitate the Corsican Brothers in this story.

We none of us saw the suffering young lady for many days—none of us save Coppett. He struck up a sudden and close friendship with Davis, which caused him to absent himself more and more from our set. Little Tom was not much given to heart-weaknesses, but we began to think that he was taken into captivity. His desertion caused us some chagrin.

"Birds of a feather—" drawled Brereton, in that impassive manner of his. "Little men seek little men, by a natural law."

"But they marry big wives, generally," said Elliston. "Glorvina is not big enough for Coppett, though she is not particularly *petite*. Besides, she is booked for Mirabel."

Coppett, when he did come into any of our rooms, was sure to have been breakfasting in Aureole-street, or to be going to dine there. He talked of Miss Davis provokingly, much to the jealousy of Bonser. He professed the most extravagant admiration of the lady; likened her to Cassandra; and declared, rhetorically, that the charms of her person were only surpassed by the charms of her mind. She wrote verses, too, he told us; and one morning he brought a copy of such an extravagantly burlesque lyric, that we all roared with laughter. This he was obliged to confess was a hoax. His stories about the beautiful Glorvina's sayings and doings were often far too wonderful to be true. There was always a wicked twinkle about his eyes, when he entered on his favourite topic, which I could not understand.

The next change observable at this time was an alliance formed between Coppett and Bonser. The latter was the best victim that the most sanguine practical joker could hope for. It



might be that Bonser had prosecuted his studies of equine to the neglect of human idiosyncrasies. Though touchy and suspicious among plain-speaking friends, he swallowed, with a child-like innocence, any sort of pill that was gilded by glittering phrases. He was a "recorder" that any Guildenstern could play upon. The first sign of the Coppett and Bonser alliance was a pressing invitation from the former to the latter to exhibit his whistling faculty to the expectant ears of the Welsh girl. Bonser went, and, I suppose, whistled and was praised as he deserved to be; for his whistling was certainly sweeter than any recorder I ever heard. How far Coppett practised on Bonser I cannot tell, for I was made no confidant; but I know that when it was all over we had hard work to get them to shake hands.

Meantime, reading for Degree went on by fits, and at the most unearthly hours—as I think it generally does. We had a strange mixture in our heads—algebraical dodges, rhymed bits of ecclesiastical history, memoria-technica artifices for Paley-arguments. We had quiet reading-breakfasts of two or three, at which we used to ask each other the most startling questions about the Heresies, and about the successive changes in the Prayer-book; and not seldom we carried about in our pockets, all day, torn and pencil-marked cram-books—those inestimable treasures which benignant scholars have indited for the encouragement of idle dunces—some first paving-stones towards a royal road to learning. A strange hotch-potch we had seething in our brain-pans—as nauseous a mess as bubbled in the Witches' cauldron. Nothing whole and complete; but shreds and patches of everything. Not the whole dragon; but his scale. Not the whole wolf; but his tooth. Not the whole Jew; only his liver. An odd book or two of Paley's *Philosophy*; half a book, and a chance epistle of Scripture, three centuries and a bit of later date, out of the eighteen centuries during which the Christian faith has developed itself, &c., &c. I think we knew most about Paley. Expediency and number-one-ism come by nature, without deep study of Mr. Paley.

Bonser and I, walking one evening down Sir Philip Sydney-street, in which street stands the college where Charles I. (now dismartyed, to the indignation of certain churchmen, who cannot bear even a pseudo-saint to be expunged from the calendar) entered as under-graduate. Bowser and I, turning into the Hoopoo Inn, to look at the newspapers, met, to our exceeding surprise, the Welsh Parson's daughter coming out. I must explain that the C.A.D., or Club of Amateur Dramaturgists, had their theatre in a large room belonging to the said Hoopoo Inn. A narrow passage, upon which the bar-parlour opened, led from the street to the theatre; and it was in this passage that we met Miss Davis. Mirabel was with her as usual, and not her brother. She seemed very much shocked at being discovered; though there was no reason that she should be, the inn being one of the

best, and best-conducted in the town of Camford.

Mirabel burst into a hearty laugh; and the lady exclaimed—"Oh! Mr. Bonser! what can you think of me? I am so ashamed, I can scarcely stand." (She took Bonser's arm.) "But I had heard so much of your theatricals, and there is a rehearsal to-night, quite private, and my brother offered to bring me; and I thought that nobody beyond our most intimate friends would be any the wiser."

"And," said Bonser, with a readiness wonderful for him, "may I not be permitted to class myself among your friends?"

We turned, and walked with them to Aureole-street. As we left the passage I observed that the fat waiter was peeping after us from the door, laughing convulsively.

"It is a sad drawback to the C.A.D. dramas that we have no women-performers," I said. "We have hard work sometimes to find men at all presentable as our heroines. But I suppose we must be content. They were not worse off in Shakespeare's time, and we don't attempt *Miranda* or *Juliet*. We could get no ladies bold enough to join us, I fear, and it is a strictly amateur society. You, I suppose, are not inclined to grace our boards."

"Oh, I should faint!" Miss Davis answered, "though I have acted in *Charades*. My brother is considered to have great theatrical talent. He was at Westminster, you know, and used always to act in the Latin plays there. I never could understand them. He sometimes takes women's parts; but it is so absurd to see a man in woman's clothes. They are so big and awkward. You can never suppose them to be women for a moment. They don't deceive anybody; do they, Mr. Bonser?"

We walked to Aureole-street, and parted at the door.

Next morning, at about noon, as I was mounting the staircase to Brereton's rooms, I heard the sound of a most execrable tenor voice.

"That confounded Italian hair-frizzler from Dougan's!" exclaimed Elliston, who was with me. "What a fool Brereton is!"

"Thank you!" said Brereton, as we entered. "If you called me a wise man I should immediately think myself a fool."

Brereton was seated before the fire, his legs on the mantel, undergoing the operation of hair-dressing. He always had his hair dressed, much to the disgust of such men as Elliston.

"Good morning, gentlemen," said the hair-dresser, breaking off in the middle of his song. He was an Italian, and, before his voice had by some accident cracked, had been a chorus-singer at one of the operas. He knew every Italian air one could mention, and sang with correctness and much taste. His voice was the only bad thing in his singing.

"Don't make that noise, while I'm here!" growled Elliston.

"Mr. Elliston has not the soul for music," simpered the Italian.

"If you underwent a course of Bellini's airs,

as I do, every morning," said Brereton, "it would go far towards transforming you from an ursine to a human animal."

"I should think it was more likely that the bear's-grease would transform you from human to ursine," retorted Elliston.

"Do you go to what you call the C.A.D. to-night, sir?" asked the barber.

"Performance to-night?" we inquired.

"Yes; and there is a new gentleman for an actress—a prima donna. I was there two, three evenings ago, dressing their hairs; and he did act beautiful. He makes me cry Brava! I could not restrain myself."

"What is his name?" asked Brereton.

"I do not know that, and I know not his college likewise."

"Perhaps Bilson has come up again," I said.

"I think that is the name itself, sir. Bilson—Bilson—I do not doubt it," replied the barber.

There was a knock at the door. The open-sesame "Come-in!" was uttered, and there entered a man dressed in black, and bearing a black bundle.

When I first went to Camford, these sable men with their sable bundles gliding hither and thither through all the streets, ascending and descending all the staircases, were a puzzle to me. I pictured them as inquisitors, bearing about with them their instruments of torture. It was not many hours, however, before I learned that they were tailors.

"Any orders this morning, Mr. Brereton?" asked the tailor in question.

"Ah! Jack, is it you?" cried more than one of us. "We want tickets for to-night."

"For the C.A.D.?" said the tailor: "I have only three left. It will be a very full house to-night. Mr. Bonser has just had one of me; and these are the last three in Camford, I believe."

Jack (foreman to Narbet Neales, Tailor and Robe-maker, of Sir Philip Sidney Street, whose shop exactly faces the rooms which dis-martyred Charles occupied about the period when Shakespeare died) Jack Oldberry had always a certain number of C.A.D. tickets for distribution; for the majority of members of that club dealt with Neales and Son, and by making Jack their perambulating box-office keeper they escaped the nuisance of personal applications.

"Is Bilson up?" I asked.

"Yes, sir; he came up last night on purpose to perform. There has never been such a strong company before. There are plenty to take women's parts now—there is Mr. Bilson and Mr. Braham, and a new gentleman, Mr.—"

"What on earth is that frippery, Jack?" broke in Elliston, taking from the black bundle, which the tailor had opened, and which lay on the table, a murrey-coloured velvet coat, gold-braided and lace-ruffled, made in the fashion of Queen Anne's days. "What jackanapes have you been making this for?"

"It is for Mr. Davis, of St. George and Dragon, sir. The new costume of the 'Sweetbread and Curaçoa Club.' I beg your pardon, sir; but be careful of the ruffles."

"Can you conceive men making such jack-puddings of themselves!" cried Elliston, in furious disgust. "Bah! women don't make half such fools of themselves as these sucking coxcombs do. 'Sweetbread and Curaçoa!' bah!"

"You know they blackballed you, Elliston," put in Brereton, placidly. "And, besides, your boating costume is far louder and ten times more hideous. Who but 'St. George and Dragon' men would ever have thought of putting together pink and lilac and sky-blue?"

"It all makes good for the tailors, sir," said Jack, laughing. "I don't know what we should do if gentlemen chose to eat their dinners in their every-day clothes."

"How is the gout, Jack," I asked.

"Better, sir, thank you; but I can't get on my boot yet," he said, showing a slipper on one foot.

Brereton began to ask for information on sporting matters, on which Jack was always an authority; but I need not tell my readers what horses to back, for the event talked of is long past, and the gloves won and lost on it have had their day and been thrown aside years ago.

We met in my rooms for coffee before the performance—myself, Bonser, Brereton, Elliston, Langley (who was not going, but who kindly promised to smoke in my rooms until we returned, to the punishment of my Lopez cigars at two guineas the pound) and Coppett, who came in unexpectedly. Coppett was a member of the C.A.D. We were all in evening dress, for evening dress at these theatrical performances was then strictly enforced, though afterwards this absurd regulation sank into disuse. If it is necessary for men to put themselves into mourning when they attend upon ladies, surely when they are alone together they may dress as they please. Elliston's ruby buttons and gold-corded waistcoat and watered-silk coat-collar met with some chaff after his cynical tirade of the morning.

Coppett talked of the fair Glorvina more than ever. "She is going to ride Mirabel's new horse," he said to Bonser. "Mirabel has had it broken in for her. She will be pressing you into her service as cavalier, horse-tamer. She has a deuced good seat herself, and knows when a man rides well. As you passed by on Cruiser, yesterday, she went into raptures about you. It was like Helen describing the Grecian heroes. I was Priam; 'Castora hippodamon' she called you."

"I don't understand your Greek," Bonser said, peevishly.

"Who were the chief promoters of the revival of Greek literature in the early part of the reign of Henry VIII., and what effect had this revival?" asked Elliston, quoting from a Reformation cram-book. Langley seized the obnoxious



pamphlet, and threw it to the other end of the room.

"Come, are you ready? We had better start," I said; and we went.

We left our gowns at the Hoopoo-bar. Space fails me, or much might I say about this "cozy paradise." Many an anchovy-toast have I eaten there. One word of benediction on my courteous hostess and the "neat-handed Phillis," her assistant; and we pass on.

We were early, and got front seats—seats, that is to say, next to the orchestra, which was appropriated to members. Colly and his colleagues were already tuning their instruments on one side of the proscenium. The theatre had originally been a billiard-room. It was large and very wide, so that the stage was of considerable size. Its metamorphosis had been managed with great skill and taste. Coppett climbed the barrier which separated us from the members' seats, and disappeared through the green-room door.

The room soon filled. How lugubrious a solely male audience always looks! One might have supposed we were met together to get up a Catiline conspiracy (though then we should have had our Sempronias), or a reform-bill, or a petition to expunge the doctrine of confession from the prayer-book; but women find their way even to these assemblies now-a-days. Spicer, our vacation-coach, pushed through the benches to a seat close behind us, which was a nuisance; for Spicer was a mild bore, the worst species of the genus. The room was by this time crowded. The music struck up. There was incipient thunder from impatient feet. The pretty drop-scene rose, and laid open a glade in Sherwood Forest, with a prodigious moon.

There was moderate applause given to the scene.

The piece was a burlesque of the old story of "Robin Hood," written by our clever playwright, Freezand, of "Holy Bottle."

The applause subsided; and then from the covert of canvas branches entered Maid Marian, singing an exaggerated "*Casta diva*" to the big round moon, which, by some mechanism, winked on her in return.

Maid Marian—no, not Maid Marian—but Glorvina Davis!!!

"By Jove!" lisped Spicer behind us," did you ever see such an astonishing likeness to that beautiful young amazon we used to meet at Llannwllr. . .?"

Bonser turned red, from the roots of his short hair to the edge of his buckram collar.

There was a universal shout. All the audience rose to their feet. "Brava! brava! bravo, Davis! bravo, Davis!" roared the enthusiastic spectators.

Maid Marian again and again swept the ground with the lowest and most graceful of curtsveys. She drooped her long eyelashes, and then gave her applauders the benefit of one of those long, thrilling glances, which I had noted so well.

"I say—I say—old boy," gasped Bonser; "what—what—what is all this?"

"Upon my soul!" cried Spicer, startled out of his propriety," it actually is a woman. This will not do—this will not do!"

For a moment I really believed it to be Miss Davis. Feelings of the impropriety—doubts of I know not what—crossed my mind like lightning, and then the truth dawned upon me. I caught a glimpse of Coppett's wicked eyes peering through the green-room door; I saw Mirabel's face, one spasm of laughter, palpitating over Coppett's shoulder.

"What—what—what does this mean?" gasped Bonser, redder and redder.

Still the storm of applause continued.

"No, thank God! it is not a woman," Spicer enunciated, greatly relieved.

"Some of us have been very considerably sold," said Brereton, in the quietest manner. "What a shindy these fellows are making!"

I burst into a laugh. The hoax had been too successfully carried out for one to be angry about it. Maid Marian turned *his* eyes our way with a look a little penitent. Bilson, who had been the best woman-player that the C.A.D. had ever known, was clapping his hands rapturously in the orchestra. "I never saw such a make up!" he said to Braham, who sat next him.

All the audience were whispering, one to the other, praises or enquiries of "Who he was." The name of Davis, of "St. George and Dragon," sibilated from bench to bench.

After the burlesque was over I went with Coppett into the green-room, and was re-introduced to Glorvina, who (I am ashamed to write it) was smoking a cutty pipe. "We don't attempt Miranda or Juliet," he said, laughing. "I have served you a very bad trick, and I heartily apologize. You must forgive me."

"So the Welsh Parson's daughter has been in her native fastnesses all the time," said Brereton. "Well, I shall not fall in love."

"One comfort is," growled Elliston, "that that young Davis is ruining himself as fast as he can. A poor Welsh parson's son can't afford to keep up the "Sweetbread and Curaçoa," and that sort of thing, long."

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LUTHER IN ITALY.—His first experience of the country is being lodged in a monastery, built of marble, at Milan; and so, as he proceeds from convent to convent, he finds it like changing from palace to palace. In all alike, the way of living is lavish and sumptuous. The candid German was somewhat surprised at the magnificence in which humility arrayed herself, at the regal splendour that accompanied penitence; and he once ventured to tell the Italian monks that it would be better not to eat meat of a Friday—an observation which nearly cost him his life, for he narrowly escaped an ambush they laid for him.—*Michelet's Life of Luther.*

## TOMBS ON THE HILLS.

BY WALLER BYRNE.

Far on those mountains where the plaided Gael  
 Treasures his clan's traditionary story;  
 Far where the tempest, in its searchless veil,  
 Wraps summits hoary—

There, in an awful solitude of hills,  
 A lake lies dark within its sombre dwelling;  
 Soundless and still, but for the chime of rills  
 Through mosses welling.

And by a stream that, to its lonely bed,  
 O'er lichen'd rock in crystal falls is speeding,  
 One little spot arrests the wanderer's tread  
 With voiceless pleading.

It is an ancient burial-place. How long  
 Heaven's moons have waned since its first tenants  
 slumbered,  
 No record dim or legendary song  
 Hath ever numbered.

Of the rude wall that shrined their funeral urns  
 'Tis many a year since Time's decaying finger  
 Left but a mouldering fragment, where the ferns  
 Might sadly linger.

And there they rest them in their mountain grave,  
 The unremembered dead, all dreamless sleeping;  
 The wind their coronach, and the lone wave  
 Sorrowful sweeping.

No lordly sculptures, towering to the sky,  
 Deck their poor dust with monumental glory:  
 A few green hillocks tell the passers-by  
 Their simple story.

Oft when the stars, that lit the twilight gloom,  
 Slept on its breast, by that still lake I've wan-  
 dered,  
 And o'er the verdure of some nameless tomb  
 Dreamily pondered;

And thought that silent dust that breathed of old,  
 Those breasts that throbbed with high and proud  
 endeavour,  
 Those lips that passion's burning utterance told—  
 Forgotten ever—

To the proud heart a deeper lesson read  
 Than all the trophies of cathedrals olden,  
 Where, mocked with grandeur, lie the regal dead  
 In trappings golden.

And if it be, as vision'd Fancy taught,  
 That o'er the tenements they mourned at quitting,  
 The mouldering clay that shrined their wakened  
 thought  
 Spirits are flitting—

There, with those nameless ashes of the past,  
 There would I sleep, the mist my pillow veiling;  
 My dirge the waters and the moaning blast  
 Ceaselessly wailing!

## DAISIES.

BY ADA TREVANION.

'Twas when the earth was in her prime;  
 When fresh green clothed the thicket-mazes,  
 And glad birds sang in sweet spring-time,  
 That we went forth to pluck the daisies.

Unfettered then we ranged the wood,  
 And sat by streams in dells embosomed;  
 And everywhere the ring-doves cooed,  
 And everywhere the daisies blossomed.

No wonder that in many a song  
 We hymned those simple flowrets' praises:  
 The world had not a woe nor wrong  
 When we but trod Life's track for daisies.

O silver blooms, with golden eye,  
 Which smile where'er the grass is springing;  
 How many a dew-like memory  
 Ye still to thirsting souls are bringing!

O'er you the starting tear is shed,  
 While oft this cry the worn heart raises—  
 "Would God, beside the peaceful dead,  
 I slept where bloom the quiet daisies!"

## "DO THEY MISS ME AT HOME?"

BY MRS. ABDY.

"Do they miss me at home?" 'Tis a kindly sug-  
 gestion.

Dear maiden, wherever thy footsteps may roam,  
 Remember our earnest reply to thy question—  
 Remember how truly we miss thee at home!

"Do we miss thee at home?" Yes—in busy em-  
 ployment,  
 Thy image appears on our fancy to come:  
 In studious retirement, in social enjoyment,  
 In sorrow, in gladness, we miss thee at home.

And when day departs, with its toils and its pleasures,  
 And night shrouds the earth with its mantle of  
 gloom,  
 Thy mother looks round on her dear household  
 treasures,  
 And sighs for the cherished one absent from home.

Enough. Let this welcome and cheering reflection  
 Attend thee, wherever thy footsteps may roam;  
 Nor absence, nor time, can impair the affection  
 Of the friends and the kindred who miss thee at  
 home!



## DOUGLAS JERROLD.\*

The life of Douglas Jerrold will be supposed to offer a pleasant subject for biography, and it is likely the readers of this magazine will expect a passing notice of the work which, under this title, has recently been published. Jerrold has a wide-spread reputation as a wit and social satirist; and among those to whom his personal struggles and successes are unknown, there will naturally be, on such points, a warm desire for information. The present performance may not seem, to some of his admirers, all that a biography of Douglas Jerrold ought to be; but to the generality it will probably be sufficing. His outward life, and somewhat of his inward character, are both faithfully depicted, so far as it has been his biographer's purpose to exhibit them; and though the image given of the man and his peculiar idiosyncrasy is somewhat faint and shadowy, it may be accepted as genuine and authentic—as being perhaps as true an image as the volatile characteristics of the original admitted to be drawn. Mr. Blanchard Jerrold writes reverently and affectionately of his father, and vindicates him, we think successfully, against the charges of cynicism and cold-heartedness that have sometimes been inconsiderately, or slanderously, brought against him. Instances of his generosity are recorded enough to justify what was once said by Mr. Hepworth Dixon, that if everyone who had received a kindness from the hand of Douglas Jerrold flung a flower on his grave, the spot would be marked by a mountain of roses. His liberality, indeed, was too prodigal, and in some instances unwise; and there can be little doubt that most of the stories circulated about his harshness of temper and want of kindly feeling were generated by the ingratitude of persons whom he had inconvenienced himself to benefit. Not, however, to run into too long a preface, let us turn to the work before us, and see what outline of its contents can be given for the information and entertainment of our readers.

The life we have to treat of had no very sumptuous beginning. It opens in dim lodgings, in some obscure street in London; whither Mrs. Samuel Jerrold, the young wife of an elderly manager of a company of strolling-players, had gone upon some temporary business, while her husband was tarrying with his theatrical associates in or near the little Kentish market-town of Cranbrook. It was on the 3rd of January, 1803, that the child, known afterwards as Douglas Jerrold, was born. He seems to

have been christened Douglas William; and not long after his birth, he was carried in swaddling clothes to Cranbrook, by his grandmother, Mrs. Reid, who was money-taker to the little provincial theatre of which her daughter and her daughter's husband were the managers. The sound of the sheep-bells, that tinkled over the hills about Cranbrook, was one of the child's earliest recollections. He remembered, too, the little miserable theatre in which his father displayed his histrionic powers, in a pair of shoes that had formerly belonged to Garrick; but in theatrical matters—which to the family were a bread-and-cheese affair—he does not appear to have taken any ardent interest. When the boy was four years old, his father became lessee of the Sheerness theatre; and thither, in the early part of 1807, the manager and his company repaired, to a somewhat improved field of exhibition.

Sheerness, at that period, was rather a livelier place than it is at present, and Mr. Samuel Jerrold's affairs there seem to have prospered not amiss. The war with Napoleon was going on, and the town was generally full of sailors, who, night after night, flocked to the theatre in sufficient crowds to make the manager's speculation tolerably lucrative. According to an old door-keeper who still survives, and who is now a sexton in Blue Town, Mr. Samuel Jerrold and his wife were much liked by the townspeople. She is said to have been "the more active manager," and was of a very kindly disposition. "Once there was a landslip near Sheerness, that carried a house and garden into the sea; when Mrs. Jerrold was very good to the poor sufferers, and gave a benefit for them, which realized £37." Little Douglas is remembered as being at this time "a handsome, rosy boy," who sometimes appeared in pieces, like "The Stranger," in which children take a part. "But," we are told, "not within the wooden walls of this little theatre were the boy's thoughts. He had no inclination towards the foot-lights; and never cared, in after-life, for the drama—seen from behind the scenes." Mrs. Reid, his kind old grandmother, made it her special business to bring him up. She kept him very neat and tidy; and when she left him at night to take her place as money-taker at the theatre, she took the precaution to lock him up in his chamber, that he might be safe from harm in her absence.

From his little prison in the High-street he used to look down, of summer evenings, at the boys playing there, and rather long to be among them. He had books, however, with which he could amuse himself; and, as he had early learned to read, he found great delight in the "Death of Abel," "Roderick Random," and other interesting narratives. Looking out of his

\* "The Life and Remains of Douglas Jerrold." By his son, Blanchard Jerrold. (*Kent and Co., London.*)

window, he could see the great ships floating on the sea, like fairy palaces; and thinking over the romantic sea-faring adventures of which he had read, a passion grew within him for the sea and all its wonders, and he longed to share the glories and the dangers which others were then encountering in the contest with the enemies of his country.

After some four or five years' schooling under Mr. Herbert—who conducted the principal academy for young gentlemen in Sheerness, and under whom he made a very favourable progress—young Douglas, having still a longing for the sea, was at length received on board the guard-ship *Namur*, then lying at the mouth of the Medway as a volunteer midshipman in his Majesty's service. The day on which he went on board was the 22nd of December, 1813, when the little incipient sailor was hardly eleven years of age. The officer in command, Captain Austen, made a pet of him, and treated him with great kindness, allowing him to pass much of his time in the cabin, reading Buffon, and in other sedentary amusements. He was likewise permitted to keep pigeons; and he spent some of his time in getting up theatricals in conjunction with Clarkson Stanfield, who was a foremast man in the same ship. Still he found life in a guard-ship at the Nore rather a dull affair. The sounds of war and adventure floating round him made him long for "active service;" and it was not without elation that, after some sixteen months' experience of a monotonous existence in the *Namur*, he was transferred, with forty-six men, to his Majesty's brig *Ernest*, just appointed to convey transports, carrying troops and stores to Ostend, for the service of Wellington against Napoleon in the field of Waterloo.

The excitement of this time was vividly impressed upon the young midshipman's memory. He began now to see and feel a little of the unromantic side of things. During the voyage he had some of the ordinary troubles of a youngster, left, in a measure, to his own resources. His hammock was stolen, and he slept during six weeks upon the floor; he got into disgrace with his captain for being too lenient with his men; and on one occasion was refused leave to go ashore, when the ship put into harbour after a short cruise. Nevertheless, the *Ernest* entered Ostend harbour with her transports, five days before the great battle, and then returned to the Little Nore. After two days' stay, she cruised eastwards, and on the 22nd of June reached Heligoland in the North Sea. Some days later she ran into Cuxhaven harbour, to avoid bad weather. It was either here or at Heligoland that the young midshipman got into a sad scrape. He had gone ashore with Captain Hutchinson, and was left in command of the gig, when two of the seamen asked leave, in the captain's absence, to step on shore to make some trifling purchase. The young midshipman assented, requesting them at the same time to bring him a few pears and apples

on their return. "All right, sir," said the men, as they departed; but they went off, and never returned again. They had, indeed, deserted; and great was the disgrace incurred by young Douglas in consequence. The event made a lasting impression on him; and he so well remembered the features of the delinquents that he was able to recognize one of them many years afterwards. He had now become a celebrated author, when, one day passing along the Strand, he was suddenly struck with the form and face of a baker, who, with his bread-basket at his back, was looking in the window of the surgical-instrument maker near the entrance of King's College. He felt sure he knew the man; so walking nimbly up to him, he rapped him sharply on the back, and said—"I say, my friend, don't you think you've been rather a long time about that fruit?" The deserter looked confounded. Thirty years had not extinguished the unquiet suggestions of his conscience, and he did not know but that now he was going to be apprehended. He evidently remembered both the fruit and the little midshipman, for he said—"Lor! is that you, sir?" and stood wondering with all his eyes as the jocular ex-midshipman passed on his way laughing.

During the cruises of the *Ernest* in the North Sea, Jerrold witnessed the unpleasant spectacle of "flogging," and was greatly disgusted at the sight. His vehement hatred of the "cat," as shown in his published writings, is traceable to this incident. He could never speak or think of the practice but with the wildest indignation. His strong disgust for the so-called glories of war was also, no doubt, implanted in him by what he saw in these cruises. The last duty of the *Ernest* was to bring home to Sheerness a number of wounded and mutilated soldiers from the field of Waterloo; and he often afterwards described the horror with which he beheld the poor invalids binding their sores upon the deck, and the exquisite pain he felt at hearing their groans and curses. He thus saw war "behind the scenes," without any of its blinding and bewildering excitements, and he had no desire to see more of it. The wounded were duly delivered at Sheerness. The war with Napoleon was ended; Europe was preparing for a forty years' peace; and under these circumstances, the little gun-brig *Ernest* was no longer wanted. An order came from the Admiralty to pay off the ship's company; and accordingly, on the 21st of October, 1815, Douglas William Jerrold, volunteer first class, stepped ashore, and thenceforth turned his back on the service for ever.

On returning to land, somewhat bronzed by his two years' seamanship, he found his prospects rather gloomy. Theatricals had fared ill with his father. The old gentleman had unwisely taken another theatre at Southend as a summer establishment: he had rebuilt the old Sheerness stage: peace had come, and had depopulated the seaport town. No more good was to be done there; indeed, there was nothing for



it but to relinquish theatrical management altogether, and retire from the business as a ruined man.

Mr. Samuel Jerrold was already old, and was totally at a loss what to do. His wife, however, was still in the vigour of her years, and saw that it behoved her to take the lead. The ordinary rules of action in cases of such difficulty were accordingly reversed: the husband was left at Sheerness with his children, while the brave young wife went forth to London to see if anything could be done there. Douglas and his sister spent a gloomy autumn with their father and good Mrs. Reid, waiting a summons to join their mother as soon as she should see the way clear before her. The summons at length came, in December, 1815; and the family left Sheerness, at the close of the year, to return to it no more.

Douglas Jerrold's first acquaintance with the great metropolis was made in Broad-court, Bow-street, in which his mother had taken a very humble lodging. Mrs. Jerrold had made her way to some theatrical employment, the income derived from which was at present the sole dependence of the family. Her husband—a worn-out old man now—had done all the work he was destined to do: Garrick's shoes were worn threadbare, and all idea of shining in them any more had died in the heart of their proprietor. If the fortunes of the family were ever to rise again, it was plain that their advancement depended on young Douglas. He, for his part, was ready to do anything for an honest livelihood; and as one of the first opportunities offered to him was that of becoming a printer; he embraced it eagerly, and went to work with the heartiest good-will. He had other and more ambitious thoughts in his head; but these must wait till he had served his apprenticeship with Mr. Sidney, in Northumberland-street, Strand. There was something congenial to him in the business, as it brought him into connection with books, and linked him with intellectual pursuits. Setting up the thoughts of others, and meanwhile reading hard, he thought perchance the time might come when he should put aside the composing-stick, and take up the pen to write books himself. "This," we are told, "was his burning hope, when he went every morning at daylight to Mr. Sidney's printing-office; and, as books fell in his way, the hope became a passion."

There is a little anecdote belonging to this period, which pleasantly illustrates his cheerful and self-reliant disposition. There came a certain day when he had the means of being useful, in several capacities, to his father, whose place now was chiefly in the fire-corner. The two were alone in London; Mrs. Jerrold and her daughter being in the country, fulfilling perhaps some professional engagement. The young apprentice comes home joyfully with his first earnings. Very dreary was the home, with his poor weak father sitting in the chimney-corner; but the boy resolved that they would at least be cheer-

ful for one day. With the fruits of his industry he therefore sallied forth to buy the dinner, and brought back with him the necessary ingredients for a beef-steak pie. The father looked proudly on; but the question arose, how could the pie be made? Pie-crust was certainly a mystery; but young Douglas thought he would try his hand at it. To work he went, and the manufacture was completed with more perfection than had been anticipated. Then the busy little fellow saw that he must carry it to the bakehouse. Willingly went he forth, for it had been agreed that, with the balance of his money, he should hire the last of Sir Walter Scott's novels, and return to read it to his father while the dinner was in the oven. The memory of this day always remained vivid with him. There was an odd kind of humour about it, that much tickled his fancy, and he was in the habit of referring to it again and again among his friends. "Yes, sir," he used to say emphatically—"I earned the pie, I made the pie, I took it to the bakehouse, I fetched it home; and my father said, 'Really the boy made the crust remarkably well!'"

The Jerrolds were not entirely without society in their forlorn London home. Old theatrical acquaintances would now and then drop in, and cheer their evenings with a little pleasant conversation. Among the first of those who called on them was Mr. Wilkinson (Tate Wilkinson, we presume), who had formerly been an actor in Mr. Jerrold's company; and his visit was a great gratification to the whole family. Young Douglas, in particular, seemed very sanguine about Mr. Wilkinson's success in London, and in the height of his enthusiasm promised to "write a piece" for him! "I gave him credit," says that gentleman, "for his warm and kind feeling, but doubted his capacity to fulfil his promise." He did not know, just then, that Douglas Jerrold was to become one of the most successful dramatists of his generation. The piece was not written immediately, as the boy was now only in his fourteenth year; but next year it was actually produced, and, two or three years later, even acted. He seems to have sent it to Mr. Arnold, of the English Opera House, who kept it two years without reading it; and then the author had some difficulty in getting it back. In 1821, however, when Jerrold was in his eighteenth year, it was brought under the notice of Wilkinson, who was then acting at Sadler's Wells, and through his influence was accepted by the manager, and proved a great success. The title of the piece had been originally "The Duellists," which Wilkinson altered, for effect's sake, to "More Frightened than Hurt;" and under this title, if the play-bills are to be believed, it was "received with rapturous applause." The young author had been meanwhile trying his hand occasionally at other descriptions of literature, such as sonnets, epigrams, and short quaint papers, which he had dropped into the letter-box of *Artiss's Magazine*—a long-forgotten periodical—and had had the satisfaction of seeing some of them pub-

lished. At the age of sixteen, his master having become bankrupt, he was transferred to the printing-offices of Mr. Bigg, in Lombard-street; and here he made a new and more ambitious attempt, which brought him directly into contact with the current journalism. Mr. Bigg edited and published the *Sunday Monitor*, on which Jerrold, with others, worked as a compositor. One night, having somehow obtained an order to see the play or opera of "Der Freischütz," he was much struck with the harmony of the work, and forthwith expressed his views of it in a critical paper, which he adventurously slipped into Mr. Bigg's box for correspondence—hoping, and yet fearing for the result of his audacity. He passed an anxious night; but this was followed by a bright morning, when Mr. Bigg, all unconscious of the authorship, handed him his own article to set up for the *Monitor*, together with a notice to the anonymous correspondent, soliciting further contributions. From that date the young author took confidence, and his aims were thenceforth all steadily bent towards authorship as his appropriate vocation.

It was during these probationary years that Douglas Jerrold first met with Laman Blanchard, and the two quickly became friends. Blanchard was then much given to writing poetry, and a collection of his verses was shortly afterwards published under the title of "Lyric Offerings." Poetry and literature, and the chances of living by means of these, were no doubt constant topics of conversation between them. But there was another topic, also, on which they frequently expatiated: this was Byron, and his project for liberating Greece; and the two youthful enthusiasts seem at one time to have made up their minds to quit London and join him. They were talking about the matter one day, as they stood together under an archway, sheltering themselves from a drizzling, uncomfortable rain; and there they stood for a considerable time, hesitating, rather, about facing the wet weather. They had talked themselves up to a warmish pitch about the glory of their crusading expedition, when all of a sudden Jerrold, breaking off the talk, exclaimed, "Come, Sam, if we're going to Greece we mustn't be afraid of a shower of rain." Out thereupon they dashed: but the rain poured down, and the young men presently got wet to the skin. After that the Greek project was abandoned. "I fear," said Jerrold, years afterwards, recalling the incident, "I fear the rain washed all the Greece out of us!"

There might be other reasons besides the rain for this sudden defection from what seemed a glorious cause. There is evidence, at any rate, to show that both the friends, about this time, fell in love. The ladies would naturally wish to retain them safe in England, and would hardly reckon Greece sufficiently important to justify two such young men in risking their lives for its redemption. From one consideration or another the youths were both induced to stay in Lon-

don; and not long afterwards—namely, at the early age of twenty-one—we find Douglas Jerrold married. The name of the lady was Miss Mary Swann, from Wetherby, in Yorkshire, whose father "held an appointment in the Post-office." Blanchard had been married some short time previously; and at Jerrold's wedding he presented him with some graceful verses in celebration of the event. Both, as before, continued friends, and, notwithstanding some slight occasional estrangements, remained friends until separated by death.

Douglas Jerrold's outlooks, at the date of his marriage, were not pre-eminently promising. He had ceased to be a printer, and was now living by the produce of his pen. He appears to have commenced housekeeping in Holborn, where he and his bride lived with his mother, sister, and good old Mrs. Reid; Mr. Jerrold the elder being now dead. He had become the head of the family, and the whole family was mainly dependent on his *head* for support. His earnings at present were not large, though he lived in hope that they would increase as he got on. At Sadler's Wells a piece of his, called the "Smoked Miser," was amusing crowded audiences; and the managers of several of the minor theatres were beginning to turn their eyes towards him with favour. Something was gained by contributions to periodicals, such as the *Belle Assemblée*, the *Mirror of the Stage*, and the before-mentioned *Sunday Monitor*. It was to the stage, however, that he now looked mainly for regular employment. About a year after his marriage, that is to say, in 1825, he formed an engagement with Mr. Davidge, manager of the Cobourg Theatre, to supply him with dramas, farces, and dramatic squibs, at a fixed salary "of a few pounds weekly." Mr. Davidge, we are told, was a hard task-master. "No smile rewarded the author's successes, and no mercy was shown to his failures." Jerrold devoted his evenings to dramatic writing, and his days to work on the *Weekly Times*, and to stray contributions to the minor periodicals, sometimes signed D. W. J., and sometimes "Henry Brownrigg." The list of pieces written for the theatres is a long one, and nearly all appear to have been exceedingly successful: they brought him, however, no great profit, and little or no reputation that he much cared about.

Finding Davidge somewhat too hard a taskmaster, he at length broke off connection with him, and went straightway to Mr. Elliston, at the Surrey Theatre, with a new manuscript under his arm, which was destined to become more popular than any of his previous productions. The Surrey manager's fortunes were at a low ebb, and he was not ready to adventure much; but Jerrold was temporarily engaged as dramatic writer to the establishment at £5 a-week; and the author then and there deposited on the manager's table the now-renowned nautical and domestic drama of "Black-Eyed Susan; or, All in the Downs." This famous piece was first produced on Whit-



Monday, June 8, 1829, in the twenty-sixth year of the author's age. The noisy holiday-makers of the Borough and the London Road were its first critics, and their judgment was enthusiastically favourable. After the first night the piece was not particularly successful. Its popularity rose gradually, but by degrees it reached a prodigious height. By degrees people began to flock with continually-increasing eagerness to Mr. Elliston's deserted theatre, the pit and gallery filling first, and at length the boxes also. There was something in the play to recommend it to all tastes. "All London," says Mr. Hepworth Dixon, "went over the water; and Cooke (who played the principal character) became a personage in society, as Garrick had been in the days of Goodman's Fields. Covent Garden borrowed the play, and engaged the actor for an afterpiece. A hackney-cab carried the triumphant *William*, in his blue jacket and white trowsers, from the Obelisk to Bow-street; and May-fair maidens wept over the stirring situations, and laughed over the searching dialogue, which had moved, an hour before, the tears and merriment of the Borough. On the three hundredth night of representation, the walls of the theatre were illuminated, and vast multitudes filled the thoroughfares. Actors and managers throughout the country reaped a golden harvest; and testimonials were got up for Elliston and for Cooke on the glory of its success. It is not pleasant to learn that, out of the many thousands realized for the management, Jerrold's share of the profits amounted to only about £70!

But though the success of "Black-Eyed Susan" brought so small a pecuniary benefit to the author, it could not fail to be of great service to him. In the popularity gained by it there was the assurance of future recompence: he therefore went to work again with quickened resolution, and before the close of the year had produced three new dramas. Every successive year, for several years to come, the town was entertained by new dramas from his pen, until at length the series culminated in "Bubbles of a Day" and "Time works Wonders," which are doubtless known to all playgoers, as also to all play-readers. We have no space to dwell critically on this long array of dramatic pieces. It may suffice to say, that, though written with the urgent object of thereby earning a living from day to day, they are all excellent in their kind, abounding with eccentric character, displaying a shrewd knowledge of the world, and sparkling with wit and fancy.

As opportunity offered, Jerrold added something to his income by contributing to periodicals and newspapers. When Mr. Wakley established his newspaper called *The Ballot*, he gave him the sub-editorship, and assigned to him the department devoted to reviews and dramatic criticisms. He sometimes wrote political articles in the same paper, and put forth his opinions about things boldly and pungently. He was an enthusiastic "Liberal," and had strong

sympathies with the poor and struggling classes, which he began to express with something of that earnestness and force of sarcasm so characteristic of his later writings. The *Ballot*, after some time, was merged into the *Examiner*, and Jerrold went with it, to continue his sub-editing, for awhile, under Mr. Albany Fonblanque. Somewhat later he contributed a number of brilliant original articles to the *Athenæum*; and ere long gained a footing in the *London Magazine*, for which he wrote some highly amusing tales and sketches. From 1831 to 1835 this last-named journal was the one in which his name most frequently appeared. He was living at this latter date in a comfortable little house in Thistle Grove, Chelsea, and, to all outward seeming, was prospering very well, when an unpleasant incident occurred which obliged him to quit his home and expatriate himself in Paris. Mr. Blanchard Jerrold does not relate the circumstance very distinctly; but we gather from what he says that his father had become surety to some friend for a heavy sum of money, which he was called upon to pay. As he could not pay it immediately, he seems to have gone away to avoid some of the consequences. If we are wrong in our surmises, it is the fault of the biographer in not stating the matter more explicitly. Anyway, in the winter of 1835, Douglas Jerrold fled to Paris, and had there, for some months, an uncomfortable time of it.

Here, however, as elsewhere, he kept on working. His dramas of "Doves in a Cage" and "The Schoolfellows" were written at this period, as likewise were several light and amusing stories contributed to magazines. Many of the papers now well known under the collective title of "Cakes and Ale" owe their origin to the solitude of that dull Parisian winter. Here it was that his communications with *Blackwood* were first opened. Early in the year, unknown personally to the editor, and with many misgivings as to the success of the application, Jerrold forwarded to Edinburgh his story of "Silas Fleshpots, a Respectable Man," which appeared in the April number. This success was rapidly followed up. The number for May contained "Michael Lynx, the Man who knew himself;" that for June, "An Old House in the City;" and that for October, "Matthew Clear, the Man who saw his way." "Barnaby Palms," "Job Pippins," and "Isaac Cheek" followed in the course of 1836. The readers of *Blackwood* in those days can scarcely fail to remember these racy papers, and the hearty laughs they must have enjoyed in reading them.

For the next year or two, Jerrold's principal contributions were made to the *New Monthly*. A selection from these, along with some contributed to *Blackwood*, was made and published in three volumes, in 1838, under the title of "Men of Character," with some amusing pictorial illustrations by Mr. Thackeray. In the year 1839, Jerrold published anonymously a little pungent squib, entitled "The Handbook of Swindling: By Barabbas Whitefeather,"

which has long been out of print, and which perhaps is not likely to be reprinted. In 1840, he was entrusted with the editorship of that famous series of sketches called "Heads of the People," to which he contributed some of the most striking and original papers. These have been included in the collected edition of his works, under the title of "Sketches of the English," and may be reckoned among the most finished and best written of his literary performances.

We have arrived now at the year 1841, which was destined to be a memorable one for Jerrold, inasmuch as it opened a new field for his activity, in which he acquired an extent of popularity and renown such as he had not previously had the fortune to enjoy. In this year some of his literary friends, including Mr. Mark Lemon and Mr. Henry Mayhew, started the now famous periodical entitled *Punch*; or, *the London Charivari*. Douglas Jerrold was indulging himself in a Summer holiday at Boulogne, when in July a letter reached him, asking him to join in this, as yet doubtful, undertaking. The periodical, projected by Mr. Mayhew, was a joint-speculation of authors, artists, and engravers; and Jerrold was justly expected to be an almost necessary acquisition to their ranks. Heartily acceding to their request, he sent them a contribution in time for the second number. The celebrated "Bed-chamber plot" was the topic dealt with—that being a business which was then in agitation, and threatened to hinder Sir Robert Peel from forming a new Ministry. The drawing opposite the cut represents Peel, as Hercules, tearing Lord John Russell (Theseus) from his Treasury-bench rock; and in Jerrold's contribution *Punch* argues against the impropriety of allowing the Queen to keep her old bed-chamber ladies in the new state of circumstances. "Out they must go," says he. "The Constitution gives a minister the selection of his own petticoats . . . The ropes of the State rudder are nothing more than cap-ribbons: if the minister hasn't hold of them, what can he do with the ship? . . . Who can tell what correspondence can be conveyed in a warming-pan? what intelligence may be wrapped up in the curl-papers of a crown? what subtle, sinister advice may, by a crafty disposition of Royal pins, be given on the Royal pincushion? What minister shall answer for the sound repose of Royalty, if he be not permitted to make Royalty's bed? How shall he answer for the comely appearance of Royalty, if he do not by his own delegated hands lace Royalty's stays? I shudder to think of it; but without the key of the bed-chamber," there was nothing to be done by a prime minister for the service of the country. The public was amused by this banter, and the writer followed it up with some kindred jocularities. But in dealing with political affairs Jerrold had a serious object at the bottom. The long series of articles signed "Q." dealt with many social and political questions in a fanciful but really earnest style, which speedily

made *Punch* an organ of great potency in the kingdom. They gave it that "political backbone" which was required to make it formidable, and won for it a place in the popular appreciation, which all its sparkling levities alone could not have given it. After the "Q." papers, came the "Story of a Feather"—a graceful and impressive story, illustrating many phases of life and character; "Punch's Letters to his Son," full of quaint satire; "Our Honeymoon;" and "Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures," known to all the world, and translated into nearly all languages. The last was the most popular of all the author's contributions to *Punch's* pages; though Jerrold is said to have taken the popularity somewhat sulkily, knowing that he had produced far superior things, by which he would have preferred to be remembered. There were scores of other things in *Punch* written by him, which we have no room to mention—jokes and drolleries without end—some of them only meant for the passing day, and with the passing day have been naturally forgotten. Up to ten days before his death he was still contributing to this lively journal, showing no lack or diminution of his accustomed wit or vigour.

*Punch* was prospering and had become an established organ of great influence, when in 1843 Mr. Herbert Ingram started *The Illuminated Magazine*, and Douglas Jerrold was appointed editor. His own principal contribution to it was "The Chronicles of Clovernook," a work of wonderful wit and fancy, which he himself considered among the best of his productions. In it, according to his son, "lies the soul of the writer, and all persons who knew him recognize this fact at once." Clovernook is a romantic fairy region, differing from common fairy-land only in this, that it has its roots in the soil under our feet. It exhibits men living with plenty everywhere about them, the economical laws that govern plenty being set aside. Here Jerrold shows himself most charmingly at home. To quote his biographer again: "That keen sense of the beauty of nature—the eye that loved to turn from the work-day world, and feed upon the hedge-rows and woody glades and blue fading distance—the spirit that rollicked in free, unconventional life, and bore the chains of city rules chafing and ill at ease—that love of the country, which was a true part of a thorough sailor-nature, are here expressed, tinged with a devout religion, in no way shackled by formula, as the mummy is swathed in bandages . . . The author once pointed to a passage in Clovernook, when talking with a friend, as that which expressed him better than any other passage of his many writings."

*The Illuminated Magazine*, however, had no permanent success: it lasted about two years, and then became extinct. Not daunted by the failure, Jerrold, who had now removed to a new residence at Putney, started a new journal in January, 1845, which was called *Douglas Jerrold's Shilling Magazine*. This year seems to have been the most active twelvemonth of his life. He was



writing copiously in *Punch*; in his own magazine he published the story of "St. Giles and St. James," and the amusing "Hedgehog Letters;" to the *Daily News*, just established, he furnished leaders; and upon the stage he brought out his comedy of "Time Works Wonders." The *Shilling Magazine* was for a time exceedingly successful; but it was not long continued, owing probably to the circumstance that comparatively few of its articles, except the Editor's, were of any prominent merit. Besides, Jerrold's attention was drawn away from it by other ventures. In the summer of 1846 he set up a *Weekly Newspaper*, hoping thereby to advance liberal political interests, and to provide for himself some marketable property that might be of service to him in future years. The paper, like the magazine, was at first a great success. The editor had become a literary power in the State of some mark and consideration; and large masses of readers of all classes welcomed the sense and wit and fancy with which he set forth his opinions. There was a department called "The Barber's Chair," presenting dialogues between a barber and his customers on the current events of the week, which was carried on with much sparkling pleasantries, and was very largely relished. The leaders were strong outspakings on the Liberal side, directed against all manner of aristocratic and civic pretension, against sectarianism and cant, and all conceivable abuses. The Radical literature of England had never before shown anything so brilliant. Not that Jerrold is by any means describable as an ordinary utilitarian Radical. His Radicalism, as some one has said, was that of a humourist. "He despised big-wigs and pomps of all sort, and, above all, humbug and formalism." In this he hit the tastes and tendencies of many readers; and hence the popularity that he instantly achieved, as a spirited and earnest-speaking journalist. But the paper did not long maintain the position it had gained at starting. After the first six months it began to droop; and though it continued in existence for about two years it was for the most part carried on by other hands; and at length Jerrold's name was withdrawn from it, and its title was changed to the *Weekly News*. It did not long survive under its new title, and it was finally merged (so far as there was anything to merge) in the *Weekly Chronicle*.

Jerrold's next adventure of any great importance was a serial novel called "A Man made of Money," which, according to Mr. Blanchard Jerrold's account, came out in 1851; but if we remember rightly, it was two or three years earlier. The date, perhaps, is of no great consequence just now; but if there be any mistake about it, as we think there is, it would be well that it should be rectified. The tale is based on a singular conception; the impossible and the probable are curiously mixed together; yet the writer's purpose is very definite, and it is wrought out with remarkable skill and ingenuity. Mr. Jericho, the hero, a City merchant hardly pressed

for money by an expensive family, expresses a wish one day that he was "made of money;" and, in conformity with this wish, he finds shortly afterwards that his heart has been miraculously converted into Bank of England notes, so that he has only to put his hand in his shirt bosom, and any sum he needs for business or domestic purposes is instantly forthcoming. Everything goes gloriously for a time, but, meanwhile Mr. Jericho finds himself daily growing *thinner*. He becomes woefully thin at last, and the catastrophe is that he *pays himself away*: he all goes in bank-paper, evaporates in money, and there's an end of him! The moral is very obvious. In this mystical twilight of fiction is shadowed forth to us the real destiny of money-grubbers—the despicable end and consummation of all worshippers of Mammon! An accomplished critic remarks, that this "Man made of Money" is the "completest of all Jerrold's books as a creation, and the most characteristic in point of style; is based on a principle which predominated in his mind, is the most original in imaginativeness, and the best sustained in point and neatness, of the works he has left."

Jerrold's last literary undertaking was the editing of *Lloyd's Weekly Newspaper*, a work in which he was engaged from the spring of 1852 to the time of his death, on the 8th of June, 1857. This engagement yielded him a thousand pounds a-year. The paper rose to an immense circulation in his hands, rising, during the earlier part of his connection with it, by thousands weekly, until it could boast eventually of 182,000 regular subscribers. Jerrold may be said to have handsomely earned his money, even though he wrote nothing but the leaders, and not always the whole of them. In this newspaper and in *Punch* are contained all his later writings—pungent and witty always, though necessarily for the most part fugitive.

On a few occasions Jerrold appeared in public, but it seems never with any great success. He was not made for public speaking, had small practice in it, and could never get over a nervous irritation which attended him on such occasions. But though almost incapable of oratory, he had an extraordinary reputation in the way of conversation. His reported jokes would probably fill many considerable volumes. He did not talk much continuously, but was famous for dashing out in sudden jets of wit, in flashes of eccentric jocularity, and the oddest turns of thought conceivable. Professor Masson observes: "There was, perhaps, no conversation, in which Mr. Jerrold took a part, that did not elicit from him half-a-dozen good things. Such good things are often difficult to recollect, and it is still more difficult to give them their original effect in repetition; hence many of Jerrold's were forgotten almost as soon as uttered, and such as are remembered do not produce the startling, wonderful impression they first produced on those that heard them. Still, some of them, even when detached from the scene and

the occasion which brought them forth, will almost inevitably produce a laugh. Several of them have got into circulation in society, and some have even gone abroad to the ends of the earth. "It was only the other day," says the gentleman just quoted, "that a tourist from London, seeing two brawny North Britons laughing immoderately on a rock near Cape Wrath, with a heavy sea dashing at their feet, discovered that the cause of their mirth was a joke of Mr. Jerrold's, which they had intercepted on its way to the Shetlands." We have not thought it advisable to include any selection of jokes in the present paper, as a good many of them have lately gone the round of the newspapers, and not long since a large budget of them was compiled and published in a London magazine.

Of Jerrold's character as a man we have no pretence to speak, personally. But from the evidence accumulated by his son, from those who knew him intimately, it appears to be clearly enough established that in all his private relations he was thoroughly worthy and unexceptionable. Somewhat sharp and waspish, perhaps, at times, in his outward manner; but intrinsically a man, perfectly good-hearted—generous, even beyond the bounds of prudence—friendly and kindly always to such as needed and sought his help. "Let any man in difficulties," we are told, "find Douglas Jerrold at home and alone, and he had all he wanted, and more very often than it was prudent in the giver to cast from his slender store. Large sums, the payment of which was spread over long years, and the last of which was paid not long before the liberal writer's death, were thus sent forth, in honest hope, to help fellow-men, by the man whom the world obstinately regarded as a spiteful cynic." He was as little of a cynic as a man could be, though he might now and then speak and write like one. His seeming cynicism was a mere outside matter; the heart of the man was tender and gentle as a child's. If he spoke with scorn of baseness in high places, he was mild and compassionate to the struggling and the lowly; did what he could to help them, and the cause he considered theirs, and left the result with complacency to the candid judgment of his intelligent fellow-countrymen. Not a conventional man by any means, yet upright, just, and honourable in all his ways and dealings: a man, too, full of sympathy and loving-kindness, and genuine English heartiness. "I found him," says the anonymous author of "Tangled Talk," "the most genial, sincere, and fatherly of men; perfectly simple, a man who looked straight at you, and spoke without *arrière pensée*; without any of that double consciousness which makes the talk of some men of talent disagreeable; and most thoroughly human." An "abounding humanity" has been said to be the distinguishing charac-

teristic of his writings; and it also shone out conspicuously in all his conduct and behaviour. We may justly call him a *good man*; and, with this brief summary of his qualities, may leave him to the candid appreciation of our readers.

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## A SPRING SONG.

BY L. M. THORNTON.

Come, lovely Spring, with all thy flowers!  
 Primrose and Violet come!  
 Sweet verdure, clothe again the bowers!  
 Bee, let us hear thy hum!  
 And hearts shall leap, and tongues shall sing,  
 And welcome forth the new-born Spring!

Thus e'en as Winter stern departs,  
 Shall all our sorrows go;  
 There is the spring-time of the heart,  
 The spirit's genial glow:  
 The sun of Hope, with glorious ray,  
 Drives all the clouds of Care away!

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## SONNET—PSYCHE.\*

Through devious paths the wandering Psyche wends,  
 Her widowed beauty marred—forn and slow;  
 Half-conscious of an ever-present woe,  
 And urging fruitless quest that never ends.  
 Vague reminiscence of her ancient bliss,  
 Vague reminiscence of the sequent sorrow  
 Lend airy wings, at times, to steps remiss,  
 But winged swiftness flags before the morrow.  
 So toiling on, remembering dimly still  
 The Lost she blindly seeks was All-divine,  
 She haunteth sacred grove and holy hill,  
 And fain would find the God in earthly shrine.  
 Poor widowed Bride! 'tis Death alone can give  
 The Bridegroom back in whom alone you live.

J. A.

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\* Psyche is the Soul, which by its entrance into the flesh is separated from its former Bridegroom, Eros, or Heavenly-love; and through all its world-wanderings seeks to find again the said Eros. Apuleius has given us an exquisite version of this Platonic myth, and this version has been variously translated into prose and verse.



## THE BOARDING-HOUSE.

I am fond of studying character—the peculiarities of individual minds seen in trifles, but noticed only by the close observer.

Sitting in a cosy arm-chair, somewhere near the centre window of a large drawing-room, with a newspaper in my hand, which I am not always reading, I see a great deal of what is going on around me, and take mental notes of the sayings and doings of my unsuspecting neighbours. I have visited Harrogate, Scarborough, Leamington, Clifton, &c., &c., and, as may be supposed, have seen every variety of the *genus homo* to be met with in polite society. Now there are certain species who are most especially frequenters of boarding-houses; people who dislike the gloom of “apartments furnished,” the trouble of a furnished house, the magnificent isolation of a first-rate hotel, and the bustle and dirt of a cheap one; people who like change of society as much as change of scene, and like to have it always at hand, with nothing to do but to enjoy it and the dinners, which they have neither to order nor to preside at. Now, having seen so many people of all varieties of type, I am not going to detail the peculiarities of each, but shall just jot down a word or two upon some of those one is sure to fall in with at any one of the localities enumerated above.

I will first specify the Innocents—not the Popes you will understand, but a simple-minded race who live in a world of their own, and either do not see, or do not understand all that is going on in the real, everyday world without them. I, who, alas! know all too much of the folly, the vice, the misery of which they are either ignorant or unconscious, cannot but envy their freshness and simplicity. Look, for instance, at that young blooming girl, just emancipated from the school-room, and rejoicing in the first sensation of being “out” in the world, but as yet not of it. Long may she remain so! Others may laugh at her credulity, because she believes things are what they seem to be to her unsophisticated mind, and smile at the good faith with which she lends credence to all that people say to her; but I would fain be like-minded with herself—as unwilling to doubt the sincerity of others, as unconscious of insincerity in myself. To her a boarding-house is “capital fun.” Papa and mamma are with her, to take care of her; and she so enjoys seeing so many new faces, and speculating about the fresh arrivals she will have so much to tell so many dear friends when she returns once more to home quiet and home occupations! Now she has nothing to do but to amuse herself, and she thinks it “so nice” to join Mr. Edwards’s boating party, and “so delightful” to waltz with Captain Delville, and does not in the least suspect that Mr. Edwards has pressed her so to go

with him, because Miss Bates will not be the only lady in the boat, and that the Captain is whirling her round the ball-room, to spite Mrs. Flirtwell, who would dance “The Lancers” with that titled Cornet, and has now to listen to her husband’s platitudes, because there is no one else to waltz with. Ah! well, the little innocent is happier than the “clever ones.” Long may she remain so, and enjoy her mornings and her evenings too, say I!

Another variety of the same class you may find in that peculiar-featured middle-aged man you are sure to see climbing the hill from the Spa, at a certain hour every day. He was the butt of the dinner-table yesterday, and did not seem at all aware of the fact. He never sees that people are making fun of him; he has not the slightest idea that his simple, childish remarks provoke a smile from the soberest person present. He was gravely holding forth upon the attractions of Cremorne, to a select few, who wickedly professed profound ignorance as to the locality of that edifying place of amusement. He explained that it was “something in the style of Surrey Gardens; fireworks and that sort of thing, you know, patronized by the highest in the land—a very fashionable place indeed. The Duke of Cambridge is often there, I assure you! And you have never been there, my dear sir? Well, you *do* surprise me, now!”

“Prince Albert goes there also, I suppose?” inquired his *vis-à-vis*, with a malicious twinkle in his eye.

“Very likely, very likely, my good sir; but I have not happened to meet him.”

A roar of laughter followed this quiet announcement, and the unconscious originator thereof looked wonderingly round to see what it was all about.

Those who go “to cut a dash” are perhaps the most striking set of people patronizing boarding-houses—people who always take their carriage with them, literally or figuratively; for, not having it with them, they tell you why they were forced to leave it behind—their beautiful new greys were not equal to the hills (possibly pronounced *ills*), or their coachman was taken ill, or they had a daughter at home who required carriage-exercise, &c. They had brought their maid with them, of course; one cannot travel without a maid—but still they feel quite lost without John and Henry. Should they bring a man-servant, he is very attentive to them at meals; gets the best dishes before the waiters have a chance of handing them to the general company, although they sometimes allow their “man” to extend his *petits soins* to a select few, basking in the sunny smiles of “the dashers.” They speak pompously and authoritatively, or else blandly and condescendingly. Idle rumours may perhaps be afloat

with regard to the means by which their wealth has been acquired, or as to what they *were* prior to its recent inheritance; but they do not remain long enough at any one place for these rumours to take a definite shape, and so the dashers have their day: and when they have passed from your circle, you hear of their predilection for certain tables at Baden-Baden, or Friesbaden.

I remember once being thrown with two samples of the dasher—the pompous and the bland. Each ruled at the same time; each had a certain number of hangers-on, and it was amusing to witness the opposite tactics pursued by each. He of the bland manner would enter the public breakfast-room with a most winning smile for all to whom he vouchsafed a “good morning,” and taking up his position at the head of one table, would offer insinuating attentions to all within reach of them, his wife perhaps being the individual least favoured by the same; and you felt, as you watched them, that the poor thing was afraid of him, and surmised that may be she had married him for his money, and now had her reward. But by-and-bye, when they had gone, stories were circulated which proved that she had been the original money-owner; although he, in later years, had also acquired wealth—after a fashion which he would not, perhaps, care to have questioned in a court of justice: nevertheless, they were great folks, and to be envied at the boarding-house.

The pompous dasher (the rival disputing the lead in the drawing-room) was a lady always asserting her dignity, and not always in the most dignified or polished manner—insisting upon the shutting or opening of windows, according to her own caprice; and, quite irrespective of the comfort of others, appropriating tables and candles, and particularly easy-chairs, exclusively for the use of herself and party, as though the rest of the community had not an equal right to them.

There are the dashing dressers, whose mission in life seems to be to astonish the world by the immense variety and the extreme costliness of their array—ladies who go to pic-nics in a costume befitting a Chiswick *fête*, and return at ten o'clock at night, to make their appearance in the drawing-room in full ball-dress, when others are too tired to make any toilette at all but that appropriate to their sleeping-apartments.

All these are varieties of character to whom a boarding-house affords a most congenial atmosphere, in which they are quite at home, and flourish amazingly. They are not, perhaps, invariably to be met with—not, perhaps, quite so numerous as other species; but still they are to be seen.

And what shall I say of the clergymen?—of all degrees, ranks, and creeds, from the timid or the self-sufficient young curate just in orders, to the well-to-do incumbent of many years' standing. Perhaps I had better not say a great deal about them, lest I should offend the ladies, whose particular pets and companions they generally are; but a word upon the widows I must say.

There are some with whom the dear departed Smith, Jones, or Brown (as the case may be), is the perpetual theme of conversation—introduced *mal-à-propos* or *à-propos* to any other topic started. Others again leave their “dear good man” to rest quietly—as, after so many years' separation, it is right and proper he should do—and enter heart and soul into the enjoyment of the present. Of these are the lively widows, who move about with the intention of marrying either themselves or their daughters, if they should be troubled or blessed with any—and very often they succeed in doing both, let me say—and pleasant, merry-hearted companions I have found some of these said widows.

But the people who most do congregate at Clifton, Harrogate, and like places of resort, are spinsters—spinsters of every age, rank, and character that spinster can rejoice in. Do not let it be for a moment supposed that I, a captain and a bachelor, am ungallant in sentiment towards that estimable portion of the human race. Far from it. I love, honour and adore a great many spinsters; I have met with many who realize my idea (if not the poet's) of what a “perfect woman” should be; but these have rarely been found in boarding-houses: there it has been my fate to fall in with the more eccentric specimens of the race spinster—some so cruelly acrimonious, so uncharitably severe in their denunciation of the follies of the young and thoughtless; others so remarkably tame and insipid as companions. These latter are almost invariably still looked upon as “the girls” in their respective families when they are past forty, and are frequently accompanied by a brother, without whose constant presence they are quite lost, scarcely daring to open their lips unless “brother” be present—sweetly timid creatures, whose society is decidedly unexciting.

Then there is the strong-minded spinster, who does not in the least care about what people think or say of her; independent alike in pocket and in principle, living all the year round at one boarding-house or another, with a maid or without one, as the case may be; the earliest to arrive at the beginning of the season, and the latest to leave when all is over; who feels quite “at home” in the saloon, and always ready to do the honours to timid new-comers who take a longer time to “get settled.”

I once fell in with a Miss Dickinson, whose special walk in life seemed theological controversy, for which exciting pastime a boarding-house offers an ample field, for reasons already given. No sooner did a young divine, in faultless purity of tie, enter the saloon on his arrival, than the light of Miss Dickinson's eyes flashed upon him with the energy of a policeman's bull's-eye, and before the first evening was over she had discovered whether he was Oxonian or Cantab, high-church or low-church, what preachers he held in the greatest reverence, and what tracts it was necessary that he should peruse. So animated did the lady become, that the laity were not unfrequently drawn into the discussion, and she would stand



up and flourish her long arm, gesticulating as though in a ranter's pulpit. I could not help being amused at the skill with which she caught and secured her unsuspecting victims. She was fond of presiding at the tea-table, which the youngest spinster, whose special duty it was, rarely liked to do; and on the plea of having the muffin handed to her, or of requiring "just a leetle drop more water in the tea-pot, if you please," she would lure to her side the subject she intended anatomizing.

Travelled spinsters, brimful of adventures, often very amusingly, with a sharp eye for "cases" and flirtations, proper or improper, are by no means unfrequent or unattractive inmates of a boarding-house, and if they be kind-hearted creatures, not given to see things through the spectacles of prejudice, they are a very inoffensive race. I know one (this variety does not very often hunt in couples, being quite able to take care of themselves, and of an age to do so), who, although acknowledged to be decidedly eccentric, is quite the favourite and the life of any house she stays at: she is never unladylike, with all her peculiarities, and I, for one, am her devoted servant. I had met her more than once at the same well-conducted establishment; so also had another gentleman, a little my senior—like myself, a captain in the navy. Well, our friend was always on easy terms with anyone, young or old, stranger or no stranger, to whom she took a fancy, who, being looked upon as old acquaintance, was treated by her accordingly.

Some meddlesome, ill-bred man—gentleman I cannot call him—noticed the friendly relations existing between the Captain and the lady, and took it into his wise head that she was intending to entrap him into a marriage, and that he was perfectly unaware of the designs upon him. Considering it his duty to warn the unsuspecting Captain, he wrote an anonymous letter, in language somewhat of the coarsest, insinuating his suspicions in terms too pointed to be misunderstood, and no doubt he thought he had done a clever thing, but was by no means prepared for the result.

That day, after dinner, as the company were about to disperse, our straight-forward and rather strong-minded spinster requested their presence a few minutes longer, and rose with a letter in her hand to read out, word for word, the communication, which the Captain had at once handed over to her upon its perusal. The direction of her glance left the writer in no doubt that the author of the slander had been discovered; and the remark of a lawyer present, that in a prosecution for defamation of character his services were at the lady's disposal, did not render his position an enviable one. I need scarcely add that the *gentleman* did not long inconvenience us by his company.

I am devoting rather a long space to my reminiscences of spinsters; but there is one

class who deserve a word of notice, and would feel hurt if passed over altogether; so with them I will conclude my recollections—the spinsters, who think every gentleman thrown into their society is in love with them. Now, as I have frequently been the confidant of the love affairs of these interesting and much-to-be-pitied ladies, it would be a betrayal of trust to disclose their confessions; but, poor things! one cannot help a smile at their delusion.

They will not be undeceived, so it is of no use attempting it. They feel themselves to be irresistibly attractive: it is a kind of monomania; and you would get no thanks, and have small chance of success in any attempt to change the current of their thoughts.

One lady I know always takes a seat near the door of a public room, with a vacant place or so beside her, and when a gentleman takes possession of it, as being nearest at hand on his entrance, she looks triumphantly at a younger and possibly more attractive rival, as much as to say "I told you so, my dear; I really cannot help it; but the men always will come to me in preference to you." And then commences an absorbing conversation with her unconscious neighbour, who little thinks that he is thereby running a risk of being classed with a long succession of former occupants of the same arm-chair, who have all, more or less, persecuted her with their attentions.

Truly she is one of the imaginary martyrs, for she talks quite feelingly of the pain it is to her to be so dangerous to the peace of mind of others. Well, she lives in a world of her own—not the actual world may-be, but possibly one more in unison with her feelings.

So then, I like a boarding-house. I would not advise it as a place of resort for young girls, either with or without fortunes, for the society *must* be of a mixed nature, and there is a certain familiarity entailed by living under the same roof and associating daily with people of whose antecedents one knows absolutely nothing; but for those who can look about them and take care of themselves, who are neither match-makers nor match-seekers, I think a month or two at a boarding-house a very pleasant break in the monotony of every-day existence, especially if you are interested in studying the manners and customs of a few more people than are to be met within one's own immediate circle. I once remarked upon a character as depicted by a living authoress, as being rather out-of-the-way and overdrawn, wondering where, if sketched from life, the original had been met with. "She lives almost constantly in boarding-houses" was the reply, "and you do meet with some very queer characters."

So you do, my dear Madam; but still I like boarding-houses. But I will not extend my reminiscences, lest others should tire of my hobby and differ from me.

## BURNS-FESTIVAL AND THE PRIZE POEM.

To trustful and innocent persons, unaccustomed to seek for ulterior motives, the proposition to celebrate a centenary festival in memory of the poet Burns, seemed a good sign. Surely, we thought, this is a mark of intellectual progress. We have got up *fêtes* before, ovations, and triumphs, and funereal pageants to the glory of warriors and kings, living or dead. A solitary case or so is on record of a few *dilettanti* getting up some exclusive sort of gala in honour of a poet; but this is a very different affair—a festival of *the people* in honour of a poet. The next best thing to being a genius oneself, is the being able to appreciate a genius. Those who have not golden mouths to utter may yet have ears to hear, and the dumb man is much better than the deaf-and-dumb. Of course it was not to be supposed that a hundredth part of the Burns worshippers would have a just and true appreciation of their deity of the day. This, in all worships, is simply impossible. It is not given to all ears to hear the sphere-music. But that there should be some pervading partial appreciation, even some blind recognition that the object of their worship was a deity—this was no small thing. That it was possible to get up (without Government assistance of guns, and beef-eaters, and state-carriages) a national festival in honour of a writer of songs—this, to trustful and innocent persons, seemed a good sign.

The Britannic sacred rite of the dinner (subscriptive or eleemosynary), preceded perhaps by a little constitutional exercise of Common Councilmen on quiet steeds, was the manner mostly chosen of holding this festival—a manner not bad on the whole, particularly in the eleemosynary cases. It was the custom of the ancients, on the occurrence of any great event, to thrash their small boys soundly, which thrashing the small boys remembered, and with it the great event. The charity-boy of this age will remember, by his unaccustomed beef and pudding, *this* great event. "Beef and pudding in honour of the poet Burns:" such will be the charity-boy's *memoria-technica* (though if he connects beef and pudding with the calling of the poet, he will be under a mistake—but this by the way). Libations of all kinds, from whiskey-toddy to tea, were poured in honour of Burns's memory; and much good feeling and good fellowship arose therefrom, in public and in private, among high and low.

The Crystal Palace Company, duly remembering the indispensable dinner element of the ceremony, arranged the rest of their part in the national festival in their own way—inauguration of a bust of Burns; Burns' relics; singing of his songs, recital of his poems, perambulations of Scotch bagpipers, in allusion to his country. Really, this way of celebrating the anniversary

seems by no means unreasonable. It was *theatrical*, in a measure, certainly; but theatrical it was intended to be, for the intention was to pay some *visible* sort of tribute to the poet's memory. The unveiling of the bust was, perhaps, a more fit ceremony, if not a more impressive, than the uncovering of the soup-tureens at any of the banquets. But the Crystal Palace Company did more than this: they offered a prize of fifty guineas for the best poem in honour of the poet. Not a bad idea to celebrate a poet by a poem. Further, the sum offered was by no means a shabby sum for a composition of a hundred lines. To crown their project, they succeeded in obtaining the services of most able men as judges of the poems sent in. If there be some who would not attribute to these gentlemen the all-golden mouth, yet there is not one who will deny that they possess the appreciative faculty, the ear to hear. The names of these judges carried immense weight with them, and gave to the scheme the literary sanction which it needed. Altogether the proposed arrangements seemed to be good—such, in fact, as it would not be easy to improve upon.

The Burns-festival did take place—became an accomplished fact. Dinners were eaten, wherever English jaws wagged, in honour of the poet. The prize-poems were sent in to the Crystal Palace, the judges judged, and the prize was awarded; the bust was inaugurated, the songs were sung; and here, too, sheep's-heads, and other Scotch dainties, were offered in sacrifice to the shade of the famous Scotchman. The festival really was, in the performance, what it had proposed to be—a truly national festival in honour of a poet. Trustful and innocent people were inclined to rejoice.

But, since the celebration, we hear from some of our journalists nothing but growls and sneers at the whole proceeding. Whether it is that in these days, when, to make one laugh is becoming more and more the grand aim of English literature, they cannot resist the temptation of seizing on the ludicrous side of what (like worships and enthusiasms of all kinds) *has* its ludicrous side; or whether some of them, being small live poets themselves, envy the fame of a great dead poet; or whether others have been disappointed in seeing their friends preferred before them to prominent speech-making positions at Burns-banquets; whatever is the reason, the amount of bitterness and vituperation called forth by the festival in certain journals is subject for wonder.

"The whole business," it is said, "was a gigantic sham. It is against the English nature to be demonstrative. John Bull is not excitable. In Rome it may be well enough to crown a poet at the Capitol; but any such proceeding is foreign to our feelings." To say that John Bull



is not excitable seems a strange assertion to those who can recall the King Hudson mania. John Bull has always had his false gods, and has performed orgiastic dances round them wild enough. There is plenty of reverence and of enthusiasm in his composition: it wants only right direction. If he can once be made to see that the thought-maker is a greater benefactor than the money-maker, there will be no lack of incense. Again, it is said—"You starved him when alive, and feasting on cock-a-leekie to his memory will not feed him: you broke his heart at gauging of barrels, and crowning his bust seventy years after can in no way make amends for that." True enough; but repentance is something, and posthumous fame is something. Great men have never yet been recognized in their own time. Some have been made into pet lions, and some have been starved; none have had their greatness recognized. If a people knew the value of their true poet, he would be neither petted nor starved, but would take his rank as the first man of the time. Once get a people to appreciate the value of the poet, and no future Burns shall starve or break his heart. This national festival is a step on the road towards this. By others it is said that "the affair was, as it were, a worshipping of an *unknown* god. What do we English know about Burns? We cannot even understand his language. People spent a pleasant holiday, and cared for Burns no more than for Homer." Undoubtedly some people had never heard of Burns before; but it was no small matter that they did hear of him on that day—a pleasant holiday, having some sort of connection with Burns a poet. And what is a poet? Others just knew his name as a poet; others had read some of his pretty little verses without understanding much about them. That the impression on the most ignorant minds should be of a fête-day in honour of a poet, no matter who—this was a good effect. Why he should be selected for honour more than all other poets, few comparatively would care to inquire. Those who did inquire would differ about the wisdom of the selection. Still, without entering upon that subject here, we affirm that the influence of the festival was specific, on even the most ignorant. Each had in his head the idea, "A fête-day in honour of a poet!"

Many more wise grumbings and sneerings have been uttered, but we must leave the refutation of most of them to themselves. It is scarcely worth while to enter on the "hat-peg" question in its general bearings, and yet a word may be said about it. The representation of a thing as a person is called in rhetoric *prosopopoeia*. What the converse trick of representing a person as a thing is denominated I cannot remember. However, this converse trick is the one used on this occasion. "Burns viewed as a hat-peg" (though why *hat-peg* is not very evident) is, with a little trouble, an understandable form of words. It is the facetious manner of saying that in this festival Burns's name has been used merely as a pretext; that the real ob-

ject with everybody has been self-aggrandizement in one way or other. The Crystal Palace Company of course made the matter a money-speculation. The chairmen and the speakers at the dinners were actuated wholly by the idea of rendering themselves for the moment important people. In honour of Burns, chairmen enthroned *themselves*; in honour of Burns, orators unaccustomed to public speaking poured forth their own *private* confidences and their own pet flowers of rhetoric. With regard to this charge of universal self-glorification, it is useless to say much. Men judge others by themselves; and those who love the chairman's seat and those who have not the power of a seemly reticence, will attribute to others their own weaknesses. The human failings of greediness and vanity are common enough; and doubtless money was made and platitudes uttered under influence of Burns's memory; but to affirm that such was the essence of the matter is simply to affirm that which was not. To steer clear of these accusations, at our next festival we must abolish money and men too; we must have rejoicings without rejoicers, speeches without speakers.

To dwell for a moment on the Crystal Palace and the money question. We must premise that we have no connection with the Crystal Palace, and that we were not present at the Burns-festival there: we write impartially. That the Crystal Palace Company hoped to make money by their fête-day is not a very doubtful matter; and we hope they did make money. Amusements of all kinds, however much they may be mingled with instruction, must be paid for. Our lecturers, whether Mr. Barnum or Mr. Dickens, do not admit their disciples without charge. The Crystal Palace Company received their shilling from each person; and for this shilling they were bound to give a shilling's-worth of amusement. It is said by some that the entertainments were meagre and shabby. Of this we cannot judge. The plan of them seems, as we have said before, to have been drawn out with singularly good taste. The details of the plan should, in the carrying out, have been excellent of their kind. Of course some people, expecting all the gorgeousness and glitter, if not the fun, of a pantomime, would be disappointed. So, anyone would be disappointed who had paid his shilling, expecting to see Mr. Dickens stand on his head like Quilp's boy, or expecting Mr. Barnum to exhibit alchemically the concoction of the philosopher's stone. But if Mr. Dickens's reading of his own books be good, and if Mr. Barnum's impudence be unblushing, people who have been misled by wrong expectations, must swallow their disappointment as they can: they have no right to complain. As to this Crystal Palace festival, if the plan was carried out with due excellence in its details, nothing can be said against it. If the music was bad, or the court of the poets was badly arranged, or the sheep's-heads were badly cooked, then the Crystal Palace Company are deserving of blame.

This mixing up of money with a poet's

memory seems at first terrible, and much may be made of it rhetorically. To demand a shilling of you before you can assist at the inaugurating of a poet's bust! To degrade, at length, even the poet into connection with Mammon-worship! A man cannot serve two masters. If you swing the censor to Mammon, don't desecrate the name of the poet by mentioning it, save in the way of curses! And yet, I think the creed of the devil-worshipper is worse than that of him who worships the two principles. Allowing that the Crystal Palace Company, or any company, has always the main chance in view—in commemorating a poet as in everything else—surely, the fact of this commemoration is a great one. A festival in honour of a poet actually *does pay*! It is recognized that the poet has some worth, at least in a money point of view. His name is a spell by which shillings may be called up out of the depths of well-guarded pockets.

It was scarcely to be expected that a people who, so few years ago, were urgent to set up an image to King Hudson should have wholly forgotten the traditions of Mammonism in the setting up an image to a different sort of person. These matters are progressive. First, we kneel to the gold nugget; then to the golden calf, which is better; then to the golden Jupiter, which is better still. By-and-by we shall recognize the father of gods and men in and through this golden image; and perhaps, at last, not need the image at all, kneeling no longer to the simulacrum, but to the Idea itself. Forms are always mere temporary things—scaffoldings which are necessary to the erection of the building; but which, when the building is complete, are taken down. The scaffoldings are eyesores, and enthusiasts might wish to do without them; but building castles in the air is not a safe proceeding. Ceremonies of any kind, with their frippery of gorgeous vestments and stupid mouthings, are sad and wearisome things to those who *can* do without them. Feeling really strong is always silent and invisible; and the truest honours that were paid to Burns were those paid by thoughtful men in quiet rooms. Nevertheless, towards this worship by thought and feeling, the noisy festival leads. Men must act in community before they can feel in community. The ceremony of kneeling together and huzzaing together is preliminary to something better and truer; so, though on the late fête-day shillings were taken and follies committed, we hold this fête most certainly to be a good sign and a great achievement.

We have seen in several places the question raised, whether the surviving daughter of the poet will be at all benefited pecuniarily by this commemoration—especially by the Crystal Palace portion of it. That matter, one would suppose, is primarily for the consideration of the Directors and the Shareholders. Theoretically, as to this concrete instance, not a soul but would wish that the substantial benefit proposed should accrue to the poet's daughter. In all concrete instances it would be the same. Our great men

have done so much for us that we feel bound to pay to their children the debts we owe them. Yet, viewed abstractly, the matter assumes a different aspect. We hear often of the descendants of our great men being in want, and the name of Johnson or of Shakespeare moves us at once. But why a poverty-stricken Shakespeare should claim relief merely by reason of his descent is a question to be discussed. There are thousands of poverty-stricken persons worse off than Shakespeare, and perhaps more virtuous. How far shall his descent cause Shakespeare to take precedence of these? Adam, too, was a great man, and all the poverty-stricken persons are descendants of Adam. Again; for this one poverty-stricken Shakespeare there are a hundred poverty-stricken literary men. By how much shall the illiterate Shakespeare take precedence of the literate Smith? Some writers of late, in asserting too confident claims, have made it necessary to view this subject in a broader and less partial light. Still, we sincerely hope and trust that in this instance the daughter will benefit *substantially* by the honour paid to the father.

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Six hundred poets (so-styled) competed for the prize. Six hundred poems were sent in to the judges, who must have had a hard time of it. Whether it is good or bad news to learn of the existence of six hundred swans (or imitations of them), need not be considered here. We may conclude safely enough that there were some geese among the six hundred; and that, when these had been sent to the left hand, there were some cygnets, which though of the swan-species had not arrived at singing age; and that, when these had been sent to the left hand, there remained a flock of white swans, with not a feather to choose between them, and conspicuous in this white crowd, one or two black swans. How many black ones, and in what manner they differed from each other, and by what special superiority the chosen queen-bird surpassed the rest—these are interesting questions, which none but the judges could answer. However, the choice was made, and the poet chosen was discovered to be a woman.

To women of this age this should be subject for some gratulation. The old notions about women having no spiritual or mental faculties worth talking about, are exploded long ago; but practically it is found that there are few women who can compete with men in general literature. The education of men—not only at universities, but in their professions too—gives to them a strength and compactness of reasoning which they can apply equally to any subject they take in hand. This women lack. The man has a lever; the woman works with her hands. In all branches of science, in history, in philosophy, and so forth, women must succumb; even in fiction-writing they are inferior to men (*i.e.* in the fiction-writing of this day, which paints actual life), because they have not the same knowledge of the world. But in



poetry it is not so. "Poeta nascitur, non fit." Hackneyed as the quotation is, yet the truth has not been worn out of it. Study has spoiled poets, but has never made one. The lever has its uses in this world; but those who would apply it to poetry find no ground whence to use it. Here then man and woman stand on equal footing; or, we would say that the woman has the advantage. Knowledge of the exterior world brings with it ignorance of the interior; constant seeing of the actions and hearing of the talk of men renders one, to a certain extent, blind and deaf to the passions and thoughts of men. Again, the method of proceeding step by step, making sure of the soundness of our footing as we go, is not a process which will help us to leap to those intuitive conclusions which are the very life-essence of poetry. But, above all, the poetess has the advantage of the poet in *purity*. The mud of the streets through which men tramp sticks to them, even though they do not voluntarily roll therein: the sound of the chariot-wheels deafens them to other more ethereal sounds. Women, walking in quieter ways, are not (please God) so mud bespattered, and can still listen solemnly to

"That murmur of the outer Infinite,  
Which unweaned babies smile at in their sleep,  
When wondered at for smiling."

The butterfly when the meal is rubbed from its wings tries in vain to fly. Priests, of whatever

religion, should be without blemish, and, above all, the supreme high-priest of all religions, the poet.

Judgment has already been past on Isa Craig's poem in the selection of it from six-hundred. The judges were of competent authority, and it does not need that we should confirm their sentence. Praise of small critics would not add a leaf to Miss Craig's laurel crown any more than foolish and flippant sarcasms of great critics can subtract one. We would not be understood to prophesy that this memorial ode will be handed down for all time in company with the two or three which have already gained their immortality. Probably the authoress herself does not value it at this worth. But we join with many others in acknowledging its great beauty—in acknowledging that it is honourable to the occasion which called it forth. The true value of a poet, and the dignity of his high calling, are set forth therein with a simplicity which testifies that the utterance is of the heart—not of the lips merely. Perhaps we might wish that a greater stress were laid on that special point in Burns' poetry, which has doubtless endeared him so widely to the people. He first sung Humanity. He first uttered the oracle that the manhood of a man is paramount. However, Miss Craig knows best, and perhaps has done wisely in taking the general rather than the special view of him. The tribute to his memory is a worthy one.—*February, 1859.*

## "HOME, SWEET HOME."

(A Tale in Six Chapters.)

### CHAP. IV.

It is scarcely necessary to advert to the desolation which prevailed in the cabin from which Ned had been torn; if his absence had been a source of deep sorrow when he first left them, the anguish of those whose affections were wrapped up in him was more overpowering when they saw him borne away in disgrace to certain punishment. His poor mother had tried to follow him as he was taken away, but her limbs tottered so that she was utterly unable to move, and she sat by the door, indulging, amidst all her troubles, a vague hope that Sally would bring him back.

Sally returned, pale and breathless with dismay and agitation. "Mother!" was all she said; she fell senseless into the old woman's arms. It was some time before consciousness brought her back to misery. Deeply did she and her poor mother bewail the day when Ned associated with those who brought such ruin upon

them all. It did indeed seem strange, that sorrow and trouble had come through that one to whom they had all looked most for happiness and comfort. Alas, alas! how often does the shaft that wounds most deeply come from the dearest hand! The only thing that tended in any degree to support them, was the chance, which appeared some time after, of Sally's being one among the women permitted to proceed with the last battalion to join their husband's in Spain. A lady, who in her rides stopped often at the Barrys' cabin, attracted by the beauty of Sally when a child, felt an interest for her, all through life. She was a passionate admirer of beauty, and Sally's loveliness, as she grew up, did not disappoint the early promise of personal attraction. Compassionating her distress, she did all in her power to further Sally's great object, and from her connexions she was able to be of great use.

In the meantime Ned, nearly broken-hearted, found himself in the midst of new scenes,

where vast ranges of nearly inaccessible mountains concealed within their bosom towns and villages, whose inhabitants could only communicate with each other by roads little better than rude mountain paths. Castles and monasteries, on lofty summits, seemed to bid defiance to the steps of the intruder, and to be a meet habitation for those only who are raised, in mind as well as situation, above the world. Fertile plains and wide pasture lands sometimes spread before him; or desert regions so vast, so wild and desolate, as to make the most thoughtless contemptive, and susceptible of sublime or melancholy impressions. His way now lay through olive-woods, or by the weeping-willows that laved their branches in the passing stream; or the torrents rushing through wooded glens, whose dashing spray refreshed the foliage and gave additional fragrance to the herbs and flowers. Such were the scenes Spain afforded—beautiful scenes! now sullied by blood and strife—solitudes whose very loneliness seemed holy, disturbed by the clangour of arms and the rush of warriors; all were in active preparation for the fight, and Ned marched onward with his fellow-soldiers for Talavera.

It was in the scorching month of July, when repose among the shady woods, or by the margin of the gentle stream would have been fitter for the weary and heated traveller than the hot encounter of the field of battle; yet many a heart there was that panted for the affray. The town of Talavera and its environs were occupied by the multitudinous but ill-disciplined Spanish forces, extending from the Tagus to the olive-woods and the inclosures; their light troops were scattered through the woods, and a great array of artillery was planted in a commanding position in front, so as to guard all the avenues which led to it. The British troops stood at a distance from the inclosures, in the open field on the left, on the uneven ground which stretched from the woods to the base of the hills, forming the first range of the Sierra Montalban. A deep ravine, through which the portine rivulet ran, skirted these hills, and formed the extreme British left; by a sharp turn the streamlet wound its way to the Tagus at Talavera, and across the front of the whole allied line. The French occupied a strong position on the heights, commanding a great part of the field of battle with their batteries. The British line stood directly opposite them, on eminences, sweeping with their guns also the slopes by which they had ascended.

The British outposts beyond the stream were first attacked. In the confusion and surprise of the sudden onset, the Duke of Wellington was very near falling into the hands of the French; the shouts of the troops mingled with the noise of the heavy firing. The combatants engaged with desperate fury, and were brought so near that they fought almost hand to hand; and when the darkness of night came on, they could plainly distinguish each other's features by the flash of the musketry. For awhile the issue of the battle was doubtful; but soon the

cheers of the British soldiers proclaimed that they were the victors. The slaughter had been very dreadful, and seldom has it happened that a more bloody field was won; the fatigue and the excitement had been so great that the soldiers on both sides sunk down in a state of utter exhaustion round the fires of their bivouacs, fast asleep.

The terrible conflict was renewed early the next morning; fierce and cruel was the hard-fought battle, and the loss of life tremendous: the lassitude brought on by violent exertion and excessive heat rendered some repose necessary, and the fight was suspended for two hours to allow the troops a short rest. Parched with heat and raging thirst, the soldiers on both sides sought the brink of the stream which separated them, as it bent its peaceful way through the ravine. The refreshing waters flowed on between the foemen: they slaked their thirst from the same rill; no shot was heard, no drum disturbed the peace of that moment, and hands that had lately met in cruel violence were stretched across the pure waters in the grasp of momentary amity. But soon the sound of rapidly advancing troops was heard, like the noise of a mighty, rushing wind; and the din and the clatter of arms, and the hoarse word of command, and the roll of drums, and then the thunder of artillery, and the rattling of musketry, told that the work of death was going on; and those who had but just looked kindly in each other's faces, and whose hands were but just loosened from the friendly pressure, were set against each other like very blood-hounds; the air was heavy with dust and smoke, and the green sward dyed in human gore. To add to the horror of the scene, patches of the grass, scorched with heat, took fire, and the flames lit up with fitful gleams the ghastly countenances of the dead and dying, who lay scattered upon the ground. The languid moans of those writhing in agony, or drawing the last breathings of life, were drowned in the exulting shouts of the British army; for they had won the bloody field, where 6,268 of their soldiers had fallen, and where 8,794 of those with whom they had fought lay stretched in death beside them.

Oh, what a scene for exultation! Many a heart that had beaten high with all the charities of life was stilled for evermore; and far, far worse, many were cut off in the midst of a vicious career, with a weight of unrepented guilt. Many a one in their quiet home, who recked not of that battle and its cruel chances, talked of the time when the wars would be over, and when the soldier, who was *never to return*, would be home again. We have known such, and have been reminded more than once of that touching passage which describes the anxious longings with which the absent mariner was looked for. The wife "looks next month for the good man's return; or it may be his son knows nothing of the tempest; or his father thinks of that affectionate kiss, which still is warm upon the good old man's cheek, ever since



he took a kind farewell, and he weeps with joy to think how blessed he shall be when his beloved boy returns into the circle of his father's arms. These are the thoughts of mortals—this is the end and sum of all their designs—a dark night and an ill guide, a boisterous sea and a broken cable, a hard rock, and rough wind dashed in pieces the fortune of a whole family; and they that shall weep loudest for the accident are not yet entered into the storm, and yet have suffered shipwreck." So was the happiness of all who had set their love upon their soldier lost in battle at a moment when they had not dreamed of it.

Soon the news of England's victory has flown from shore to shore. It is vaunted of in courts and camps—it is the theme of praise in Senate and in clubs. What rejoicings are in Merry England! How the joy-bells chime in every town and village! How the windows blaze with light! What bonfires are lighted on the public ways! What fireworks shoot through the air! And in the midst of all this glare, what crowds rush through the streets, vociferously calling for more lights, and tossing up their hats, and shouting with all their might! But amidst all these vehement demonstrations of delight, many a sad widow sits by her desolate hearth; many an orphan weeps bitter tears; many a maiden thinks, in agony, of that field where all her hopes lie withered! Yes, yes; amidst the din of triumph, hearts are breaking. Those who were lately seen to pass along, light of step and light of heart, now move slowly on, their whole air giving an idea of sadness which accords with the black garments which are their badge of England's victory.

Oh! how the frame shudders and the heart sickens at the appalling and melancholy spectacles which War exhibits! How strange that what occasions most misery among men should be so long and so ardently practised! "What a reproach to humanity," observes an able commentator, "is the trade of war! Man is regularly trained to it, as in any of the necessary arts:

'How to dislodge most souls from this frail shrine  
By gun, sword, and bayonet, is the art  
Which some call great and glorious.'"

How little account, indeed, is taken of the severance of soul and body! What eagerness to "put asunder what God has joined together!" But we trust that better feelings are afloat, which may ere long find their way to every heart!

Duelling—once so prevalent—is now scarcely tolerated. Personal injuries are no longer settled by bloody engagements, and why should national differences be adjusted by such? Science and intellectual advancement is every day opening more widely the way to social intercourse among men. Time and distance are no longer impediments to quick, constant, and friendly communication; and those that were considered, even within our own memories, as far-off strangers, too remote to have any relation to us, are now almost as very neighbours. England,

from her high position and powerful influence among the nations, is well qualified to set an example in zeal, for the termination of warfare. At least one sect of the Christian community declares an abhorrence for it. May all professing the pure faith which teaches

"On earth Peace—Good-will toward men,"

exemplify the precept by making it the rule of action, and no dead letter! May it not only be heard occasionally in the lesson of the day, but be deeply engraven on every heart! Then—then would England have the victory, if, through her instrumentality, a reformation so righteous were brought about. If men ceased to "spill men's blood like water"—if hearts were no longer riven by the fatal chances of the battle, and if hands were outstretched to help, instead of being raised to wound, what a contrast would then be offered to the days of cruel massacre, of which we have read and heard! the air, through which the birds wing their way, gladdening the morning with their song, never more to be sullied with the smoke and dust of the battle, or mournful with the moans of the wounded and the dying! and the earth, which brings forth grass and herb for the service of man, and flowers beautiful to look on, never more to be steeped in man's blood!

## CHAP. V.

Seldom has the moon risen on a scene so sad as that which Talavera presented the day after the battle. Her first beams glanced through the thick foliage of the trees; but as she advanced, she appeared in all her splendour at the openings through the woods—now gleaming upon the rippling waters, or resting on the mountain side. The serenity of that pure light, so calculated to inspire calm and holy thoughts, came as it were in melancholy reproach for the scenes of violence which had just passed there. As her beams lit up the field, the dead and dying could be seen almost as clearly as in broad daylight. The solemn stillness of that hour was broken by the moans of the suffering. Many, in agony, would have given the world's wealth, could they have commanded it, for one drop of water from the running stream scarce an arm's length from where they lay, to wet their parched lips. And there were those who had been lapped in luxury, whose every glance had been watched, and whose slightest words had been almost as laws, resting on the bare turf without one to aid them in the hour of their extremity. And there were those who had been the joy of fond hearts, and the delight of admiring eyes—all, all were lying forlorn and neglected; unwatched, save by the prowling wolf attracted from his den by the scent of blood, and by the birds of prey hovering over the field of carnage. But other spoilers came—the human vultures who make prey of the dead and the helpless—those who

follow the camp to turn the miseries of the day into profit. At first they stole stealthily along, lest any might be there, to contend the prize with them; but at every step they became bolder, and dealt their blows with steadier hand on those who were powerless to resist, and stripped the dead and those whom they despatched with increased dexterity.

A villain, with a mallet in his hand, rushed forward to deal a mortal blow on one who still breathed; but just as he was going to strike, his arm was stayed by one who knelt by the wounded man. She had thrown one arm fondly round him she watched, while she stretched out the other with unusual strength to drive away the assassin. Her wild shriek and frantic looks made him desist; for it seemed to him that grief had turned her head, and there is an instinctive dread of the insane, even in the most daring, which strikes with awe.

Sally—for it was poor Sally—looked upon Ned's ghastly face, and wept most bitterly. She wiped away the blood which had trickled from the wound in his hand, with her long tresses, and kissed his cold lips and cheek again and again. Of the manner in which she had got to him, after her arrival at some distance from Talavera, she was never able to give a clear account; but ascribed it solely to *the goodness of the Lord, who had helped her on her way*. Every moment, as she watched him, she feared the low moaning and the faint fluttering of his heart would cease. But after a time help came, and water was brought; in which his temples and his face were bathed, and he swallowed a few drops, and then he was conveyed from the field. Those only who have watched by the bed of some precious one whose life seemed waning away, can conceive all that Sally endured.

The surgeon was a humane man, and bestowed great care on the wounded; but for a long time he despaired of Ned's recovery, for, besides the wound on his head, he had received others that were, however, less severe. But the spine had been injured, which added to the difficulty of the case. Sally's grief and attachment interested the surgeon very much in her favour. She had learned to dress Ned's wounds. It was a task over which she often cried very bitterly: particularly when she looked at the marks of the lash on his back. His senses wandered constantly; and, though he talked much, all he said was incoherent. All Sally's fond expressions and tender caresses could not recall him to himself. He continually imagined himself in the scenes through which he had passed. Sometimes he thought he was in the midst of the fight, and spoke of the comrades who he fancied were falling about him, lamenting their mutilated state—one had lost an arm, another a leg, and others were shot dead. He went over all that he imagined, with such vividness and accuracy, that those who listened thought the scenes must have been again acted before him. Then, by a sudden transition, he would believe himself at home: and he would chat as if to his mother, and ask her about the work which,

he thought, she had in hand; and then he would bid the little boys and Nancy be quiet, for that their noise was giving him a head-ache. Then he would be in the midst of the battle again: then seated with Sally in the glen, talking to her as if she were a child. Then he would say, when the wars were over, he would go home to marry her, and bid her be loyal and true to him.

This was all very trying to Sally. But what afflicted her more than anything in his wanderings was that he never for a moment seemed to know her; but would speak to her as if she were a stranger, and charge her with messages to give to Sally and his mother, after his death. "I know well enough," he would say, "how the cratures will take on after me; for the one and the other has a lovin' heart—and it's but the truth to say, them same hearts lay in me. But you won't let them part. You'll rouse them out of the lowness of sperets with one pleasant word and another. Above all, be sure to tell them I was content to go—only I'd like to have seen the cabin again, and to have been with them awhile before the last minute come! And, moreover, I'd like to have been in my own buryin'-ground, beside my own—but I can't help that now. I was a headstrong boy, and would go sarve in the army: and what came of it all? Will I ever forget that floggin' the longest day that ever I live? Aint my poor back sore yet? And isn't my poor head knocked in bits?—and aint I over the says and far away from them who would give all that ever they had, and all that ever they will have, and the very eyes itself out of their heads to have been with me, and all that you done for me, to have done it themselves? They'd be jealous like to think a stranger had the trouble of my sickness: they covet that themselves: they'd have washed and minded all them ugly hurts. Not that you havn't been very kind and tender to me all through; but then you consave one has a lainin to their own, let strangers be ever so good; its nature, you know, and no blame to us. And I consate, if Sally's hands were over them hurts they'd have hailed up long ago, and not kept me so unaisy; but you done the best you could, and if you're not Sally, how can you help that same? and I'd be an unnatural baste if I wasn't all out obliged for all you done for me, and them that's far over the says will be obliged—my blessin's on them!—I don't want to be tould that there's no one that ever did a turn for me that won't be welcome to the cabin, and to the last bit and sup that's in it."

Every word which Ned spoke, showing that he took her for a stranger, cut Sally to the heart.

"Oh! if he would but know me for one minute itself, I think I could content myself; but to have him go to the grave without knowin' that I never was from his side since the battle—that has left many a one with a sore heart besides myself!—without knowin' that it's only me that tombed him; that no hands but my own, save the doctor's, ever went nigh him! It's this breaks my heart worse nor all!"



This was a trial which Sally had to endure for some time; but then the surgeon began to encourage her—"Ned might be spared to her." But he warned her not to expect to see him ever what he had been. Though the wounds were decidedly better, the nervous system had been so seriously affected, that it could not be expected that either mind or body should be restored to their natural tone.

Few things are more painful, than finding a countenance on which we have loved to look changed: and though bad passions and vicious propensities had not left their odious traces on Ned's countenance, yet shame, regret, and suffering had robbed it of the sweet and happy expression that had been so delightful. One morning, as Sally watched by him as he slept, a sudden change passed over his countenance, and, lit up with a momentary glance of gladness, he soon awoke.

"Oh, what a pleasant drame! I thought I was at home—it's long since I dreamed I was there—and I heard the sound of the brook by which Sally and I liked to sit; and I heard the birds, that we used to look at and listen to when

we were youngsters, singin' in the trees; and I had hould of Sally's hand—the way I used—and the mother sittin' far-neant us at the wheel, and the self-same smile on her face that she used to have when she'd look at us."

Overcome by these thoughts, Ned looked in Sally's face, and, bursting into tears, he threw his arms about her, and hid his face on her bosom. The tears, that fell abundantly, and the sleep from which he had wakened, had a most salutary effect.

"Sally! Sally! and is it my own Sally that I hould in my arms?"

"Oh, Ned!" sobbed she, "sure I am your own poor Sally, that never has left you, and that never will! Didn't I find you among the hapes and hapes of the dead? and havn't I watched over you ever since, and won't I the longest day I live?"

Was it your own self, then, Sally—indeed, indeed, was it your own dear self, Sally, that was by me all the time? How in the wide world was it that I didn't know your sweet face? Wouldn't the pains itself have been aised, if I had known it was you that was in it?"

## P R I N T - S H O P S .

BY JOVEN.

The most delightful things in London are those which carry the imagination *away* from London. Real city-lovers, who do honestly and really enjoy the bustle and hurried confusion of London life, will dispute the assertion; but they are in a minority. To us, London would be intolerable were it not for the pictures and flowers in the windows; but *they* make a stroll westward one of the pleasantest ways of passing a bright spring afternoon. The measure of our enjoyment is within ourselves. A prosaic man may push and tramp through London for years and years, and yet be blind and deaf and dead to the countless charms of the glorious old miracle which he inhabits. A man with poetical feeling and sensibility may find, in half-an-hour's walk along the Strand, matter for pleasant thought. Above all, he will bless the print-shops.

If we were asked to name the men, in London, to whom we felt most gratitude, we should scream out, with vehemence, "Colnaghi, Graves, Jennings, Leggatt, et cetera, et cetera!" We are their debtors for hours upon hours of enjoyment. May they prosper, one and all!

There are print-shops whose windows we should not object to break: windows full of dull and stupid attempts at gaiety—flimsy, Frenchified, feeble, and foolish; concerning which shops, the questions always present themselves, "How on earth can they pay? Who, not being insane, would buy those grinning,

grimacing, and ghoulish caricatures of the human face divine? Are there worshippers extant of that most deplorable Ugliness which pretends to be sprightly?" No answer is given; but the shops continue open, and people do *not* break their windows. Patience: a time may come!

There has been much nonsense talked about the Art Movement in England, and some of the nonsense was really baneful and blighting. The importance of Art was immensely over-rated. To hear some of the glib apostles of this peculiar creed, you would almost think that the one hope of redemption for England lay in her speedily adopting more elegant fire-irons and coffee-pots. If you demurred, you were very easily disposed of by a charge of "want of taste." If the Art Apostle was in a particularly good humour, he would oblige the company with a definition of *Æsthetics*, and the company would pretend to understand him.

The pretty-tea-cup-school preaches no longer, and some of its abler men have done good service in other ways; but next came a portentous school, whose talk was of *Morals*. Under the former, if you differed from the oracles, you were only pronounced deficient in artistic appreciation; under the new Dictatorship, if you venture to breathe a word or two in defence of an old master, down you go: you are "Godless" and "A pagan." Now, a man doesn't like to be called a godless pagan. It hurts his

feelings; especially if a lady uses the words. Once, men who really cared not one straw for Grecian architecture, were obliged by "society" to be in ecstasies with the Parthenon. At present, men who, like Lord Palmerston, actually prefer Somerset House to Westminster Abbey, are yet expected to talk lovingly of cusp and gurgyle. Oh for a Burchell *plus* Boreas to bellow "Fudge!" One such enormous, startling, rude, and ringing shout would wonderfully clear the air.

Men who, on all other subjects, talk honestly and rationally enough, become hypocritical as soon as this same "Art" is mentioned. Let them frankly profess their entire indifference to the whole thing. If Swift, despite his genius, could see no difference between Buononcini and Handel—if Lord Palmerston, despite his talent, can prefer Somerset House to Westminster Abbey—by all means let us have these astounding confessions honestly made. Want of taste is an imperceptibly trifling misfortune compared to want of truth, and we do believe that a vast amount of Falsehood is uttered in English homes whenever "Art" becomes the topic of conversation. The English—God be praised for it!—are not specially an artistic people: the Italians are. We have been told so, over and over again, by men who mourn at the artistic poverty of England. Let the answer be made, proudly, "We Englishmen have more important things to do than to contrive pretty inutilities. We will send our fleets to China; we will break down a system of exclusiveness which has endured for centuries; we will terrify an emperor by a few marines; we will send home the tea—and then let some Italian design a pretty tea-cup. We will provide the beef; the Italian may ornament the mustard-pot."

We are not indifferent to Art—in its place. What we object to is the sickening hypocrisy of which it is often the cause; or, rather, the occasion. We don't like to see an honest Englishman giving himself the airs of a connoisseur when, in reality, he cares nothing for Art at all. There is no harm, brother Englishman, in your profound indifference to Raphael or Michael Angelo: only speak it out, like a man, and go to something which *does* interest you. Don't be a humbug: *don't!*

That Art will be of more and more importance in England is certain. Already, we have produced the greatest landscape-painter that the world ever saw; and we have still amongst us a young artist, of whose future it would be difficult to speak too hopefully, and who may be destined to stand beside Turner, as one of the two great painters of modern times. So much has been done in such a short time, that *he* would be a bold man who should venture to prophesy that England will always be behind Italy or France. At any rate, the English artists of 1859 may surely challenge comparison with their foreign contemporaries; and the immense demand for landscape-painting, if it is not a conclusive proof that our love for art *as* art has increased, is yet a pleasing confirmation of the

assertion that the English have a warm and deep love for Nature and for all that reminds them of her.

On a hot day in July, when the city air is close and dull, and when, to your unstrung nerves, it seems as though the graveyards were sending forth their poisonous odours, there are few things more delightful, though also few more tantalizing, than to take up your position in front of a really good print-shop. In five minutes, as you gaze at the engravings or drawings in the window, hot old London ceases to domineer over your soul. You are away, away with the happy artists: you go down the little path, through the wood, to the bed of the streamlet, where the alders are growing in the thick moist ground: you are tied to no time, no place, and no season: you can tramp on, with yonder gipsy, over the broad common, burning with heather, to the village in the distant west, upon whose old church-spire the setting sun gleams redly. You can loiter with the children in the primrose-lane, or sit with the old trampler upon the felled tree by the wayside: you can jump up on the stage-coach that comes rattling along the broad English road, and ride along with pleasant glimpses of the valley to the right, where the copse is less thickly grown than usual: you can sit with that fine fellow in the Kossuth hat, who is just casting his line into the stream; or you can walk a mile further, and step into the ferry-boat, where the old boatman drowsily paddles away and strikes up the water with his long, lazy oars—that seem drowsy too: you can watch the cattle in the rich water-meadows, knee-deep in grass and flowers, or track them to the shade of the old elm, where they cluster quietly together, and one keeps off the summer-flies from another; or, at early morning, you may go forth with the milkmaid to her pleasant task, and quaff the rich steaming adorability so innocent of chalk and city sophistications.

Do not say that these pleasures are merely fanciful. What does it matter to me whether I am in Pall Mall, or off the Sussex coast in a tight little yacht, if, looking at that admirable engraving from Turner, I seem to feel the fresh breeze stinging my face with its keen saltness, and to see the waves leapy in their riotous delight? If the pleasure is the same, what matters the place? And we do most firmly and solemnly maintain that a man may really more than treble the enjoyment of his life, if he will but use a catholic imagination. If he cannot "hold a fire in his hand by thinking of the frosty Caucasus"—and we rather doubt even *that*, though we should be sorry to try the experiment—yet in the very heart of London he may summon round him, by imagination, the sights and sounds of Cumberland or Devon.

Do not say, either, that this kind of dreaming will interfere with work. In a very weak and shallow nature it may; but a strong and healthy nature will only get new health and new strength from it. Whilst calling up past pleasures and suggesting future ones, it will cheer him on



through the labour of the present. Again: it will have a higher influence than this partly sensuous one. A good print-shop is a good moral teacher. If you look at that little drawing, and see the villagers trooping on to church through the field, that is keen and green with the shooting wheat; if, gazing at that other sketch, you notice the quiet old vicarage, with the parson's daughter running to her pet rabbits, and parson's son, fresh from Oxford, lounging up the gravel-walk with a large "regalia" in his mouth, and a delicious little "Horace" in his hand; if, in another picture, you see twenty cheery English gentlemen in scarlet coats assembled for the hunt; if you see all this, and think of all that it means, you must be a very poor creature indeed if your sympathies are not at once quickened and deepened. You will think of what ENGLAND means: you will remember that it does not mean only the hot and feverish life of mighty cities, but that it means also quiet rest or cheerful labour in the meadow or on the hill! You are in Cheapside, and the people are hurrying on—for it wants but twenty minutes to four o'clock—to the 'Change; yes, but your cousins in the country are attending to their bees, or tying up their dahlias to the thick stakes. The little fishing-boats are coming back from a successful raid among the mackerel, and the old fisherman at the helm lazily smokes his little black comforter as he reckons up the profits of the day.

The print-shop suggests to you a thousand kinds of life and work. A troop of soldiers, on the march to head-quarters, are resting at the little inn under the shadow of the great chestnut-tree. A stately ship slides away from the harbour, and the tars, in blue shirts and red caps, are roughly, but cheerily, singing at their work. Alone, among the trees, the wood-cutter swings his busy axe; yet not *quite* alone, for through yonder glade you see the form of his little daughter, who brings him his dinner, in that basket under her arm. The eager scythe flashes rapidly through the stalks of the golden grain, and, through every sheaf that is gathered, gleam the scarlet poppy and the beautiful bindweed. Peep in at the cottage-door, and you see the busy housewife making ready for her husband's return. Is it morning? The other hounds are gathering beside the stream, that tears along downwards from the moorland. Is it evening? The farmer rides home from the market, on his sure-footed mare.

As you see all this, pictured or suggested, your heart goes warmly out towards many more classes of men, of whom you would seldom think but for such pictures. All wisdom comes from the heart: he is the wisest whose sympathies are the most universal. A great living artist has shown us the face and form, still beautiful and still proud in death, of the "marvellous boy who perished in his pride": the same artist has shown us the overspent "stone-breaker," fallen dead at his work. The true artist, like the true poet, counts nothing too lofty for his enterprize,

nothing too humble for his pitying and pious celebration. Happy painters! They have England before them, as their exquisite and inexhaustible subject. Let them but paint her worthily, as some of them are at length beginning to do, and they will have lived to a noble purpose, and proved themselves good children of such a peerless mother.

We have been speaking hitherto chiefly of the engravings and little water-colour drawings which swarm in our print-shop windows, and which have always crowds in front of them: but our print-shop has other attractions. It speaks not only of natural beauty, but (a higher theme) of human passion and emotion. In this respect, also, let us rejoice to say, the artists of England are labouring ably. Who that has seen it (and who has not?) can ever forget that wonderful "Huguenot on the eve of St. Bartholomew," which is still the most admirable production of Millais? Fortunately, though it is now in some private collection (and we honestly confess to a deeply-rooted envy of its proprietor), it has been so exquisitely engraved, that its merit daily grows upon the popular mind. Surely, there was never a more happy subject chosen! All the depth of woman's love (which is love for a person), and all the depth of man's love (which is love for a person and a *principle* too) are in it. The girl's divinely pleading face seems before us as we write. "Cannot he make this one little sacrifice of his convictions—for *his* sake and for *hers* too?" She has been pleading and imploring long: she speaks no longer now. Another word, and her heart, so terribly tried, would break; so she looks at him, wistfully, yearningly; and in that look there is more eloquence, more passion than any of our poets could convey. She looks at him; and yet she knows—you can see *that*—she knows that she has appealed in vain. If we could read into her heart of hearts, might we not find that, mingling with her agony of disappointment and her acuteness of fear, there is a proud consciousness of her lover's worth? Might we not see that she is all the more proud of him, all the more pleased with him, because she knows that to-morrow he will lie, stark and grim, in some Golgotha of a Paris street, pierced by the bloody weapon of a persecutor? And *he*—though there are some critics who consider his face tame and cold compared to hers—so gleaming with tender supplication:—yet surely the artist was *still* a great poet, when he showed us the brave young man, wavering not from his faith, though so sorely tried, and mindful of his duty to God and God's holy cause, even when the soft accents of one who was almost as dear to him as his conscience—*almost*, but not quite—sought to drag him from the terrible path of the martyr. As you look, you can almost see a faint smile upon his lips. He bends towards her, very tenderly, very lovingly, as she nestles close to his strong heart: he has made up his great account, and is ready for the sore reckoning which will come on the morrow; and, as you turn away from the won-

derful work, you are impressed not merely with the young artist's incomparable genius, but some of the deepest truths that moralist and philosopher can teach, spring up, strong though silent, in your heart. Whatever be the future of Millais—whether, as many believe and hope, he will go boldly forward, guided only by his genius and his faith; or whether, as some profess to fear, he will stiffen down into the leader of an affected school—let not this noble picture ever be forgotten when he is judged. He painted it when he was twenty-three!

Next year, the peripatetic students of art in print-shop windows will be able to see another most noticeable work by one of those young men who have already achieved so much, and who, if they are true to themselves, will achieve yet more. Mr. Holman Hunt's "Light of the World" is not a picture for which we have an unqualified admiration. There ever has been, and there ever must be, a wide gulph between the teacher by words and the teacher by pigments: the painter may give emotion, but let him not try to give doctrine. Despite Mr. Ruskin's eloquent and elaborate commentary, the people will never spend hours in trying to find out the symbolical meaning of every jewel upon the Saviour's breast; but the *face* of Christ—one of the most pathetic, surely, that ever painter drew—needs no practised eye and no special culture in the spectator for its appreciation. Grave, solemn, and with a shade of divine anxiety over its earnest features, it appeals at once to the heart, and no heart that is young much can be insensible to the appeal. O that May were here, and that we might see whether Mr. Hunt, in his long-expected "Christ in the Temple" is still marching on the right path!

Another picture, which is a peculiar favourite of ours, and which, in the cheap fashion already indicated, we delight to study, is Ary Scheffer's "Dante and Beatrice:" it seems to us the finest conception we have yet seen of the immortal Florentine. As Beatrice, serene in her saintly beauty, walks on through the heavens, you have in Dante's face all that passionate intensity, all that boundless, self-compressed tenderness and woe, which we always associate with the thought of the mighty man who had seen Hell, and seen it with a spirit which, maugre all its inner love, was yet fierce, stern, and terrible as Hell itself.

The establishment of the National Portrait Gallery—the best thing in the interests of history that any government has done for many years—will probably supply our print-shops with new subjects. As we walk through London streets we shall be able to gaze upon the features of the mighty men, whose courage and capacity built up our English Empire; and the possibility of doing this will be no inconsiderable educational influence. We cannot be too often reminded of our worthies. Let us have the rugged, homely face of Cromwell; the keen, long eyes of Walter Raleigh; the rough, sagacious features of Francis Drake; the princely brow of Shakespeare; and the almost awful sanctity and serenity of Milton's face, "dark with excess of

night," constantly before us; and the contemplation of these will assuredly not be without results. For one thing, they will make amends for the ruthless caricatures of some good Britons which as so-called "statues" deform our public squares.

Akin in their influence to those portraits of which we speak are the new photographs—often so admirably executed—of English cathedrals. When we speak of deficiencies of the English in art, we must never forget that in *one* branch of art—that of building fair houses for the service of God—they have seldom, if ever, been surpassed; and now all those wondrous pieces of "poetry in stone" are faithfully rendered to our view by the sun himself. Much must needs be lost in the process; the varying shadows of the clouds upon the grey old towers, the streaming rush of golden light through the painted windows, and the mystery of the brooding darkness around the "storied tomb." Enough, however, remains to remind us of the ineffable loveliness and the incomparable majesty of these great, old temples. We see the double towers of Wells, and the soaring spire of Salisbury; the weather-beaten old bell-tower of Canterbury, and the glorious nave of Winchester; and as we see them we must be cold indeed if we do not feel their beauty. Beauty? it is hardly the word. Beautiful our cathedrals are, in their exquisite proportion and their bewildering abundance of detail; yet it is not their *beauty* which strikes you first, or which impresses you most deeply: it is their sacred age, their holy permanence. Above all, it is the spirit in which they were built—the spirit of men who laboured not only for their present needs, but with self-sacrifice and self-devotion toiled for unborn ages of worshippers. Creeds may change again, as creeds have changed before; but these cathedrals are witnesses to that earnestness of man's heart which lies at the root of *all* creeds; and as witnesses to *that*, they can never be otherwise than holy. They seem almost to be incorporated into nature. Other buildings lie heavily upon the earth; these seem to grow out from it. A cathedral tower never impresses us as being built by man's hand; old and black and weather-beaten, it reminds us of the rocks, which were the earliest sanctuaries. It seems at once co-eval with them, and co-eternal. Whether bathed in the luxurious summer-sunshine, or frowning through the misty rains of winter; whether seen from the cathedral-close, or gazed at from the hills miles away; whether their bells half-stun you with their pealing clamour, as you stand close by; or sound but softly, as you wander through the neighbouring fields, these buildings are always mysterious, always sacred, always sublime. And there are men who, to such buildings, prefer—Somerset House!

We have not yet touched upon half the charms and attractions of our beloved print-shops; have not spoken one word of the admirable engravings from Landseer, all of which carry us away into the bright free air that breathes over mountain and moorland; we have scarcely



mentioned the engravings from Turner, which depict, with unequalled accuracy and feeling, the changing aspects of our dear English clouds; we have been silent as to Etty's luxurious beauties, and Frith's very lively and inoffensive prettinesses. Then the prints from Raphael; the photographs of the ancient statues; the marvellous reproductions of Alpine glaciers: these also we have passed over. The subject is nearly inexhaustible; not so is our space, not so is the patience of our readers. May they have heard us patiently, as we talked of our enjoyments—enjoyments which lie within their own reach, and which, doubtless, so many of them share with us. At any rate, we, for our part, must again protest that if a man will but keep his eyes and his heart open as he walks through London, he need never be without

either amusement or instruction. Let him go to Trafalgar Square (*à bas* Kensington! *à la lanterne* with Kensington the Inaccessible!) and see the wild rout and eager life of Titian's *Bacchus and Ariadne*: let him go to Marlborough House, and marvel at the poetic fancies and the ever-varying colour of our own great Turner: let him wander under the sacred roof of Westminster Abbey, *if* he has the time. When he has not—and *that*, with many of us, is but too frequently the case—let him pause for awhile as he walks along the crowded streets, and, even at the risk of having his pocket picked, allow his fancy and his imagination to wander for a little time among the many scenes of English beauty which he will find so faithfully depicted in the little sketches that adorn the windows of our print-shops.

## K A T E A N S O N .

(*A Tale of Real Life.*)

### CHAP. XII.

“For God’s sake keep her away!”

It was the voice of a grey-headed, stern-looking man, bending over the lifeless body of Gilbert M’Allister. But the warning came too late. She had seen the motionless form, the dark hair falling heavily back from the still, white face; the closed eyes, the dull crimson stains. She called wildly on his name—he did not answer: she gave one bound towards him, and, with a bitter cry, fell senseless at his side. Harry sprang forward, and, in the excitement of the moment, lifted her as easily as though she had been a child. He carried her into the drawing-room, followed by Percy Olno and poor Jessie, whose piercing shriek on first seeing Gilbert had been to Kate the warning of evil. They laid her upon a couch, and applied every suitable restorative. “But O,” said the weeping Jessie, “we are only bringing her back to misery!”

Kate opened her eyes, and in a moment remembered all. She started up, but Harry caught her firmly in his arms, and though she tried to break away from him, succeeded in detaining her. He spoke in a calm, authoritative voice: “Kate, you must remain here at present.”

She clasped her hands in wild entreaty—“O Harry, Harry, let me go to him!”

“Not yet.”

As he said the words, they heard the sound of a heavy body being borne along. She shuddered, and for a moment hid her face upon Harry’s shoulder; then she spoke very calmly: “They are taking him up-stairs?”

“Yes, said Harry, taking both her hands in one of his, and holding them tightly.

“Is he dead?”

She looked him full in the face, and her large grey eyes had such a depth of intolerable agony in their gaze, that for the first time Harry faltered.

Percy, standing by, saw this, and answered for him: “No, he is not dead, but—”

She did not wait for him to finish the sentence: she raised her hand, saying, hurriedly, “Hush! I know.”

Time seemed to pass slowly: no one spoke. Kate asked no questions as to what had happened. One idea, and one only, held possession of her mind—“Gilbert would die!” All else was forgotten in that one thought of anguish. Presently Doctor Bailey entered the room: she sprang forward to meet him. “May I go to my husband?”

He looked pityingly at her earnest face, though he answered, “Not if you cannot be calm.”

“I will be very calm.”

She was calm already, fearfully calm. Harry could hardly bear to look at her. She laid her hand on the doctor’s arm. “Will Gilbert know me?”

“Yes, he has asked for you.”

Accustomed as he was to scenes of sorrow, Doctor Bailey’s voice trembled as he spoke.

“How long will he live?”

Percy could bear it no longer, and left the room. The doctor hesitated. She spoke commandingly: “Tell me, tell me quickly, tell me truly!”

“Perhaps twelve hours.”

“May I go to him now?”

"Yes."

She walked quickly, but steadily to his room-door; there stayed an instant, as if to gather strength, and entered.

He saw her in a moment, and held out his arms. "Kate—my wife!"

She fell upon her knees beside the bed; and her head sank upon his breast.

Doctor Bailey passed his hand across his eyes, and beckoning Harry to follow, left the room.

Kate and Gilbert were alone. He felt her quivering as she knelt there at his side, and stroked her soft hair lovingly with his feeble hand. He spoke to her gently: "Katie, I am going to leave you!" She clung closer to him, but did not answer. "I thought to make you happy once, Kate: I tried to do so, indeed I did! But I fear my darling—"

She looked up imploringly: "O hush! or you will break my heart!"

Her voice, so full of agony, went to his own. He closed his eyes as though in pain, and a quiver rested on his white lips for a moment. "Kate, my darling," he murmured tenderly, "you are very, very precious to my heart!"

She gave one deep, convulsive sob: "Gilbert, my husband, had you died, and never known how all Kate's fond heart-love is given to you—has been yours—"

She ceased suddenly, for he made a vain effort to rise, and sank back, gasping for breath.

He grew calmer, and taking both her hands in his, gazed long and earnestly in her tearful face. "Kate, did you say you loved me?"

"Yes, Gilbert, dearer than life itself! dearer, far dearer than I ever loved before!"

He saw it in her quivering lips and truthful eyes, and gathering with an effort all his remaining strength, clasped her passionately to his heart, as she bent tenderly over him. "O Kate, my darling, I have found your love only when going to leave you!"

She clung more closely to his breast: there was a long, long silence. Kate shed no tears: she listened to the beating of the heart that had loved her so deeply and so well, and knew that soon, very soon, it would beat no more! She felt his lips pressed fondly to her brow, and knew they would soon be cold in death. She felt his loving arms clasped around her, and knew that they would soon lie cold and lifeless in the grave!

God only knows the agony of that parting hour to those two hearts, thus united for the first and last time!

The light began to fade: the night came on apace—the night of darkness and the night of death!—sooner and quicker than they thought. Gilbert for a moment held her close to his heart; then the strength of his clasp fled, and his voice sounded hoarse and strange.

"Kate, the time is coming! let me see them all—all! Charley too!"

She called Doctor Bailly, and sent Percy to summons the others, while she herself went to fetch her son. The child stretched out his arms

to the dying man, and fearlessly laid his golden curls upon the breast that had so often been their resting-place before.

"Papa's 'ittle 'ing tum to poor papa!" and a tear rolled heavily down Gilbert's cheek at the child's words. He laid one trembling hand upon the boy's head, and tried to press a kiss upon his lips; but strength was too far gone; he could but whisper, "God bless my little son!" And then they took Charley away. "Katie, raise my head." She put her arm under him, and rested his head upon her breast. "Are they all here, Kate?"

"Yes, all."

She was so calm! it was the calmness of despair.

"Tell them to come and say good-bye to me! I shall soon leave them now!"

Jessie bent over him, and kissed him; but she could not speak, though she heard him say "Good-bye!"

Willie's whole frame shook with irrepressible sobs, as he in his turn received a parting word. But Harry stood calmly by the bed of death.

"Take care of Kate!"

Those were Gilbert's last words to Harry; and he answered, in a firm, steady voice, "I will!"

Then poor old James came, to bid farewell to the master whom he had known from a boy, and never thought to survive. It was touching to see the uncontrollable grief of the old man,

"James," said his dying master, "you have been a faithful servant—"

And James tried to speak in vain. He felt as though his very heart was breaking.

"Pray!" said the dying man: and they saw that the end was near.

They knelt round his bed, while simply and calmly Harry read the beautiful prayer that our church gives us for those who are passing through the dark valley of the shadow of death. A moment after, and a fearful spasm crossed the features of the dying man. He struggled for breath, and threw up his hands: but it passed away. He lay still and quiet for a little time, and then looked up once more at the face bending over him, while a sweet smile rested on his lips: "Kate—my Kate!"

There was such loving tenderness in that faint whisper!

She pressed her lips upon his forehead, and felt his breath upon her cheek. Slower and slower, fainter and fainter it came: then one long, low sigh, and the spirit took its flight!

\* \* \* \* \*

There are few sorrows so poignant as the struggle to *realize* a sudden and overwhelming affliction. We may know that such and such things have happened, and acknowledge it to be so with the mind, without in the least realizing its truth. It was thus with Kate. She saw Gilbert lie still and cold, in his white shroud: she looked upon the gravestone that bore his dear name, and the date of his fearful death: she knew that he was gone from her, and that she



should never hear his voice on earth again: she knew she was *alone*; yet she would sometimes listen expectantly for his well-remembered foot-step, and almost fancy she heard his beloved voice—now silent in death! Often, in her dreams, Gilbert seemed near her, gentle and kind as ever. But O! the sad, sad waking from such dreams as those! Like one solitary star in a dark and cloudy sky, even in the midst of her desolation shone the thought—“*He knew that I loved him.*” Yes, that bitterness had been mercifully spared her: the bitterness of the veil between their hearts remaining, until too late for its removal, to give to her yearning love one loving smile, one answering sigh.

Kate’s whole soul seemed now given up to her little son—or, as she loved best to call him, “Gilbert’s boy.” The child was seldom away from her: he still spoke of himself as “Papa’s little king!” though it almost broke Willie’s heart to hear him do so.

A few days after the long funeral train had passed down the avenue at Falconbeck, and trembling hands had laid Gilbert in the grave of his ancestors, Harry and Willie stood by the fire in Kate’s sitting-room. Poor Willie! all his merry-hearted joyousness had gone. Of all his troubles in the sad past, nothing had ever so completely crushed him as the loss of his brother Gilbert. He seldom spoke of it, but wandered about, with a weary, listless expression on his once beaming face. Even little Charley failed to arouse him from this gloomy sorrow. But Harry—the quiet, undemonstrative Harry—felt equal sorrow for the lost one, though he spoke quite calmly of his death. The dying man’s trust was constantly before him—“Take care of Kate!” And he did take care of her. Not even Gilbert himself could have watched over her with more thoughtful care and love.

The brothers had evidently just come in: Willie looked tired and ill; he stood silently by the fire, and took no notice of poor Crib, who, unable to comprehend the cause of his master’s dejection, tried by every means in his power to gain the notice generally so readily awarded.

Harry laid his hand kindly on his brother’s shoulder: “Willie, my boy, you look ill, and done up altogether; go and rest a little in the drawing-room. I have kept you out too long.”

Willie shook the kind hand off rather impatiently. “I’m not at all tired! it’s your fancy. I came up here to get a book I want.”

He turned away as he spoke, then suddenly faced Harry, and seemed about to say something more; but Harry saw large tears standing in the blue eyes usually so full of fun and merriment; and once more laying his hand upon the lad’s shoulder, said kindly, “Stay with me, Willie, if it’s only till Kate comes.”

So Willie sat down on Kate’s sofa, but instead of replying to his brother’s request, leaned his arms upon the table near, bowed down his head, and burst into tears. Bitter sobs almost suffocated him; his whole body shook with their violence; but Harry did not attempt to stay them: he sat down by the boy, and grew

very pale with the strong effort necessary to maintain his own self-command.

“Harry,” sobbed poor Willie, “I can’t stand it! I can’t, indeed! It seems to break my heart in two—I can’t bear it!”

Harry tried to speak very calmly: “It is very hard for all of us, Willie; but it’s God’s doing, and we must not rebel.”

The boy raised his face, all tearful and sad. “The whole world seems lonely—everywhere desolate. I can’t bear to go about! I seem to miss him everywhere and in everything. Harry, I did so love him! I don’t believe anybody ever knew how much.”

“I know you did, Willie: but if you and I feel it as we do, think what Kate must suffer! Yet see how patient she is!”

“Harry,” said Willie, fairly quivering with emotion, “I’d rather see her any way—any way but as she is. I can’t bear to look at her—her face so pale and so still, with those large eyes looking just as they used to do when poor Jessie was so ill, and her voice so low and sad. O Harry, I can’t stand it!”

And the sobs came more bitterly than before.

“Poo’ Uncle Willie!” said a sweet childish voice; and little loving hands tried to drag away the tears that rolled down Willie’s face.

Kate followed her child into the room, and came up to her brother’s side. At the sight of his tears she paled a little, but spoke to him very quietly, putting her thin white hand into his the while.

“Poo’ Uncle Willie crying ‘cause dear papa gone away?” lisped Charley, looking up inquiringly at his mother, and clinging to her black crape dress.

“Yes,” she answered, pushing back the child’s golden curls from his brow, and bending down to press her lips there lovingly. “Try to comfort him, Charley.”

The little fellow sprang on to the sofa beside poor Willie, and began caressing him in his own gentle, touching way; while Kate looked calmly on. Willie bore it as long as he could, then clasping Charley to him for a moment—so tightly, that the child looked half-frightened at his vehemence—quickly left the room.

Kate and Harry sat side by side, Charley nestled in his mother’s lap, with his bright curls upon her breast.

“Harry,” said Kate, after a long silence, “Do you remember the night you and I talked together over the fire, at Primrose-place. I mean the time soon after papa’s death?”

“Yes, quite well.”

“How much has happened since then!”

Harry looked at the pale face beneath the widow’s cap, and sighed as he answered, “There has, indeed, Kate.”

She took a deep-laboured breath, as though preparing to make some great effort.

“Harry, you remember a few days ago you were going to tell me—”

He interrupted her hurriedly, and the hand that rested on the back of her chair trembled violently.



"Yes, I remember."

"I would not let you do so. I could not bear it *then*; but I can now. I am ready to listen, Harry, if you are ready to tell."

As she spoke her breath quickened, and she clasped Charley closer to her.

Harry rose, and stood leaning on the mantel-shelf, his arms folded that she might not see the trembling of his hands.

"Must I tell you all about it, Kate?"

"Yes—all. I can bear to hear it; but be quick!"

Then he told her all. How the noble husband, whom she so bitterly mourned, met with his sudden awful death.

The spirited animal he rode, always mettlesome, seemed unusually so that morning, when they all watched him down the avenue. He had had some difficulty in managing it on the way to Cleatherbrook; but having transacted his business there, set out on the road to the railway-station; but hardly had he proceeded a quarter of a mile, when his horse showed symptoms of becoming uncontrollably restive. Just at this juncture, and while Gilbert was endeavouring to master the animal, a cart, containing some new-felled timber, came up to them; which Scamper no sooner saw than, taking the bit firmly between his teeth, he rushed off on a mad gallop, passing the alarmed Percy, who chanced to be walking in that direction, in his wild flight.

Gilbert, always a splendid rider, had hitherto had no difficulty in retaining his seat, though perfectly unable to restrain the terrified animal he rode. All might have been well, but as they neared the toll-gate, its keeper, thinking to stop the almost flying Scamper, closed the great gate suddenly. There was a bound, a struggle, and man and horse lay prostrate; but Scamper, in endeavouring to rise struck out madly with his fore feet, and dealt his master the fatal blow that terminated his noble life. Every assistance was rendered. Percy, almost mad with fear, hurried on to Falconbeck Hall, leaving the medical man who had been hastily summoned, with others who had hastened to the scene of action, to bring poor Gilbert home. Percy saw Harry, told him of what had occurred, and prepared him for the worst. Harry's first thought was *Kate*. She was sleeping quietly in her own room, tired, and far from well. He would wait until Gilbert was brought home, and then gently break it to her; but as the apparently lifeless body of its master was carried up the steps of Falconbeck Hall, Jessie came suddenly into the hall, just returned from a drive with Willie. She saw the still, motionless form, and gave that piercing shriek that rang upon Kate's ear with such fearful distinctness. The rest Kate knew. She listened to Harry's account of the accident quite calmly and quietly, her eyes fixed earnestly on his face, and Charley clasped tightly in her arms. The little fellow had fallen fast asleep, his rosy fingers clinging round his mother's hand.

"Is that the whole truth about it, Harry?"

"Every word."

"Thank you very much for telling me."

He was wondering at the power of her endurance, when, with a low wailing cry, she fell forward, and would have sunk to the ground had he not caught her and the child in his strong arms. Then he bent over her, and kissed her tenderly, murmuring as he did so, "Poor Katie!" and he thought of the evening when he had first heard the name of Gilbert M'Allister, and noticed the colour deepen on her cheek. But Harry would have wondered had he known all the strange, strange truth.

Falconbeck—that beautiful Falconbeck, with its noble avenue, its lofty hall, and its wide park, full of luxuriant trees and sunny green slopes—Falconbeck was to be always Kate's home; so Gilbert had willed it. Charley, if he lived, would one day own its splendours; but Kate was never to leave it: and now Kate was wealthy—rich beyond what she had ever dreamed of; but O, what to her was wealth and splendour? Her heart was sad and desolate: it cried with a yearning voice for the words of love never to be heard again. The whole world seemed lone and desolate—the voice of her heart went forth, "Come to me!" Day and night it cried "Come to me!" But he came not—answered not. The past haunted her—haunted her like a dim shadowy phantom, clinging ever about her path. She prayed for strength to be submissive—grace to be content. She knew that God had taken him from her; knew that she had vowed a false vow—vowed to love him when her heart was with another; knew that when she had learnt to love him—love him with a wild, passionate tenderness never known before—she had been taken from her; but she cried "My punishment is greater than I can bear!" She could not say "Thy will be done!"

Bitter thoughts passed rapidly through her mind as, one bleak, chill afternoon, soon after Harry had left Falconbeck and gone back to his college, she sat alone in her room. The wind blew mournfully against the window, and dashed the withered leaves against it angrily. They were not more faded than the flowers of Kate's life.

Jessie had gone for a time to London. She had fretted sadly at the loss of her kind brother Gilbert; and, seeing her look pale and ill, Kate (ever unselfish) gladly agreed to her leaving Falconbeck, for a visit to some friends, who had often before asked her to spend a time with them. She agreed to this, knowing Jessie's absence would be a trial to herself; and it was so, for she often felt very lonely. This chill afternoon, Willie, too, had deserted her; gone to take Rub and Scrub a long drive, spite of the cold wind, and the dreary lead-coloured sky. Charley was asleep, lying in the corner of her sofa, curled up very snugly, and resting very peacefully. She looked at him, and wished she were even such a happy careless child.

"You are wanted, my lady," said her maid, entering suddenly.



"Wanted?" replied Kate, listlessly. "Who wants me?"

"A lady, in the drawing-room."

Giving one look at Charley, and staying to throw a soft warm shawl over him, she went slowly down stairs, and opened the drawing-room door.

"O Ann! you are come to me!"

She was clasped in those gentle arms, and felt hot tears falling like rain upon her face.

"My poor Kate!—my darling!"

Ann could hardly bear to look at her, in that black dress and the widow's cap round her young face, she looked so sad—so helplessly sad and woe-begone.

"Are you going to stay with me?"

"Yes, till Jessie comes back."

"O how kind! Ah Ann, he was right. He said you were always being a blessing to some one."

Ann could not reply. Her heart was very full. It was almost too much to see the old place, looking so lonely without *him*. That was a sad, yet sweet evening, the evening after Ann came to Falconbeck; those two, the two that had loved him so dearly spoke of him tenderly—spoke of him with hushed voices and eyes dim with tears, as we ever speak of the loved and lost.

\* \* \* \* \*

Jessie stood before a large mirror. She could scarcely have looked at a fairer image than was there reflected. Yes, Jessie knew that she was very beautiful; her simple black dress fitted faultlessly to her rounded form; it was closed up to her slender throat, and fastened by a small pearl clasp; her golden coronet had no ornament, save its own exquisite loveliness; her tiny hands, white as new-fallen snow, were daintily fastening a full-blown rose, not whiter than themselves, among the folds of her dress.

The door opened, and a comical-looking child, or rather girl, came awkwardly enough into the room.

"O, Miss Anson, you found the rose."

"Yes, Milly, and think it very beautiful and you very kind to give it to me; see, I am going to wear it."

"O, how pretty it looks! are you going with Aunt Jane and Susan to the concert, then?"

Jessie looked sad.

"No, Milly, I could not bear to go to anything of that sort yet."

A crimson flush came all over the girl's face.

"I am very sorry; so, Miss Anson, please forgive me; I quite forgot."

Jessie kissed her.

"I am sure you did not mean to hurt my feelings, Milly; you are always so kind to me."

The girl fixed her small piercing dark eyes on Jessie's face. "I should think everyone was kind to *you*, you are so very, very beautiful."

Jessie was leaving the room, she turned back, and smiled at the eager face of her devoted admirer; but it was rather a sad smile, though.

She went leisurely down the broad stairs, and across the hall. Her hand was on the door of

a room, from whence came the sound of many voices. Suddenly she stood perfectly motionless, the soft colour faded from her cheek, her lips pressed one another nervously. She listened earnestly: Yes! it was the voice that had been the music of her soul so long. He was speaking, and of her.

"Miss Anson, did you say? why she must be an old acquaintance of mine!"

He was addressing the lady of the house, who replied:

"She is a sister of Lady M'Allister, the wife, you know, of the poor young man—O, here she is!" suddenly breaking off in her allusion to Sir Gilbert's death, as Jessie, looking very pale, but quite self-possessed, entered the room.

Mr. Grey came forward to meet her: she held out her hand to him, but only replied to his greeting by a smile; she feared her voice would be heard to quiver if she spoke; he saw her lip tremble, and the tears half rising to her beautiful eyes. He asked kindly after all at Falconbeck, and Jessie tried to answer him quite indifferently, succeeding pretty well in so doing. There were several other persons in the room with Mrs. Brentwood—two of them ladies, in what is generally called "full-dress"—the younger possessing some pretensions to be called pretty, and seen to great advantage in a very elegant little opera-cloak. She came up to Jessie and Mr. Grey, as they stood together by the crimson curtains.

"Are you not sorry not to be able to go to the concert with us to-night, Jessie?"

Jessie gave an almost imperceptible glance at her black dress, and then turned aside to conceal the quiver of her lip.

Mr. Grey felt deeply for her, and inwardly execrated the want of thought shown by the nymph of the blue opera-cloak; therefore to shield Jessie from any further annoyance, he immediately began an animated conversation on the merits of the performers expected to appear at the important concert, to which Jessie found Mr. Grey was accompanying the ladies. He could not help giving more than one glance at the lovely face of Miss Anson, as she stood in the deep shade of the crimson curtains, her head slightly drooping, and a half-smile quivering round her lips. How little did he deem it called forth by the tremulous joy of her heart, at listening once more to the sound of his voice!

The noise of wheels outside announced the arrival of the carriage; Mr. Grey's companion drew more tightly the silken strings of her cloak, and looked suggestively at him, as much as to say "I am ready for you to lead me to the carriage." He held out his hand to Jessie, as she bade him good-night, telling her that he should make a point of seeing her again before she left London, and then gave his arm to Miss Susan Brentwood, the young lady in question, and the eldest daughter of Jessie's hostess.

When the concert party were gone away, Mrs. Brentwood and her visitor withdrew to a very snug, though small room, generally de-

nominated "The Boudoir," and there gave themselves up to the enjoyment of a most delicious cup of hot coffee. Now Mrs. Brentwood was a lady of great goodnature, and no small volubility. She was sincerely fond of Jessie, but had made up her mind that her own daughter Susan should ultimately become Mrs. Grey. Not that she was at all what is denominated a "manœuvring mamma;" she would have condescended to no artifice, or used any unfair means to gain her end; but many had given their opinion that "young Grey admired Miss Brentwood," and perhaps, unconsciously to herself, she had dwelt upon the one idea until it had become a fixed notion in her mind that Susan would one day be that most desirable young man's wife. She was quite aware of Jessie's extreme loveliness, and liked nothing so well as to see her admired by everyone, always excepting Mr. Grey, who had aroused her maternal anxiety by several stolen glances at Jessie, while he was engaged in a conversation with her own daughter.

Jessie seemed rather thoughtful as they sipped their coffee in the above-mentioned boudoir. Mrs. Brentwood cleared her throat in a prolonged and significant manner.

"Jessie, dear, does your headache to-night?"

The young lady started, as though suddenly recalled to the present by her companion's voice.

"Headache? O I'm so sorry; can I get you anything for it?"

Mrs. Brentwood smiled.

"I was asking, my dear, if *you* had a headache?"

"I beg your pardon. I have not, thank you."

The next question rather startled Jessie, it came so *à propos* to the subject of her own thoughts a moment previously.

"So Mr. Grey is an old acquaintance of yours, is he?"

Jessie's handkerchief fell, and she stooped to pick it up.

"Yes; we knew him very well some years ago."

"Some years ago! why, where child?" I thought he only came from America some five years since, or so?"

"So he did; but we knew him before he went abroad, when we were at Beachhill, long ago."

"Dear me, how strange you should meet him here! We know him *very well*, though we have not known him long. People do say he admires my Susan."

Mrs. Brentwood glanced at her companion, to note the effect of this last remark. It apparently took none at all, for Jessie answered, very carelessly, "Do they?"

"Yes; but I don't know whether it is so myself."

"Very likely not."

Mrs. Brentwood fidgeted on her chair; she wanted to ask Jessie's opinion of Mr. Grey, but did not exactly like to do so, simply from a conscious feeling of the motive leading her to desire information on the subject; and, in a few moments, perfectly innocent of what was passing in Mrs. Brentwood's mind, Jessie changed the conversation. That night Jessie's dreams took her back to the old days at Beachhill, and some tears stole from beneath her long eyelashes, as they rested on her cheek.

Susan Brentwood found Mr. Grey far less agreeable than usual; he was inclined to be absent and distract: the face of Jessie Anson haunted him, and a very strange idea more than once presented itself to his mind, as he recalled his meeting with her that evening.

## THE OLD WOMEN OF ENGLAND.

MADAM,—The "Eastern Question" and the "Four Points" were not matters of much interest in this part of the world till the war in the Crimea made itself a name. Since then, our reading public have given unusual attention to the foreign news. The editors of the leading journals have shown themselves vigorous and brave in exposing the errors of their government. Indignant at the miserable position to which certain incapable *Old Men* had reduced the noble British army in the Crimea, thus causing an indelible stain on England's glory, these writers denounced unsparingly such men and measures. But why, in the name of history, truth, and reason, did they compare those blundering captains and effete statesmen to "*Old Women*?"

We feel indignant at this reproach cast on our kinswomen, and for the love of justice we are constrained to defend their cause. The question is not in regard to the natural abilities of the sexes; but whether men, found unfitted, either by selfishness or senility, for their duties of office, shall still be considered equal to *Old Women*, no matter how well and wisely these last have fulfilled their duties in the station whereunto God has called them.

As the comparisons have been drawn from men in public life, we must see how women in like circumstances have conducted themselves.

There was a certain *Old Woman* named Elizabeth, somewhat celebrated in history, who once ruled the British realms. Would she have



permitted her English soldiers to wear French uniforms, because she had helplessly neglected to provide clothing for her own troops? Not she. Nor did any half-barbaric prince smile at the purposeless waste of English gold and English blood while her officers commanded.

The Russians, also, once had an *Old Woman* to direct their affairs; and the sway Catherine II. maintained over all the cabinets of Europe is too well known to need amplification. The plans and purposes of her far-seeing and vigorous mind—never relaxed to her dying day—are now in progress, being dutifully carried out by her descendants.

Another *Old Woman*, Maria Theresa, was the noblest sovereign that ever ruled Austria—the hero of that age. Frederick the Great, supported by the best troops of Europe, found himself baffled by the wisdom of her measures and the firmness of her character.

But to return to English annals. If modern politicians, as we see is often the case, refuse to learn by the prosaic teachings of history, we can summon the Muse of Poetry to support our argument. Poetry, from the days of "Agamemnon," has been the embalming power which has preserved the fame of nations and of great captains—

"While kings, in dusky darkness hid,  
Leave but a nameless pyramid."

All antiquarians go to early poems and ballads as legitimate sources of information, and find authority there when history has done nothing. Among such poems England possesses one of undoubted authenticity, as no historian has ever impugned its legends. Let us examine this authority in regard to the characteristics of *Old Women*. Our readers can easily follow our illustrations, for the poems in question have enjoyed a wide popularity far surpassing that of the *Nibelungenlied*; indeed, few books have given more unalloyed pleasure, or reached so many editions, as the delightful melodies of "Mother Goose." Only of her may we truly say, what the great lexicographer said of Shakespeare—

"Time, which is constantly washing away the baseless fabrics of other poets, passes without injury over the adamant of" Mother Goose. Now, her allusions to the *Old Women of England* are remarkable for their pith and meaning, and may be divided into three distinct practical *sagas*. We give this title by way of being a little fashionably obsolete, but in fact the arrangement is a sort of the "three orders" system.

First, we have the simple representative of the people, the honest, painstaking *bourgeoise*, in the "old woman who lived in a shoe." Notwithstanding the narrow limits of this simple unsheltered abode, she there brought up a large family—brought them up in excellent habits, with proper discipline. Hers was no sinecure office. With her own hands did she wash their faces, with her own hands did she whip them all soundly when they deserved it; she sent them to bed early, of course, and maintained them on the wholesome, nutritious diet of broth. We

have no doubt that it was similar to the famous "black broth" of the Spartans. Of course, offspring so educated formed a hardy, honest, and active race; these were the people from whom descended the Greshams of commerce, the Arkwrights of industrial invention, and the soldiers who fought and won at Agincourt, Blenheim, and Waterloo.

Next comes the representative of the gentry of England in the cultivated and elegant *Old Woman* who "rode to Banbury Cross." The arts, with all their softening influences, were cherished by her—were taken about, polishing and enlightening every part of the Island of Great Britain:—

"She will have music wherever she goes,"

How significant of the power of old women in promoting civilization! Music is the soul of progress. Plato includes in it "eloquence, history, and poetry;" and then he adds: "One cannot infringe the laws of music without infringing, at the same time, the laws of the State!"

Now, we come to the third and highest class of the "*Old Women of England*." This type is she who mounted "so high,"

"To sweep the cobwebs off the sky."

Noble enterprise! Heroic old woman! She was not of the class intended to "live in a shoe;" "to suckle fools and chronicle small beer!" Nor did she belong to the order who, in peaceful shades, cultivate "divine philosophy," "though musical as is Apollo's lute." She had a loftier destiny. She was set in a high place, and her duty was to mount higher. She did it. No paltry delays, no half-measures, no palavering protocols, no doubts as to results. Excelsior! She was up and doing, waving her broom proudly as Wellington might his baton of office; and no doubt she accomplished successfully what she had proudly announced was her aim.

We feel proud of those real *Old Women* who have made England's moral glory a light and guide for the women of all nations. The names of More, Edgeworth, Baillie, Fry, Porter, and Mitford are associated with duties well performed even in old age; and their memories will be held in respect when the men who, at the period referred to, governed the destinies of Great Britain will be, but for the miserable blunderings, forgotten. The only pure, unclouded ray of glory for England, which beamed over the Eastern war, was gathered from the disinterested good works of a woman. "A distinguished *then* member of Parliament," who visited Constantinople and the Crimea during the war, has deposed that he met with but two persons who seemed to be possessed of common sense, and they were Omar Pasha and Miss Nightingale.

Land's-End.



# THE WORK-TABLE.

## STRAWBERRY-JEWELLED D'OYLEY,

MATERIALS:—Green and Ruby Beads, No. 2, with Boar's Head Crochet Cotton, No. 10, of Messrs Walter Evans and Co., of Derby.



This is a companion D'Oyley to that of the currant branch, given in a recent number, and it is to be done in exactly the same manner, in s. c. throughout. Either design will, however,

answer also for working in square crochet, without beads, the pattern in close, and the ground in open squares.

AIGUILLETTE.

## COVER FOR A FLOWER-POT.

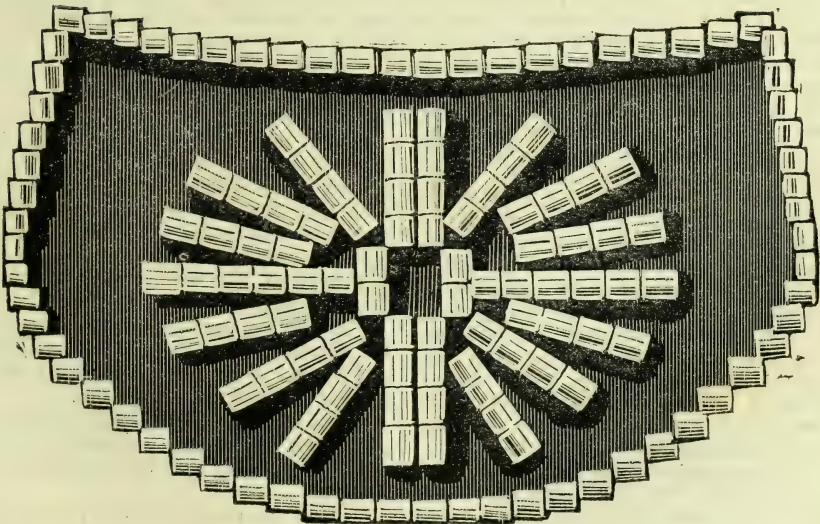
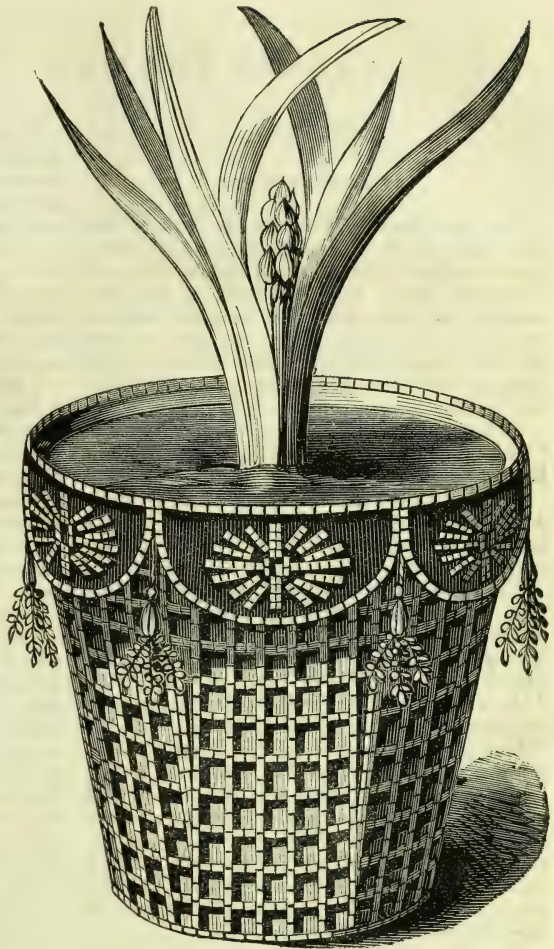
MATERIALS:—Perforated Card-board; Berlin Wool (4-thread) of any suitable colour. Blue or Opal White O. P. Beads; Wire, Silk, on Twilled Cambric for lining; and 6 Wooden Balls, about the size of a small marble, and pierced.

The engraving so exactly represents this pretty covering for the somewhat unsightly flower-pots, that it will be easy to make one from it. It is composed of six pieces of perforated board, sloped on each side, so as to be narrower at the bottom than the top. They are



worked in squares, the height of two O. P. beads, in Berlin wool; the stitches being taken simply across the square, perpendicularly. The spaces to be covered by the beads must be left. The beads are then sewed on firmly, the Boar's Head Sewing Cotton of Messrs. W. Evans and Co., of Derby, being used for this purpose. When the six pieces are finished, they must be lined (each separately) and then sewed together. The border round the top is also composed of six pieces, of one of which we give a representation in the full size. It must be worked in wool, and trimmed with beads, as in the engraving. Line these sections, sew them together, and then add them to the cover itself. A line of beads laid along the top, and sewed down, by taking a stitch across the thread, between every two, makes a neat finish. Six bead tassels, made of small beads, the wooden balls and the top being covered with the same, complete this ornamental stand.

AIGUILLETTE.



## LEAVES FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

## DAFFODILS.

BY HANNAH CLAY.

The sun shone brightly on the blue waters and white sands of Ramsey Bay, and lighted up the distant cliffs of the Point of Ayre and Manghold Head, at either bend of the wide crescent, as Julia Forrester and her mamma stood on the margin of the sea, and watched the foam-tipped waves that were bearing swiftly towards them the good-steamer, the "Manx Fairy," with cousins Godfrey and Alice on board. "There! mamma," exclaimed Julia, at length, "I see the smoke just streaming past Manghold Head: do you?"

"Not yet, my dear. Oh yes! now I do. And there is the vessel herself. How fast she comes! I hope Peter is at hand with the spring-cart, according to my directions."

The mother and daughter proceeded to the pier, already filling with an expectant crowd; who breathlessly watched the "Fairy" cross the watery space, and loudly cheered, as—amid hoarse cries of "Move her!" "Stop her!" "Move her head slow!"—the gallant steamboat, resplendant with her gilded figure-head and the "three legs of Man," at length drew up close along-side. Then there was the usual hearty bustle of friends saluting and greeting, porters hurrying on deck to secure the luggage, sailors moving rapidly to and fro, hauling and shouting; and in the midst of all this Godfrey Stafford hastily assisted his sister Alice up the crowded steps, and delivered her into the embrace of Mrs. Forrester and the eager Julia.

She was a very little body, this dear cousin Alice, and although at least six years older than Julia, barely reached up to her eyes. But Alice Stafford had a certain firmness of purpose and bright-eyed dignity of her own, that gained her invariable respect, notwithstanding her smallness of stature. Julia heartily revered, as well as loved her cousin; and many were the pleasant schemes she had revolved in her young mind for making Alice enjoy her visit.

At present the most pressing duty was to place Alice and her belongings comfortably in the light spring-cart which Mrs. Forrester had borrowed of Farmer Todd, for the purpose of conveying her visitors and their luggage to the pretty rural hamlet in which the Forresters resided. But mamma and cousin Godfrey saw after all the business-part of the affair; and Julia could sit undisturbedly, beside her beloved cousin on the green-cushioned bench, with her hand in hers, and assure her again and again how delighted she was to see her.

"I fully reciprocate your feelings, my dear girl," said Alice; "but how nice it would have been if I could have arrived in time for your birthday, as I at first intended!"

"Yes, Alice, I was so sorry. Mamma had a pretty little supper on the lawn, and allowed me to invite all our young neighbours, and we had games and all kinds of pleasant amusements; but it appeared very stupid to me without you."

"That was a little ungrateful, darling, was it not?" asked Alice; and then Godfrey, who plumed himself on being a dashing driver, rattled so lustily through the main street of Ramsey, that all further conversation was prevented.

"What a fine macadamised road!" exclaimed Alice, as they left the town behind them, "and how picturesque are those wooded hills!"

"And how prettily these villas nestle among the trees!" exclaimed Godfrey further on. "I presume all your country gentry live hereabouts?"

"Do you see that group of cottages beyond the river?" said Mrs. Forrester. "There is our home."

A quaint little stone bridge of one arch crossed the narrow stream designated a river, and led into a lane about a couple of yards wide, bounded by a high hedge on the one side, and a precipitous bank on the other, below which a rivulet wound its devious way over a rocky bed. This road appeared very dangerous to the town-bred cousins, especially when Godfrey had to thread his way through a wandering herd of bullocks; and they were relieved when they entered the hamlet, known by the outlandish name of Crouk-y-Garroo.

Mrs. Forrester's home stood a little apart from the other dwellings, on the sheltered side of a singular round hill. It was also distinguished from the rest by a tiny lawn and shrubbery; and an immense rose-tree climbed over the verandah, and up to the very summit of the low clustered chimneys.

"What a sweet little cottage!" exclaimed Alice. "The very sort of place I should like to live in always."

"Ah!" said Julia, "but you should hear the howling winds in winter! Many days we cannot stir out at all, for fear of being blown over! And then the rain beats against the windows, and the mountain torrents swell that little river, until it overflows into the poor people's cottages. You have no idea what a wild place Crouk-y-Garroo is from December to March."

"At any rate you have ample compensation in the summer season," said Alice, as the spring-cart stopped at the green gates, and a neat maid-servant hastened to open them.

At the same moment two little boys came running down the drive to welcome home mamma and sister Julia, and be introduced to the visitors.

"What great boys they are grown!" said cousin Godfrey. "You know Alice and I have



not seen them since they were almost babies. This is Richard, I suppose? And this sturdy, chubby-cheeked fellow is Wyndham. Come, boys, let us have a race to the front-door!"

Off the three set, whooping and laughing. Of course Cousin Godfrey beat; and then he returned soberly to the conveyance to hand out the ladies, and help with the luggage. Meanwhile Richard and Wyndham compared notes, and decided that Cousin Godfrey was, oh, so nice and funny, and Cousin Alice very pretty, but so little, she looked just like a little girl!

"Here she comes!" said Wyndham. "We must behave very well, Richard; for mamma says she is, oh, so good!"

Both the boys were prepared to be a little awed by the severe virtues of this long-talked-of Cousin Alice; but as she came, smiling, under the green porch, and held out a hand to each, they quickly dismissed all apprehension, and were soon prattling to their hearts' content; and after tea Cousin Alice must come and see the rabbits and the guinea-pigs; and there was Richard's hen, with a brood of twelve chickens, and Wyndham's Manx cat and kittens—all of them, hen and chickens, cat and kittens, without the least bit of tail in the world!

"Dear Alice," said Julia, as she came to her cousin's bed-side the next morning, "the sun is shining so brightly, and mamma says it will be such a beautiful day! Shall I draw up the blind for you, to see the lovely world outside? There is no one to overlook you while you are dressing, you know."

With her young cousin's assistance, Alice soon despatched her toilet, gazing, as she did, so much more frequently, upon the green extent of landscape outside than at her own bright face in the little mirror. "Look! Julia!" she said, suddenly, "you distinguish that large grey mansion in the midst of those tall trees? Is it very far off? If not, I should very much like to walk in that direction. It is quite the most ancient-looking place I have yet seen in your sweet little isle."

"I do not know, Alice; we will ask mamma about it. The place is called Ballabronie; and it is deserted and almost ruinous. So I have heard, but I have never been near it."

"Mamma" was consulted accordingly, and affirmed that Ballabronie was at least three good miles off; offering, if Alice would wait a day or two, to arrange about taking her there. But Alice declared that there was no occasion whatever to take the trouble of seeing after a conveyance, as she was perfectly well able to walk, and should, in so pretty a district, enjoy it far more than driving.

"And Richard and Wyndham have promised to accompany me and my fishing-rod to the river-side this morning, to show me the best spots in which to try my skill—novice as I yet am," said Godfrey. "So we can all set out together, and afterwards you young ladies can do as you please, and visit all the haunted spots

within four miles round, if your taste leads you to such sombre explorations."

In about an hour's time a merry party left the house, and proceeded through the one straggling street of the little hamlet, and over the greasy common to the river's brink. Here Alice and Julia left the fishing-party, and crossed a wooden bridge of a narrow plank and rail, which led to the meadows and corn-fields on the opposite side of the river. Traversing these, and following the high road for the space of a mile, the remainder of their walk lay through the gloomy and deserted park of Ballabronie.

The friends could not resist the sombre influence of the spot. They began to tread softly, and to speak with hushed voices, when suddenly they came upon a poor old Manx-man, seated beneath a tree—from his stick and wallets, and, yet more, from his patched clothes and worn appearance, evidently one of the privileged beggars, whom the lack of a poor-rate in the Isle of Man throws entirely upon the pity and hospitality of the better kind of people.

"Good morning, ladies," said the old man, civilly, as Julia and her cousin paused before him, and the former drew her purse from her dress-pocket to search for a small coin. "A fine morning, and thank ye, Miss Forrester. I know ye well, *a-villish*. It's often I've been to ask after your good mother, and I have never come hungry away."

"Oh, I see now," returned Julia, "it is old Johnny Keig. Johnny, does any one live in the great house, here?"

"Yes, Miss, a poor sick creatur of a woman, with a lame boy, that can't stir his own length *at all*, and a little tidy girl, to wait hand and foot on them both, the *baugh*! I often pity, when I see her, and all of them. They have not too much food for their own mouths, yet they spare poor Johnny a handful of meal for his sack."

"Thank you, Johnny. Then we may look round the house, I suppose?"

"Certainly, Miss; who is there to hinder ye, *at all at all*?"

Alice added her small contribution, and the cousins walked on. Passing through a small plantation, the tall trees of which were clustered thick near their summits with rooks'-nests, their busy inhabitants sailing and clamouring around, the two friends speedily emerged into an open glade opposite the house, which had once been the site of a trim lawn and flower-beds, but had long been left to the general decay and desolation which characterized the place. Yet, as the ascending sun shone cheerily upon the open space, his rays revealed and lighted up a glorious sight.

"Oh! Alice," exclaimed Julia, running forward delightedly, "do look how very pretty! Thousands upon thousands of daffodils!"

It was no exaggeration. There they stood, in golden ranks, nodding their tall heads to the soft breeze that swept over them at intervals. Alice immediately thought of the beautiful lines of Wordsworth, and repeated them aloud to her

cousin as the latter stooped to gather a bouquet of her favourite flowers. "You will, perhaps, smile at my taste, Cousin Alice," she said, as she encircled the stems of the flowers with a blade of long grass; "but I like a nosegay of daffodils best just so, without any mixture of green leaves or other flowers. And I will tell you why it is:—When I was a very little girl, almost a baby, poor dear papa used to take me to a farm-house where nothing grew but daffodils—'daffy-down-dillies' the farmer's wife used to call them—I have always liked them since: they remind me so vividly of those delightful walks with my own dear papa."

Although Mr. Forrester had been dead some years, he had so endeared himself to his young daughter, that she could not even yet speak of him without tears. Alice gave her cousin a silent sympathising kiss, and then endeavoured to divert her attention to something else.

"I should like to call upon this poor family, of whom the old beggar spoke so feelingly; perhaps we could do them some kindness. Shall we go and ask leave to rest a little after our long walk?"

Julia looked wonderingly at her cousin. "But Alice," she said, hesitating, "we do not know them, I never even heard their names!"

"Well," smiled Alice, "what does that signify, my dear Julia? They are a poor family, left in charge of the house, or who have been permitted to take refuge in it; and I doubt not would be very glad to see us. Do you never visit the poor?" she continued, after a pause.

"No," said Julia, blushing a little. "Mamma is so shy with poor people. She says she was never brought up to that kind of thing: but she is always kind to them when they come to the house."

"Ah!" said Alice, "there is a great pleasure in visiting the poor at their own homes. My dear mother brought us up to do so from the time when we were mere children. In the pretty village where we then lived, every family among our indigent neighbours knew us well; and many a sorrow were we the happy means of solacing under our dear mother's direction. But let us now approach the house, by this weedy and almost obliterated carriage-drive."

As they did so, they were most unpleasantly impressed by the miserable aspect of the deserted mansion. Most of the large double windows had every pane broken; large holes in the roof left the upper rooms almost entirely exposed to the weather. One wing had fallen completely in, and was a heap of ruins; and the other was shored with stout planks. The ground-floor rooms on either side of the hall-door were the only apartments that presented an appearance of being habitable; and at the open window of one of these Alice and Julia, as they drew near, could perceive the pale, ema-

ciated figure of a young boy, reclining on a species of sofa or rude couch.

"Look, Alice, whispered Julia, "that must be the cripple the old beggar talked about; and here comes his tidy little sister."

The young girl who just then opened the door, basket in hand, was neatly clad in a frock and tippet of coarse Manx cloth, patched it is true, but very clean. A coarse straw-bonnet was on her head, and her rosy feet were bare, but clean like her dress. She curtsied low when she saw the young ladies; and in answer to Alice's inquiry as to whether they could rest a little, civilly invited them in, and preceded them to set chairs for them, and apprise her mother of their approach. All this was done without the least appearance of embarrassment or awkwardness; and the two cousins soon found themselves chatting comfortably with the invalid mother, who was seated on a low chair near the small, bright, turf fire. Alice's tact removed all shyness, and when she and Julia at length rose to take leave, the latter was surprised to find how pleasantly the time had passed! "That poor young boy!" she said—"what very good manners he has, and how intelligent he is. How his eye brightened when I promised to bring him some books! And his sick mother, how gratefully she thanked you when you offered to look up some clothes for her little girl, and flannels and warm stockings for herself! I see now what I never understood before—how much good we may do to poor people without even spending a farthing of money upon them. Dear mamma can afford me so little pocket-money, you know, that I really believed it was not in my power to do good in this way."

"And now, you perceive, that only the will and the knowledge were wanting," replied Alice, gently. "My dear Julia, the good that may be effected by little inexpensive kindnesses is surprising to those who have not tried the plan. A book to one, the mere gathering of a bunch of flowers for another, even a kind look or a smile, or a word of encouragement to a failing heart, these may all do wonders when rightly timed. Thus the poorest and least efficient among us, if we only love our neighbour as ourselves, may daily imitate the example of Him who 'went about doing good.'"

Julia listened to this brief homily with a grave face, though her eyes sparkled with emotion. She walked silently by the side of Alice for a few moments after the conclusion of her speech, and then her glance fell upon the daffodils. Running up to them, she knelt and buried her face in their golden petals: "Oh! beautiful daffodils!" she exclaimed, "you will be better to me now than a remembrance of my dear papa, I shall never see you without thinking of this important day, upon which I have learned a lesson of duty and happiness so long neglected."



## THE TRADESCANTS.

"PATER ET FILIUS."

BY GOLDTHORN HILL.

In these days when posthumous celebrations and crownings of dead men are current, what should hinder our making a transpontine pilgrimage to the church-yard of St. Mary's, Lambeth, and brushing with the plume of our grey-goose quill, two centuries of dust from the tomb of the Tradescants.

"Grandsire, Father, Son."

In order to read the story of their lives in the sculptured altar-stone, wherewith a woman's love sought to perpetuate it. Topographers and archæologists have been there before us, and have given us their readings of this story, and from their scattered, broken, and often contradictory accounts, we shall endeavour to give consistency to the shadowy outlines of these remarkable men *Pater et filius*. Contemporaries with Gerarde and Parkinson, we are mainly indebted to them for the introduction of Botany into this kingdom; while, they certainly take the first place as collectors of specimens of natural history and originators of museums.

Anciently the table monument "erected (as the original inscription which Aubrey saw set forth) "at the charge of Hester Tradescant," budded and blossomed with flowers and foliage, carved in the grey free-stone; a tree supported and seemed to clasp it at each corner, and on every side it was encrusted with sculptures, emblematic of the occupations, researches, and travels of the father and son.

In 1773, this monument having become very dilapidated, it was repaired; but the carved stories on the altar-stone continuing to crumble, and the inscription becoming again illegible on the table of good black marble covering it, certain gentlemen—all honour to them—formed themselves into a committee, and raised a sufficient subscription to restore the tomb even as Hester Tradescant had left it; and once more we find the north side graven with a pyramid, and other buildings, an alligator and shells, to represent Egypt; and on the south, broken columns, and fallen capitals, the insignia of Greece; while on the east—for the Tradescants bore arms even in the days of the rigid herald Sir W. Dugdale—on a bend, three fleur-de-lys, impaling a lion passant, and on the west a skull, with a hydra above it in the act of striking it with two of its beaked heads—a myth only to be comprehended at the very end of our narrative. The slab bears the following inscription, which, says Lambert in his "Survey of London and its Environs", "no naturalist should neglect to read:"—

"Know, stranger, ere thou pass, beneath this stone  
Lye John Tradescant, grandsire, father, son ;

The last dyed in his spring, the other two  
Liv'd 'till; [they'd travelled Art and Nature  
through,

As by their choice collections may appear,  
Of what was rare in land, in sea, in air;  
Whilst they (as Homer's Iliad in a nut)  
A world of wonders in one closet shut.  
These famous antiquarians, that had been  
Both gardeners to the rose and lily queen ;  
Transplanted now themselves, sleep here, and  
when  
Angels shall with their trumpets waken men,  
And fire shall purge the world, these hence shall  
rise,  
And change this garden for a paradise."

Modern zeal, in its desire to claim these ancient pioneers of science for compatriots, has striven hard to overturn the assertion of Anthony à Wood, that the earliest Tradescant was a Dutchman or Fleming. But the basis of the new theory appears of the weakest, the name is not Dutch it is urged, neither is it English; it has neither forbearers nor followers in the nomenclature of this country, and, save in the instances of the Tradeskins of Walberswick, in Suffolk\*, there does not appear to have been any individuals of the name existing even at the period when the two John Tradescants of our story were living.

It must be borne in mind that not only did we owe the reawakened love of gardening (inherited by us as a nation from Saxon times) which had been trampled out by the red hoof of civil war to the Dutch and Flemish refugees, from Duke Alvas' persecutions, who, to quote Fuller, brought hither with them, not only profitable crafts, but pleasurable curiosities, and were the first to advance the reputation of flowers; but that on account of their superior floricultural skill, princes and noblemen made choice of the natives of Holland or Flanders for their gardeners. Also, that the tastes which John Tradescant exhibited, and afterwards with the aid of his son elaborated in his museum, were not native to us in those days, though similar collections existed at Amsterdam, and elsewhere on the Continent long before.

For these reasons we shall accept old Anthony à Wood's report, and suppose John Tradescant the elder, a refugee from Holland; his name, on this account probably, an assumed one; a precaution which we subsequently find him adopting while travelling in the suit of Sir

\* In the will of John Tradescant the younger he leaves the sum of five shillings each to his *namesakes*, the Tradeskins, of Walberswick.

Dudley Diggs, Ambassador to the Court of Russia, 1618.

Under the head of "Chip," in No. 442 of *Household Words*, a correspondent writing of the Tradescants, observes of the elder one, "Meopham, in Kent (the parish of which I am the Incumbent) claims the honour of having been some years his habitat; here he married, and here a son was born to him." And, accordingly, we find in the parish register of Meopham, spelt in an old history of the county Mepeham, in the "lathe" of Aylesford, the following memorandum "1608, August the iiij daye, John, the sonne of John Tradescant, was baptized *eodem-die*". No mention is made of the mother's name; but unless the elder John married twice—of which we have found no record—it was Jane Norman.

When his little son was just ten years of age we find John the elder undertaking a voyage round the North Cape to Archangel, in the retinue of Sir Dudley Diggs, and it is not improbable that, during the interval, he had superintended the gardens of Lord Wootton, at Buxton Malherb, between Maidstone and Canterbury, and subsequently those of Chilham Castle, the seat of Sir Dudley Diggs, his patron.

Dr. Hamel, of Petersburg, whose researches relative to the ancient commercial relations of this country with Russia, has brought to light much information bearing on the subject of the Tradescants, discovered in the archives of Moscow documents containing the Christian names and a list of Sir Dudley Diggs's attendants, in his voyage to Russia.

Though John Tradescant was certainly amongst them, and wrote an account of the voyage, which is still preserved in what is called the Ashmolean Museum, at Oxford, his name does not appear; but that of John Coply—a Wurstershire man (*sic*)—is said to represent him. Might not the same reason which led him to assume (as surmised) a fictitious name in England, induce him to adopt an English name while abroad?

At any rate we have collateral evidence in the "Paradisus Terrestris" of his friend John Parkinson, which identifies the elder Tradescant with the writer of the above-mentioned MS. description of plants and objects met with in Russia, "written in a rude hand," and by one (as a priggish commentator observes) evidently unused to literary composition. But for all this, with a keen perceptiveness of whatever related to the characteristics and habitat of the plants found in these northern regions.

In certain pages of Parkinson's "Theater of Plants," and in the work just now referred to, he gives as his authority "that curious and diligent searcher and perseverer of Nature's varieties and wonders," John Tradescant, and in his description of what he calls Neezewort (*Elleborus albus*), probably sneezewort (*Achillea ptarmica*), he alludes to its growing in Russia in such abundance, that, according to the relation of his very good friend, John Tradescant, of whom he has many times before spoken, "a moderately

large ship" (as he says) might be laden with the root thereof, which he there saw growing in a certain island, the very words in which the writer of the Ashmolean MS. notes the appearance of the plant at Rose Island; and in various other paragraphs the same parity of expression occurs (either John Tradescant's recollections were so vivid as to make him express himself in the same phrases he had originally used long years after he had written them, or, what is yet more probable, he had lent the MS. to his friend, and he had copied the passages *verbatim* in his quaint folios. In these we trace the simpling voyages of the elder John to Egypt and the coast of Barbary, and find him botanizing on the shores of the Mediterranean Sea. That he was a man of considerable wealth, as well as possessed of a fine intellect and high patronage, is apparent in the extent and value of his collection. Wherever he travelled he not only preserved botanical specimens and seeds of the country, but other objects elucidatory of its natural history, and the dress, manufactures, and weapons of the people.

In reading over the catalogue subsequently prepared by his son, we almost trace the germ of Mr. T. Twining's and Dr. Playfair's departments, at South Kensington Museum, in certain specialities which figured among the rarities of "Tradescant's Ark," at South Lambeth. Take, for instance, the vegetable and mineral substances used by dyers and painters; the foreign fruits, seeds, gums; the garments, utensils, and household stuffs, curiosities of art, &c., and we almost imagine that old John Tradescant had sketched, under that broad brow of his, the first draught of an economic museum.

Some one writing on our subject, observes that he does not appear to have been known to Gerarde, the founder of physic gardens in this country; and the author of the "Great Herbal," which remained till the middle of the seventeenth century the standard book with English botanists. But we must remember that Gerarde's Herbal had been published in 1597, eleven years before we find the elder Tradescant located at Mepeham, and, as he must have travelled a great deal in his youth, and possibly attracted little public attention till his removal to Lambeth, and the exhibition of his rarities, when old John Gerarde was in his grave, this circumstance does not appear very remarkable; but, on the other hand, in Johnson's edition of the "Great Herbal," published in 1633, the Tradescants are frequently alluded to.

His intimate friend and fellow-botanist, Parkinson, had probably made his acquaintance in the metropolis—it might have been while comparing notes amongst the 1,100 trees and plants which Gerarde had collected in his physic garden near his house in Holborn; or in that other such garden of his in Old Street, which contained a great variety of plants, the catalogue of which is still extant; or, pleasanter still, they might have met in some simpling expedition in the marshy St. George's Fields, on Hampstead Heath, or on the Common, called Mile-



end Green, near London; and have fraternized, for there has ever been a freemasonry in their gentle craft.

At any rate Parkinson, writing of the *Moly Indicum* (Indian Moly), says "it grew also with John Tradescant, at Canterbury, who sent me the heads of bulbs to see, and afterwards a root to plant in my garden." This looks as if John Tradescant had removed from town to Kent. The kindly tone of their relations, the natural enthusiasm for their pursuits, is as evident in these interchanges of seeds and roots, as John Parkinson's admiration of John Tradescant the elder, whenever he can make an opportunity in his works to mention, and eulogize this "industrious searcher and lover of all Nature's varieties, so that no doubt he heard with delight of Tradescant's promotion from the Duke of Buckingham's whither he had gone from the Lord Woottons, near Canterbury, to the Royal Gardens, to which he was appointed (*Circa*, 1629), just as the younger John had come of age, with all his father's predilections for botany, travel, and collecting.

Subsequently the royal gardener removed to the then rural hamlet of South Lambeth, the farthest house, in which Aubrey, describing it sixty years after, tells us was the house in which John Tradescant lived, and showed his choice collection of rarities; where he had a garden stored with choice trees, and amongst others a balm of Gilead tree.

The house stood on the east side of the road, from Vauxhall to Stockwell, and nearly opposite to what was formerly called Spring-lane. It was a moated house, of good dimensions, built after the picturesque fashion of the times, and at the entrance into the gate over the bridge of the moat—showing strangely against the rare pine trees and shumachs and phylarias, and other trees and shrubs surrounding it—were two vast ribs of a whale. While the orchard and the line of mulberry trees, planted towards the north (which, as late as Ducarel's time, indicated to that antiquary the extent of Tradescant's garden) were slowly coming to perfection, the younger John probably sailed for Virginia, which he visited in early life, and from whence he brought home, after his father's example, many rare plants, and seeds, and various curiosities.

In the meantime, in leisure hours, we can imagine the elder John arranging his cabinet of rarities, and preparing that MS. folio, now at Oxford, called "Tradescant's Orchard," illustrated with sixty-five coloured drawings of rare fruit-trees, with the times of their ripening, in his own hand-writing, all the while speculating on his son's return; for the affectionate nature of their intercourse can be traced in the oneness of their tastes, in their undivided home, in their mutual interest in the growth of the museum, and in the fact that the young gardener remained unmarried till the year after the suggestive items, "great bell" and "black cloth," appear under the head of John Tradescant, in the churchwardens' accounts of St. Mary's;

It does not very clearly appear that the Tradescants' collection attracted public attention, or became a place of resort for people of the highest quality from the "Rose and Lilly Queen," Henrietta Maria, wife of Charles II., to all the fine ladies and celebrated and scientific men of the day, till after old John Tradescant disappears from the scene. Honours pour in upon the old traveller and botanist during the last eight years of his life, and of his sojourn in his great house at South Lambeth.

He lays out the palace-gardens there, and elsewhere; has his portrait taken by the Court-painter, Dobson, who succeeded Vandyke in the employment he held under Charles I.; and when Henry Lord Danvers, some time gent. com. of Christchurch, Oxford, purchased for the University a place without the east gate of Oxford, near the river Cherwell, which was then meadow-land, and had been, in ancient times, a cemetery for the Jews of Oxon, for the purpose of founding a physic garden, the Earl appointed John Tradescant senior, gardener.

The garden was ready for planting in 1633. In the next year we find in the Lambeth churchwardens' accounts, "June 1st, 1634, received for burial of Jane, wife of John Tradescant, 12s." Another three years, and the old man (old when Dobson painted his portrait, which is that of a broad-browed, thoughtful-looking man, with a firm mouth and bright observing eyes, wearing a black skull-cap, like an abbés, and a thick clubbed beard on his breast), passes away, while the trees he had planted were yet young, and before many of the rare seedling plants of his son's bringing home, had broken into blossom; and then occurs the entry before alluded to: "1637, John Tradescant, y<sup>e</sup> great bell and black cloth 5s." In the first week of the year in which he died, he had made his will, naming his brother-in-law, Alex. Norman, one of his executors. From this will we learn that he had a daughter married, and two grandchildren living—John and Frances—and that he held some property at Woodham, Essex, and two houses in Long Acre and Covent Garden. The will was proved on the 2nd of May, and in the autumn of the same year John Tradescant, *filius*, at nine and twenty, brought home his wife. In the marriage register of St. Nicholas, Cole Abbey, in the City of London, the event is noted as follows: "Entry, 1638, John Tradescant, of Lambeth, Surrey, and Hester Pooks, of St. Bride's, London, maiden, married by licence from Mr. Cooke, Oct. 1st."

No doubt the great house had become very lonely to the young gardener after the death of both parents, notwithstanding that he had a goodly list of friends and acquaintances among the most clever and scientific men of his time, and was greatly occupied with his own professional pursuits, as well as in adding to and arranging the treasures in his father's cabinet. But *there*, as well as in the garden and orchard, he must have sadly missed his companion and friend, as well as loving *pater*; and so, while the leaves of the apple-trees were golden, and

the shumachs glowed red, Hester, the after-loving and beloved wife, took her place at his hearth, where, by-and-bye, she was to sit so desolate. But of this there are no premonitions, the present is all peaceful joy, and prosperity. Her husband has kept so closely on his father's steps, that he treads in them, honoured by those who honoured him, and employed by the self-same patrons, even to the appointment of gardener to the King. A son is born to him (the third John Tradescant, and so the perpetuation of the name, real or assumed, which its bearers had made of so much note, seems secured); there is a daughter too, who appears to have married early, probably a cousin, one of the Normans, and whose marriage seems not to have been so prosperous, in a worldly sense, as thriving parents could desire.

Old John Tradescant's collection had become famous throughout the kingdom; it is the first thing of its kind in England, and to visit "Tradescant's Ark," as it was called, was to visit the greatest lion of the day. Moreover, it was constantly increasing, as we may perceive, from the long list of contributors, preserved in the catalogue of these rarities, and, as there must have been many expenses incidental to the exhibition, it seems to have become a public one, and to have been a source of income to the proprietor. The garden and grounds of the moated house are almost as great a marvel as the closet of curiosities, for here, in the language of a writer in the "*Philosophical Transactions*," a hundred years since, "he made it manifest in the very infancy of botany, that there is scarce a plant in the known world that will not, with proper care, thrive in this kingdom."

But a heavy cloud is slowly closing up over this paradise and its prosperity; and, in connection with it, it is curious to trace the appearance of the subtle Elias Ashmole on the scene.

On the 15th of June, 1650, we find it noted in his diary: "Myself, my wife, and Dr. Wharton went to visit Mr. John Tradescant, at South Lambeth." The house, as we have said, was large, the situation charming, and the visit resulted in an arrangement for more fully enjoying them; and, under the head of May, 1652, he adds—"I and my wife tabled this summer at Mr. Tradescant's."

By this we presume they boarded there, and the acquaintance thus begun, the antiquarian attorney took care should not decline. On the 2nd of August in the same year, when he went to Maidstone Assizes to hear the witches tried, he being himself one of the fraternity of hermetic philosophers, a believer in the magic properties of Dr. Dee's "shew stone," and probably on that journey wearing three spiders hung about his neck, as a preservative from ague, took Mr. Tradescant with him.

He flattered and delighted the latter, by the interest (far from a disinterested one) that he took in his collection, and by assisting him to classify the contents, and to draw up a catalogue of them, still farther ingratiated himself in his good opinion.

While the draft for this catalogue was in preparation, quite unexpectedly it would seem, and scarcely a month after the journey to Maidstone, to hear the witches tried, the boy Tradescant dies. Ashmole notes the event in his Diary: "September 11th, 1652, young John Tradescant died, and was buried in Lambeth churchyard, by his grandfather." No word of commiseration for the bereavement of his friends, no pity for the loving mother and sonless man. "My only son," as John Tradescant pathetically observes, in the preface to the "*Museum Tradescantium*," which was not published till four years afterwards. For this loss took all comfort from the possession, all value for a time from these coveted objects, accumulated with so much labour and travel, and the pen dropped from the hands of the heirless owner, incapable of continuing the task he had undertaken in reverence to his father's memory, and which he had doubtless intended should remain an heirloom for his son.

In the meantime Elias Ashmole, anxious to divert the melancholy of the suffering pair, whose dearest hope had been thus suddenly struck from them, sends his wife to stay with them, which she does from the 20th of November till the 17th of January 1653. Subsequently John Tradescant tells us, that by the persuasions and representations of his friends that he should rouse himself from his sorrow, he had been induced to return to his labour; and after the first draft had been laid aside for more than a year, he manfully resumed his task, and finished (with the help of Ashmole and another *worthy friend*) the compilation of the catalogue, which comprised a greater variety of objects "than any known place in Europe could afford" (1656).

In the next year—September, 1657—we find the following entry in Evelyn's Diary: "To see Sir Robt. Needham, at Lambeth, a relation of mine; and then to John Tradescant's Museum, in which the chiefest curiosities, in my opinion, are the ancient Roman and Indian armour, shields, and weapons; some habits of curiously coloured and wrought feathers—one from a phoenix wing, as tradition goes. Other innumerable things there were, printed in his catalogue by Mr. Ashmole, to whom, after the death of his widow"—pray let the reader mark well this phrase!—"they are bequeathed, and by him designed as a gift for Oxford."\* Either there is a mistake in the date and 57 is put for 59, or all this is the result of confidential gossip on the part of Ashmole, in anticipation of the gift he has so long coveted; for it is not till the 12th of December, 1659, that he notes in his diary, "Mr. Tradescant and his wife told me they had long been considering upon whom to bestow their cabinet of curiosities when they died, and at last had resolved to bestow it upon me."

\* Among the birds was a Dodar, from the Island of Mauritius: "it is not able to fly, being so big." *Cat. Tradescant's Museum.*



And on the 14th of the same month, he adds: "This afternoon they gave their scrivener instructions to draw up a deed of gift of the same closet to me;" and in two days more—"December 16th, 5 h. 30 m. p.m.—Mr. Tradescant and his wife sealed and delivered to me the deed of gift of all his rarities." At a future time and place he described how Mrs. Tradescant had fetched a Queen Elizabeth's milled shilling, which her husband had handed over to him with the conveyance, and thereby he came into possession of the collection.

From this day forth (and the fact is significant) no mention of the Tradescant's appears in Ashmole's Diary, till he notes, in as brief a line as ever communicated such an event: "April 22nd, 1662, Mr. John Tradescant died." Whether his friendly attentions to the Tradescant's fell off after the receipt of the deed of gift, so minutely set forth above, and that this circumstance determined John Tradescant to revoke it, we must leave, certain it is that the year before his death he had done so, and that the earth had scarcely settled over his grave, or a month's wear dimmed the weeds of the solitary widow, before their *worthy* friend Ashmole notes, in the private records of his acts, immediately after the date, May 30th: "This Easter term I preferred a bill in Chancery against Mrs. Tradescant for the rarities her husband had settled on me. And two years afterwards he adds, under date May 18th, 1664, "My cause came to hearing in Chancery against Mrs. Tradescant."

From documents relating to this Chancery-suit, which Dr. Hamel, of Petersburg, a few years back succeeded in examining, it appears that Ashmole was unable to produce the deed of gift, which he averred the Tradescants had given him, and Mrs. Tradescant, without denying that such a deed had been made, pleaded her husband's will, dated May 4th, 1661, by which all previous dispositions of his property being cancelled, the museum was left to her alone, with reversion at her death to one or other of the Universities; which stipulation she intended to fulfil by leaving it to the University of Oxford. In the course of evidence, it came out that Mrs. Tradescant had signed the deed as witness (although in Ashmole's Diary he represents the deed of gift as the joint act of herself and husband); and that when Ashmole was about to leave the house, she requested him to leave it with her as she wished to ask some friend whether, by having signed as a witness, her right as joint-proprietress of the collection might not be diminished; for in effect, Ashmole and Mrs. Tradescant (as long as she lived) were to enjoy it together.

Ashmole further accused her of having burnt, or otherwise destroyed, the conveyance after her husband's death; yet nothing appears of the circumstances above detailed in his Diary, nor was Ashmole so delicate or forbearing as not to have required the deed in her husband's life-

time, during the last three years of which she must have retained possession of it.

According to Dr. Hamel, the Lord Chancellor Clarendon set aside the bequest, and gave effect to the asserted terms of the deed of gift, adjudging Ashmole to have and to enjoy the entire contents of the museum, subject to the trust for the defendant during her life. Farther, this judge in equity, decreed a commission to inquire if everything was forthcoming according to the catalogue; in order that, if anything were missing, she should be constrained to replace it—and this in the face of her dead husband's "I give, devise, and bequeath my closet of rarities to my dearly-beloved wife Hester during her natural life." Furthermore, she was to give security that nothing should be lost in future; and the commissioners appointed to carry this righteous decision into effect were two friends of Ashmole's—Sir Edward Byshe and Sir William Dugdale, both heralds like himself, and the latter his *latest* father-in-law. Alas! for the husbandless and sonless Hester, is it to be wondered that there should be a tragedy in the midst of the flowers? For so artfully had Ashmole worded his orally verbatim deed of gift, that both garden and orchard were included in it. Still it was years before this decision was arrived at; and in the meanwhile Ashmole, for his own benefit, appears to have patched up a peace with the forlorn widow; for when, on the occasion of the Great Fire, September 2, 1666, he scattered his library, for safe keeping, amongst his friends, a memorandum occurs in his diary:—"11th of October my first boatful of books, which were carried to Mrs. Tradescant on the 3rd Sept., brought back to the Temple." In 1669, he mentions having gone with Mr. Rose (the King's gardener) to Mrs. Tradescant's, and under date October 5, 1674, observes: "This night Mr. Tradescant in danger of being robbed, but most strangely prevented." Twelve years after he had filed his bill in Chancery against her, frightened by this threatened robbery, wearied of the custody of property which exposed her to loss, and a ceaseless and irritating inquisition, Elias Ashmole writes, with the mildest air of rapacity—"26th November, 1674, Mrs. Tradescant being willing to deliver up the rarities to me, I carried several of them to my own house." On the 11th December he returns to the pillage of the widow, and notes—"I began to remove the rest of the rarities to my house at South Lambeth."

In the meanwhile Hester Tradescant had preserved, as far as stone-cut legend could preserve, her husband's fame and works from decay. She had expended far more than the £20 to which he had limited the expenses of his funeral on the decoration of his grave; and when this work was finished, and the house rendered more desolate than even death had made it, by the removal of his famous collection, and the feeling that the trees and the flowers the dear hands had raised, and tended were only hers by sufferance, that crown of sorrow, the remembrance

of happier things, became too heavy for her. The hydra had stung the poor brain to madness; and Ashmole's last entry but one in the diary having reference to the Tradescants is as follows:—"1678, Ap. 4th, 11 hor 30 m., antemerid—My wife told me that Mrs. Tradescant was found drowned in her pond. She was drowned the day before about noon, as appeared from some circumstance." Subsequently he adds two days farther on: "6th Ap., 8 hor, P.M.—She was buried in a vault in Lambeth Churchyard, where her husband and son John had been formerly laid." On the 26th of the same month he continues—"I removed the pictures from Mrs. Tradescant's house to mine." And thus the story of the Tradescants ends.

The house and grounds, when Aubrey saw them (1692), were desolate: few rare plants remained, only a very fair horse-chestnut tree, some pine-trees and fumacks [*query* shumachs?], phyllaria, &c. Even these had died out when Sir W. Watson visited Tradescant's garden in 1749: and the only traces of these ancient botanists and gardeners were two arbutus-trees; and

in the orchard, a tree of the *Rhamnus catharticus*—about twenty feet high, and nearly a foot in diameter. But the memory of their floral researches in far-off lands, is not bounded by the associations of South Lambeth: we have living evidence of them, in the presence of the beautiful and curious *Ephemerum Virginum Tradescanti* of Parkinson (Tradescant's Virginian Spiderwort). The linear leaves, and triple petals of which, of a deep purple blue, with bright yellow-feathered stamens, are so well known in London gardens, into which the botanist whose name it bears first introduced it.

Finally, by way of pendent, and as a proper moral to our narrative, we think it right to add that a year after Hester Tradescant had been found drowned, in 1679, it is recorded Mr. Ashmole lost by fire the greater part of his library, a cabinet of 9000 ancient and modern coins, and a great collection of seals, charters, and other antiquities. His manuscripts, however, and his gold medals were preserved, by being in the house which had been Tradescant's, at Lambeth.\*

## RESIGNATION.

BY F. H. STAUFFER.

Adversity is the refiner, the assayer of the heart, who sits by its furnace to purify the gold thereof. It, like the fumes of mercury, brings out the beautiful Daguerrean outlines that the eye could not before discern. There are some natural fountains that play best in winter, and when there is nobody to behold them; so in adversity often gush forth the emotions of the heart in all their fullness.

We do not put an accurate estimate upon a blessing until we see it depart. We are only contented, too, in proportion to our desires and our aspirations. A tub was large enough for Diogenes, but a world was too small for Alexander.

"He who does not know ill fortune, never  
Knew himself or his own virtue."

Returning prosperity seems all the sweeter from the contrast; in fact, the happiness of this life exists in contrasts. Spring would not appear half so bewitching to us had she not been cradled upon the icy breast of winter; and when are the warm rays of the sun more welcome and enchanting than after a season of rising mists and falling vapours?

What is more beautiful and more praiseworthy than resignation? It is the light that crowns the dark hour of adversity; it breathes like a miracle of inspiration through the soul to elevate, to refine, to spiritualize. No features that we ever meet with in the walks of life make a deeper impression on the mind, or remain longer in the memory than those settled down

into a calm resignation—a patience, a gentleness, a trustfulness attained in the bitter school of experience and adversity.

The hair parted plainly over the pale, white brow; the cheeks sunken and ashy, or a faint hectic spot lingering upon them, a spectral vestige of the once joyous beauty; the eye still and passionless, representing no desire, betraying no emotion, yet eloquently speaking to the heart through that very stillness; and the lips peculiarly expressive of the inner life, of the spirit's secret trial and endurance. Who, in their quiet musing, cannot see such features looking mournfully down upon them from the familiar faces on the walls of memory?

There is something about such a face that gives it both character and interest; something rather attractive than repulsive; the index of a social magnetism that strikes upon the sympathizing soul; of an essence congenial to affection—that true, genuine affection which is the first to develop itself, the longest to live, and the last to die.

There is such a thing as *social magnetism*; an undefinable essence, an emanation, a lingering aurora around every person; a voiceless murmuring from the *true* inner sphere that, according to our own organism, is either attractive or repulsive, positive or negative. A late writer has remarked: "There is an invisible telegraph between soul and soul, a mysterious spirit-

\* National Encyclopædia.



medium, by which the secret state of one mind is unconsciously conveyed to another." Sometimes this secret influence is so powerful that we feel it sensibly, and yet know not why. How often, when we have met a stranger, have we been impressed with feelings we could not explain!

This social magnetism is produced through different organisms, and is as varied in its results. A preponderance of will-power exerts it; uprightness, sternness, immobility of character exert it; but there is little fascination about it, little of the softness and the gentleness, little of the winning and retentive.

Intellect exerts it; it is powerful in its attractive force, but draws congenial hearts alone around it. It fascinates by the richness, the magic of its thought, the passionateness of its recitals, the ravishing beauty of its imagery, the gorgeous drapery of its figures; by the justness of its conclusions, the power of its reason, the comprehensiveness of its views.

Benevolence exerts it; that glorious principle which enfolds all created beings in its love—which smiles in the sun, whispers in the breeze, murmurs in the gentle shower, crowns the year with joy and our lives with blessings; that exalts the brow, lights up the features, and opens wide the charitable hand.

A character noted for its moral worth, its spiritual excellence—that admires goodness for its own priceless merits, and its kindredness with God; a character stainless as truth, sweet as goodness, upright as the soul of honesty. Such a character disseminates much of this social magnetism, this glorious winning influence which is exerted softly, unobtrusively, sleeplessly, yet always known and felt. In this relation it is the sponsor of home glories, home

enjoyments, and home courtesies, blessing them with upraised hands at the same time that it in its quiet counsels asks them also to be fervently revered and sedulously cultivated.

No organism, however (at least with us), exerts this influence so suddenly and so lastingly as that expressive of resignation—resignation acquired through past trial and tribulation, and still strong enough to war with the future; a character that has calmly and patiently waited, and is waiting still; that has suffered and was strong, and is strong still; whether one who stamps with truth the couplet—

"In this wild world, the fondest and the best  
Are the most tried, most troubled and distress'd!"

or—

"Some weak penitent, whose last  
Calm hours atone for dark ones past;  
And whose sweet tears, o'er wrongs forgiven,  
Shine as they fall, with light from Heaven!"

A writer has remarked: "There are three ways of bearing the ills of life: by Indifference, which is the most common; by Philosophy, which is the most ostentatious; and by Religion, which is the most rational and effectual."

Truly, indeed, there is nothing like resignation. We should murmur at nothing; if our ills are reparable, it is ungrateful; if remediless, it is vain. "A Christian builds his fortitude on a better foundation than stoicism." He is pleased with everything that happens, but because he knows it could not happen unless it had first pleased God, and that which pleases Him must be the best. He is in the hands of a Father who will prove him with no affliction resignation cannot conquer or death cannot cure.

## OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

### PERIODICALS AND PAMPHLETS.

THE ENGLISHWOMAN'S JOURNAL. (14 A, Princes-street, Cavendish-square; Piper, Stephenson, and Co., Paternoster-row.)—The March number starts with a paper entitled "Training Schools for Female Servants;" the necessity for which has been suggested in our own pages. Every mistress of a household is, we are sure, prepared to vote in favour of such institutions. She knows, by experience, the need of them; and how utterly inadequate is the preparation young women receive in the orphanages and public schools of the metropolis and other large towns, to fit them for the state of life in which they are expected to obtain a livelihood; and we gladly echo the writer's suggestion:

Why should we not do something towards establishing in each county one or two training-schools for female servants? There can be little doubt that such schools, once fairly organized, would soon become self-supporting. As the immediate object of such institutions should be the training of girls of good character in all kinds of domestic duties, it would be necessary to place them near large towns, and yet in places sufficiently rural to afford practice in such labours as servants in farm-houses are accustomed to engage in. Cooking, baking, washing, the getting-up of fine linen, the care of poultry, and other departments of a servant's work, should receive special attention.

We recommend this paper to the perusal of housekeepers generally. It contains the germs of a practical system which, if realized, would turn out young women capable of the duties

they undertake; and not the helpless, ignorant, slovenly shams which the major part of the candidates for domestic service are at present. The first part of an exceedingly interesting and well-written paper—"Margaret of Norway," by Miss A. B. Edwards—graces this number. In the course of much historical research, the author has come upon traces of the almost forgotten *Semerimas* of the North, and has been tempted to collect the fragmentary pieces of her story, and at the cost of labour which the reader can neither understand nor appreciate, to arrange them into the smooth and finished memoir before us. The work which such a task exacts is not merely the search for materials: there is the careful collating of events and dates, and their after-arrangement in proper sequence—none of which appear on the surface.

THE AMATEUR'S MAGAZINE. (*London: Piper, Stephenson, and Co.*)—The design of this publication, as "a medium for bringing the works of non-professional writers before the public," appears to us more philanthropical than practical; and we hope it may not prove altogether a snare, dependent for its languid vitality upon the pecuniary as well as literary contributions of the amateurs themselves. Editors well know that talent is by no means a drug in the literary market; and that, where they find it, they are but too glad to foster it and avail themselves of its existence; so that the scheme of the work appears as unnecessary as it must eventually prove unprofitable—and the more so as we perceive that really fair writing is swamped by the mass of trash with which it is over-weighted. While the "*Amateur's Magazine*" aimed at private circulation only, we treated it with becoming delicacy and consideration: the intention was rather praiseworthy than otherwise: it afforded an exercise-ground for the profession of the pen, safe from the shafts of satire—the attacks of criticism. There was nothing to prevent a dozen amateurs from clubbing together to launch their paper-boats on the smooth, safe lakelet of their own complacent circle. "Anyone in England is free to publish any nonsense he or she thinks fit, if they choose to go to the expense of doing so;" and so far the coarseness of "*Greaswick*," the incomprehensible humour of the writer of "*How I became an Actor*," and the prosy metrical entitled "*The Orphan of Delhi*," which drags its slow length along the numbers before us, might have been tolerated; but as a candidate for *public* favour, it takes its place with other periodicals, and like them must stand or fall by the merits of its conduct and contents. When then we say, that, with the exception of a paper entitled "*Mystery Unmystified*," which is fairly written and without any claims to originality, shows that the writer thinks of what he reads and possesses the power of arranging his thoughts; and the continuation of a tale entitled "*Mannara*; or, the *Queen's Pardon*," by Mary Eyre, which, in spite of some startling anachronisms in events and manners, exhibits a faculty for narrative and description

which, with care and patience, shows the author capable of better things, there is really nothing to notice. Our readers will admit that the "public generally" are thankful for small favours, and agree with us that, from the tide of contributions with which the editor complains of being inundated, it would be well to search out the treasure, and send the sea-wrack back from whence it came. A contemporary observes that "the most noticeable feature in the new number of the '*Amateur's Magazine*' is the great improvement in the quality of the paper and the style of the printing"—an opinion in which we quite agree with him.

JOURNAL OF THE WORKHOUSE VISITING SOCIETY. (*Longman, Brown, and Co., London.*)—A useful pamphlet, showing how actively benevolent women may make themselves of real service to the inmates of these head-quarters of want, suffering, and weakness, our workhouses; on the thresholds of which so many ties are sundered, and the last remnant of self-dependence, the last flickering rays of hope, laid down, and trodden out. In every workhouse, we are told, there are a large number who are entirely solitary and friendless—to whom the visiting-days bring no visitor.

*How welcome*, then, to such must be the entrance of one who will listen to them, and cheer them with friendly sympathy!

How welcome indeed! and yet, if besides the present sympathy, the visitor should impart some easy occupation to the aged which would fill up the weary days till her next call; or set a task to a younger woman, the learning of which might increase her stock of information, and help her towards improving her prospects in domestic service, what an additional joy would the visitor bring with her!—and for how much in the future, as well as present, would the recipients of her instruction and advice have to thank her? A new stitch in knitting, the reading of a cheerful healthful tale, the imparting of some practical information in household management or domestic economy—trifles in themselves—would take a value from the circumstances in which they were imparted, and help to keep alive a faith in the reality of human interest, which the treatment of the poor, in many workhouses, must go near to wholly blotting out.

THE BUTTERFLY VIVARIUM; OR, INSECT HOME. By H. Noel Humphreys. Illustrated with coloured engravings. (*Lay.*)—The importance of trifles was never more curiously illustrated (if we except Newton's apple) than in the case of the seedling fern which Mr. Ward saw growing green and strong in a closed bottle. Out of that incident came those tiny conservatories known as Wardian-cases; and next, marking a terrible revolution in the history of the inhabitants of fresh-water ponds and salt-water pools, the aquariums—which have done, and are doing more to make us acquainted with the natural history of their inmates than all that has been written about them. Mr. Ward's discovery



seems capable of a thousand varied applications, and Mr. Humphreys in the present volume suggests that, by combining a Ward's-case with an aquarium, there is no reason why you should not cultivate insects that live in the air of the case, as well as in the water of the aquarium. By this means much knowledge of the habits and nature of insects may be obtained, and in the book before us the author describes at large the various kinds which may be kept in confinement. Those who have a taste for the study of entomology may proceed to furnish a case as follows:

Common grasses may form the staple of the plantation, putting in a few nice closely-grown tufty roots, and sowing grass-seed between, of the smaller and low-growing kinds. Other plants may then be added, taking care to select those which will thrive best in such a situation, but not omitting a few of the more hardy and ornamental ferns. In the earth, certain tin or zinc tubes are supposed to have been sunk, for the purpose of receiving and concealing small bottles of water, in which the stalks of different kinds of plants required for the food of the Caterpillars may be plunged, in order to keep them fresh. This contrivance is very necessary, inasmuch as the foliage often required for the Caterpillars may be of a kind that could not be made to grow within the case—that of the oak or elm, for example. We may suppose, by way of illustration, that the collector has been so fortunate in his rambles in the woods as to capture a larva of the splendid Purple Emperor, which generally feeds on the oak. It is evident that, in such a case, it would be necessary to keep a sprig of oak continually fresh and green in the Vivarium—for which purpose one of the concealed bottles of water would be found precisely the expedient required. Pots, with small plants in flower, may be plunged to their rims in other parts of the earth of the Vivarium which have been arranged for that purpose—an addition which will not only add beauty and variety to the general aspect of the structure, but at the same time furnish, in the nectaries of their blossoms, food for the Butterflies which have reached their perfect state, during the short time that they can be preserved in the Vivarium. In insect Vivaria, in which the rearing of water-insects forms part of the plan, the same principles must be applied, in order to keep the water clear and pure, as those employed in fresh-water Aquaria, namely, the addition of water-plants and Algae, such as the favourite *Valisneria spiralis*, and one or two species of *Chara* or some of the *Oscillatoria*, the curious spasmodic movements of which are exceedingly interesting. These plants serve to aerate the water according to the principle first clearly announced by Ingenhousz in the last century, when he stated that “plants immersed in water, when exposed to the action of light, emit an air known as oxygen.”

The description of the Vivarium occupies but a few pages of Mr. Humphreys's work; the greater part is taken up with accounts of its proposed inhabitants. We give an extract from an account of the various kinds of beetles:

The Burying Beetles, sometimes called the “Sextons,” exhibit a very interesting kind of instinct in providing for their larvæ. These *Necrophori*, as they are sometimes called, are some of

them very handsome, being most frequently red or orange-coloured, and finely spotted or barred with black. Gleditsch, in his “Recreations of Natural History,” published in 1765, has given a very interesting account of their habits. He tells us that if a dead reptile or piece of flesh is placed as a bait for them at the proper season, they appear in an incredibly short time, guided no doubt by an extremely keen sense of smell, which enables them to scent it from a considerable distance. When they arrive, they appear to survey the object with a certain kind of deliberation, as though taking the measure of its dimensions; after which they at once commence digging underneath, and sometimes bury it above a foot deep, the whole operation occupying but a few hours. When the work is complete, the female deposits her eggs upon the object, and it is then covered up so as to leave but little trace of the performance. An instance is recorded of the singular manner in which their instinct enables them to overcome unexpected difficulties when they occur. A Mole, as it is said, was suspended to the upper end of a stick fixed firmly in the ground, and the scent of the carcase soon attracted the “Sextons,” who appeared at first much disconcerted by the situation of the coveted supply of provender for their future progeny. After a kind of consultation, however, which appears to have been very much to the point, they proceeded to undermine the stick, which, yielding to a few hours' unceasing labour, at last fell, and the prize was secured and duly interred after the usual fashion.

There is nothing new in this to the entomologist; but to persons unacquainted with the study, Mr. Humphreys's descriptions are full of interest: and the more so that they are evidently the result of thorough practical knowledge. The great merit of Mr. Humphreys's plan for the study of this branch of natural history is its cheapness. We have always known that the culture of flowers was a favourite solace of the Spitalfields weavers; but we did not know that these men were noted for their knowledge of entomology. Speaking of the little Blue Butterfly, Mr. Humphreys says:

This has always been one of the most coveted prizes of our entomological weavers—intelligent working-men who enjoyed the study of insects long before the beautiful works of Kirby and Spence, and others, made it popular among the superior classes. At the close of a week's ceaseless toil, the Spitalfields weaver would, after work hours, take his net and collecting-case, and trudge off his score of miles in the long summer evenings to Darenth or Birch Wood, arriving time enough to capture a rich harvest of twilight-flying Moths, without fear of interruption from lords of the manor or their game-keepers; for, as Crabbe says, in one of his inimitable poems—

He fears no bailiff's wrath, no baron's blame;  
His is untaxed and undisputed game.

But how much more delightful would it be to watch their changes, and see them in their vivacious brilliancy, than pinned in stark rows, with never-closing wings, as we see them in the cases of collectors! With what new life might the poor mechanic invest the window-sill of his sitting-room! To him the presence of a few flowers brings a joy that the wealthy possessor

of green-houses and gardens can never know. It is the rareness of pleasure that gives it its greatest felicity. The exquisite love even of flowers dies out in the "sameness of splendour;" and the gardener has recourse to art, and floral varieties and curiosities, to keep awake their owner's interest in them. But the poor florist, who can never expend more than a few shillings on his fancy piccotees, carnations, or auriculas, realizes a new delight in the acquisition of a single plant. And if he be the proprietor of a cheap Wardian-case, we can well understand the fresh interest to his daily life which the possession of an insect-vivarium would confer—especially where the love of Science is added to the love of Nature for its own sake.

LINDA: a Metrical Romance. By J. C. Simpson.—(*Th. Murray & Son, Edinburgh*;

*Hall, Virtue, & Co., London.*)—Received too late for notice in the present number.

## NEW MUSIC.

NINON ROMANCE FRANÇAISE. Par Elizabeth Philp.—(*Cramer, Beale, & Chappell, 201, Regent Street.*)—We have already had occasion to notice Miss Philp's talent as a composer: the present song is a very pleasing addition to those she has already published. The air is of that mixed character peculiar to some of the old French chansons, in which a certain plaintiveness runs through a not unlively air. The melody is within easy compass, and exceedingly characteristic.

## AMUSEMENTS OF THE MONTH.

### THE PRINCESS'S.

We begin to write the name of this far-famed and charming theatre with a sense of anticipatory regret. We have been prepared to say farewell to all its lingering glories for this long time back; but as the realization of that farewell draws near, we would fain put it off a little longer. Who shall give us back the visions we have seen within those walls?—the realized poetry, the tenderness, the passion, that has pulsed in our veins, and throbbed and glowed in heart and brain responsive to the artist's simulation of them? Before the publication of these lines, the last Shakesperian revival under the existing management, "King Henry the Fifth," will be before the London public. It would be worse than useless to speculate upon the getting up of this grand historical play, on which Shakespeare lavished so many noble thoughts, so many sallies of wit, such silvery threads of sentiment, such irresistible comedy of humour. Enough for us to know—judging by the past—that this revival will be worthy of Mr. Kean's genius, and of the poet's situations and suggestions, which it has been a labour of love to him to colour and fill up.

### HAYMARKET.

Here the most important novelty has been the successful production of Mr. Palgrave Simpson's three-act comedy, "The World and the Stage," the purpose of which is as deserving of praise as the production itself. There was a time (notwithstanding that priests were the first players, and the "Mysteries" the earliest dramatic performances) when the profession of the actor barred him from Christian burial; and

though the scruples of pious persons have moderated on this point, there is still a decided objection to mingle with or admit the members of the stage to anything like a free communion with the living. The foot-lights separate the audience from the actors as completely on the outside of the theatre as within it; and, with a few salient exceptions, professors of the histrionic art are seldom met with in what is conventionally called good society; or only tolerated on account of some especial circumstance or other, apart from their excellence in their profession. The dangers, the seductions, the trials to which the stage exposes its votaries are but too well known—particularly as women are concerned; but society, instead of coming to their succour, and encouraging by private sympathy and public protection the young and often friendless artiste in her difficult and thorny path, plucks from her even the defence of self-respect, and smears her very profession with suspicion. To show that a woman may conserve all the virtues of her sex, with intense devotion to her art, and, conscious of the genius which fires her, suffer without complaint the prejudices and calumny of the world, the wounded pride and crushed sympathies and humbled vanity which assails her, has been the task of the author, who, in the language of a contemporary, has, with the most minute care, and most complete consistency both in thought and execution, worked out the problem of such a character in that of *Mary Somers*, a young lady of good means and social position—afterwards *Kate Robinson*, a successful and famous actress. He has given us a beautiful and fascinating semblance of an actress as she ought to be. He has made her the instrument with which to refute the false accusations of the world, and to



assert the dignity and moral worth and high value of the stage, according to his own conceptions of it. The outline of the plot is as follows: *Mary Somers* (Miss Amy Sedgwick) has, through the instrumentality of adverse fortune, devoted herself to the histrionic profession; while her sister has married a nobleman, and become *Lady Castlecreig* (Miss E. Ternan). She is forced by her husband to abjure the society of the actress, who devotedly loves her, and accidentally discovers that her innocence and reputation are in danger from the addresses of a *roué*, the *Hon. Harry Malpas* (Mr. Farren). With the assistance of a faithful follower, *Daniel Dewlap* (Mr. Buckstone), the actress defeats the honourable gentleman's machinations; but in doing so brings suspicion on herself, and destroys the confidence of her lover, *Leonard Ashton* (Mr. Howe). In the end, the innate gentlemanly feeling of *Malpas* solves the difficulties which have overwhelmed the sisters, *Lucy's* peace of mind is restored, and *Kate*, whose heart has been sorely tried in the struggle, regains the love and becomes the wife of *Leonard*. Miss Amy Sedgwick, for whom the principal character has been especially written, played it with much grace, intensity, and point; and with that marked improvement in her acting which promises so much for her future fame. Mr. Buckstone acted the part of the rustic *Daniel* with his usual vivacity and quaintness. Mr. Compton, as *Buzzard* (a follower of *Malpas*), created much laughter by an inimitable make up in the character of a modern Macaroni, in peg-top trousers, a very long grey walking-coat, a superfluity of florid whiskers, and a very straight-brimmed hat. Mr. Howe and Mr. Farren admirably filled their respective characters; and Mrs. Poynter, as *Miss Lippglue*, the strong-minded and strongly prejudiced companion of *Lady Castlecreig*, was perfectly at home in her part. For the rest, the personal appearance, accent, and manner of Mr. Rogers rendered the part of *Sir Norman Castlecreig* simply ridiculous; while Miss E. Ternan, who laboured under considerable disadvantage (having undertaken the part of *Lucy* at the last moment, when it had been thrown up by Mrs. Buckingham White), was scarcely equal to the part of her ladyship. "The World and the Stage" will be repeated on Easter Monday, when Miss Sedgwick will reappear—and with a change, we trust, in the cast of the *Castlecreigs*. Mr. Palgrave Simpson's comedy takes a deservedly permanent place on the stage of the Haymarket.

At

## THE ADELPHI

Mr. Webster is proving himself in earnest to render his entertainments of the first class of their kind. During the last few weeks, the engagement of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Wigan (artists whose talents are unquestioned) has resulted in a full house and delighted audiences. The drama of "Still Waters run Deep," "The Bengal Tiger," and "The First Night," have been successively played, and on every occasion

these deserving favourites have been well received. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mathews have also accepted a short engagement. The presence of Mr. Wright forms a connecting-link between the Old Adelphi and the New, and insures the good-will of the gallery; while the acting of Miss Woolgar and Miss Mary Keeley charms the audience in all parts of this well-managed and elegant theatre.

## VOCAL ASSOCIATION,

ST. JAMES'S HALL.

On the occasion of the third dress concert of this association, which is rapidly becoming an important addition to the musical attractions of the metropolis, Handel's delicious seranata, "Acis and Galatea," with Mozart's additional accompaniments (which Mr. Benedict has always shown a preference for) made the first part of the programme. The solos by Miss Louisa Vinning, Mr. George Perren, Mr. Souchet Champion, and Mr. Saintley, with their pastoral freshness, sweetness, and contrasted beauty, were for the most part charmingly rendered. We take exception to "Stay, shepherd, stay," which gave us the impression that *Damon* sang under the difficulty of too tight a neck-tie, from which, however, he was happily relieved in the charming air, "Would you gain the tender creature," which he sang with much delicacy and expression. Miss Vinning gave the songs of *Galatea* with grace and care; her "Hush, ye pretty warblers," and the air, "As when the Dove," were very charmingly sung. Again, in that delicious vocal rapture with *Acis*, "Happy—happy—happy we!" and the air, "Heart thou seat," this lady's clear and fluent voice was heard to great advantage. Mr. George Perren, in that sweetest and most inspiring of love-songs, "Love in her eyes," was rapturously applauded; as well as in "Love sounds th' alarm," which he gave with much sweetness and animation. But the *encore* of the evening was reserved for Mr. Saintley, a proper *Polyphemus*—fiercely, passionately rugged; but, touched by love, a mere piping Faun, flowing over with rippling melody, full of pastoral images and sun-scorched ardour. "O ruddier than the cherry!" richly deserved the compliment so spontaneously bestowed on Mr. Saintley's singing of it, which showed not only a just appreciation of the composer's melody, but a classic sense of the story, and of his own relation to it. The precision and finished care with which the chorus acquitted themselves—especially in "Wretched lovers!"—was deserving of all praise, and reflects great credit on the members of the association, as well as on their talented conductor. Amongst the gems of the evening we must rank the "Minnisinger," one of M. Benedict's charming orchestral compositions; nor must we (though our notice has exceeded our usual space) overlook the second

performance of the "Ave Maria," from Mendelssohn's posthumous opera of "Lorley," which has strengthened our first impression of the richness, pathos, and devotion of its character, to which Madame Hayes did full justice, the wonderful upper notes of her voice coming out full and clear above instruments and choir; while in the short soprano movement the finished grace of her singing produced an escapeless *encore*. Both Mr. Saintley and Miss Stabbach sang in the second part of the concert, which, unhappily, we are obliged to pass over, though it included the scena, with chorus of women, from M. Benedict's "Brides of Venice," and two or three songs which we should have liked to have particularized. We perceive that on the 6th of April a new cantata, entitled "The Birthday," composed expressly for the Vocal Association, by Lindsay Sloper, will be performed, in which Madame Hayes and Miss Dolby are principal vocalists.

#### WILLIS'S ROOMS.

Madame Rosalie Th  mar's concert came off with great success on Thursday, the 24th ult.; the attendance was full and brilliant, and the programme with but one fault—the liberality of the talented *beneficiare* had overcrowded it. Besides the attraction of Madame Th  mar's pianoforte performance, whose delightful playing excited the most unequivocal enthusiasm, the witchery of Mons. Paques violoncello exercised its usual charm upon its audience, and the mutual skill of these artists in the fine duet (Sonata, op. 13) for pianoforte and violoncello received, as it deserved, the most rapturous applause. The principal solo singers were Miss Stabbach and Miss Binckes, Messrs. Perren and Wallworth, and Mons. Depret. Miss Stabbach evinced her usual grace of style, and was especially happy in her singing of Verdi's aria, "Non fu Sogno;" as well as in the trio, "The Hawthorn in the glade," from Professor Bennett's "May Queen," with the London performance of which she is so completely associated. Miss Binckes's fine, clear, round voice was heard to great advantage in the "Erl King," and "La Zingarella"—a charming aria, which she gave with much vivacity and expression; and again, in the duetto, "Si, la Stanchezza" (Trovatore), Verdi; her singing was remarkable for its purity and sweetness. Mr. Wallworth has evidently practised hard since we last heard him, and in manner and tone has greatly improved. The reception of Mr. Perren's songs was highly flattering; "The bloom is on the rye" met with an *encore*, but was judiciously exchanged for "The white-blossomed Thorn," which he gave with much felling. Altogether the concert was a very pleasing one, and too much praise cannot be given to Herr Ganz and Signor Vian  si, the conductors.

#### ROYAL POLYTECHNIC.

Among the varied entertainments at this useful and most interesting place of popular amusement, we have much pleasure in noticing

Mr. Lennox Horne's lecture on the "Beggar's Opera," illustrated by appropriate songs from Miss Roden and Mr. Thorpe Peed. The beautiful old melodies are in themselves a delicious treat, and the lecture is not less suggestive than entertaining; in the course of it Mr. Lennox Horne compares the chocolate-houses of old, where such men as Captain Macheath associated with gentlemen, with the clubs of the present day, which he eulogises as the great moral purifiers of society, since no one can become a member who does not prove himself worthy of admittance. We have heard hints of an opposite character touching clubs and clubites, so perhaps it is but justice to make this compliment to them generally known.

#### BURFORD'S PANORAMA, LEICESTER SQUARE.

The pictures of Lucknow, Delhi, and the Alps continue to form the attraction at Burford's. This long-established and favourite exhibition still pursues its steady course, and may have been long considered, in the way of entertainment, as one of the "Institutions of our country." The rich, tranquil beauty of the yet secure Lucknow, prepares us for the crisis at Delhi, with its flames, tumult, and too familiar horrors; while the clear, cold stillness of the Swiss scene gradually cools us down, and fits us to encounter once more the raw atmosphere of our London afternoons.

#### LIFE-BOAT EXPENSES.

During the past year the Royal National Life-boat Institution has incurred the following expenses on either additional new life-boat stations, or the replacing of old boats, transporting carriages and houses, by new ones:—Norfolk: Cromer, £276 16s. 5d.; Mundesley, £223 9s. 5d.; Bacton, £377 11s. 11d.; Palling, £272 17s. 6d.; Winterton, £400 5s. 11d.; Yarmouth (two boats), £859 3s. 5d. Suffolk: Lowestoft, £153 14s. 6d.; Southwold, £127 19s.; Berwick, £73; Boulmer, £73; Alnworth, £41; Whitburn, £247 1s.; Hornsea, £44 12s.; Exmouth, £140 1s.; Appledore, £44 12s.; Aberdovey, £138 3s. 1d.; Rhyl, £52 17s.; Penmon, £72 15s.; Fleetwood, £140 1s.; Fraserburg, £255 9s. 2d.; Lossiemouth, £140 1s.; Ireland: Newcastle (County Down), £282 7s.; Kilmore, £140 1s.; Dundalk, £191 1s.; Carnsore, £187 8s.; Tramore, £322 18s. 9d.; Dungarvan, £191 1s.; and Ardmore, £81 11s. 5d. The institution has also expended on the repairs, stores, alterations, and inspection of its numerous life-boats, boat-houses, and transporting carriages, £2,714 5s. 3d., making altogether a total of £8,265 3s. 9d. It has also granted £952 as rewards to the crews of its life-boats and those of shore-boats, for saving 427 persons from 64 wrecks on our coasts. A most satisfactory result, and clearly showing how much has been accomplished by the well-directed efforts which the Life-boat Institution



has brought to bear on this humane cause. This great and national work has, however, only been accomplished by involving the society in a debt of £3,047, and an expenditure of £1,000 from its small reserved capital. Impelled by every feeling which we hold dear to save a fellow-creature from an appalling death by shipwreck, one would suppose that the National Life-boat Institution had claims which came home to the hearts of every one, and there pleaded for support and sympathy; and most particularly does this apply to the United Kingdom, which is so much indebted for so large a portion of its greatness and prosperity to its hardy seamen. In respect, then, of the Life-boat Institution, its objects being so truly national and philanthropic,

we do not hesitate to recommend it earnestly, and on all occasions, to the support of those who are able to render it. That help was never more needed than at present, when, through the extraordinary exertions the society has made within the past few years, it has now 81 life-boats under its management. To maintain these boats in a state of thorough efficiency, a large permanent annual income is absolutely needed, if its humane mission is to be perpetuated. We feel assured, that after this plain statement of facts relative to one of our most useful societies, we shall soon have the pleasure to report a very large increase to its permanent income.

## THE TOILET.

(Especially from Paris.)

### TOILETTES DE VILLE.

**FIRST FIGURE.—HOME-DRESS.**—Robe of Lyons poplin, Azoff green, trimmed *en tablier* with *blaises* of plain velvet, edged with a handsome fringe of the same colour, finished at each side with *bouclettes* of velvet. *Corsage* high and round, with a *bertha* crossing before, and forming a pointed *fichu* behind. This *bertha* is draped on a foundation of white net, covered with green *taffetas*, and fixed only on the shoulders: the ends are fastened under the arms. A deep fringe like that on the skirt surrounds it. The sleeves are set on in great plaits at the top, and are finished with a *revers* ornamented with two bands of velvet. Under-sleeves a double *bouffant* of *tulle bouillonne*. Collar of *guipure*. Cap *rosière* of *tulle*, with long *barbes*, ornamented with little roses without foliage.

**SECOND FIGURE.—VISITING DRESS.**—Robe of black *moire antique*; a double skirt: the first ornamented at the sides with a trimming of *passementerie*. *Corsage* high and round. *Fourragères* and *épaulettes Figaro*. Under-sleeves of *tulle*, with a *revers* of black lace, set on a wristband of velvet. A little collar edged with lace, with a narrow runner of black velvet. Bonnet of plain velvet, of the shade known here as *pensée des Alps*, ornamented with short plumes. In the interior a *bandeau* of yellow roses and *blonde*.

I have recently seen a charming bridal dress in preparation, and as a *toilette* for this exceptional circumstance is sometimes a great trouble to a young *fiancée*, I shall give you the benefit of my observations. The under-robe was composed of white *poult de soie*; the upper one is made with an austere grace that charms the most rigid taste. It is entirely composed of very beautiful white crape, and has not the slightest

ornament of silk or of ribbon. Three skirts of white crape are relieved on each side à la *Louis XV.*, by three light bouquets of orange-blossoms, without any mixture of other flowers. The *corsage*, of *poult de soie*, is made low; the upper one (white crape) is high, buttoned up the breast with crape buttons, and is finished round the neck with a simple transparent *ruche* of *tulle*. The sleeves are very long and ample: the arm is protected by a double sleeve of *tulle*. On the breast a bouquet of *fleurs d'Orange*. In the hair a garland of the same flowers, without mixture. The garland is retained by a long veil of white crape, the same as the robe. You will perceive that this *parure de mariée* does not admit of silk or lace. Its simplicity is extreme, but at the same time I assure you it is charming.

At a grand ball recently given at the *Hotel de Ville* the Princess Clotilde made the chiefest attraction. S. A. I. is tall, slight, and charmingly graceful in her attitudes: her face is sweet, with a serious expression scarcely compatible with her extreme youth. The outline of her pure forehead bespeaks amiable thoughts, and her smile possesses an extreme charm. The young Princess on this occasion wore a robe of rose-colour *moire antique*; and in her beautiful hair grapes and rings of gold.

It is always satisfactory to know the personal value of persons occupying the first rank in our social hierarchy. The Princess Clotilde, so young and so gracious, is yet dowered with a rare wit, the reputation of which arrived before her into Paris. Conjoined with this, it is whispered (aloud at court) that S. A. I. et R. possesses the most perfect judgment, and a high intelligence that discerns everything, and enables her to reply with a readiness and tact almost unrivalled.

## PASSING EVENTS RE-EDITED.

During the past month a notable suggestion has appeared in the pages of a literary contemporary, from the pen of a lady (R.A.), touching the rights of women-students to the gratuitous instruction obtainable in the schools of the Royal Academy (according to the rules of the

establishment), by "any of Her Majesty's subjects," upon the production of a good moral character, and of a qualification in drawing. "Perhaps," writes the correspondent of the *Athenæum*, after referring to an interesting sketch of the history and objects of the institu-

tion, "Lord Lyndhurst and many of your readers may not be aware that a large class of 'Her Majesty's subjects,' namely, those of her own sex, are totally excluded from the gratuitous instruction he justly estimates as so valuable, and are therefore obliged to pay at a high rate for such instruction as they can obtain for money—not the best—or altogether lack the systematic, directed study, which alone can enable a student to take a fair position in his profession. Instead of enjoying the opportunity of working for years under the supervision of our most eminent masters, women are left to struggle unaided through the difficulties and discouragements which only artists can appreciate. Unless women are supposed capable of attaining by their talents alone as much as men with talent and years of instructed study, can accomplish, it is difficult to conceive on what principle all the advantages of a national institution such as the Academy should be given to the one sex, and denied the other."

Another lady-artist has subsequently followed up these remarks, by other true and sensible observations upon the necessity of obtaining a room for women students, under the same regulations as the men's school, and suggests that, "to this end, some ladies of sufficient age and known position (many noble ladies might, if it were suggested to them) form themselves into a committee, prepare a petition, cause it to be extensively signed by women, and present it to Her Majesty." This scheme appears to us not only the right, but the *legal* one, since Lord Lyndhurst has informed us that the sole supervision, control, and government of the Royal Academy rests with the Crown. Therefore, out of her own well-known love of art, as well as for the sake of those women-artists to whom excellency in

its pursuit is of the utmost individual importance as a profession and means of self-support, we have no fear but that Her Majesty would sanction a privilege which every year is making more important to a large class of the educated women of this country, whose works, as seen at the Ladies' Exhibition of Paintings, are the best proof of how greatly the thorough training which only the Academy gives gratuitously is needed by them. There, though talent abounds excellence in the full meaning of the phrase is wanting. How can it be otherwise, while professional women-artists are denied the gratuitous instruction which their brothers of the Academy enjoy? And instruction to those who have to win their bread while learning themselves must be gratuitous to be useful. We trust these sensible suggestions may not be suffered to die out.

It is rumoured that a lady has offered £8,000 towards the endowment of a female sanitary professorship and women's hospital, provided such an institution shall be established in London. A correspondent suggests, with much good sense, that, as everything which tends to bring ridicule upon the moral progress of women, and especially upon so grand and grave an innovation as the present, should be avoided, it would be well for Miss Blackwell to throw aside the clumsy and unpleasant title of Doctor. We second the propriety of the suggestion. Why not adopt the proper style of Doctress, which could be so conveniently given on the address of a lady of the medical profession? Even such a trifle as this may help to familiarize and render popular the study of medicine and obstetrics as a feminine profession, which, after all, is not so much an innovation as a return to ancient usages. C. A. W.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PROSE *declined, with thanks*: "Miss Pennington's First Offer;" "A Sketch of the Life of Mozart." The papers, with one previously sent, shall be returned on receipt of postage-stamps for the purpose.

PROSE *accepted*: "The Highways of Brittany;" "Zara's Ear-rings." We will endeavour to oblige this correspondent.

E. C. B.—Our correspondent must excuse us for reminding her that our time is much too onerously occupied to admit of our reading, much less replying, to notes of eight pages in length. Nevertheless, we have found time to laugh very heartily over the attestations. We like the present paper better than the former ones.

Andalusia.—We have over and over reminded innumerable versifiers that rhyme is not poetry. The essence of the dozen verses before us might have been condensed in a dozen lines of heavy prose, into which they resolve themselves in the very act of endeavouring to read them. Here is a specimen, the failures in which our author attributes to youth and inexperience rather than "to actual want of ability"—hear it, Apollo!

"BRITISH HERO'S."

"Oh! Albion's sons deserve her warmest praise,  
In choicest *verse* and *soul*-inspiring *lays*,

For sweetest bards must fail in plaudits due,  
Although they sound their highest notes, and tune  
their *tyres* anew."

To which work of reparation we recommend "Andalusia;" but stay, we have space for some more:

"Our hero's deeds must wake a thrilling chord  
In British hearts, and each one must award  
Its grateful love, and watch it upward rise,  
As *incense* to the *souls* of those who rest in Paradise."

—a very Pagan procedure, to say the best of it. After two laudatory verses to the "Heros," our poet continues—

"Who rallied round their *Royal Lady's Throne*,  
Upheld her Sovereign rights, and hurled each *traitor*  
down;  
Who rested not till England's flag was floating on  
the breeze,  
Her ensign *waving* far across the *seas*."

We hope that by this time "Andalusia" is conscious that whatever glorious and poetical images were floating in his brain during the incubation of the above, he signally failed in giving expression to them. We would advise him, with Miss Taylor's Crow, to stick to plain prose for the future.



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Always Sincerely Yours  
Julia A. Maynard



## STRONGER THAN DEATH.

(A Tale in Three Chapters.)

### CHAP. I.

A hot midsummer morning; not a cloud in the sky, at least in as much of it as was visible between the house-tops; not a flutter in the breezeless air. I sat down to my bachelor breakfast in my dull lodgings, looking out on the dullest possible London street, thoroughly out of humour with the world in general, and with myself in particular. All through that midsummer twilight which met the dawn, that still small voice men call conscience, had been busy in my ear. "Your eight-and-twentieth birthday," said the whisper; "what record have these years? Why do they lie at your feet like a heap of withered leaves? How have you kept the promise of your youth?"

So questioned this grand inquisitor, and tortured while he questioned. For what answer could I find? Miserably, alas! had I wasted my life and its gifts. From my birth, nature had appointed me an artist; and afterwards, education had brought every aid to the development of my powers. I knew well that at eight-and-twenty I ought to have been surely working up my way to fame and its rewards, for my talent was of no mean order. It would be poor affectation to decry the gift of God, wasted, alas! too long. To confess the truth, as that morning I was obliged to confess it to myself, I had always been a reckless idler. Loving my art with enthusiasm, I hated—was foolish enough even to despise, what I called the drudgery of painting. By "drudgery" I meant that severe, unbroken toil and study which is the only sure foundation of eminence. My style was slovenly, my best conceptions were carelessly wrought out; and mine, of course, had been the disappointment which awaits every artist who has not, by patient labour, made his hand a faithful servant of his brain. Therefore, my birthday found me a poor idle dreamer, living unsought and unknown, as every man deserves to live who has not, through a uniform and courageous self-denial, done justice to his own powers.

"It's no use," I said gloomily, as I pushed away my egg, none of the freshest that morning, and poured out the muddy coffee; "it's no use. Here I am without a friend to help me; no near relation, no one to work for. I shall never be worth anything in the world; I wish I were out of it—the sooner the better."

This cheerful soliloquy was interrupted by the postman's knock. "Ugh! I know it will be a bill, as it was yesterday, and the day before." I looked at the maid-of-all-work's dirty hand, and the letter it held, with intense disgust.

That morning, however, the post had not brought me a bill. It was not even one of those politely-worded epistles with which I was so familiar, informing me that some painting either would not sell at all, or must be sold at less than a fourth of my price. Curious enough, that while I was thinking I hadn't a friend in the world, at that identical moment a letter should come from one of the best friends a man could have—my old schoolfellow, Frank Lyne. The bare sight of his handwriting drove away my melancholy mood, and a glance at his note made me forget there were such things as blue-devils in existence. Thus ran Frank's epistle:

"Arthur Margesson, my dear fellow, I adjure you to pack up and come to us directly. We have taken a cottage at Lymrex, on the Dorset coast; and I can't half enjoy this lovely scenery without you. Such splendid views from the garden! There's an arbour too, all covered with roses. Famous rabbit shooting in the cliffs, I can promise you. We shall expect you on Thursday: mind you get down to Taunton in time to take the two o'clock coach. Such clotted cream! Such prawns! *magnifique, superbe!* as our French master used to say. Don't forget, Thursday; pray don't disappoint me. *Au revoir.*"

I don't know, reader, if you admire my friend's *eloquence du billet*; I only know that to me that morning it was enchanting, a perfect inspiration. Junius himself never penned letter more to the point; Madame de Sevigné never wrote epistle half so charming.

A minute after I had read Frank's note, it occurred to me that this must be the very Thursday on which I was expected. I looked at the date, it was Monday; but as I knew that Frank generally aired his letters a few days in the pocket of his shooting coat before he remembered to post them, I could only be glad this had arrived so soon after date. By dint of packing in hot haste, and an extra shilling to the cabman, I just caught the right train; which I was not sorry to exchange for the top of the coach at Taunton, where I could thoroughly enjoy the scenery and my cigar. The hills, especially as we neared Lymrex, were of that description defined as break-neck; and the turnpike gates

plentiful in proportion. We had to pull up at the last, for in its jaws stood a post-chaise, whose occupant, a truculent elderly gentleman, had been worked up into a frenzy by the turnpikes, and could not be brought to pay this last shilling.

"It's a shame," he shouted to the coach and passengers *en masse*, with true English garnish to his words; "it's a shame, I say. I'll write to the *Times*; I'll—"

"Try the coach next time," suggested our coachman, as the chaise was backed to make us way; and down the hill we rattled, tottering, swaying, staggering from side to side.

Just as I had made up my mind that we must all alight, and pretty speedily too, on our heads, a familiar voice cried from some window, "Hallo, coachman! stop here!" The next minute saw me safely landed on *terra firma*, and shaking hands with Frank.

Frank apologised for the absence of the ladies—his sister, cousin, and aunt. They had joined a pic-nic party, which he, good fellow as he was, had eschewed, that he might welcome his friend. After a capital compound of dinner and tea, in which the promised prawns and clotted cream figured to great advantage, we adjourned to the garden. This garden struck my fancy amazingly; it was simply a slice from a hill, which rose at the back of the cottage. You went up some forty or fifty rugged stone steps, then up a long steep walk, from which more rugged steps than I cared to count, and a winding path, led down to the sea.

The harbour, a perfect bower of rose and myrtle, crowned the summit of the hill, and commanded the bay. Before us lay the sea—deep shadows on its distant waters; but near the shore the waves were as blue as those of the Mediterranean. To the left there rose a range of magnificent cliffs, which showed, through the ever-shifting veil of haze, a marvellous wealth and harmony of colour—the royal possession of nature, the despair of art; hues deep in tint, yet soft as love; emerald, purple, gold, and grey, all mingling and falling, where the vapours folded crag, or lay in chasm, into flake, and robe, and wreath of purest white.

I saw little of the ladies that night, for they came home thoroughly tired, as people generally find themselves after a day's pleasure; but next morning, while I smoked my cigar upon the beach, we—that is to say, I and my cloudy confidant—discussed them. First came Frank's aunt, Mrs. Fairbank; soon dismissed as exactly the right person for a *duenna*—kind, precise, and somewhat dull. Then, for the two young ladies; naturally enough I had many more thoughts for them. They were not one light, the other dark, like two heroines in the same romance. Blondes and beauties, both of them were these; yet, though both had blue eyes and fair hair, never, in any novel ever written, were two heroines more unlike. Sunshine and Moonlight, I called my young ladies, and thought my simile very pretty and appropriate. Edith 'εὐαί my friend's sister, was an elegant girl;

a striking figure, rather too tall for my fancy—I always liked a woman one could look down upon—hair and eyes somewhat paler than her cousin's; slightly cold and reserved, I thought, in manner; decidedly by no means the style of person to disturb my peace of mind. So much for Moonlight. Aye, but Sunshine: only another word was that for Annie Anstey—the most radiant creature mortal eyes had ever beheld. All life, enchantment, glow; with her small figure so exquisitely moulded; so graceful, yet quick in every movement, she was much of the fairy, but more of the bird—a bird one well might long to cage, that the golden plumage might be all his own, every fluttering of the heart for the possessor. "If, now, I were in a position to marry," I said that morning, half aloud, as I stood kicking the loose shingle on the beach; "but I'm not. Heigho! it really was dangerous for a poor artist to be near such a beautiful girl. Had I not better get a letter by the next post, requiring my immediate presence in town? Nonsense! why shouldn't I stay? Was I such a baby as to want every pretty thing I saw? But why didn't Frank, who had plenty of money, and could marry any day,"—here I sighed—"why didn't he make love to his charming cousin? Annie Anstey! wasn't that jingle in her name pretty? It wouldn't sound half so well if changed to Annie Lyne. Perhaps they were engaged; it was very natural." Somehow the idea did not please me; I threw away the end of my cigar, and sauntered back to the house, and into the drawing-room, where I found the ladies sitting at the bow window, busied with that fanciful idleness which ladies call in pretty mockery "work." Volunteering my services at once, as reader to the party, I took a chair close to Miss Anstey; not, as I said to myself, that I cared to be near her, only it was nothing less than my duty as an artist to catch and fix in my memory the rare hue of her hair. What a triumph of my art it would be to copy faithfully that shade, or rather, that golden light, in painting an angel, or Madonna!

I always had plumed myself on my style of reading aloud, but that morning I made some stupid blunders. My eyes would wander from the book to Annie's work; she was "grounding"—I'm not quite sure that this is the right word—a pair of slippers, the design wherefore was astonishing to behold. Over the toes brooded the head of an enormous fox, pursued from each side by a brace of dogs, each no bigger than the ear of the redoubtable head; these looked as if they were trying hard to turn round and take refuge in the heel, where a very meek hare sat, without any tail, and only one fore paw. I fancied the coquettish little beauty knew that I stole a skein of wool from her basket, while admiring these remarkable specimens of natural history.

Never had time flown so swiftly, I thought, as that first fortnight of my stay at Lymrex; one day passed after another like a dream. Driving, walking, sketching, rambles through the cliffs,



all this threw Annie and me much together, and I felt the spell grow stronger every hour. I had not been so much in love for years and years, never since I was eighteen. And Annie—"did she love me?" I asked myself. A hundred tokens bade me hope—the slightest lingering of her hand in mine; its shy withdrawal; the glance, the blush, the smile; these priceless marks of preference were all mine. I gave myself up to the intoxicating dream; it seemed as if all other persons, all other things, the stern realities of life, its duties—never thoroughly recognised by me—as if all these faded into mere phantoms and shadows, and hers was the only real tangible presence in the world.

Let me give one scene which rises to my memory fresh as if it had happened yesterday. By what I considered a happy chance, Annie and I were alone one morning. She suddenly demanded the skein I had stolen a fortnight before.

"How could you do anything so naughty?" she said, with a bewitching pout. "What can you want with Berlin wool? I can't put the spots into my dogs till you give it back."

Half-laughing, half-trembling at my boldness, I declared the wool to be mine by right of possession; its only ransom must be one of those golden curls. After a great deal of mock resistance, which only served to make me bolder, I won the day. Just as I stood victorious, the scissors in one hand, and my prize in the other, Miss Lyne entered the room. She made no remark upon the *tableau vivant* before her; but an expression, half-pain, half-surprise, came over her face, and she took a book with the evident purpose of remaining in the room. I was unreasonably annoyed at this interruption. "Was Miss Lyne to make herself a spy over her cousin? What right had she to come between us?" I thought. "No doubt her notions were narrow and worldly-minded—I was not an eligible party for Annie—cold, selfish, calculating as she seemed, what should she know of love?" Of one thing I felt secure: no such counsellor could turn Annie's heart against me. True, I had not yet told my love in so many words, but we understood each other—yes, from the very first we had understood each other.

Such were my meditations in the arbour, whither I had escaped as soon as I possibly could, after what I chose to consider Miss Lyne's intrusion. That very sun, I vowed, before he set should shine upon me as Annie's acknowledged lover. Dearest Annie! What a loving heart was hers! so true, so innocent in its devotion. Already I held a pledge; and, taking, from where it lay folded next my heart, the golden curl, it twined my fingers with, to my fancy, almost a conscious caress. So I sat dreaming away the happy hours, looking out into the sunny garden; and every time the breeze swept past, the flowers of love, the summer roses, nodded to me at the door-way; they knew my secret, and wished me joy.

At length the sound of footsteps coming up the steep path from the beach broke in upon

my reverie. Soon I saw Miss Lyne and my Annie—already I called her mine—approaching. They sat down on the topmost step, close by the arbour, to rest; and I could see that Annie's face was flushed as she turned to gather a rose from my hiding-place. Should I reveal my presence? No! at least not for a few moments; I found it so delicious to be near her—so near that I could have touched her dress by stretching out my hand—and yet be myself unseen. I, so conscious of her presence; she, so unconscious of mine.

There had been some disagreement between the cousins; so at least I guessed from Annie's averted face, and somewhat defiant air. No doubt it was just as I had expected; that cold, calculating girl had been taking her to task for loving me. I absolutely hated Miss Lyne as she began to speak. "Yes, Annie," she said, evidently in continuation of the subject they had been discussing; "I do blame you, and think you have gone too far. What would Captain S— say?"

The time had come; now I would rush out, take my Annie boldly in my arms, and defy the whole world to separate us; only with beating heart I waited her reply. I knew it would give me full right to declare my love. Who was this Captain S—? Her guardian, no doubt.

She spoke; I leant eagerly forward, holding my breath. Not a tone, not a syllable should escape me. Nor did they; and I write her answer, word for word, as it fell upon my ear that day.

"Really, Edith, I shall think you very cross and old-maidish. Why must you make so much of a little flirtation? Because I'm to be married next spring, and go to that dreadful India, where people lose all their beauty directly? Pray, because of this, am I never to look at anybody now?" And Annie tossed her pretty head as she pulled away the rose in her hand, leaf by leaf.

I stood chained to the spot: was this a dream, or an awakening?

"Annie! Annie! have you no shame, no feeling?" replied her cousin's indignant voice. "Can you tear a heart to pieces like that poor rose?"

"Edie, you are always the same; you make a fuss about nothing in the world. Now you are vexed because this man has paid a poor little girl like me so much attention, and has hardly looked at you; of course, I know it's his bad taste—I can't help that. As to pulling hearts in pieces, that's all nonsense. Mr. Margesson, you see, is a vain, idle man, who finds nothing better to do than to amuse himself with me, just as I amuse myself with him. As for anything serious, do you really suppose, even if Frederick were not in the way, I would ever fall in love with a poor man? And he is worse than poor: he is idle—a man who might do something in the world, and will never do it. I'm sure you think so yourself."

Pleasant truths were these for me to hear!

coming too, as they did, from lips that had smiled, and flattered, and all but said "I love you." Her words were false; she knew she had tried to win my love; that she had sought it in a hundred ways. I had a right to be indignant. No doubt she had played this game before; for once she should be shamed. The next moment I stood before her.

"I thank you for your declaration, Miss Anstey," I said. "It was rather premature;" and letting the ringlet I held fall lightly at her feet, I passed by into the house. My "sunshine had been an *ignis fatuus* after all."

As I write, remembering vividly all the mortification and bitter disappointment of that hour, the thought comes strangely to me that others will find in this scene nothing but the clumsiest subterfuge; an incident worn threadbare, both in play and novel. Let it pass for such; some will know that the man who, from what he finds deep graven in his heart, writes out a page of his life's history, cannot fashion or colour facts at will. Meagre and common-place the story may be, but it shall be faithful as truth itself.

If I had hoped to mortify Miss Anstey, she, on her part, was determined to disappoint my revenge. She met us at dinner with her usual smile; talked, laughed, and sang more merrily

than ever in the evening. Yet, I somehow fancied that she thought a summons home, brought her by next morning's post, uncommonly well-timed; for she made her arrangements to leave that very day. I was able to keep what pain I suffered to myself; we bade each other a gay adieu; she looking prettier than ever as I handed her into the carriage, and bent over the little gloved hand with an air of mock gallantry, which seemed to amuse Frank and herself vastly.

Well! that bewitching face was gone; I was never to look upon it again. Ah, me! what words have I written with a careless pen? After long years of forgetfulness the vision rose before me as those fearful tidings from India smote all our hearts. Starting from feverish dreams, I have seen it; or it awoke me in the pale and ghastly dawn. The bright hair, dim with dust and blood; that face—it rises now before me, more vividly than when I saw its beauty by the summer sea—the same; now stony in a fixed despair—despair, with but one hope, if such despair could hope—for death; despair, in which the desolation of Naomi, the agony of Rachel, were blent with horror, but jointly shadowed in Lucretia's wrongs.

Enough! enough! let it pass from my pen. Will it never more pass from my imagination?

## THE GOURD AND MELON TRIBE.

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"There be divers sorts of cucumbers; some greater, others lesser; some of the garden, some wild; some of one fashion, some of another, as shall be declared in the following chapters."—GERARDE.

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I have sometimes been led to think that the very best cure for that disease which the French call *ennui*, the Germans *langeweile*, and for which we English have no name, is to set the mind to work on the investigation of some one subject; to endeavour to follow it out into all its ramifications, and to thoroughly understand it. I believe that many a fit of *ennui* has been dissipated by the stimulus which the thorough investigation of a good tale of scandal or gossip has supplied. This, by withdrawing the mind from the contemplation of self, and selfish troubles, cures the patient of his fit of *langeweile*: but alas! in most cases the "remedy is worse than the disease." There are, however, topics which may supply the needful *fillip* to the mind, without at the same time doing injury. Why should it not be as interesting to trace the family history of some elegant plant that adorns your garden, or of one of the beautiful painted insects, or melodious birds that flits about amongst the flowers and trees, as to rout out all the details of that of your next neigh-

bour, or of your last new acquaintance? Then, again, as topics for conversation, surely the wiser part of your friends and allies, will be better pleased to be entertained with a spirited account of some tribe of plants, and the countries in which they grow, or of some singular adventures of the inhabitants of the bird's-nests in your gardens, than with details of the sins and follies of those amongst whom they live, especially as they can in such case, leave you without the fear that their own character and conduct will be subject to animadversion as soon as they are gone. Let me, then, invite my readers to share with me in the amusement and interest that I derived last summer from the observation of one particular family of plants when on a visit to Kew: I mean the gourd and melon tribe—a tribe which affords such a strange mixture of the beautiful and the grotesque, the valuable and the poisonous, as is seldom to be found in any one group in the vegetable kingdom.

All plants of this family belong to the natural



order *Cucurbitaceæ*, the characteristics of which order are that they are all climbers, all produce monopetalous flowers and pulpy fruit. They have usually tuberous or fibrous roots, brittle stems, palmate leaves, and twining tendrils. They are most of them natives of hot countries, but a few are found in the northern parts of Europe and North America: many belong to the Cape of Good Hope, but more are denizens of India, which appears to be their favourite place. Some are annuals, and others perennial: the former readily accommodate themselves to northern climates; and hence, though of tropical origin, they are common in European gardens.

*Cucurbita*—whence the name of the order—is a Latin word signifying a vessel; and this is a very characteristic name, for many of the species not only have the forms of various vessels in common use, but are used as bottles, drinking-vessels, casks, &c.

At Kew there is, in one of the glass-houses, a beautiful collection of various plants of this tribe; and in a series of cases in an upper room at the Industrial Museum, which has of late years been arranged in the grounds by Sir William Hooker, is a wonderful display of the fruits of different species from all lands; some in their native state, and others manufactured for various uses.

In the conservatory, I was surprised at seeing a long, green thing, I should say much beyond a foot in length, and so like a snake in form and markings, that for a moment I could not quite persuade myself that it was not one. The end curved upwards, not unlike a serpent's neck, raised to strike, was crowned by an odd-looking brownish tuft, of a suspicious appearance. I looked, and saw a second, and a third, as the French fairy-tale says, "each more *bizarre* than the other." They were the fruit of the snake-gourd (*Trichosanthes anguina*), of which I afterwards found several specimens in the Museum. There were also beautiful little globular fruits—looking most temptingly like ripe oranges—and huge gourds as large as my head, seeming as if their great weight must quickly break through their slight stems, and tear away the light and elegant vines which bore them; yet in reality so well sustained by the many strong fibres of which those slight stems were composed, as to be in no sort of danger. Besides these, were many varieties both in and out of fruit, their succulent and tender foliage forming elegant festoons and wreaths, which quite enveloped the walls and roof of the house in graceful drapery. But, though well-pleased here, I was much more delighted when I began to investigate the wonderful contents of the glass-cases in the Museum. There were specimens of every hue that adorns the red side of the spectrum primrose yellow, amber, orange, and red, besides every shade of green, but I saw nothing that had any tinge of blue or purple. The forms and uses of these curious fruits were as various as their tints. There was a musical instrument composed of one, of which

the contents had been cleaned out, and its lower half covered with a network of large blue beads alternating with white, just such as ladies have so much used of late for making bead-mats. It was in the form of a large globe, with a smaller one on the top. This was to be held lightly in the hand, gently beaten and shaken at the same time. I conclude that some of the dry seeds had been left in it, to rattle against the hard, wood-like sides when shaken. This instrument was used by the negroes at Bahia.

There was, in another case, one quite different in form and ornamentation; though both were, I believe, made of the fruit of the same species—the *Lagenaria vulgaris*, or bottle-shaped gourd. There was also a very beautiful water-vessel, most delicately carved, with a cover; the carving done in basso-relievo, the raised part defined by the dark and glossy skin, which was relieved by the whiter and more pith-like substances of those parts where the surface had been removed.

None of the vessels or musical instruments in these cases were very large specimens of the gourd tribe, the largest not exceeding about twenty inches in diameter; whilst the fruit of this vine is sometimes found nearly six feet long and about eighteen inches round, and the more globose kinds are also frequently very much larger, so as to answer as casks; indeed, there was one standing in the room that would have made a very comfortable seat. This species is a native of India, and also of the West Indian Islands, and of Africa, and Arabia wherever the mountains are covered with rich soils. It is exceedingly valuable to the people. Emptied, when ripe, of its pulp and seeds, its dry and hard rind is used to hold water, which it keeps exceedingly pure and fresh; and being so hard as to resist the action of fire, it is thus exceedingly serviceable for cooking purposes. The poor people eat the pulp boiled with vinegar, or fill the shell with rice and meat, and thus make a kind of pudding of it. The leaves of the plant are used as medicine, and the pulp of the fruit for poultices. The young tops of this and other species, when boiled, form a very good substitute for greens: but, though ordinarily so useful and harmless, it has been said that bottles made of this gourd are not always safe; for it is on record that some sailors were poisoned by drinking beer that had stood in one of them; and an instance is also reported of symptoms of cholera being induced by eating some of the bitter pulp of the plant.

It is certainly not safe to eat or make use of the fruits of some of this genus, as there are undoubtedly several of them which have such strong drastic and cathartic qualities as to produce serious evils to those who may use them improperly.

Besides the carved water-vessels and the musical instruments I have mentioned, there were several curious carved jars and bottles, oil-bottles and painted vessels. There was also a huge club—a formidable weapon indeed, I

should say from three to four feet long, and ten inches in diameter at the largest part, formed at the end into a handle, as if it had been carpentered into that shape for the nonce. This was also none other than a bottle-gourd.

The squirting cucumber (*Momordica elaterium*), a native of South Europe, is singular. It is like a little gherkin in size and form. When ripe, it quits the stem, and through the hole in which it has been inserted, squirts out the pulp and seed with great force and to a considerable distance. The pulp and seeds are highly poisonous, and Dr. Christison tells us of a case in which a specimen of this plant, carried in the hat, induced serious symptoms—head-ache, vomiting, &c. It was much employed by the ancients in medicine. This might have been the wild gourd of which the sons of the prophets shred some into the pot, as recorded in 2 Kings, iv. 49; but it is more probable that it was *Cucumis prophetarum*, a striped fruit, smaller than a melon, of which the odour is nauseous, and the taste exceedingly bitter. The gourd which “rose in a night and perished in a night,” affording for a time shade to the Prophet Jonah, and then by its decay provoking that wrath which called forth a lesson on mercy from the gracious Father and God who wills not that one repentant sinner shall perish, was possibly of this same species; for Gerarde describes it as “like the garden gourd in climbing stalkes, clasping tendrils, and soft leaves, and, as it were, downy; all and everie one of these things being far lesse. This also clymbeth upon arbours and banquetting-houses.” Or it might have been a larger species which he describes.

The Bryonies are the only members of this family of plants which grow wild in England. That beautiful large glossy-leaved species which we see wreathing itself in spiral coils round the stems of the undergrowth of wood, *Tamus communis* (or the “black bryony”) is one species; and the elegant succulent-leaved plant which casts its involving tendrils round every neighbouring stem, and so suspends itself in long festoons from branch to branch, beautifying them in the autumn with bunches of shining red berries, is another. This is *Bryonia dioica*, commonly called “wild grapes.” The generic name is formed from a Greek word, signifying “to push, or grow rapidly.” Goats only, it is said, eat these plants. The roots grow to an immense size, and have formerly been wrought by impostors into the human shape, and shewn for mandrakes; which would imply that the whole tribe shows that plastic and yielding disposition that makes the fruit of the snake-cucumber and snake-gourd grow in “wreathed dragons” and other forms.

But we must proceed. In another case, I found more wonders. There was an immense fluted cushion (at least such it appeared to be), covered with red silk, or it might have been satin by its lustre; but this also was a gourd, and so was what seemed to be a handsome red turban. There was another so like a cheese

that a deceitful cheesemonger might have sold it as such; indeed your table might have been supplied with what would have looked like quite a banquet from the contents of this case. There was a most delicate-looking and shapely sponge-cake; and a dish of pears, and another of oranges.

But, alas! those who had been set down to a table furnished with all this seemingly dainty fare would soon have found that it was but “a Barmecide’s feast;” for the cheese, the cake, the pears, and the oranges would have been found alike nauseous and uneatable; and, like their congener, the bitter apple of the Dead Sea, though lovely and alluring to the eye, would have been discovered, when opened, to contain nothing but bitterness.

I do not know whether the snake-gourd, of which I have already spoken, be the same with what the old herbalist Gerarde calls the “Adder’s cucumber” (*Cucumis anguina*), or another which he calls *Cucurbita anguina*. Of both he gives amusing accounts. “There be certain long cucumbers,” says he, of the former species, “which are made (as is said) by art and manuring, which Nature afterwards did preserve; for at the first, when as the fruit is very little, it is put into some hollow cane, or other thing made on purpose, in which the cucumber groweth very long, by reason of that known hollownesse, which being filled up, the cucumber increaseth in length. The seeds of this kinde of cucumber being sowne, bringeth forth not such as were before, but such as art hath framed; which of their own growth are found long and oftentimes very crookedly turned; and thereupon they have been called *Anguini*—or long cucumbers.”

He gives account of some other species of what he calls cucumbers; but which are some cucumbers and some gourds, and then gives “the temperature and virtues,” amongst which we find the following curious recipe: “The fruit, cut in pieces or chopped as herbes to the pot, and boiled in a small pipkin with a piece of mutton, being made into pottage with ote-meale, even as herbe-pottages are made, whereof a messe is eaten to breakfast, as much to dinner, and the like to supper. Taken in this manner for the space of three weekes together, without intermission, doth perfectly cure all manner of sauce-flegme, and copper faces, red and shining fierie noses (as red as red roses), with pimples, pumples, rubies, and such like precious faces, provided always that during the time of curing you do use to wash or bathe the face with this liquor following: Take a pint of strong white wine vinegar, powder of the roots of *Ireca* (alias *Orrica*), three dragmes seared or bolted into most fine dust, brimstone (in fine powder) half an ounce, camphor two dragmes, stamped with two blanchd almondes, four oke-apples cut thorow the middle, &c., &c. This doth not only helpe fierie faces, but also taketh away lentils, spots, morpew, sun-burne, and all other deformities of the face.”



Of the other species, *Cucurbita anguina*, he writes the following amusing account, made the more strange by the quaintness of his language. "The gourd," saith Pliny, "groweth into any form or fashion that you would have it, either like unto a wreathed dragon, the leg of a man, or any shape, according to the mould wherein it is put whilst it is young. Being suffered to climb upon any arbour where the fruit may hang, it hath been seene to be nine foot long, by reason of his greate weight which hath stretched it out to the length." Among the virtues of this gourd, Gerarde states that "a long gourd, or else a cucumber, being laid in the cradle or bed of the young infant whilst it is asleep and sick of an ague, it shall very quickly be made whole."

*Cucurbita ovifera*, or vegetable marrow, is too well known to need description. It is a native of Astracan. Then there is *Cucurbita pepo* (the pumpkin), a native of the Levant, which Ainslie tells us is presented at every native marriage feast, being supposed to insure prosperity to the newly-wedded couple. "In some parts of England," says Dr. Lindley "the pompon (corruptly, pumpkin) is sometimes planted by cottagers on dunghills, and suffered to trail at length over the grass of an orchard. When the fruit is ripe they cut a hole in one side, and, having taken out the seeds, fill the void space with sliced apples, adding a little sugar and spice, and then, having baked the whole, eat it with butter under the name of "pumpkin-pie." On the Continent the fruit, both unripe and ripe, is used in soup, stews, and fried in oil or butter. The tender tops of the shoots boiled as greens are much more delicate than the fruit. The red gourd (*C. maxima*) somewhat resembles, when boiled, the flavour of a tender carrot.

To the gourd tribe belongs also that valuable but often injurious fruit, the water-melon. This is distinguishable from all other species by its deeply-cut leaves. "The fruit is roundish, large, smooth—often a foot and a-half in length—with a white icy flesh streaked with dark-red and black seeds. It is much cultivated in warm climates, and you may see the black-eyed Italian boy stretched at length beside some noble relic of antiquity, careless of all around him save the water-melon, which he is devouring; or a troop of swarthy Egyptians resting on their oars, and letting their boat float lazily adown the classic waters of the Nile, whilst they refresh themselves with the cool juicy fruit, the gift of God to the denizens of thirsty lands. You may see the black slave and his master, the American; the Negro king, and his subjects in Africa; the noble Spanish or Italian lady, and her lowest servant; all alike joying in the fresh cool fruit which their land spontaneously produces from about May to August. It is not only as food that they use the water-melon, for it is the only medicine that the common people employ in virulent fevers. For this they have a species a little softer and more juicy than the common sort, from which when ripe, and indeed almost

putrid, they collect the juice and mix it with rose-water and sugar. The flesh of the water-melon is so tender that it melts in the mouth, and the pulp in the centre is fluid, and may, like the milk of the cocoa-nut, be sucked or poured out through a hole in the rind. In some parts of Upper Egypt whole districts are covered with the plants. They are sown in the sand on the banks of rivers; and it is in such situations where the burning heat co-operates with the fresh-water which moistens the stalks, that this fruit acquires its agreeable pulp. To people from colder climes, who are unaccustomed to this fruit, it presents a great temptation, which should be carefully resisted, for the abundant cold pulp and fluid eaten in very hot weather, without due caution, are often highly injurious and have in many instances proved fatal.

Gourds were much used in medicine by the Romans, and their seeds were employed as charms to cure the ague. Pliny describes them and distinguishes the species. In Hughes' "History of Barbadoes" the bottle gourd is spoken of as attaining to such a size as that the skin would hold twenty-two gallons. I have often seen the vines of different varieties of this tribe employed to cover arbours, a purpose for which their ample sprouts and large spreading leaves abundantly fit them.

"Large foliage overshadowing golden flowers,  
Blown on the summit of the apparent fruit."

Cowper sings—

"To raise the prickly and green-coated gourd,  
So grateful to the palate and when rare,  
So coveted, else base and disesteemed—  
Food for the vulgar merely—is an art  
That toiling ages have but just matured."

And his account of the formation of a hot-bed and management of the vine, whether cucumber or melon, which follows the lines I have quoted, is worth reading. Beds heated by steam have now, however, pretty much superseded the use of "stercoraceous heap."

I must now leave this branch of my subject, and pass on to that which has so often served as an amusement wherewith to beguile the leisure hours of learned and accomplished men, and which was a favourite occupation of that elegant man and wise statesman, Sir William Temple, in his retirement—the culture of melons.

Melons are found growing indigenously in Persia and in Armenia, in Egypt and in Tartary, in India, and in many other countries. That species most generally known, the *Cantaloupe*, which takes its name from a town near Rome, is said to have been brought from Armenia by Lucullus, and cultivated ever since the Mithridatic war. The melon seems to have been known in England as early as the time of Edward III., but to have been lost, as well as the cucumber, during the period of the civil wars of York and Lancaster. The culture of the melon is expensive, because it needs so much

watching to regulate the heat, remove exuberances, admit light and air only in due proportions, &c. There are so many varieties existing, and the fruit is accounted so suitable for the desserts of aristocratic people, that the competition between gardeners in their culture has always been great. Gerarde says: "They delight in hot regions; notwithstanding I have seen at the Queen's house, St. James's, very many of the first sort (the musk melon) ripe, through the diligent and curious nourishing of them by a skilful gentleman, the keeper of the said house, called Mr. Fowle; and in other places neerer unto the Right Hon. the Lord of Sussex's Manse, of Bermondsey, by London, where, from yeere to yeere, there is very great plenty, especially if the weather be anything temperate."

I have spoken of the growth of melons as expensive; but it will be seen that I mean only in cases where the rarest and most delicate kinds are attempted, and where the attendance they require is supplied by paid gardeners. A gentleman, or even a lady, who is disposed to devote attention and time to the cultivation of this graceful plant, and pride him or herself on producing fine specimens of its delicate fruit, may do so at little expense of money; but then there must be a constant devotion of watchfulness that will make them expensive in respect of time—an article which, though usually less-priced, is, in truth, of more value than the fruit that is obtained by its expenditure. I have seen even the delicate Persian melon, with its exquisite green-fleshed fruit, and the little, rich red species, produced in perfection from a small hot-bed in a little town garden; but it was at the expense of so much effort that the cultivator was content with his first success, and made no second attempt.

Cowper may, therefore, well say—

"Grudge not, ye rich (since luxury must have  
His dainties, and the world's more numerous  
half

Live by contriving delicacies for you);  
Grudge not the cost. Ye little know the care  
The vigilance, the labour, and the skill  
That day and night are exercised, and hang  
Upon the ticklish balance of suspense,  
That ye may garnish your profuse regales  
With summer fruits, brought forth by wintry  
gales."

#### HOW SORROW CAME.

At my heart a sorrow sits,  
Like a bird with folded wings,  
Brooding heart, above a nest,  
Of sorrowful imaginings.

And it sits, so still, so still,  
Resting such a dreamless rest,  
That my heart grows full and sad  
With the spirit of its guest.

Whence it came I cannot tell;  
Only this, alas! I know,  
That one pleasant morning hour,  
Many April tides ago,

Came a bright bird glancing by,  
Singing such a wild, sweet song,  
That a young child left its play,  
Stood, and listened, wondered long;

Listened there, till love and tears  
Grew to rapture in his breast;  
Cried, "Oh! come, thou bonnie bird!  
Come to me, and build thy nest."

In a rain of witching sound,  
Dropt the bird from tough to bough,  
Till it lighted on the heart,  
Where it sits and nestles now.

Song grew mute, and golden light  
Faded from its eerie wings,  
When it fell upon that nest  
Of sorrowful imaginings.

Whence it came I cannot tell;  
Only this, alas! I know,  
At my heart a sorrow sits,  
A sorrow sits, and will not go.

P.

#### THOUGHTS OF HEAVEN.

Once more to look upon the kindred faces—  
The loved and lovely, that have passed from  
Earth!  
Leaving us lonely mid the vacant places  
Round hearth and board, once joyous with their  
mirth;  
And oh, to hear the blessed tones again  
For which through weary years we pined in vain!

To love, and not to fear; to dread no chill,  
No change, no falsehood in the hearts we trust;  
Never to shrink at thought of coming ill  
In joy's full hour, as in our days of dust,  
Or fondly lean upon some quivering reed  
That breaks beneath us in our hour of need.

No more to watch in some beloved eye  
The light of life grow paler and decay;  
To mark the fading cheek, where silently  
An unseen hand is writing, day by day,  
Those words of doom that ask no prophet's art  
To read their meaning to the sinking heart.

No more to count our fathers' three-score years,  
As the doomed captive counts the lessening  
hours;  
No more to water with our fruitless tears  
The grass-grown graves, where sleep our buried  
flowers;  
Age, youth, and rosy childhood—all that made  
Our spirit's sunshine once, and now its shade.

"Eye hath not seen, ear heard, or heart conceived"  
The faintest dream of all that waits the blest;  
But this at least we know—that hearts bereaved  
There meet the lost, the weary there find rest;  
And eyes, that wept through all life's dreary years,  
Grow bright in Heaven—for there Love hath no  
tears!

E. E. W.



# “LOST, STOLEN, OR STRAYED.”

(From the Note-book of a Medical Student).

BY AUGUSTA JOHNSTONE.

*Authoress of “Recollections of Mrs. Esther Taffetas, &c., &c.”*

The following strange event was related to me when a student in — Hospital, by a household servant of the name of Anne Fairly. She came into the hospital to be cured of a disease, to which her class are peculiarly liable—a white-swelling of the knee. She was at that time about forty years of age. In her youth this person’s first place was in the capacity of housemaid to a nobleman’s family, the head of whom I shall call the Marquis of Cornberry, a personage of some celebrity, connected—and not remotely—with royalty. Perhaps it will be best if I tell the story in her own words, exactly as I put it down at the time she related it.

“My lady had an intimate friend, Lady Moshill—a countess she was, and a very fair, beautiful woman to look at, pleasant spoken too, and not in the least haughty. The lady was often on a visit to Lady Cornberry, and her visits mostly lasted a very long time; for the earl, her husband, was employed a great deal in Parliament, and, having no children, Lady Moshill felt dull. So she used to tell Theresa, my lady’s second maid, who attended Lady Moshill, when she visited at my lord’s, to save her ladyship from bringing her own maid.

“After I had lived at my lord’s for about twelvemonths the housekeeper sent for us of the servant’s hall, one morning, to come all together to her room. We wondered a good deal what could be the matter, but gradually we found ourselves all collected in the housekeeper’s room. Mrs. Merry’s speech was a sharp one, very much to the purpose, and not at all satisfactory—at least to the feelings of some of us.

“‘It’s a very unpleasant business I have to speak about,’ said she; ‘but it worries me a good deal more than, I dare say, it will any of you. To speak plainly, and without any preamble, my lady has lost some of her diamonds; and, of course, suspicion falls on the servants.’

“There was a general exclamation. At last some one requested to know if suspicion had fallen on any particular individual.

“‘Not as yet,’ Mrs. Merry answered. Miss Dormer and Mlle. Theresa, my lady’s own attendants, had desired their drawers and boxes, even their pockets might be searched; and it had been done without any result affecting the characters of those two young persons.’

“Everybody was vociferous in denying the guilt imputed.

“As for myself I was excessively indignant, for I kept my lady’s rooms clean, though only

under-housemaid; and, knowing that, I would have died sooner than have taken the diamonds, I was very vindictive. I got severely rebuked by the housekeeper.

“‘No one is accused,’ she said, in reply to my angry defence: ‘but some one has taken them, they couldn’t go without hands, that is certain. They are very valuable, and my lady may well feel annoyed at their disappearance.’

“We all went to the drawing-room to my lady, and demanded that our boxes and persons might be searched. She acceded to this request.

“‘No one need feel aggrieved,’ she observed, ‘at this proceeding; innocent persons, of course, will remain blameless, and the guilty only will be detected.’

“The search was made, but fruitlessly. As Mrs. Merry observed, the house was well-nigh turned out of windows; yet neither my lady’s diamonds nor the thief who took them were discovered.

“A detective officer was brought into the house, but even *his* sagacity failed to discover the truth; and so, for a time, the matter dropped, not however without leaving a soreness rankling in ever dependant of that noble household.

“I believe, now, that I had what is usually called too much spirit for my station in life—perhaps I ought rather to say too much temper. I was no more individually suspected than any of my fellow-servants; but I had a sturdy honesty of soul, and it galled me terribly to think that honesty should be suspected. I frequently declared I should never rest till the real thief was discovered, and, to say the truth, my restless and suspicious vigilance rendered me as good a detective as if I had been trained to the business.

“My father, who was a shoe-maker in the village where my lord’s principal country residence was situated, was a very violent rural politician, and a fierce upholder of what he called the ‘People’s Rights.’ I used to hear him harangue his neighbours, hour after hour, on evenings, when his work was done, and they met in the kitchen—which served our family for ‘parlour, kitchen, and hall’—over a pipe and a tankard; for, with all his violence of party-spirit, my father was no pot-house frequenter. He was like many Englishmen of his class, whom I have since observed, a fierce decrrier of the vices of our aristocracy—their pride, arrogance, and extravagance—and yet, withal, in his heart o

hearts, a secret admirer of a lord. It must have been owing to the latter feeling, that when my lady expressed a gracious intention of taking me into her household my father did not offer the violent opposition which might have been expected from one of his radical opinions. Some resistance on his part certainly occurred; but the shallowest observer might have seen it was assumed more for the sake of consistency than from any dislike to my living with 'real nobility.'

"However, I had imbibed enough of his prejudices to set myself up as a talker against my superiors—a proceeding for which I was often scolded, and not unfrequently threatened with dismissal. On the occasion of my lady's loss my irritable and chafed spirit vented its bitterness against the whole noble order to which my lord's family belonged. It is a wonder to me, now, that I was not at once sent away for impertinence and sauciness; but Mrs. Merry, the housekeeper, was somewhat inclined that way herself, so I suppose she had a fellow-feeling.

"I took a particular spite against lady Mosshill on the first occasion my lady had us all into the drawing-room, and lady Moss-hill was present. She wore, the whole time of my lady's lecture and exhortation to confess the truth, a cold sneering smile, that might have better sat on the features of a fiend than a living woman.

"I was the more irritable because, having to keep clean my lady's suite of rooms and those appropriated to Lady Mosshill, which were near Lady ———'s, I felt I was more peculiarly liable to be suspected than the servants who were more remotely employed.

"However, time wore on; Lady Mosshill returned home, and the diamonds were almost forgotten, and rarely talked about. My hot impatience of blame, real or imputed, began to calm down. I gave satisfaction in my work, for I was determined always to do every duty well, and I wished to stay in my present service long enough to obtain a first-rate character.

"Things were thus coming round, when my Lady Mosshill came again to pay my lady a visit of some length. Mlle. Theresa announced it some days before her ladyship's arrival.

"*'Dat mauvaise sujet, mi ledi Mosshill, is coming, Anne,'* said the French girl, in her broken English. She hated my Lady Mosshill, as all lady's-maids hate those on whom—not being their real mistresses—they are forced to attend. 'It must be that you get her rooms ready, ah—bah! but I hate her so moosh—she is vat you call the beast in the sty—*cochon*—ah—*cochon*—*cochon*!' and Theresa stamped her little kid-shod foot, and ground her white teeth.

"*'She give to me an old robe, vat I could not pick up from de street,'* she said, as she ran upstairs; and, to say truth, I was far from being ill-pleased at Theresa's spite, for I liked, as I before said, Lady Mosshill very little better than did my lady's French *femme de chambre*.

"In a day or two Lady Mosshill arrived, and my lady and she were as intimate as ever. They

were, indeed, the dearest of friends; and any one to see them walking in the grounds together, their arms round each other's waists, their hands clasped, would have taken them for two of the veriest boarding-school misses, brimful of sentiment and romance. It was in conversation always 'my love,' and 'my dearest;' and they could scarcely be a moment apart. We could hardly help laughing in the servants'-hall, when we talked of the sentimental friendship which existed between these ladies, neither of them much less than forty—one of them, *my* lady, the mother of grown-up daughters.

"Lady Mosshill had been Lady Cornberry's visitor about three weeks, when, one morning, my lady's bell rang as if the house were on fire. Miss Dormer, who was chatting to me on the grand staircase, which it was part of my duty to hearthstone every morning, ran up-stairs for her very life; and some of the men-servants came running from the different offices on the stairs. Everybody believed something serious had occurred.

"Presently, Miss Dormer came down-stairs, as white as ashes; she went into the housekeeper's room. I must tell the truth, we all followed to the door of Mrs. Merry's apartment, in hopes of hearing something; and something we did hear, for Miss Dormer had left the door on jar, and was speaking in a loud, excited tone.

"*'Where can they be? Who takes the things?'* said Mrs. Merry, in a vexed tone.

"*'That, heaven only knows,'* said Dormer, half crying; 'but one thing I know, innocent people, Mrs. Merry, are not to have their characters taken away every moment in this way; and I shall give my lady warning, that's what I shall do. Some devil's in this house,' said the lady's-maid, stamping her foot violently, for she was by no means remarkable for mildness.

"*'Go, Mrs. Merry, pray go,'* she continued, 'to my lady; there's her bell again.'

"The portly housekeeper bustled up-stairs to my lady's room, scolding as she came out because we were idling there, she said, listening to what was no business of ours.'

"*'It was our business,'* James, second footman, said; 'if anything was wrong again with my lady's diamonds; we had been suspected once, and might be suspected again.'

"Mrs. Merry angrily bade us go about our work; but we did not rest till we questioned Dormer, and learned that my lady had lost more jewels.

"And again there was a fine commotion—searching, detective officers; and again, as before, suspicion fell on no one; and the lost jewels seemed as far off as ever.

"Many of the servants left their places. Such constant attacks of suspicion were too much; but they gained nothing by that, only the remark that perhaps they dreaded discovery. As for me, though I spoke my mind freely enough, I stayed. I had been preferred by my lady, because I had been brought up in a model school of hers, where I had carried off the prizes for household work from all competitors.



I had not been in my lord's service two years, when, the upper housemaid dying, I was promoted to her situation—a rare thing, for upper servants in a great house must perfectly know their business. I had worked hard to learn mine thoroughly, and, moreover, knew all the ways of the house, which a stranger might have been slow in acquiring. So my pertness was reprimanded, and my services retained.

"And the commotion died away again, and six months passed away in peace and quietness. Lady Mosshill, on leaving Lady Cornberry's house, went to Paris for the winter.

"We saw nothing of her ladyship, who had been loud in her remarks about the missing jewels, till the ensuing spring, when she arrived on another visit, intended to be a lengthened one.

"She remained about a month; and, at length, to the great joy of the servants, who hated her, gave notice that she would depart as next day. On this one, she kept her own room all the morning; superintended the packing by Madlle. Therese; and finally, with her own hands, packed a small valise with a few necessities, for she was to spend a day on her way home with some peer, whose name I forget now. All this Therese told us, when she came to take up hot water for Lady Mosshill's toilette.

"I wish she would leave her room," said I, not in a very good humour; 'all my work is thrown back by these ladies keeping their rooms so late.'

"Nevare you mind, Anne," said Therese; 'my ledi, she vill dress herself directly. She is going to my Lor Varden's to dinner, and you sall go to her room den.'

I grumbled a good deal; but I had to wait Lady Mosshill's pleasure, for all that: it was six o'clock that evening before I got into the room to clean it.

"Therese was gone down to tea; I looked round; Lady Mosshill's things were all cleared away, and packed ready for departure. The valise stood on a chair close to the toilette; and I noticed that, though the key was in the pad-lock, yet it was not locked. I stood, broom in hand; and strange thoughts, for which I could never account, came over me. To this day I hardly can tell what prompted me to look in Lady Mosshill's valise. I cannot excuse the action; but an impulse, uncontrollable and unaccountable, prompted me so powerfully that I could not resist the temptation. I placed my hand on the top—Lady Mosshill's night-robe came first; then a small basket; and further down, a case of morocco. How my heart beat as I took it in my hand; how stealthily I looked round the room, as if I were about to become a thief, instead of to detect one.

"I opened that case, which I had found in Lady Mosshill's valise; and there, on a bed of snowy quilted satin, reposed two of my own lady's most valued jewels—a brooch of diamonds, and a bracelet of emeralds and diamonds mixed. I had seen them on Lady Cornberry's toilette but

the day previously; and Miss Dormer herself had pointed them out to me as unmatched for beauty and value. They had been presented to my lady by her own father, the Marquis of ———.

"If a doubt for a moment disturbed my mind, it was soon dispelled I knew those jewels again too well to be deceived; I did not doubt long. Now, after the lapse of years, perhaps the wish that I had acted otherwise comes across me now and then; but at that time I was young, somewhat vindictive, and fiercely sensitive about the honesty of the poor. I threw down my broom, and replacing the jewel case where I had found it, I went out of the room, locked the door, and flew down the great staircase, regardless of the servants who were passing to and from. The family were all assembled in the drawing-room for the half-hour previous to dinner: not knowing or heeding if visitors were present, I opened the door and walked boldly in. It is more than possible that such a breach of duty would have been punished with instant dismissal had it not been for my pale face, wild looks, and excited manner. There were present, my lord and lady, my lady's two brothers, and two or three strange visitors.

"My lady rose up from her chair.

"What does this mean, Anne?" she said.

"I was too eager to exonerate myself and my fellow-servants at that minute, to have much regard for the noble presence I had intruded on, not being indeed at any time overawed by contact with great folks, from whom I had seen a good many little actions; therefore I said—

"Please, my lady, will you listen to what I have to say?"

"Good Heaven!" said her ladyship, holding her scent-bottle to her nose, and, turning to my lord, who stood on the hearth, 'is she deranged, do you think?"

"No, my lady," said I, 'I am not mad, if you mean that; but you accused us, my lady, in the servants'-hall, of stealing your diamonds. I said then, my lady, as I say now, it isn't always poor folks who steal. If you, my lady, or my lord, or any lady or gentleman, will please come with me to Lady Mosshill's room, I'll show you, my lady, who's the real thief, and the true cause of your servants, my lady, being wronged."

"When I said diamonds, my lady jumped up quite alert, though she had been fainting a few minutes before, in the fear that I was a lunatic.

"My diamonds?" said she. 'Lead on, girl; I'll follow you!'

"I wanted no more. Turning round, I ran up-stairs, followed by my lord, my lady, my lady's brothers, and even one or two of the visitors. Curiosity is as great in fine people as in poor servants. We never stopped till we got to Lady Mosshill's apartments. I unlocked the bed-room door, brought my lady to the valise, took the case out (acknowledging I had looked into it), opened it, and asked my lady if those were her jewels. She was silent for a moment from amazement, and I believe horror;

for though Lady Cornberry never scrupled to believe ill of a poor servant, she was dreadfully shocked to find a Countess could be a thief. When everyone had become quite convinced, however, that Lady Mosshill was the culprit, I was dismissed, and my lord and my lady, with their guests, descended to the drawing-room. Dinner had been waiting some time, and, after some talk, they all went to the dining-room, with the exception of my lord, and Lord John, my lady's eldest brother; those gentlemen retired into the library, and had a tray taken there to them.

"The fruit of their resolves was soon known: James was summoned, and he came down to tell us that one of the grooms was to take a horse and ride directly to Milberry Castle—the place to which Lady Mosshill had gone on a visit. This groom we found was bearer of a letter to Lady Mosshill; and the English ladies' maid informed us that my lady told her the letter was from my lord, forbidding the noble culprit to return to his house. Certain it is, she never came back; and my lord himself searched Lady Mosshill's trunks before her things were sent to Milberry after her. Then we heard my lord at the same time had written an account of the whole affair to Lord Mosshill, who did not write a reply, but came himself to my lord; and there was a terrible scene.

"Lord Mosshill refused, at first, to believe his wife's guilt; and I was sent for to the library, where my lord and he were to hear my testimony. I had rejoiced in my deed till that moment, when I saw that strong man, that noble gentleman, the great statesman, the loving husband—for even Lord Mosshill's enemies gave him that credit—bowed with that great grief; my heart relented, and I burst into a fit of violent tears.

"Lord Cornberry desired I would tell Lord Mosshill all I knew. For some minutes I could not speak for my sobs; but Lord Mosshill came to me, and, poor servant-girl though I was, and the cause of great sorrow to him, took my hand and adjured me solemnly, as I cared for peace here or hereafter, to tell the truth. I felt as if I were on my trial for life or death. Somehow, all my scorn for rank deserted me, and I told the whole from first to last, concealing nothing, not even my curiosity and wrong behaviour in looking into Lady Mosshill's valise. When I had concluded, my lord swore me to the truth of my statement on the Holy Bible. And I was dismissed, sorrowful and repentant enough. I do not mean that I should have concealed the truth out of regard to Lady Mosshill's rank and station, but I certainly was overstepping duty, and only gratifying my revenge, to expose the lady to strangers by the violent manner in which I stated the truth.

"What happened afterwards Mdlle. Therese and Miss Dormer told me. Lord Mosshill, when indeed convinced of the truth, implored my lord to hush the matter up. His family was

one of the oldest in England, and I have always heard one of the proudest. The blow of such a discovery went nigh to break Lord Mosshill's heart. He, however, firmly did his duty. He broke open the drawers, jewel-cases, and private repositories of his Countess, and found all Lady Cornberry's missing jewels. They were returned, with an epistle to my lady herself, that Miss Dormer said would have touched the heart of a tigress to show mercy. But for her bosom-friend my lady had none; she said matters had gone too far to be concealed—that my lord, in his first wrath, had sent for his solicitor, and revealed all! At the same time Lord Mosshill received my lord's letter, he received one also from the lawyer, demanding restitution of the stolen jewels.

"Whoever set the matter afloat, this is certain: the day after the discovery the whole affair was in the newspapers; and it cost Lord Mosshill large sums to suppress all further appearance of the matter in the journals of the day. But by that time the matter was quite notorious enough in high circles; and Lord Mosshill received an intimation from the very highest quarter that his lady had better travel. That is the polite mode of banishment now-a-days, I believe; and to travel, Lord and Lady Mosshill were forced.

\* \* \* \* \*

"I lived long enough in my lady's service to know the end of this strange story; and when the end came, considering the share I had taken in it, I was, I assure you, by no means a happier woman for the knowledge. About five years after her banishment from the British Court, Lady Mosshill returned. My lady and her daughters one night were proceeding, in their carriage, to a splendid *fête* at — Palace. Some stoppage occurred in Piccadilly, and my lady, to beguile the time, was looking about her. Suddenly her eyes fell on a lady, who, sitting in a balcony, half concealed by flowering plants, was watching sadly the gay cavalcade of splendid equipages. The eyes of these ladies met. My lady uttered a slight shriek, and sank back in her carriage; the lady in the balcony fainted dead away. She was taken thence to her bed, from which she never more rose!

"Shame—remorse—humiliation—death itself punished the crime of Lady Mosshill; a crime aggravated by her attempt to cast it on poor servants. For her, pity I think would be useless and foolish; though, as I have said, my share in her detection gave me trouble enough—especially when I heard of her death. But for the disgrace inflicted on those who before never knew shame—for the injuries inflicted on innocent sufferers—I can only say she scarce deserved forgiveness; but I find it hard still (especially now years have made me a sadder, wiser woman) to forgive myself!"



## POETRY FOR THE PEOPLE.

BY JOVEN.

"The old poetry of incident and action—of men in collision with their fellows and with the forces of Nature—seems to have departed from England."—MR. ALEXANDER SMITH.

"And shall Trelawny die?"—*Old Ballad.*

It has been our lot to read a good deal of modern poetry. We cannot honestly declare that we have altogether enjoyed the task. Truth to say, it has been somewhat tiresome and monotonous. Volume after volume comes before us; each pretty enough in its way, daintily printed, and delicately bound. Whether clad in green, red, or blue, the contents are singularly alike. There is a great deal of (rather vague) preaching, and a great deal of (rather husky) pathos. Generally, the author appears to have been crossed in love by a "maiden"; which maiden seems to have been fond of "greenery" and other vegetable productions, until, meeting with an eligible *parti*, she turns her back upon the bard, and becomes the "servile mate," "household drudge," or chimney-ornament, as the case may be, of this new adorer, who—out upon him!—has frequently money in the Funds. Thus disappointed in his matrimonial views, the bard grows sceptical and morose. He becomes addicted to metaphysics; but gradually he grows more resigned to his fate, and can even moralize upon it. The Eternal, "with a capital E," consoles him for the transitory, with a small t. With a gushing sensibility he discourseth of the domestic virtues; with a high-toned eloquence he celebrates the mysteries of the ideal. He does this chiefly in blank verse, of which the intention is excellent, but the grammatical construction rather confused. Hapless nominative-cases that have lost their verbs; participles that set up on their own account; and interjections that stand despairingly at the end of the line—all these may be found scattered profusely through his pages. It would be unjust to deny that the bard is generally amiable and well-meaning. The misfortune is, that he is weak. He has really no "call" for his work. Cut his blank-verse into prose (it will not take you long to do), and you will find that he has really nothing particular to say. There is a certain delicacy of perception and reception about him: *voilà tout*. Sometimes his taste is pure, but it is quite as frequently perverted. As for the moral tendency of his work, we flatly deny its value. Men were not made for sentimental whinings: they were made for thought and work. Immense is the value of the true poet. Next to the patriot who delivers his country, stands the poet who sings her deliverance. Let his theme

be high and noble; let his work be patient and true, and his glory shall be at once great and enduring.

How many of the men who write "poetry" really understand in what temper it should be written? with what solemnity, what integrity, what purity of heart and soul, what serene sincerity? Shame to those who bedeck their morbid fancies with the trappings of rhetoric and rhyme! Shame to those who, writing mournful verses in a fit of despondency, read them again in happier moments, fancy that they are prettily turned, and cast them forth upon the world! Shame to those who, without either philosophic culture or religious earnestness, anatomize their sickly emotions for the benefit of a generation which is already quite sufficiently self-studying and self-seeking! Shame to those who parade their own shallow individuality before the world, and accuse the world of "harshness" when it passes on to nobler sights!

We are not attacking an individual—would that we were! Would that any one man were sufficiently prominent as a type of this class, for an earnest critic to attack *him*, to fasten upon *him*, and to fight the battle with *him*! Alas! the class is but too numerous; yet it has no general, and powder and shot would be wasted upon the rank and file. Let us trust to "Time, the avenger"—patience! The unreadables have a certain fate before them, long as that fate may be delayed.

And so, the poetry of action and incident is dead? The more's the pity: for action and incident *themselves* are by no means dead; and it were sad to think that they have become altogether prosaic. It were sad to think that, now-a-days, no deeds are done which are worthy of a poet's celebration; that the world has grown mechanical and dull; that romance, enthusiasm, self-sacrifice are but traditions of the past! Perhaps the poet does not take quite the right steps to find them? Often he is a recluse, dwelling alone with his emotions and his thoughts. Both may be beautiful; but, in solitude, neither are likely to be healthy. It may be right for the poet to rush away from the crowds of men, that he may meditate alone upon the glories of nature. All we can say is, that the *great* poets never did so. The poet of the "Canterbury Tales" went on embassies to Milan, to Flanders, and to France. The poet of

the "Fairy Queen" stood beside Lord Grey of Wilton, and Walter Raleigh, when, by a decree inexorably stern, but supremely just, the Spanish invaders of Ireland were doomed to death. The poet of "Paradise Lost," when those eyes grew blank and sightless which in a vision had seen Sabrina rising from "under the glassy, cool, translucent wave," comforted himself with

... "the conscience to have lost them, overplied  
In Liberty's defence, my sacred task,  
Whereof all Europe rings, from side to side."

He who was greater than any of these, he who wrote "Hamlet" and "Lear," was no sickly recluse, but an active and thriving citizen. And the "men of genius"—for such they were—who wrote the old ballads, were probably as stout and strong as the worthies whose deeds and adventures they related, with such supreme simplicity, yet with such natural tenderness and graphic force. For the English people once had a poetry which was really their own—a poetry which dealt, not with abstruse metaphysical problems, but with the plain facts of English existence—a poetry which sang, not of students or thinkers, but of yeomen and soldiers. About this old poetry there could be no mistake. It was direct, frank, and honest. Its appeal was not to the cultivated class *alone*, but to all. Philip Sidney could not hear the "Chevy Chase" without feeling his heart leap up as at the sound of a trumpet. But the same ballad which could thus affect the high-souled and most scholarly courtier, would equally stir the hearts of rustics who heard it by the ale-house fire. There is something in *that*! A poem which can touch alike the cultivated and the uneducated *must* be good. It must *come* from the heart thus to move the heart. Can you read "Chevy Chase" *now* without a flush upon the cheek? We cannot. The fire of the grand old ballad seems but to have grown stronger and brighter with the lapse of time. Honest old Ben Jonson said he would rather have written this one ballad than all his works; and Ben was right. The ballad will outlast the dramas, admirable as many of the latter are. What force there is in it! what clearness, precision, energy! what a fresh open-air feeling about it all!

"The dryvars thorowe the woods went,  
For to rouse the deer;  
Bowmen bickarte uppon the bent,  
With their browd arrowes clear!"

Bowmen *bickered* upon the bent; the very word you wanted—music and painting both in it. The old ballads are not so remarkable for the *curiosa felicitas* of their word-choosing as for some other merits; but this is a notable instance of it. The old alliterative poetry deserves grateful remembrance if only for this—that the tradition of it inspired such lines. Again: when the deer were slain, and Percy stood by to see the "bryttlynge," and news came that the

Douglas was at hand, what force there is in the picture of the great Scottish chieftain—"His armour glytteryde as did a glede"—glittered and glowed, and burnt in the noon-day sunshine even as a red-hot coal. Can we not see the old hero even now, riding over the hills with his twenty hundred men—

"That were born, along by the water of Tweed  
In the bounds of Tivdale!"

Can we not see him, later in the bloody day, when that rich armour was hacked and torn, and he lay stark upon the field with the cloth-yard shaft through his breast-bone? Homer, surely, has nowhere anything more noble or more pathetic than these words of Percy as he leaned upon his sword and saw the Douglas die—

"To have saved thy life, I'd have parted with  
My lands for yeares three;  
For a better man nor of heart nor of hand  
Was not in all the north countrie!"

The goddess-born Achilles had no such tender manliness when he dragged the dust-stained corse of Hector at his chariot-wheels. There is a supreme nobility and chivalry about it. The men who could *imagine* such things were the men to whom no heights of heroism were impossible.

"Chevy Chase" is not an exceptional ballad. It is a noble one; but there are many others of the same stamp. In truth, most of them are pitched to the same high keynote, and ring out as clearly. It was something that these ballads, the only "literature for the masses," should be conceived in such a strain—should breathe such high and proud contempt for death, yet such tenderness for the dead. *Now?* Hum! The popular literature of our day does not, we confess, seem to us quite so moral or so healthy—quite so fitted to make men brave and noble. Cockney jokes are amusing enough in their way, and Cockney sentiment is not always immoral; but both are very, very weak. The noble Dr. Arnold was perhaps right, when he earnestly warned his pupils not to read the popular novels of the day. He saw that they at once excited and weakened the imagination; and he may naturally have objected to see his lads become as nervous and sickly-minded as the most romantic milliner that ever read "The Bounding Brigands," or the "Pirate's Doom."

No doubt it is very affecting to read about the deaths of amiable little boys who are concerned as to their father's salvation, and never dirty their own pinafores. For ourselves, we prefer to read about brave men and noble women. Our little-boy population is in sore peril just now. It never stood in greater danger of becoming hypocritical and selfish. Pharisaism is painted as though it were a virtue instead of being a most horrible and loathsome sin. Luckily the cricket-ground will counteract the "novels with a purpose," or woe to little boydom! Luckily,



also, "Tom Brown" and Marryatt's novels can still be procured.

To parents and guardians, one word: never give a boy one of those books in which little saints of fifteen are glorified. Depend upon it you endanger that boy's future manhood; you sorely imperil his frankness, candour, and kindness. Spiritual self-conceit is bad enough in the old; in a boy it is horrible beyond description: yet spiritual self-conceit is exactly what such books almost inevitably produce.

Happy were our ancestors, who had no such perils—the natural result of, indeed, the price we must needs pay for, a high civilization. They had a healthy literature and a healthy life. Doubtless they too had their troubles. Suppose a partiality for venison, and you suppose an antipathy to sheriffs. How those poor old sheriffs *do* suffer in the glorious *outlaw* ballads! How they are flouted, beaten, robbed, and mocked! There was the Sheriff of merry Carlisle, who had "difficulties" with William of Cloudelee, Adam Bell, and Clym of the Clough—difficulties which thus terminated:

"They [to wit, the aforesaid gentlemen]

"They loosed their arrows both at once,  
Of no man had they dread;  
The one hit the justice, the other the sheriff,  
That both their sides gan bleed."

We may notice in passing, that this ballad, for vivid and dramatic narration, is one of the best we have—as, indeed, the old writers were always strong when they sang of outlaws. Strange, the English are the most orderly and law-loving people in the world, yet they have always a certain secret satisfaction in seeing laws *broken*! What a delicious feeling attends smoking in a railway carriage! It is not merely the pleasure of the cigar; no, it is the fact that at every station you see huge placards "strictly prohibiting" you to smoke. Then, what delight there is in smuggling over a little—just a *very* little—lace! Besides, we maintain that the Robin Hood ballads would do infinitely more good than harm. If they caused a few deer to be shot, that cannot be helped; but if they kept clearly before the eyes of the people the picture of a noble outlaw, they did incalculable good. For Robin Hood's character, as drawn in the *genuine* ballads, is one of real worth. Pass over that little eccentricity of his with regard to *meum* and *tuum*, and he is a most admirable fellow—brave, kindly, courteous, devout. How different from Schiller's "Robbers"! Nothing melodramatic about Robin, nothing affected or hypocritical. His heart is as bright and open as the day. There was not in all Europe a court in which so much substantial justice ruled as in that of the King of Merry Sherwood. He was "the right man in the right place." He was a social reformer, a working man's friend! Alas! alas! that he should have died by a woman's hand! We have a high respect for "Doctor Elizabeth Blackwell;" but it is melancholy to think

that Robin should have perished through the treachery of a female physician—he

"Who never hurt maid in all his life,  
Nor man in woman's company."

In the Robin Hood ballads, as in others of which we have spoken, you meet with a real love for Nature. We grant that it often takes a conventional form; for the "merry it is in good green wood" grew to be as stereotyped a common-place as the "lyth and listen, gentlemen"—a kind of inevitable prelude to the song. Still, the love is there, and you cannot read the ballads without feeling it. We must, of course, distinguish between the "Lytell Geste of Robin Hode," which has very high poetic merit, and would not disgrace even Geoffrey Chaucer, and those other ballads of later date and far inferior worth, which are only recommended by a certain jovial good nature. Even these, however, have a frank, genial heartiness which is not to be undervalued—which, indeed, is infinitely better and nobler than the *larmoyant* "pathos," so-called, of more recent productions which one could name. Altogether, Ritson's "Robin Hood" is a book which everyone who desires to understand the English character will do well to study.

The Elizabethan ballads, if not equal to some of the earlier ones in poetic merit, have this advantage—they are *national*. You no longer read of English outlaws fighting English sheriffs. You read of English soldiers fighting Spaniards. Everyone knows these ballads, yet no one will ever tire of them. What an exquisite delicacy of feeling there is in the "Spanish Lady's Love"! what rollicking exultation of triumph there is in the "Winning of Cales!" and what fire there is in "Mary Ambree"! Grandeur than all, perhaps, is "Brave Lord Willoughby"—a poem which, more ably than any other we can at present remember, portrays that dogged courage and resolute endurance of which Englishmen are so proud. Suppose the Spaniards *are* fourteen thousand, and we but poor fifteen hundred—what of that?

"Stand to it, noble pikemen,  
And look you round about,  
And shoot you right, you bow-men,  
And we will keep them out!"

And they *did*, says the ballad—aye, for seven long hours; and then they ate dead horses and drank the puddle-water. It was wretched fare, but it was the best they could get; and so,

"When they had fed so freely,  
They kneeled on the ground,  
And praised God devoutly  
For the favour they had found.

"And, beating up their colours,  
The fight they did renew,  
And turning tow'rs the Spaniard  
A thousand more they slew."

The story is exaggerated, no doubt; yet the Elizabethan men were very capable of such deeds of "derring do;" and Richard Grenville's fight at Flores is far more wonderful than even the half-fabulous exploit of Peregrine Bertie, Lord Willoughby d'Eresby.

Will you imagine, for a moment, what influence such ballads had upon the people? A child could understand them; a man could be moved by them. Then, "brave Lord Willoughby:" it was a nobleman who fought so well: for indeed, those were days when the aristocracy of England had not come to be designated a "bloated oligarchy"—days when all classes, from my lord, who dwelt in his old mansion, to the gardener in the lodge at the park-gate, were *Englishmen* before and above all things else. So firmly knit together, so strong in the assured trust that was born of mutual service—it is no wonder that when invasion threatened, and the Armada hung like a menacing cloud upon the southern waters, all Englishmen started up, from Plymouth to Carlisle, eager only for the great day that was to determine whether England should henceforth be the appanage of the foreigner, or, ruled by the Queen who, herself, had mounted her horse for the battle, remain as of old, the peerless home of temperate liberty and all manly virtue. We know the result; and those knew it—those hapless Spaniards, who, battered by the tempests, and pursued by the English fleet, came back with the news of their utter discomfiture, to those ports from which they had sailed so proudly, in the confidence and arrogance of certain victory.

In our own days, deeds have been done as noble as any of which the Elizabethans could boast; but those deeds remain without poetic celebration amongst the people. It is surely to be regretted, this. What poetry *have* the people? "There's a good time coming, boys!" Well, perhaps there is; but there is a good time *now*, O poet! and we should feel much obliged if you would have the great kindness to sing about *that*! A good time, *now*. A good time in which Englishwomen are loving and charitable as of old, Englishmen brave and manly as ever; a good time which, despite its many faults and shortcomings, can point to a greater abundance of disinterested charity than ever before illustrated the annals of a nation. 1859 is every whit as "poetic" as 1588, or B.C. 4000, if poets will but see it; but the poets are off to Dreamland, or given to botany, or otherwise occupied. That wonderful Indian epic has been commemorated only by a "Special Correspondent." Except some fine and earnest verses by Mr. Franklin Lushington, on the death of Havelock, we knew of no poetry at all equal to the subject—and the verses were written *at Corfu*. Is it only *out* of England that Englishmen can sing their country's greatness? or, is the reconquest of an empire less interesting than the phantasies of a student?

It may be said that these things are too near us in time, to be, as yet, worthily recorded; and there is some force in the objection. He who

is in the thick of the battle cannot both fight it and paint it. It may be said also that our modern scientific warfare is less capable of poetic treatment than the old *melées*, and there may be something in that; but surely the *episodes* at least are not less interesting, or less exciting than those of the great old contests? And, if the poet has a dislike to "villanous saltpetre," Albert hats, and Colt revolvers, yet he might sing the *feelings* of the people. You remember the leaguer of Lucknow, when the safety of some few hundreds was the one engrossing thought of many millions? You remember how, through the war-smoke, one hero's star after another shone out?—how Neill and Nicholson and Lawrence grew to be household words, and how we mourned them when, at Lucknow or at Delhi, they fell dead, before the fulness of their fame had come? You remember how our hearts leapt up when post after post brought us the proud news that not soldiers alone, but plain civilians—aye and tender, delicately-nurtured women—had faced death or dishonour with serene self-reliance, yet with humble piety? If you can't make as good poetry out of all this as ever our ancestors made out of contests on the Scottish border, why the more pity for you! If you think such subjects less worthy of your genius than the wavering moods of your own mind, why the more shame to you!

It will be seen, from what we have written, that we by no means agree with Mr. Alexander Smith in thinking that the poetry of action and incident is dead, or *can* die. We believe that, in a few years, there will be a fresh outburst of it; that lyrics, fiery and free as those of Campbell, will describe fights as fierce as that of Copenhagen; and that not only War, but Peace will have its poets; for to those that will reflect, English industrialism and English colonization are as marvellously poetical as any battle ever fought. What we desire—what we incessantly plead for—is a poetry which the People can understand. Let scholars write for scholars. Far be it from us to sneer at the thinkers of our day; but you have around you vast multitudes of men and women who are profoundly ignorant of the difference between "objective" and "subjective," but whose hearts are as deep as your own. Write for them. Give them songs that they can sing, ballads that they can learn by heart, and teach to the children when the day's work is done; and, so doing, you shall add fresh strength to the many invisible, but sacred ties that bind us together as a nation. We have lately had a notable instance of the way in which the people can cherish the memory of a poet who appeals to their own simple tastes. It is better to be honoured by a nation, like Burns, than to be adored by a few congenial spirits, like poor Shelley. Let not the lesson be lost upon our poets. Let them think less of themselves, and more of their country; for just in the degree that they rise above an intellectual and selfish epicureanism into a healthy patriotism, will their works emerge from the trammels of affectation and the clouds of obscurity into that



English "loud and bold" which rings so grandly upon the ear, and sinks so deep into the heart.

The purport and intention of this article would be quite misunderstood were we to be supposed indifferent either to descriptive or to meditative poetry. Both are prized by us. We rejoice to believe that no other literature can show so many pictures of natural beauty as our own; and those pictures—so lavish, so luxurious, so rich—can never lose their charm. We owe them too many happy hours ever to be ungrateful to their authors; and well thumbed "pocket editions" can testify to the frequency with which we read them. Again, the poetry which deals with the doubts, hopes, fears, sorrows of the soul, needs to be written and needs to be read. In our days, when only the stolid can be unaffected by the wonderful whirl and conflict of opposing thoughts, it is necessary that spiritual aspirations—aye, and spiritual agonies!—should have their poets. To all this we are not blind—all this we do not regret; but we see, with real grief, one young poet after another travelling in what we deem to be a most obscure and unsatisfactory path. One after another, we see them thinking only of *their own* emotions. Can they not sympathize with those of the people? Mighty events, unsurpassed in all history, have passed before our eyes, yet found no poetic chronicler. Nations have been stirred to their depths; enthusiasm has risen to its utmost heights; the poets are dumb. Some of them indeed have written "songs of the day," but their whole heart does not seem in their work. They are evidently more interested when they are decking an old mythological legend in pretty clothes, than when they sing of the achievements or the trials of the present. We have already noticed the objection that the actual events of the day are too *near* us for poetic treatment; but the objection will not much serve our poets. A "subject" as far superior to those which they generally treat in poetic interest as in real importance, remains yet uncommemorated. It is more than fifty years since Trafalgar was fought.

Nelson wrote *his* poem with the signal-flags, as he sailed into action on that memorable October day; the English People have written *their* poem with tears and proudly sorrowful remembrances; but the Poets? ....

## J U N E.

BY ADA TREVANION.

The woods are in their glory now,  
The uplands in their prime,  
And crystal fountains glimmering flow,  
And zephyrs sigh, and roses glow,  
From morn till eventime.

Soft music fills the noontide air  
Beneath the drooping vines,  
Where youths and maids weave chaplets fair—  
Faint woodbine, purple iris rare,  
And broom, like gold which shines.

The wild-deer through the coppice spring  
With hearts and eyes elate,  
While, soaring on intense bright wing,  
The happy birds, like spirits sing,  
At Heaven's azure gate.

As through the sunlit fields we stray  
To gain the thicket cool,  
What green-clad form steals on our way?  
Who turns with us the new-mown hay?  
And rests beside the pool?

Voluptuous garlands wreath his brow;  
His voice is as the tune  
Of streamlets in their summer flow;  
The wild-fruits in the woodlands glow  
To greet their monarch June.

Our hearts with rapture should beat high,  
Our dreams be all of bliss;  
How close to Heaven Earth seems to lie,  
Thus floating in so pure a sky!  
And yet some charm we miss.

For us a mournful shadow lowers,  
Our yearning spirits crave  
Amid these bright and buoyant hours,  
While Nature writes her name in flowers,  
The June without a grave.

Ramsgate, 1858.

## A BREAK IN THE CLOUDS.

BY MRS. ABDY.

Why dolefully dwell on the change of the weather?  
Why speak of our climate with scoffing disdain?  
And say that the clouds closely meeting together  
Are certain to end in a torrent of rain?  
The sun on the landscape was recently shining,  
And now, although dimness its splendour enshrouds,  
My counsel is this—never think of repining,  
But always look out for a Break in the Clouds!

From youth I have welcomed each trivial enjoyment;  
And even when hopes have been chilled or deferred,  
I never adopted the dreary employment  
Of picturing evils that had not occurred;  
When phantoms of trouble were hovering near me,  
I gazed undismayed on their threatening crowds;  
I hopefully waited for sunshine to cheer me,  
And saw it, ere long, through a Break in the Clouds!

Behold, while I speak, the bright sun is dispelling  
With warm, genial rays, the thick clouds from above;  
How fair is the earth, what a beautiful dwelling  
We owe to the Lord of beneficent love!  
He deals not His trials to wound and oppress us,  
His purpose awhile amid darkness He shrouds,  
But soon sends the light of His mercy to bless us;  
And bids it shine forth, through a Break in the Clouds!

## THE OLD HOUSE.

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“O’er all there hung a shadow and a fear;  
 A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,  
 And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,  
 The place is haunted!”

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HOOD.

Tidings of my father’s fast-declining health had reached me at the station of my regiment in Bengal; I had obtained leave of absence, and hastened home as fast as time and space would permit. “Time and space are nonentities,” the metaphysicians tell us; and yet on occasions urgent, like the present, how we feel the actual bondage of these same; how we feel the slow length of each day, the wearisome continuity of league after league! My poor father died long before I reached England. I received intelligence of the sad news as soon as ever I set foot in Europe, and then he had long been buried. My uncle, my father’s twin-brother, his partner in business, wrote this announcement to me, still hastening my return. With him all matters of business had to be arranged, and it was necessary that there should be as little delay as possible in their settlement.

I cannot describe the feelings of dreariness and despondency which gained upon me more and more as I advanced northwards. The chill winds, the cold misty sunlight, the frequent drizzling rains, seemed to enter into compact with my griefs and to deepen my melancholy. I was returning home to find that home empty of all kith and kin, peopled only by ghosts pointing backwards with unresting fingers to long past days, full of sorrowful reminiscences of the few domestic joys I had ever known. I, of course, felt the affliction of my father’s recent death, though I had seen but little of him since my childhood, and had then had little knowledge of what lay beneath his taciturn, pre-occupied exterior. But in him I had lost my sole surviving relation; for this uncle who wrote to me I had never seen in my life. He had always resided in Spain, being head of the Spanish branch of the house, as my father had been of the English branch. Other relation I had none, and to me he seemed no relation, but an obtrusive stranger.

At Paris I heard from him again. He still hastened my journey, telling me to come straight to the old house of business on my reaching London, and that there preparation should be made for my reception.

In London I at length arrived; late on a cold, rainy November night. The air was heavy and depressing, from the fog that had hung over the city all day, and there was a gusty wind off the river, which, as it moaned through the narrow streets, brought with it sickening scents

—perhaps from the bed of the river itself, perhaps from the cargoes thereon, perhaps from the warehouses which abound in the waterside neighbourhood through which I drove.

It had struck eleven as I reached the Railway Terminus, and, though so late, I determined to make my way at once to the old business-house whither my uncle had directed me. It was situated very near to the railway, on the Surrey side of the river, standing with its wharves and warehouses at the bottom of one of those tortuous lanes which lead out of Tooley-street to the river bank. These regions are probably known to but few of my readers. They present a phase of London as distinct and peculiar as the City, or Belgravia, or the outlying suburbs. They have their own class of inhabitants, and their own natural products—even their own prescriptive laws, social and moral. However, on this night, as I rattled over the rough stones in my cab, I could note but little of the peculiarities of the place, and so they need not be noted here. The lamps were casting irregular jagged splashes of light on the wet pavement; huddled in doorways here and there stood a few unfortunates (God pity them!); the gin-palaces were still flaring with gas; and men in shovel hats, and women with dingy shawls crossed over their bosoms, were collected round the doors. One drunken sailor meandered up the street, roaring a most dismal bacchanalian song. We turned into the lane, lined on both sides with huge warehouses, the scents from which alternated from the pestilential effluvia of hides and horns to the rich odours of tropical spices and gums. The place was silent and desert, save for the bells on the river, and for the appearance of a watchman now and then at some counting-house door, who stared at the unwonted cab.

I dismounted at the old low archway, which had seemed of such magnificent proportions to me as a child, and under which I felt now obliged to stoop as I passed through. The thunder of my cab was dying away in the distance: there was a melancholy “Yo-heave-ho!” from some vessel weighing anchor: I stood at the further opening of the arch, and gazed on the domain of my dead father, where through his thrifty life he had reigned paramount; on the domain where I had passed my early years, thinking that this was the world’s centre and but little lay beyond; the domain which was wedded in my mind with remembrances of my mother



and of my only sister, Mary, who had died when a child.

The archway opened upon a little square. The house faced me, occupying the whole of one side of this square, except where the narrow lane pursued its tortuous course. Before the house-front was a court-yard surrounded by high walls. Two other sides of the square were filled by great warehouses, storey above storey, shutting out air and light and sound. On the fourth side, at my right hand as I stood, was the counting-house and wharf. Over the roofs of the low buildings here came the breeze from the river, and with the breeze came now at momentary intervals the melancholy "Yo-heave-ho!", recalling to me a thousand crowding pictures of those past days.

The old lamp hung over the court-yard entrance, casting flickering shadows obliquely over the house front, and lighting up the heavy carved work of the portico of the door. The house had been (so rumour said) part of some nobleman's mansion in ancient days, and its appearance was still grand and imposing. My mother used to tell us as children how, probably, grass terraces had of old stretched down to the river, and peacocks had sunned themselves thereon; how my lord's gilded barge had lain moored at the water-gate, and how his rowers, with their badges, would row him to the King's palace at Whitehall. The carvings of the portico were said to be a late addition by Grinling Gibbons; and there was an elaborate carved ceiling in the dining-room, designed by some Italian artist whose name I forget.

As I stood for a moment and looked around me, I observed that there was still a light at one of the upper windows. While my eye rested there, the blind was drawn aside, and a face beneath which white drapery peeped out, and withdrew—a pretty face, so it seemed; but how could a man see accurately through the drizzling rain and the fog? It was not a likely place to find pretty faces.

I strode to the gate, and rang the bell. The sound brought the watchman to the door of the counting-house on the opposite side of the way. Soon I heard the house-door unlocked, and slow feet descended the stone steps within the court-yard. The key was put into the lock of the gate at which I stood.

"Is that Master John?" said a quavering voice.

"Yes," I answered; "Master John."

The gate opened, and a grey-haired man, bent with age, took from me my carpet-bag.

"Good night, sir," said the watchman over the way, disappearing.

"Lor'-a-mercy!" the old man exclaimed, seizing my hand; "and you are really Master John! Many's the time I have dandled you on my knee. A pretty boy you was; as like the missis as two peas. You don't remember me, sir? No; that's the way of them!"

"Remember you? Not exactly. Are you Penton?" I said at a venture.

"Yes, sir, Penton," he replied, as we mounted

the steps and went in-doors. "And so you have been away soldiering in foreign parts. Better have stopped here, Master John; better have stopped here. Though you do look a fine strong chap, and could lift and carry a sack of wheat with the best of them, I'll warrant. Could you now?"

"I think I could, old friend," I answered. "So you are still foreman here, as you were when I was a child? How is your wife—Margery, I think we used to call her?"

"Gone, sir; gone. Died one year and three days afore the master. Ah! times is changed, times is changed. Am I foreman? I don't know what I be, since this new one has come from over sea, bringing his outlandish fashions with him. We got on very comfortable in the master's time; everything orderly and straight-forward; one day the picture of another, except Sundays. But now one don't know what to be at with their fal-lals and finikin ways; always chopping and changing; never doing the same thing twice alike. They're a deal too fine for us here, Master John; and can't speak even the king's English plain. I never knew no good come of going to foreign parts. But you have been there too; more's the pity, soldiering and fighting. Better have stopped at home, Master John, like your poor father before you."

By this time we were in the dining-room. There was no change. I looked up at the elaborate ceiling, grim with smoke and warehouse dust. There was my father's escritoir in its accustomed recess, with its church-windowed bookcase above. I recognised the brass-bound chairs, against which I had torn my pinafores as a child; the tall marble mantel, curiously veined with yellow and black; the copper-plate engraving of the "Conversion of Saul" above, in its projecting frame—there they were still; and behind the picture stores of letters and papers as of old.

There was a bright fire and a lighted lamp, and a trim supper was spread upon the table.

"My uncle is here?" I asked. "Did he expect me to-night?"

"We expected you all yesterday and to-day, Master John. I sat up for you till twelve last night. He wanted me to go to bed to-night, and leave up a bit of a servant girl—a poor thriftless thing, who does nothing but snigger all day long. No, not I; it's not what the master would have done. I can't see what we do with them bits of girls in a respectable business-house at all. And then, they say it's dull, and pull long faces; and are always wishing, and wishing, and wishing—wishing for everything they haven't got, all day long. Lor'-a-mercy, Lor'-a-mercy!"

"My uncle is gone to bed, I suppose then."

My uncle was gone to bed. I asked about my father. I heard much of his last illness; some particulars of his death. This trusty old servant had been with him during his last hours. Such records, however, are not for these pages.

"You had better go to bed, Penton," I said. "Tell me which my room is, and I shall want nothing more. Is it my old bedroom?"

"Yes, the old room. Do you remember, Master John, when you lay ill there of the fever? Ah! how the missis nursed you! She was a woman, she was. Not like these poor finikin bits of things!"

Penton at length left me, and I heard him crawl upstairs. I sat down to my supper. That despatched, I mixed a tumbler from the cognac bottle, drew my chair in front of the fire, and threw myself into it, gazing upon the red coals.

I thought of my father, of my little sister and my mother, all dead—all, perhaps, there around me, their presence unseen and unfelt. The days of my boyhood came back. In long continuous array the thousand small incidents of childhood passed through my mind. Every piece of furniture in the room, every sound, even the peculiar heaviness of the air, and the mingled odours which lingered in it, were so many memorials recalling words and looks and actions long forgotten. I remembered that originally there had been Dutch tiles round the fire-place, which had been texts for my mother's stories; and how we children had cried when they were removed to admit a newer-fashioned grate. Then my eye sought the veinings of the marble, and I recognised one particular blot of yellow and black which my fancy had identified with Giant Despair. There he was yet; shapeless, probably to all other eyes, but to mine the giant still. I looked up at the ceiling; each whorl, and scroll, and floriation was an old friend. There was the date (A.D. 1675) on a shield in one corner; in the corner opposite a monogram undecipherable. Round the centre were medallions bearing heads, which I used to think represented the members of the family to whom the house had originally belonged. Now I saw in them a Medusa, a Mercury with winged-cap, a Roman soldier, and the like.

There was a scratching sound; then a shrill shriek; then a rush as of besieging troops, a falling as of crumbling walls, and, lastly, shriek, and rush, and scramble helter-skelter, circling round the room, and then dying away in other parts of the house. "The rats," I said. "Still here, my old friends, are you? Our house will not fall yet then."

I recollected how these rats had often awakened me in the night; how I had always thought of them, so noisy, and yet never to be seen, with a mysterious fear. I recollected my mother's stories about them; how, that at a certain time on every night for a year before my grandfather died, they (or something that might not be them—there was the horror of it,) had met together in the wainscot close behind his bed, shrieking and wailing dismally.

My mother was a superstitious woman. She came from the north, and was a methodist. Have any of my readers read the ghost-stories in the old Wesleyan Magazines? She read them, and believed them all. She had had experiences of her own in matters supernatural: death-tokens, warnings, dreams, presentiments. She used to tell how, at the moment her sister

died, many miles away, a cold hand had clasped hers, chilling all her blood. Perhaps it was not wise in her to relate these tales to children; perhaps it was weak in her to believe them herself; nevertheless, she was a woman of sound sterling sense in all other matters—of great reading, of true, most beautiful piety.

One legend of hers connected with this old house I had suddenly recalled as I stood gazing at it from the archway. On the flooring of the room above the dining-room was a black mark, bearing some resemblance to the print of a human foot. I always identified it with the footprint in "Robinson Crusoe." A stain of blood, my mother always hinted; and told of its having been repeatedly planed out, and of the mark always re-appearing. Well; one night my mother had a vivid dream of a lady dressed all in white, who, entering at the bedroom door, and saying certain words which my mother tried vainly to remember, had glided to this footprint and there vanished. This White Lady took a fixed hold of our young minds: by its connection with the stain on the floor, which at any time, by turning aside the strip of carpet, we could see and trace with our fingers, it gained a reality most convincing to children. When I was ill of the typhus fever, up in my tent bedstead, in a room which looked down upon the tortuous lane, this White Lady haunted me. I saw regiments of soldiers (my toy-soldiers of Dutch manufacture) march through one window, and out at the other; also wild beasts, two and two (the Noah's-ark animals), performing the same circuit; but this White Lady was always stationed by my bedside, and pointed out to me the soldiers and the wild beasts.

As I had stood under the arch on the night in question, and had caught a glimpse of a face with attendant white drapery, at a window, this dream of my mother's, and my fever annotations thereon, came across me. All stories of such old houses are much alike—blood-stains and white ladies—legends common and foolish enough. So I thought, as I sat before the fire.

The noise of the rats died away. Gazing into the fire, I saw a golden image which Nebuchadnezzar the king had set up, and a fiery furnace, and white figures waving to and fro therein. That had been one of the Dutch-tile scenes.

I glanced aside at my father's escritoir. I knew how the top drawer unlocked and let down into a desk. I remembered what a treat it had been to me to be allowed to look at the curious little drawers and partitions inside. There were two small doors in there, with shells inlaid or painted on them, which had always been kept locked. My wonder as to what they contained returned. In the church-windowed book-case above, notwithstanding the faded green silk, I saw the ledgers arranged in orderly rows, their crimson morocco backs testifying their age by degrees of darkness.

In the deep silence a church clock struck one, and the bells on the river answered to it. On the other side of the supper-table, behind me, was



the sofa—the worn horse-hair sofa. I turned and looked at it. I could see my little sister lying there on a pillow, covered by a faded crimson shawl. That had been her bed in the day-time, after she was taken ill, almost until she died. A torrent of recollections of the days when we had played together swept over my mind. I heard her sweet childish voice say “John, brother John.” I turned to the two windows; there were the curtains behind which we had played at hide-and-seek. Beyond, I knew, was the court-yard. Opposite to the windows was a summer-house. At the foot of its lattices we had sown sweet peas and convolvuluses year after year; and year after year our bantam fowls had devoured them just as they shone green above the surrounding gravel. Acorns too (gathered in Bushy Park on some rare day of indescribable pleasure) we had planted up the centre of the court-yard. We used to dig them up daily, to see how they were growing; and when one of them actually sprouted, I can remember how we carried it in to my mother in triumph.

Thus I sat dreaming over the fire. Whether it was from thinking of sweet-peas and convolvuluses, or not so, a sweet odour of flowers stole over my senses. I recollected the day that we had first seen buttercups grow—at Hampstead, I think. I pictured to myself two little people tearing them up by hand-fuls, and rolling in them with wild delight. Still the scent of flowers made itself more and more perceptible. I got up to discover, if possible, whence this ghostly odour came. Yes, sure enough, there they were—on the sideboard in a pretty vase, a tasteful bouquet. What flowers I do not know, but real living flowers, rich coloured, and exhaling a scent which conquered all the musty smell of corn, and the other heterogeneous extracts which reigned there by right. Flowers at this season! but more wonderful still, flowers *here!* Had my uncle a taste for flowers? Or were they old Penton’s? Or did they appertain to the servant girl so lately maligned to me? I took one of bright blue colour from the water, and buttoned it in my waistcoat.

Standing with my back to the fire I could see the room better. There were two doors in it. “Ah!” I remembered that this other door led by a circuitous narrow passage into what used to be the kitchen. There was scarcely a room in the house that was not connected with some other room. Narrow winding passages, partially in the walls, threaded each storey. What fights, I thought (recalling my mother’s legends), may have taken place here! skirmishings from room to room, surprises in those dark passages, desperate hand-to-hand encounters! Hiding-places here for Protestants in bloody Mary’s time; for Papists in good Queen Bess’s; for Nonconformists in the days of the Stuarts; for Jesuits in the Jacobite times of “Charley over the water!” What conspiracies may have been hatched here—conspiracies in favour of that “mermaid on a dolphin’s back,” Rye-house plots; poisonings, witchcraft, secret murders—

the old house seemed the place for all of them. There was a walled-up arch in the cellars, which rumour said led to a tunnel under the Thames, communicating with the Tower. This might connect the house directly with that Sir Thomas Overbury and Somerset story, which is the darkest page in all our history.

Scratch, scratch; squeak, shriek, rush, scramble, gr-r-r-r-r! Again the rats circled the wainscot, and dispersed towards various quarters. All my reminiscences ended in the dream and fever figure of the white lady.

This house exercised over me an influence of two kinds. Besides the recollections of my childhood, of that short period which was all of domestic happiness that I had ever known, it brought back to me feelings of boding sadness and mystery. No doubt my mother’s superstitions had had their lasting effect upon me; and, although elsewhere I was not often troubled by a too strong imagination, yet here, in this stronghold of my early fancies, the old notions resumed their sway. If I thought of my mother’s kindness and tenderness, I thought at the same time how these had been quenched in death; if I thought of my infant playmate, it was the same. I had seen them both die in this house, had followed them from its gloomy precincts to the grave; and thus death shrouded every pleasant recollection that the place called up.

I have said that my mother was truly religious. Her superstition (as was the manner of her sect at that time) was conjoined with her religion, and thus had been mingled in her most solemn teachings to her children. Into the historical and legendary tales which she had collected by abundant reading, and which she loved to tell, she always introduced plain and evident morals of the providence and judgments of God. Such stories as that of Colonel Gardiner, of Herbert of Cherbury, of the Duke of Buckingham (as related by Clarendon), were her favourites. She had store of these, and we children soon had most of them by heart. She connected for us the old house with history, and history was to her mind one series of direct interpositions of the Deity—whether natural or supernatural, what did it matter? To Mary and me the house was peopled by possible spectres, doomed to expiate or to divulge possible crimes of past days. In the reality and significance of the tokens and dreams and omens which had come within my mother’s own experience, we believed more firmly than in any others.

I could recall no special incident of my young life without its attendant mystery. Thus, when I mused over little Mary’s death, I remembered how a white pigeon had fluttered at the window on that sad morning that she left us. Neither could I ever forget that my mother, when she herself was first taken ill, had prognosticated her own death, and that she died much about the hour she had foretold that she should be called away.

As I stood before the fire and thought over these things, the old sensations of awe and

dread crept gradually over me. I had often smiled at the inconsequence of my mother's dream about the White Lady. But here, in the house, with the footprint just over my head, it seemed almost sacrilege to doubt its significance. My fever-pictures, too, had given this phantom a substantiality which in this place was not to be reasoned away.

My thoughts, having thus wandered over my childish days and those early sorrows, settled at length on my father, in whom I had lost, as it seemed to me, my last tie of kindred. He had been uniformly kind and considerate; and though I had never penetrated very closely to him, and had not seen him for many years, yet I had felt a trust and confidence in his affection, and a true love for him, which made my loss great and my grief deep.

Again the church clock struck, and the bells on the river took up its dying sound. I was pacing the room to and fro, treading carefully each square of the worn carpet. I had resumed this nervous habit together with the other impressions belonging to the old house. As a child I had been a victim to this species of insanity. It is not, I believe, uncommon. Dr. Johnson obeyed these morbid impulses all his life. I was struck not long ago by the story of the Author in "*Lavengro*," so truly did I find my own former weakness pictured there.

I suddenly remembered certain lions on the balusters of the stair-case. I remembered that as a child I had always felt it incumbent on me, whenever I ascended or descended the stairs, to touch the grim head of each of them (there were three, one on each landing), being obliged to stretch up to them on tiptoe by reason of my small size. I broke the spell that forced me to tread the same dull squares, took the lamp, opened the door, and stepped into the hall. There was the first of my old tyrant friends couched on the heavy baluster at the foot of the stairs, just as he used to be. He looked smaller, however, and less grim; and the bronze paint was chipped from the projecting points of him. I patted his round head, and looked half-fearfully into the darkness up the stairs. As I returned I observed that the very canvass on the hall was the same that I had known before.

I looked at my watch—a quarter past two. "I will go to bed," I thought, and with that intention sat down again for a moment in front of the fire; it had burned low; no flames, only one red glow of hot cinders. Mountains and valleys, and yawning chasms, with little specks of helpless creatures begging of the hills to fall on them, or plunging madly into the abysses. Martin's pictures, with dim reminiscence of "*Last Judgment*" in the Dutch tiles. The fire fell together and collapsed, emitting a sound as of distant tinkling blacksmiths' hammers. I dozed and dreamed.

Shrie-e-e-ck! Gr-r-r-r! The rats woke me with a start. Fire just expiring; bells on the river striking again. Then there was silence.

I jumped up, and sought for my bedroom

candle. I heard a faint rustle of garments on the stairs; a low footfall. I paused, listening.

I had left the door on the jar when I went to salute the lion. Through the slender opening light became visible; flickered more and more strongly as the rustling grew louder down the stair-case; shone broadly as the footfall sounded on the canvass of the hall.

The door creaked on its ancient hinges, and swung open. A white figure bearing a taper entered. I felt no fear, though a chill and awe came over me. I *knew* it was the White Lady. It seemed a familiar friend connecting me with the past and the lost—not a thing to be dreaded, antipathetic to flesh and blood.

It was no stranger to me. We had been close, inseparable friends in those days of the fever. I knew the look of its solemn steadfast eyes, its gliding walk, the rustle of its white garments. The last I had seen of it had been when it hushed me into a sweet cool sleep; when I awoke, weak and feverless, it was gone. Now it returned in my hour of sorrow, a messenger not of terror, but of awful peace.

It glided into the room and rustled slowly to the vase of flowers on the sideboard, bent over them, remained motionless for a moment, and then glided back.

I was tongue-tied. I longed to speak, but could not. I would have started forward, and tried to retain it with my hands: I could not move. It never once turned to me, nor directed to me its eyes; it uttered no word, made no sign. It passed in and out again, like a dream, voiceless, inscrutable.

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It was useless to go to bed. I sat over the cooling cinders—thinking, thinking, thinking—for the rest of the night. As the morning dawned I grew drowsy, dozing only to be disturbed by the waggons that rolled up the tortuous lane with a thunderous noise, shaking the house and making the windows rattle.

Old Penton entered the room, and exclaimed: "Lor'-a-mercy! Master John!" in surprise at finding me there.

I told him I had been up all night; whereat he shook his head sorrowfully, seeming to think the worse of me; and murmured something about "outlandish fashions and foreign parts."

I was in no humour for talking. I went into the kitchen; found the pump, and cooled my hot head with a torrent of water. There was a pretty dark-complexioned servant-maid cowering over the newly-lighted fire, at whom an old crone, scrubbing furiously on all-fours, was throwing indignant epithets.

The maid answered in broken English, but with a vehemence which satisfied me that she was quite capable of sustaining her own part. She cast coquettish glances at me from magnificent dark eyes, as she handed me a towel to dry my head and face. Notwithstanding the eyes and the piquant broken English, I said nothing but "Thank you!" and passed out.



I crossed over to the wharf, looking in at a grey-haired clerk through the windows of the counting-house as I went by. He looked surprised to see me there; watched me stealthily, I observed, for some time, and then subsided over his accounts, surmising probably who I was. Two waggons, with their huge horses, filled that portion of the little square which was not occupied by the court-yard. Men were busy in all directions. A crane projected from a warehouse door high up over the archway, and was raising with its creaking chain heavy packages from one of the waggons. I noted my father's name in large letters close above the arch—the name of the firm, “—, Brothers.”

“I shall soon see this ‘Brother,’” I thought; “this uncle of mine.”

I pictured him as a crabbed bachelor; not a man, so much as a business-machine. I remembered the dry mercantile husk in which my father had been encased. My uncle's letters had been terse and business-like, condoling with my loss even, in set terms, like the wording of an invoice. I longed for the introduction to be over, and our mutual affairs settled, that I might receive what was my due, and get back to India.

Close to the wharf, the barges lay rocking uneasily in the rising tide. They rubbed against each other like horses ready to start, rattling their cables and making audible sounds as if they really had life. Their names were painted on them. One battered old heavy-timbered barge was called “The Mary;” christened, likely enough, after my little sister. By its side lay a light, new, daintily-painted craft named “The Juan and Dolores.” That appellation I surmised came through my Spanish uncle.

Yellow fog hung over the river; yet not so thick but that the rising sun pierced through it from time to time. It was a fine cheery morning for a London November; the rain had ceased and there was promise of good weather. Skiffs shot to and fro, and heavier craft floated slowly between the outermost line of barges and the ships which lay moored in the centre of the river. Still more distant, a steamer getting under weigh puffed its heavy smoke with a tremulous sound that reached me on the wharf, the wind setting that way. The further shore loomed large and vague through the golden mist (that golden mist which Turner painted), a phantom city whose shapes Imagination might fashion according to its own vagaries. I recognized the four minarets of the Tower, an old friend of mine. I had seen the flag float there many a time from my present station, and had heard the guns on King's birthdays and such like festivals.

I lingered on the wharf till Penton came to summon me to breakfast. My uncle was at the window as I mounted the steps, and met me at the door with a hearty shake of the hand, which did me good. His talk was very different from his letters. He was like my dear father in face and voice, but of more genial manner; I no longer felt that he was a stranger. He left me

for a moment, when we had conversed for some time, and shouted up the stairs—“Dolores, Dolores! Lazy girl, are you never coming?”

Fast feet tripped down, and there entered with him a tall beautiful girl, graceful as only Spanish women can be. Dark hair, dark eyes, with the longest drooping lashes, dark complexion, sun-ripened, which seemed to bring the sun with it into the grim room. She was in deep mourning, with black lace twined in some Spanish fashion in her heavy black hair.

“Take hands, cousins,” said my uncle, “and know one another.”

The long hand placed itself shyly in mine; the lashes went up and showed eyes like sleeping lightnings; a sweet voice murmured, with foreign accent—“How do you do, Cousin John?”

“My *cousin*!” I cried, in surprise. “My cousin! I—I did not know that I had a cousin.”

“She is my daughter,” said my uncle, “and you declare that you are my nephew; so what but cousins you can be I cannot tell. I will have you to be close friends of some kind.”

“He is my father, and not my father,” murmured the sweet voice. “Ever since my own father died, he has been a father to me. I am his daughter if dear love can make me so.”

I began to understand.

“Your ward?” I said to my uncle. “Your adopted daughter? I always knew that you were never married.”

He nodded to me, and kissed Dolores, who kissed him bashfully in return. She sat down to make the tea. Her long hands trembled; she spilled the water; she upset a cup. I saw that she was afraid of me. The blood ebbed and flowed in her sun-tinted cheeks; her eyes would not lift themselves from the table-cloth; I could see her heart beating beneath the black dress. She was shy as a deer. She was a pretty sight to look upon.

“We have been shut up too much with our old father in Spain there,” said my uncle, pulling a queer face. “We are afraid that our new cousin will eat us for breakfast instead of a roll. We are not used to young cavaliers, and have heard terrible stories of them from our duennas. We must improve, Cousin John; we must improve. We have many tricks—shyness not the worst of them. Are you afraid of ghosts, nephew?” he went on. “Would it frighten you if you saw a tall white figure gliding about noiselessly, up-stairs and down-stairs, and through all the chambers—say, as the clock strikes midnight? Would it frighten you? Because, if it would, take care to lock your door. We have bad habits of walking in our sleep sometimes; particularly when we get foolish and excited.”

“What!” I cried. “Then last night——”

“No!” Dolores half screamed in shame and terror. “I did *not* last night!” She clasped her hands, and crimsoned.

“Yes!” I said; “thank God, my cousin; yes!”

She hid her face on my uncle's shoulder, and  
sobbed like the pettish child she was.

\* \* \* \* \*

This then was my White Lady. This then *is*  
my White Lady. As I kiss my wife's *brown*  
cheek, I laughingly call her so.

## THE SABBATH DAY.

BY ELEANOR F. COBBY.

O Sacred Day ! to which the poor  
May turn their weary eyes !  
How sweetly, mid the waving trees,  
Thy hymns of praise arise !—  
The waving trees, that calmly throw  
Their green and trembling shade  
O'er crumbling tombs, in which the dead  
A hundred years have laid.

O Sacred Day ! I love to hear  
Thy grand, inspiring chime,  
As tolls it down the silent town  
This hushed and holy time—  
As tolls it down the silent town,  
And thro' the vacant mart,  
And stirs, with loud, appealing voice,  
The weak and weary heart.

O Sacred Day ! more soothing still  
The sound of Sabbath bells,  
When soft through verdant groves they float,  
And o'er the lonely dells—  
When soft thro' verdant groves they float,  
And with their music wake  
Sweet echoes, that ring joyously  
Across the silvery lake.

O Sacred Day ! how glorious now  
The heavenly anthems poured  
Amid the proud cathedral tombs  
Of leader, priest, and lord—  
Amid the proud cathedral tombs,  
And through the long, arched aisle,  
As with their surging strains they fill  
The dark, majestic pile !

But holier far than all the hymns  
That thus triumphant rise,  
The incense of the bleeding heart,  
And of the patient eyes—  
The incense of the bleeding heart  
That, midst its feverish care,  
Still consecrates these hours of rest  
To unrepining prayer.

Newhaven, Sussex.

## THE SILVER ROTE.\*

In a fairy boat,  
Sleeping on an upland river,  
Sits a damsel young and gay,  
Charming, all the April-day,  
Music, timed to triplets' quiver,  
From a Silver Rote.

Smoothly she doth float  
Downward from the river-fountain,  
While the merry month of May  
Strews with flowers the watery way :  
Echoeth the receding mountain  
With the Silver Rote.

Clearer grows the note,  
Spreading far o'er emerald levels ;  
Waves of widening stream obey,  
Captive led, the magic lay,  
Time their glancing dancing revels  
To the Silver Rote.

Stronger grows the note ;  
Throbs with ever-gathering passion  
Through the sultry Summer-day.  
Breezes pause and, listening, stay,  
Throb in sympathetic fashion  
To the Silver Rote.

Deeper swells the note.  
All the waters of the river,  
Fettered by the potent sway,  
All the breezes forced to stay,  
Strive their spirits to deliver  
From the Silver rote.

Ah ! the fairy boat !  
Winds and waves in wild commotion  
Howl in fearful roundelay ;  
Thunder-clouds have stifled day ;  
Silver Voice, in deep emotion,  
Joineth Silver Rote.

Wedded Voice and Rote,  
In duetto sad and holy,  
Furious winds and waves ally.  
Mighty river on its way  
Floweth sadly, floweth slowly  
Ruled by Silver Rote.

Calmly fairy boat  
Onward floats through Autumn-weather  
O'er the flood that wideneth aye  
Towards the Ocean. Constant pray,  
Hymning canticles together,  
Voice and Silver Rote.

J. A.

\* The "Silver Rote" is allegorical, as you will see. The river is the Time-river ; the Rote-music, the Song-of-Life ; the Voice, the inner Voice of the Soul awakened by trouble and sorrow : the details you can fill in yourself.—[Note to the Editor.]



## THE VAGRANT.

It was a stilly autumn afternoon, and the sun's slanting beams lay placid and golden on the deserted stubble fields, like a smile on the face of death.

There was no sound or sign of life, save that there approached wearily an emaciated and travel-worn youth; who, seemingly exhausted, sat down on a newly-felled ash which lay on the roadside, near to the pleasant village of N—. Not a breeze disturbed the shadows which rested on the withered turf, or swept, ever so faintly, the thickly accumulated dust on the chalky highway; and the leaves fell almost without oscillation to the ground. It was as if Nature had dropped asleep after the harvest toils.

The appearance of the youth seemed in keeping with the scene; and yet there was an indefinable something lacking to the analogy. In outward aspect, to an inattentive glance he seemed a vagrant—and he had, in fact, been discharged but the day before from the House of Correction, where he had been committed for a month as a rogue and vagabond. On closer observation, however, you discovered that something which indicates superiority. He was of the middle height, well-formed, and, but for the hand of disease, which had blanched and wasted his fine features, must have been remarkably handsome. His dark, sunken eye had a light in it which distinguished him unmistakably from Nature's commonalty: but vice had done its work, and a dull, short cough told of mortal malady. There was a settled melancholy on his countenance, an expression midway between sadness and despair. He seemed to apprehend his condition; and as he gazed dreamily on the quiet expanse of unflecked sapphire, you might deem that he was listening to the wooing of some tender voice, or attending the call of some pitying angel.

How profound, how delicious was the calm! The birds gave out an occasional carol as if in their sleep; and now and then a dried leaf turned over on its bed—that was all.

The youth seemed contemplating these drifts of sere leaves, tatters of Nature's rusty robe—that robe late so green, so richly embroidered, so gloriously decked, now rent by harsh winds, strewn, and mire-trodden. Such were his cogitations as, with his chin resting on his hands, his eyes glanced sadly on the various objects which formed the imposing scene.

But now the faint click of hoofs was heard in the distance, and a speck appeared on the summit of the hill. It was Farmer Phillipson returning from market. He was a stout, pompous-looking gentleman, whose little nose was lost between two great red cushions of flesh; and his sharp, round eyes seemed to have fallen on their backs. They were ad-

mirably adapted for discerning the face of the sky—a first and last, if not quite a continuous duty of this said Farmer Phillipson. Yes, it was dangerous, the way in which he threw up the sash, at his daily awaking. But then he wanted rain, or he didn't want it; and it was quite natural to look whether the sky were friendly or no. Oh, what wicked words he did say if, when longing for a portent of coming rain, a mocking smile greeted him! how vengefully he would pace back to bed! while the ewer rocked with affright, and the teaspoon uttered a deprecating jingle in the tumbler that had contained his overnight brandy-and-water!

However, he is in excellent spirits to-day, for he has got ninety-five for his wheat, and he has had five quarters per acre all over his farm. Only just one thought disturbs him—"If it *should* be five pounds next week!" Still it is more likely to be down than up. "He will thrash out—no he won't!" But who's that? Those little eyes have somehow caught a view of the ill-favoured youth. "Hallo, you vagabond!" he exclaimed, drawing up, what are you doin' there? What are ye prowlin' about?"

"What's that to you?"

"What's that to *me*? I'll just tell ye what 'tis; if ye don't move on out o' this parish, I'll set the constable on ye; pop ye i' the House o' Correction a month. Allays plenty o' sich rascals slinkin' about after harvest. Got lucifers about ye, I'll warrant! Like to hear the corn crackle, eh?" The vagabond turned a derisive look on the speaker, but made no reply. "Do ye budge now?"

"No."

"Tell me *no*, ye villain," said the farmer, growing purple.

The villain uttered a short laugh.

"You can!"

The youth seemed not to heed him.

The farmer approached nearer, and raised his riding-whip with a threatening gesture. The youth lifted his eyes steadily to the farmer. Oh that glance! There were a hundred warnings in it; a hundred daggers gleamed and bristled in it: there was a volley of lightnings—but no incendiarism!

The farmer cowered. It was rather lonesome thereabouts. There was no knowing but what the villain had an ugly pistol about him! Was he way laying somebody? He had money in his pocket—near his heart (if he had one)—he would be off! The farmer, therefore, muttered something, stabbed his mare's sides cruelly, and was "off" accordingly.

Scarcely was he out of sight when another horseman appeared on the white brow of the hill. He was a red-coated hero returning from

the fox-chase: he was in high spirits too; for, oh glory! his was reynard's brush. The youth looked carelessly after him as he passed. He, too, seemed an odd specimen of mankind. He had no neck, no shoulders, no waist. Imagine a lobster on horseback, with a cap on, and you have the best idea we can suggest.

There was another pause, and then the soft tramp of horse's hoofs on the turf was heard coming up a narrow lane which diverged from the high-road, and led to the village. It was Farmer Piggott, who had come out for his after-dinner ride, accompanied as usual by his dog. The latter was in most exuberant spirits, having no doubt shared his master's dinner; and he appeared to have arrived at that point of ecstasy when a dog seems inclined to turn head over heels. His master turned the corner quickly, merely casting a suspicious glance at the youth as he passed. The dog was loitering behind, as dogs will; indeed, he was just in that frame of mind to be a hundred yards behind one minute and a hundred yards a-head the next. He had passed the vagrant, and appeared to be engaged in some botanical study under the hedge, which seemed to interest him exceedingly. In these investigations he sauntered nearer the youth, and at length perceived him. For a moment he looked as fierce as Farmer Phillipson, erecting his ears and shooting fifty notes of interrogation from his eyes. He then came a little nearer, and by a course of rapid expirations after the manner of dogs, seemed asking all sorts of questions. He drew nearer, and sat on his haunches, looking very much puzzled. Nearer, nearer, nearer; the youth kept his eyes intently on him. The dog was extremely excited.

"Sambo, boy!" said the vagrant sadly, as he extended his hand.

In an instant the dog sprang upon him, almost overpowering him with the most extravagant demonstrations of delight. He licked his face, his hands, his feet, making the most extraordinary noises that ever were accomplished by canine effort. Now and then he looked wonderingly at his tattered and dusty wardrobe, but immediately recommenced his vigorous greeting, as much as to say "Never mind, Master Robert, we're just at home; you'll soon make all that right: where have you been so long?"

"What are you after, you vagabond?" roared Farmer Piggott, who, wondering at Sambo's long loitering, had turned his horse's head, and was returning for him. "What are ye doing 'ticin' that dog, sir? What are ye slinkin' about here for? Be off!" And he whistled loudly and repeatedly to Sambo.

It was no use. Sambo fairly shut his ears, and crouched close to the youth, moveless as if turned into stone.

"Let that dog alone," said Piggott, suggestively, as he rode up to them.

"I am letting him alone."

"Well, send him off!" And he whistled again.

"If ye're ill," said Piggott (who just found

out that the youth looked so), "why don't ye go to yer parish? Come, send that dog off!" And Piggott threw the vagrant a penny.

The vagrant looked at it; but did not touch it. The farmer looked exceedingly puzzled, and repeated his adjuration to send Sambo off.

"I can't."

"Well, give him a kick."

"I shan't!"

What was to be done?

The farmer approached, and cut the dog cruelly with his whip. Poor Sambo whined and quivered; but his master might beat him to a mummy ere he would induce him to leave his not over reputable-looking friend.

Seeing that Piggott was about to repeat the stroke, the youth rose up, adjusted his cap, and walked on, followed closely by Sambo, who turned his eye on his late owner, as much as to say—"I'll go with Master Robert, if I never see another bone!"

As the youth rose up, Piggott's eyes dilated; his jaw dropped; he seemed paralyzed. Oh how his bad heart thumped his fat ribs! How that robber-hand shook, hardly able to hold his whip! Aye, ride on; leave the vagabond and his dog! It is his, and so is the money in thy purse. He hath sinned against himself alone; but against thee the wrongs of the widow and the fatherless only wait to be avenged.

Sambo and the youth turned down the lane, and sauntered on towards the village. When they came to the gate which led to Farmer Piggott's house, the dog hesitated and looked anxiously at his young master as the latter walked past it. He evidently seemed to understand that his master's toilet required a little attention, and to fancy that he required rest and refreshment, ere he paid a visit to his old friends in the village.

"No, no, Sambo," said he; "that's not my home now, Sambo. It ought to be, for all that, my boy. We must go on."

This was rather a difficult matter to get into the dog's head; but seeing his master still going on, he followed with a humble, though doubtful air.

Arrived at the church-yard gate, or rather to the steps leading thereto, he paused as if meditating entrance. But his chest heaved; his cheek flushed. He had come far to visit that church-yard, and now his heart failed; he could not enter. Happy for him that his ruinous career had not been commenced ere the eyes of his parents had closed in death. He had forsaken the law of his mother, but no bitter recollections of having caused her grief mingled with the cup of suffering and sorrow he had drained to the dregs. Heaving a deep sigh, he continued his weary steps till he came to a little wicket, leading, by a clean bit of causeway, to the door of one of the prettiest cottages that ever was thatched. The smoke of the single chimney had a cosy curl; and the glistening, diamond-shaped window-panes had a happy twinkle. It was not necessary to enter that cottage to learn that a thrifty, cleanly woman ruled there. The



garden in front told as much in favour of Jacob, the goodman of the house. No weed durst peep there; for as surely as it showed such temerity, it was sure to have instantly to pay for peeping; and the cabbages, potatoes, fruit, flowers, seemed all most orthodox in their development.

Beside the door stood a scraper, and next to the scraper a besom and a pair of pattens. Jacob never thought of entering without touching his boots with the besom. Not that Betty was in the least irritated by a dirty footmark, or a bit of dried mud from his ponderously nailed soles; still both were agreed as to the desirableness of making as little dirt as might be.

At this door the youth knocked timidly. His cheek had not lost the flush it had acquired at the church-yard gate.

The door was opened by a short, motherly, tidy, downy body, who seemed just to have put on everything newly ironed. She glanced at the vagrant, as she deemed him, from head to foot, and shook her head.

"Would ye give me a drink of milk, or a morsel of something to eat?" he asked, faintly.

"Why, in course not. How durst ye ask, now? Don't ye know that they take everybody up that goes beggin'? Very proper, too. There's plenty of places for sich as you to go to. If Nathaneal, the constable, was to see ye, he'd take ye to the House of Correction directly. And, deary me, that's Mr. Piggott's dog, now; he's somewhere hereabouts, I'll warrant: you're safe to get ta'en up. How can ye keep goin' about the country, when ye know it's agin law?"

"Well, will ye give me a drink?"

"Why, why, course it don't seem natural not to; but ye'd better just step in. I wouldn't ha'e Farmer Piggott to see ye for five pound."

In went the youth, and in went the dog. Betty closed the door, as if she was consciously guilty of wrong-doing.

"Ye might as well sit down, now that ye are in," said she. "Dare say ye're tired enough, poor thing! But ye know it isn't right to go a beggin'; 'cause you're in danger o' gettin' ta'en up, don't ye see?"

And the good loquacious soul shook a soft cushion, and placed it in a chair for the beggar, who did not seem in the least astonished at anything she said or did. Then she proceeded to fill a large shining can with new milk, and to cut an immense piece of newly-baked custard, that a lord might have relished, both of which she placed before her ill-looking visitor.

He despatched his delicious repast with some celerity, and then began to finger his cap as if meditating departure.

"You might as well sit an' rest a bit, as ye are in," said Betty, who was knitting with great vehemence, and had all the time kept expatiating on the sin of begging. "You could maybe eat a bit of apple-pie?"

"No, thank you."

"Well, I'll put ye a bit o' something up to take along wi' ye. Daresay nobody won't give

you much—the law's so strict now. How far are ye thinkin' o' goin' to-night?"

"Don't know."

Betty knitted as she had never knitted before, and at length down went five or six loops over ever so many bars. "There! I've done it!" she exclaimed.

If she had known herself she never would have attempted to remedy such a mishap just then. But she did attempt it, to her after perplexity. She was a faultless knitter, and in no one of the scores of stockings which her dear fat hands had ever toed off, had she such a shocking botch. Most assuredly it was all through the vagrant! She succeeded in getting them up at last, however, though all came over the wrong bridges; and again she began knitting as fast as ever, all the time harping on the old string—the sin of begging and the justice of the Vagrant Act.

Unconsciously to himself, the youth heaved a deep sigh, and moved in his chair with an air of extreme fatigue.

It was enough: Betty flung down her knitting, and thus delivered herself: "It's what I always have said to Jacob, an' what I always will say—I don't care if it's to the parson hisself—it's a downright abominable shame that a body can't give a bit or a sup to a poor thing just ready to drop down at the door; but I will from this day, if there comes one every minute. Send a poor thing to prison—it's scandalous; it's wicked; it's mean; it isn't human! How do they know what they got to come to, or their children after 'em? Stuck up, folks is, now-a-days. I wonder what next! As if a poor creatur' as comes to one's door wasn't flesh and blood! What are they to do? Starve for what anybody cares a fig! Let Mr. Piggott come here, or anybody else, and I'll tell 'em my mind as soon as wink—any one on 'em. We're independent, thank goodness; that's one thing. Let ow'd Piggott come here—a hard-hearted villain! Like to nail his nose to the gate-post; like to see him whipped, I should, for his roguery to my dear ow'd missis—a dear blessed creatur'!—an' that blessed boy. It's all along on him; that's what I say."

And having so said, she proceeded to procure a large basin of water and a large clean towel, and commenced washing the unresisting beggar like a child. The thought of how, after all, she would be able to shut the door upon him, never entered her mind, because she would'nt let it. She couldn't have done it after he had been seated two minutes; and he had been wending his way, farther and farther into her great heart every moment. She felt it, but she didn't repel the intrusion.

A greater contrast could hardly be imagined than each presented to the other as they approached. Betty as cleanly as human ability could make her; he as forlorn as miles of dusty travel could render him. It was almost a wonder how Betty's face maintained its benignant motherliness; but it did maintain it. There was no expression of repulsion; nothing but the

tenderest compassion and sympathy. Oh, there are some women very nearly allied to the angels!

The ablution over, he took a pocket-comb and began to arrange his hair as he had been used to in the days of his earlier youth, when Betty declared, and his mother silently assented, that he was the "handsomest creature living." He thought that then she might recognize him, for he had not courage to declare himself: shame, remorse sealed his lips.

No. Betty looked earnestly and pityingly at him, commiserating his pale looks. He seemed somehow to have come to be under her charge: but she did not recognize him. Her eyes were dimmer than formerly, and he, alas! how changed!

"Betty!"

If she had received a powerful electric shock, scarcely could she have been more startled than by that faltered word. Her eyes slowly dilated, as one very suddenly awakened from a sound sleep; but the truth came more clearly before her; the mist dissolved; she trembled, gasped.

For some moments she seemed unable to stir, so entirely overcome was she by the discovery: she could not even speak.

The young man did not raise his eyes, but continued gazing into the fire with the same melancholy expression, till Betty, who had been slowly gathering herself up, came near and put her arms silently about his neck. It was not a faint emotion that could paralyze her tongue; but she seemed incapable of either a word or tear.

"There, don't take on, Betty," said he, as at length the pent torrent seemed finding an utterance: "I'm not worth it—don't!"

"Oh, Master Robert!"

"I've been a fool, and worse, Betty: but that's past, now—it's all nearly over. I've been pretty well chastised. I somehow wanted to get to the old churchyard—you know I've property there, after all, Betty—there's the grave! It's mine by my mother's purchase. You'll see that I'm laid there!"

"Oh don't! You look bad, but you're own native air, and good nursin', will bring the youth, an' beauty, an' health back to ye. Why didn't ye come before? And to think that you should come and ask for victuals, an' me not know ye! That I should say such cruel things to ye! Why didn't ye come in? To knock at the door—as if ye hadn't a right to come in wi'out—as if everything in the house wasn't at yer service, Meister Robert! that's what hurts me most—that I should have lived to see you like this! But yer'e at home, now. It's not fit for a young gentleman like you; but ye'll live to see better days: don't give way to think no other."

Thus did she continue to bewail and comfort him alternately, till her full heart was somewhat relieved by its outpouring of miscellaneous feelings, which she had uttered just in the

order in which they arose. She insisted to herself that he was comparatively blameless; that he had been "ticed" by bad companions; that he had been "led" away; nor could any such thought as that it was not so much his having been "enticed," as his having "consented," that had led to such deplorable results; that he had "gone" astray rather than been "led" astray.

By the time that Jacob returned to tea she had appropriated to Master Robert one of her Goodman's "best six shirts—all linen," besides many other articles of attire, not fitting quite so well as made to order, but he was refreshed, and for a time felt so much better that the old delusive voice, so continually whispered in the ear of consumptive victims, was listened to with some degree of credence. Jacob didn't quite understand his wife's asseverations with regard to Master Robert's entire innocence, but he had a very implicit confidence in the correctness of her judgment, from its invariable practical results. He had never known a want, from a comfortable meal and cosy fireside, to a button or a string, since he called her wife. The market boasted no other poultry and butter like to hers; nobody knew better how to turn a penny than she, and he judged, not unphilosophically, that her understanding must be good to sustain such successes. He therefore merely scratched his head, as if bidding any doubts as to the truth of her representations lie still. Moreover, he was almost equally delighted to see Master Robert, and made him equally welcome to all the privileges of sonship. His own little wealth had been acquired in the service of the youth's father long, long ago; and when his widow was left desolate he had still sought to guide her affairs, and save her, if possible, from the rapacity of human wolves. But death had called her away from evils which it was not in his power to avert. Then the orphan was leisurely despoiled, secretly robbed, and there was none to help. Far away from home influences, unsuspecting and unresisting he had followed in the wake of folly. On returning to his native village, he sought shelter during one night in a stack-yard, beneath some hay, and being discovered, was ruthlessly hailed before the magistrate, as an incendiary, though there was nothing about him to confirm such suspicion. When his good friends heard how he had actually been to the House of Correction as a "rogue and vagabond," their indignation and grief knew no bounds. Still they hoped for his future. It was astonishing what gay and expensive things were procured for his wardrobe by the vain and loving Betty. No expense of any kind was spared. It seemed as if all the habits and views of economy which had so long distinguished her, were gone to the winds. But it was in vain, the strength of the invalid rapidly declined. She saw, though she seemed determined not to see, that he grew weaker; that, notwithstanding the best nursing and the best advice, there was no amendment.



When it became known who he was, and that he was a confirmed invalid, the sympathy of the villagers became affectingly apparent. Farmer Piggott himself sent him various things anonymously; but when the source was discovered, they were indignantly returned with a very plain passage of scripture, relative to the "curse" that cleaves to the oppressor of the fatherless and the widow; and it was remarkable, that on the day when the broken-hearted Betty placed the sheet over the marble brow of her erring nurseling, that Farmer Piggott broke his neck by being thrown from his horse during the hunt—"The triumph of the wicked is short."

Master Robert was laid by the side of his parents, in the quiet church-yard of N—; and by his request there was inscribed on the stone

which was placed at his head, besides the name, &c.: "Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom."

Not so unostentatious was the mural marble which told Farmer Piggott's virtues. How could the clergyman preach with such a falsehood full before his face, as was inscribed in black letters on white marble, in reference to Farmer Piggott, whom he had known? And there was a white marble lady, with a white marble pocket-handkerchief, bending over the urn; and then there was a gilded crown above all, and a bible—but we forbear. The veil of the future is closely drawn, but we turn from the stilly church-yard of N— with a lingering partiality to the mound which marks the resting-place of Master Robert.

## WAYSIDE SKETCHES IN FOREIGN LANDS.

### No. IV.

#### THE SALZ KAMMERGUT AND ISCHL.

I need not describe our twenty-hours' voyage back to Linz, not even the interest of this magnificent river, the Danube, could prevent our feeling wearisome, as return journeys always are.

From Linz we proceeded by rail to Lambach. Here we leave the train, breakfast, taste the delicious fish of the river, then set forward again in two carriages provided by our host. We have a couple of postillions, in yellow-laced embroidered jackets and high boots, and with bugle horns strung over their shoulders, who are engaged to take us round by the celebrated falls of the Traun, and there to wait our pleasure.

We have now fairly entered into the Salz Kammergut, or crown lands, belonging to the Emperor, containing the salt mines; considered to be one of the most picturesque districts in Europe. It is traversed through its whole extent by the river Traun, a succession of crystal lakes; bordered by lofty mountains and snow-capped peaks; deep, impenetrable valleys, and gentle undulating scenery, full of verdure and pastoral beauty.

It was through this district that Sir Humphrey Davy loved to wander; and which he so graphically and romantically describes in his "Conversations in Travel."

The weather was brilliant, and our road lay through the most romantic scenery. To the right the Traun rushed and gurgled and leaped over the rough stones in its bed, which we saw distinctly through its clear waters; on the left, cottages peeped out from among scenes of sylvan loveliness; and in front, lofty mountains reared their magnificent forms

Presently the horses stop; we are told that we have arrived at the Falls; we saw nothing, however, to indicate them. A narrow path is pointed out to us, by which we descend a flight of rude steps cut in the rock; a rushing noise is heard, an angle passed, a bridge crossed, and the magnificent Falls of the Traun are before us.

Though I have seen most of the far-famed Falls of Italy and Switzerland, I was not at all disappointed in these. There is a peculiar grandeur and magnitude about them, an overpowering rush of waters, which I was not prepared to expect. The singular forms of the dark masses of rock, over which its white foam rushes with ceaseless roar; and the changeful transparency of its emerald-green waters, give it a picturesque beauty quite its own. We ascended a wooden building, and looked *over* the cataract; and we descended a slippery path and sat *under* its spray; in short, from all points of view, it equally and forcibly impressed us.

Mr. L— begged me to sketch it; but how little justice my pencil outline does to such a scene, how ill it represents the varying tints of its streams—the rainbow hues that sparkled and danced among its white vapour!

While here we had an opportunity of witnessing the rapid descent of one of the salt barges, that are accustomed to this fearful steering in a canal only a few feet from the watery abyss. This shot past and down the incline at a fearful rate, faster than the eye can follow.

This was the scene of Sir Humphrey Davy's miraculous escape from drowning: Wishing to amuse himself with the rapid locomotion, he

had entered one of the boats, when, by the accidental breaking of a rope, he was carried over the foaming cataract; from which perilous position he was miraculously rescued by a gentleman, who happened to be fishing near, and who, much to his horror and astonishment, saw the body and boat precipitated over the falls.

Some people suppose the adventure to have been a mere imaginary one; but the accuracy of every part of the description fully confirms not only myself, but all who have visited the spot, in the belief of its reality.

Notwithstanding the previous arrangement, our drivers were somewhat sulky at having been kept waiting so long; however, we were too much occupied in admiring the beautiful scenery through which the road continues, to care for their temporary ill-humour.

Past fir woods, rural slopes, dainty villages, with peeps of the green river to the right, and the towering Traunstein in front, which is fancifully said to bear on its crest the Bourbon profile of Louis XVI.

At length the valley opens, and the lake of Grunnden, with its romantic little town, appears in sight.

The postillions blow their horns and crack their whips, the horses prick up their ears, and in a few minutes we are dashing down the street.

About the courtyard of an irregular, odd-looking building, which, we presume, is the hotel, numbers of Murillo-looking men, with sunburnt faces, long pipes, and narrow pointed hats, are standing and lying in the shade of the blazing sun. Two rosy-cheeked damsels, in tight bodices, and singular black fan-like head-dresses, assist us to dismount, and we enter the saloon; but the heat is suffocating, and there is a sickening smell of eating and drinking. So, after an interview with the master, who seems to perform the double duty of host and cook, and after having ordered a sort of *table d'hôte* dinner, which, between foreign dishes and foreign languages, is a somewhat scientific business, we stroll out towards the lake. Soon we reached the bridge, and here I am quite at a loss how to describe the scene on which we gazed. To say it was "picturesque," "lovely," "romantic," but faintly reflects the impression it made upon us.

In front, the lake, which washes the foundations of the houses, expands its clear green surface; near its lower end it is enclosed with undulating hills, dotted with houses and villages scattered among the trees; and at its upper extremity it is hemmed in by tall precipices and black fir woods, overtopped by the snowy peaks of the Salzburg Alps.

We threaded a narrow winding path beside the river, which unites itself with the lake; and how clearly were the pretty white houses, with their bright green doors and blinds, and the rural English gardens, reflected in the transparent water!

The sky, the lake, the mountains, the river—what a picture!

We were silent. The loveliness of nature had

entered deeply into our souls; it was a scene to make the heart glad, and to fill it with thankfulness and gratitude to the Author of all good, who had not only created this marvellous world of beauty, but who had given us the power to feel and enjoy it.

Our dinner was plentifully supplied with the delicious fish of the lake; and the *soi-disant* compound of cook and host had very liberally fulfilled his part of the agreement.

The sun had begun to decline, and its fiery rays no longer shot down upon us as we crossed the Lake of Grunnden to Ebensee. The steamer was full of company; but with the fair lake and its grand mountains before us, I cared little for other converse; so I took out my sketch book, and by the time my picture was finished we had arrived at Ebensee.

I ought not to omit telling you that there is a legend connected with this lake, similar to that of Hero and Leander—of a youth who used to swim across at night to visit the lady of his love, a beautiful nun. This he continued to do in safety till the time of year arrived at which the boatmen had a superstitious belief that a victim must be regularly sacrificed. From that fatal night the poor young nun ever mourned her lost lover.

Ebensee is full of evaporating houses, and for those who have an interest in the preparation of salt, is well worth a visit, its whole population being more or less employed in the salt works.

Vehicles of all descriptions were awaiting the arrival of the steamer. A sort of omnibus was selected for us, of a shape more convenient than elegant; besides a roomy interior, it had, in addition to the driving box, a second very comfortable covered outside seat, which (having a pious horror of inside suffocation) I was glad to occupy. It was a public carriage; but our party being large, the whole of it had been taken for us; and the coachman, delighted with his better bargain, had very unceremoniously ejected a passenger who wished to proceed to Ischl.

Mr. L—— at once proffered a seat, which was accepted with a profusion of bows and thanks.

The drive through the valley of the Traun to Ischl is very picturesque. On one side, the road winds along the cliffs at the foot of the mountains; on the other, keeps close to the edge of the river. The stranger who occupied the place beside me was a handsome, gentlemanly man of about thirty, a native of Vienna, and who was, as usual at this season, enjoying a few weeks change from town life, at the fashionable watering place of Ischl. He was hence well acquainted with the road, and pointed out many objects of interest we might otherwise have passed unnoticed. Gradually the brilliant red sun sank beneath the horizon; evening shadows drew on; the landscape became less and less defined; hundreds of grasshoppers were chirping in the banks, which were illuminated with their brilliant light.

The scarcely defined forms of high mountains rose grandly around; lights from houses flickered



in the darkness; in a few minutes they became more numerous and brighter, and the coach stopped before the "Grand Hotel of the Kaiserine Elisabeth" in Ischl.

The landlord, a gentlemanly man, who is also proprietor of the hotel of the same name at which we stayed in Vienna, instantly made his appearance, and ushered us up into a suite of rooms that might have suited travelling princesses, so resplendent were they in their white damasks, gildings, mirrors, and velvet couches. This splendid hotel at Ischl is not surpassed by any of the magnificent hotels on the continent.

Mr. L—— inquired the terms. They were higher than those we had paid, even in Vienna, the most expensive city on the continent.

The master shrugged his shoulders, was sorry, &c.; so we drove off to another, where the accommodation was certainly inferior, and the price almost as extravagant; we were tired, bargaining was out of the question, and we remained.

July 28th. Of all the fair spots on this beautiful earth, there are few fairer than the one I beheld as I opened the jalousies of my pretty bedroom window in the early morning. The small town of Ischl, now grown into a fashionable watering place, and the summer resort of the Imperial family and the Austrian and Bohemian nobility, lies in a romantic valley, hemmed in on all sides by lofty mountains, and in the very centre of the finest scenery of the Saltz Kammergut.

The green waters of the Traun flow and gurgle under my window, and join the little river Ischl lower down; handsome white houses fill the foreground, and are scattered about the gentle elevations in groups; and in the brilliant sunlight they contrast finely with the dark green foliage. Nothing can be more lovely than this summer morning. It is Sunday; the sounds of the distant church bells come pleasantly on the ear up the valley, and mingle their fainter tones with the joyful peels close by. Villagers, in their picturesque Sunday attire, are now hastening to early service, with their prayer books in their hands. The air is balmy; and underneath my window is a parterre of flowers, clusters of rich roses, and oleander and orange trees, which send up a delicious perfume. Birds are singing in the hedges, bees are at work in the gardens, and all around is bright and glad; nature herself seems to be uniting in a song of thanksgiving to the Author of all these glorious works.

While we are breakfasting we learn that English service is to be performed in a room belonging to the "Hotel Elisabeth." Glad to have an opportunity of protestant worship, we found our way to it.

The congregation was composed of English visitors, who, with ourselves, amounted to about thirty. While joining in the beautiful and touching litany, we thought of our distant friends at home, and of how many at this same hour were lifting up their hearts in worship; but I fear, with the prayers ended much of the devotional feeling they had inspired, for the sermon

was flat, common-place, and tedious. I was surprised that the scenery around did not inspire images of grandeur and beauty; it seemed so easy to make a sermon in such a spot. The room was suffocating; fans seemed to consume all the energies of the ladies; the clergyman was hot, and wiped his face with a wearied air; and the hearers yawned and gaped, and looked wistfully towards the door. Altogether we presented an unenviable spectacle of religious endurance.

In the afternoon I remained at the hotel, for I argued if the morning had been such a drowsy business, the afternoon would be still worse; and so it proved, as I understood afterwards nearly the whole of the congregation was *asleep*. Perhaps it would have seemed more orthodox if I too had gone there and *slept*; I thought otherwise, so I read and wrote, and looked out at the peaceful and holy landscape; and my mind felt so serene and happy, that I did not trouble it by farther questionings.

After service the clergyman, who had been staying for some weeks at Ischl, called upon Mr. L——. We found him a gentlemanly and agreeable man, of great kindliness and amiability. I own I felt some compunctions of conscience at the impatience with which I had listened to him in the morning; still, I do maintain, nature never marked him out as either a writer or preacher of sermons; and so long as there is this mental incapacity for such a vocation in a clergyman, the hearers will evince a proportionate want of interest.

In the evening we ascended a hill to the pilgrimage church of the Calvarienberg, commanding one of the finest views in the neighbourhood. At intervals in the ascent are little chapels, painted in fresco, and containing groups of figures representing the different stages of Our Lord's cross and passion. I had thought nothing could surpass the loveliness of the view from the town; but seen from this height, and in the rich red glow of the evening sunset, it formed a landscape of such rare beauty that the scene will long remain imprinted on my memory.

On our way back through the town we heard lively strains of music, and walking forward to the gardens whence they proceeded, we found a band playing; and smoking, dancing, and singing going forward as vigorously as if it had been any day in the week rather than the Sabbath — a strange contrast indeed to the glorious works of God, upon which we had just before been gazing.

Perhaps one of the most delightful excursions I ever had, was that made from Ischl to the romantic lake of Hallstadt. We started at seven o'clock on one of the freshest and brightest of July mornings. Our carriage was commodious enough to accommodate our party of six most comfortably; our coachman was good-humoured, and pleased to give us all the local information *en route*, of which he was possessed — no slight item, I assure you, in a long day's excursion to have an intelligent, good-tempered driver. So we seat ourselves, and merrily set forward.

We pass much fine scenery (keeping the river

Traun on one or other side most of the way), and many picturesque villages; at the entrance of each of which, but especially at Sauffen (where he seems to have many female acquaintances), our gay charioteer takes especial care to touch up his horses, and to dash along, bringing out the staring peasants, and creating as much sensation and dust as he conceived due to our importance with his own.

Boats are in readiness as we approach the borders of the lake, to convey us to Hallstadt; and what a singular scene is before and around us, as we glide over the smooth clear waters! At the upper end it reaches the height of sublimity; the dark grey mountains rise so precipitously from the water's edge as not even to leave room for a road, and, as we approach, the village houses seem literally *hanging* to the sides of the mountain like nests. There is no road in any part, and the communication with the outer world is kept up entirely by boats. From the seventeenth of November, to the second of February, the inhabitants never see the sun above the mountain tops.

The rowers are women, as is usual on these lakes; and soon our stout, thick-set, rosy-cheeked "nymphs of the wave" land us at a sort of wooden balcony overlooking the water, which we find appertains to the inn a little behind, and almost lost from view by the gorgeous flower gardens before it.

In a few minutes, a clean, neat young woman appears and on the snowiest of white tablecloths places fresh-laid eggs, new rolls, and excellent butter. Away the pleasant, neat killuerin goes along the garden, and then returns with fragrant coffee, and a pot of new boiling milk. Think, O you unfortunates condemned to insipid, badly made coffee, and diluted milk, in dull conventional rooms in noisy towns—think of the gusto with which one "city gent" sits down to *such* a breakfast in *such* a scene! Our long drive, and the row over the lake, would have made us appreciate far worse fare; but *that* morning's meal was an *event*, an *era* to be noted down.

How can I make you understand the exquisite charm of this spot? Around and before us the strange, wild, smooth lake; behind, the garden, with its profusion of rich bright flowers and plants, turning themselves into every imaginable form of picturesqueness. How pure the air comes across the placid water, in the intervals of our observation! how peaceful and silent all around! Nothing is heard of noise or discord; only the birds merrily singing, and the bees busily at work among the flowers. Two gentlemen travellers, who were sitting at the other end of the balcony, seemed as much impressed with the scene as ourselves.

After breakfast I made a sketch, and then we who were good walkers started a distance of three miles, for the Strub waterfall; which, though not devoid of interest, is yet not worth visiting by those who have travelled in Switzer-

land, where one may see as fine a cascade in almost any day's journey, without the trouble of going out of one's way.

The peeps of the strange hanging village we had on starting, and the entire walk through the valley, were of so singular and romantic a character, that we did not regret our fatiguing walk, nor envy our less adventurous friends who had remained behind.

It was late when we again reached Ischl, and our comfortable bedrooms were by no means at a discount. My dreams that night were so fanciful and agreeable that, when I awoke, I longed to do as I remember often trying as a child—to go to sleep, that I might dream all over again; for with the day's scenes and adventures were fantastically mixed up visions of the "beautiful Undine," and of other fair water-spirits, of enchanted forests and crystal underground palaces, of the old fisherman and his wife in the island, and of the noble knight Huldebrand.

What a marvellous fascination certain books hold on the imagination! Long ago "Undine" had delighted me; when German was less familiar to me, and when I had to puzzle it out with a dictionary, my interest in this book urged me forward; and ever since its exquisite imagery is present to me in all such scenes; the gentle spirit of the beauteous Undine seeming to hover around the quiet lakes, and to deposit itself in their clear crystal waters!

No one who has ever visited Ischl can wonder that the Emperor and Empress of Austria have selected it as their favourite summer resort; it is, undeniably, one of the loveliest spots on the earth. Their Imperial Majesties had left just as we arrived; hence Mr. B——, the English chaplain there, who was officiating for a few weeks, had an opportunity of taking us over the grounds, whence there are charming views around. We also visited with him the celebrated baths, which are on an extensive scale, and situated in a large building with a Grecian portico. They are of all sorts—hot and cold baths, salt baths, which are much esteemed; vapour baths, of a similar character; and mud baths, made from the slime brought from the reservoirs in the salt mines, and considered highly efficacious in certain complaints.

There is no finer place, perhaps, in the world for invalids, as, in addition to the valuable baths, the mild, genial air, and the splendid scenery, it abounds in walks provided with seats, temples, and summer-houses, at every point of view, expressly for their accommodation. For the gayer part of the visitors there is a fine building, the casino, in which balls and concerts are held.

And now we must bid adieu to Ischl and its many attractions, which I shall do with the less regret if I shall have succeeded in inducing other travellers to follow in our route, and to judge for themselves of the accuracy of my descriptions, and of their joyableness of such a journey.

E. C. B.



## LEAVES FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

## THE CASTLE OF LIFE.

Once upon a time a good old fisherwoman lived at Salerno, who for her only comfort and support had a grandson, a poor orphan, whose father had been drowned in a storm; and grief for the loss of her husband killed his mother soon afterwards. Gracieux, as the child was called, was so pretty and engaging that, after assisting his grandmother in fishing, he could sell all his basketful as soon as he entered the town without going so far as the market. Unfortunately, the old woman became very infirm; and when she was obliged to keep her bed, she gave Gracieux much good advice as to what he should do when he was alone in the world. But when she spoke so seriously, he kissed her, weeping, and said—

"Dear Grandmother, do not leave me. I am strong, and shall soon be able to work for two; but how can I live if I return some day from the sea, and find you gone?"

"My child, I shall not leave you so lonely as you imagine. I can give you two protectors that many a prince might envy. Listen to me, and I will entrust you with a secret, which you must keep as I have done, and it will bring you riches and happiness. Ten years ago I left home at daybreak, to catch the crabs sleeping on the sand. I was lying hid behind a rock, when I saw an halcyon swimming to shore. It is a sacred bird, which you must always treat delicately; so I let it approach, and never moved, for fear of frightening it away. At the same moment a beautiful green adder came out of a cleft in the rock, and went up to the halcyon, rolling itself round the neck of the bird as if embracing it tenderly; and thus they remained some minutes: after which they separated suddenly, the serpent gliding back to its rock, and the bird plunging into the wave.

"For a month I watched the same scene enacted, not doubting that they were enchanted fairies, to whom I could render some service; and accordingly at the end of that time I perceived a large black cat, which, as soon as the bird and the serpent met, pounced upon the poor innocent creatures. It was now my turn to throw myself upon the brigand, and guessing that it was an enchanter, I took out my pocket-knife, and without pity, heedless of the bites I received, I killed the monster, which was no sooner done than two beautiful ladies stood before me: one crowned with white feathers; the other wearing a serpent's skin for a scarf. They were, as I have already said, the Fairy of the Waters and the Fairy of the Woods. Under the enchantment of the miserable genii, they awaited their deliverance from some generous hand, and to me they owed liberty and power.

"Ask what you will," said they; "your wishes shall be immediately heard."

"I reflected that I was old, and had suffered too much in my life to recommence it, but for you it might not be so; therefore thanking the fairies, I begged them to preserve their kind gifts until I should need them.

"My good woman," said they, "take this feather and this scale of a serpent's skin, and when you wish to see us, put them in a glass of pure water, and were we at the end of the world, we should appear immediately, ready to pay the debt we owe you to-day."

"These treasures, my child, I have kept carefully until to-day; and since death will soon separate us, it is time to give you these precious talismans. Bring me a little cardboard box, which is hidden under the rags in the meal-tub." And taking out the feather and the scale, she continued—"Now place these in a basin of water, and ask for riches, nobility, talents, or power—anything you like; but first come and receive my last blessing. It will be one more talisman to bring you happiness."

But to the surprise of the old woman, Gracieux never came near her. He fetched the basin as fast as he could, and cried, with all his heart, "I wish my grandmother to live for ever. Appear, Fairies of the Water and the Wood!"

Then the water began to boil and boil, and from the bottom of the basin Gracieux saw two beautiful young ladies rise, with wands in their hands. One was attired in a robe of green, with a holly crown; the other in white, with a green scarf. They smiled sweetly on the boy, who had taken refuge in his grandmother's arms, trembling with fear and admiration.

"Here we are, my child," said the Water Sprite. "We can only assist you in your wish; it will remain with you to execute it. Four long days' journey from hence is the Castle of Life. There is the Fountain of Immortality. If you can accomplish these journeys without turning aside from the path, and on reaching the castle, can answer three questions which an invisible voice will address to you, your desire will be granted. But reflect well on the dangers you run; for if you fail, you will never return!"

"I will go, lady," replied Gracieux.

The fairy took a bit of lead from the broken casement, which began to boil in her hand; then, throwing it down on the floor, a large black dog came out, and began to gambol round Gracieux.

"This will be your companion," said the fairy; "his name is Fidele. He will show you the road; but, I warn you, it is for you to lead him, and not he you. If you make him obey you, he will be valuable; but your ruin if you yield to him!"

The Fairy of the Waters then called into being a swallow, out of a morsel of paper that she threw into the fire. It flew round the room, and alighted on the boy's shoulder.

"She will be your companion," said the fairy; "and you must call her Pensive. I give you the same advice as my sister did. She will point out your path; but do not obey her!"

They also presented him with a goblet of crystal, sparkling like a diamond, to contain the water of immortality; a poignard with a triangular blade, and a splendid pistol, inlaid with pearl and gold; so that he might brave the fiercest foe. The two fairies disappeared, and Gracieux kissed his grandmother, kneeling to receive her blessing. She entreated him to be patient, wise, and kind: above all, never to wander from the right path. "Not for my sake," said she; "I can die willingly, and only regret the request you have made; but for your own, my child, for I cannot die peacefully unless you return to close my eyes."

At dawn the swallow began to sing, and Fidèle to say—"Let us set off, master: the sea whitens the shore; the flowers open to the sun. It is time to go."

With a last adieu to the old woman, Gracieux followed the road that leads to Pæstum, and not far from the city they met the ants, marching in regular bands, carrying their provisions with them.

"Where are you going?" said Gracieux; for the fairies had given him the power of understanding all languages.

They replied—"To the Castle of Life."

A little further on were the grasshoppers, the bees, and the butterflies, all travelling the same road; and Pensive presented Gracieux to a young butterfly, and they soon formed an intimate friendship. Now it is not in the nature of these insects to go straight to a point; and Gracieux followed it from flower to flower, forgetting how the day passed on. At length, quite weary, he threw himself on the ground, saying—"Let us go no further. How beautiful nature is! and these flowers smell so sweetly! Stop here—this is Life!"

"We must proceed," said Fidèle and Pensive; "the journey is long, and we are only at the beginning."

"No matter," said the butterfly. "Yesterday I was a caterpillar; this evening I shall be nothing; let me enjoy to-day!" So saying, it alighted on a rose, the perfume of which was so powerful as to produce suffocation; and Gracieux, after weeping over his friend's early death, pinned it to his hat as a cockade, and was wise enough to go on his way. The grasshoppers were the next to succumb under the heat; resting and singing was their choice: and towards evening, the honey-bee was returning, too.

"What?" said Gracieux, "industrious as you are, will you act like the grasshopper, and give up immortality?"

"It is too far," replied the bee. "I have not your ambition. My everyday work is enough for me, and industry is Life."

Thus closed the first day, and Gracieux felt sad at the loss of his travelling companions; but he slept full of hope, and dreamed that his

grandmother smiled on him. The morning was splendid, the blue waves rolled softly over the sand, the mountains wore the rosy tint of sunrise, and the plain was covered with flowers, aloes, and acanthus trees. Suddenly, in the midst of the reeds, Gracieux perceived a beautiful deer gazing at him with her languishing eyes, as if she called him; he approached; it bounded away, but not to any distance.

"Let us follow it," said Fidèle; "I will cut off its retreat, and we shall soon take it."

Gracieux did not wait to be asked twice, but darted on the pursuit; Fidèle, with burning eyes and mouth, ran and barked furiously. They leaped over ditches and hedges, nothing checking their ardour. The over-strained deer lost ground already; Gracieux had stretched out his hand to seize his prey, when the soil gave way under his feet, and he rolled with his imprudent companion into a pitfall covered with leaves. He had not recovered from the shock when the deer, approaching the edge, cried,—

"You are betrayed, I am the wife of the King of the Wolves, who will eat you both."

Saying so, she disappeared.

"Master," said Fidèle, "the fairy was right in recommending you not to follow me; we have been foolish, but the fault is mine."

"At least," replied Gracieux, "we will defend our lives." And taking his rifle he loaded it with a double charge.

He then examined the pit; it was too high to scale. Fidèle understood his glance.

"Master," said he, "take me in your arms and throw me out with all your strength, then I will try and help you."

After three efforts he accomplished it, and then Fidèle threw down all the branches that were strewn around, and desired him to form them into a ladder, up which Gracieux managed to climb. He was only just in time, for a horrible beast, with claws like a wild boar, rushed upon him. He fired, and whilst reloading Fidèle attacked the wolf; the second shot was aimed at the shoulder, and the animal fell, but rising with a last effort he threw himself on Gracieux, who was all but overwhelmed. Happily he drew out his poniard and buried it in the heart of the animal, thus killing his fearful enemy.

The boy rose covered with blood and foam; a burning thirst and fever oppressed him, and everything seemed to be turning round. Then he thought of his grandmother, and began to weep that he should so soon have forgotten his fine promises for the sake of a deer's bewitching eyes: how sadly had ended this day which had begun so well! Distant roaring was heard; the wolves were coming to revenge the death of their king, when a little voice, which could belong to none but Pensive, was heard, saying:

"Courage, Gracieux! the wolves are still distant; close by is a spring at which you may quench your thirst; and I have seen a path which will lead us to Pæstum."



They dragged themselves to the stream, and somewhat reanimated, undertook the dangerous and difficult path in the evening shades, and by the light of the moon. There were marshes to cross, and ditches to leap: thorns tore them; yet, after a thousand dangers, they reached Pæstum at midnight, and slept beneath the Temple of Neptune. But Gracieux rose before daylight, anxious to repair his fault, and descending the steps he found the ants busy preparing their winter quarters.

"What!" said he, "are you not going to the Castle of Life? Do you give up immortality?"

"We have worked long enough," said they; "the day of harvest is come. The road is long, the future uncertain, and we are rich: fools count on to-morrow, the wise use to-day: true philosophy is to enjoy our treasures."

Fidèle thought the ants were right, but dare not offer any further advice. Gracieux went on in silence; ashamed of past follies, he determined that nothing should turn him aside to-day. The path led through recently mown meadows, or vineyards laden with grapes; it was bordered with fig trees in full bearing, among which the insects were humming: everything invited to repose. In one of the richest meadows Gracieux perceived a herd of buffaloes grazing. They begged him to sit down, and offered him large bowls full of milk and cheese. A ring of gold passed through their noses added to the majesty of their appearance, and they seemed to dwell in the midst of peace and abundance.

"Are you," asked Gracieux, "the masters of this rich domain?"

"No," replied one; "we belong to the fairy Crapaudine, Queen of the Vermilion Towers, the richest of all the fairy race."

"What does she require of you?"

"Nothing but to wear this golden ring, and to give her our milk: at this price we are the happiest beings on earth."

"Have you ever heard the Castle of Life and the Fountain of Immortality mentioned?"

"Among our fathers were some who spoke of these chimeras; but we are wiser than they, and know there is no happiness but eating and sleeping. There are the Vermilion Towers, you must pass through the castle of fairy Crapaudine on your way: you will see her, my young friend, and she will offer you hospitality and riches—do like your predecessors; renounce your dreams; live happily, like them."

"And what has become of them?"

"They have become buffaloes like us," replied the animal tranquilly: saying so he laid down his head and fell asleep.

Gracieux shuddered, and walking on reached the palace in silence.

He was introduced with great ceremony by two beautiful greyhounds, caparisoned in purple, with large ruby collars. They passed through halls filled with pictures, statues, gold and silver ornaments, until they reached the round Temple, where, on a velvet footstool, sat

a toad as large as a rabbit; this was the Goddess of the palace, adorned with scarlet and jewels.

"My friend," said the fairy, "I expected you, and will not be less generous than my sisters; this palace, with its coffers full of gold, its immense domains, and countless herds, are yours if you choose: you may be the richest and happiest of men."

"And what must I do for all this?" asked Gracieux with emotion.

"Less than nothing," replied the fairy. "Cut me into fifty pieces and eat me up. It is not such a frightful thing," added she with a smile.

"May we not at least cook you?" asked Pensive, who saw the beautiful gardens with admiring eyes.

"No, you must eat me raw; but walk about my palace, handle my treasures, and then give me an answer."

"Master," sighed Fidèle, "have a little courage, we are so well off here."

As for Gracieux, he remembered the buffaloes, and distrusted the fairy. Crapaudine guessed his thoughts.

"Do not think I wish to deceive you, dear Gracieux," said she; "you will at the same time do me a service, for I shall become a young girl, beautiful as Venus, only my hands and feet will be like a toad—that is nothing with all these riches. Besides, you need not blush for your poverty, your goblet is worth all my treasures." And she stretched out her viscous hands to seize the talisman.

"Never!" cried Gracieux, drawing back. I will have neither rest nor fortune. I wish to get away and go to the Castle of Life."

"You shall not go, miserable creature," cried the fairy in a fury.

Immediately the temple disappeared, a circle of flames surrounded Gracieux, and an invisible clock struck the hour of midnight. At the first stroke he shuddered, at the second threw himself into the flames. To die for his grandmother—was it not the only way of testifying his repentance and his love? To his surprise the flames gave way before him, and he found himself no longer in Italy, but in Russia, wandering over a snowy mountain. His bones were pierced through with the frost, and he was descending a rapid slope, at the foot of which a torrent rolled over the rocks. When, after infinite difficulty, he reached this point, the stream was covered with enormous icebergs, beating against one another; yet it was necessary to cross it without any bridge, boat, or help.

"Master," said Fidèle, "I can go no farther; cursed be the fairy who placed me at your service, and drew me from nothingness."

Saying so he lay down, deaf to all the kind words of Gracieux; he could only lick his hand and wag his tail, when his limbs stiffened and he died. Gracieux laid him across his back to carry to the Castle of Life, and jumped on to an iceberg which the stream bore along with frightful rapidity.

"Master," said Pensive, "do you hear the noise of the sea? We are going towards the abyss; give me one last caress and say Farewell."

"No, no," said Gracieux; "why should the fairies have deceived me? Perhaps the shore is near, and the sun above the cloud. Mount up, my good Pensive; through the fog you may perceive the Castle of Life."

Long did he wait for the poor bird's reappearance: hope abandoned him, and he lay down on the ice to await his death. All at once in his despair and abandonment he heard the swallow's cry, and Pensive fell at his feet.

"Master," she said, "you were right; I have seen the shore: there is light above; courage!" Her wings fell convulsively, and she remained without movement or life.

Gracieux pressed the poor bird, which had sacrificed her life for him, to his breast, and pushed on the iceberg with superhuman ardour. Suddenly he heard the sound of the sea, and a great wave struck him on the head, casting him senseless on the shore, where no living being had landed before him. When he recovered his consciousness snow and clouds had disappeared. He was in a lovely country, opposite a large castle, from which flowed a sparkling stream into the blue sea. The remains of his two friends lay beside him. Wearied with fatigue and emotion he dragged himself to the stream, and stooping down to refresh his parched lips he drew back with affright. It was not his face he saw reflected, but that of a grey-headed old man: there could be no doubt, it was himself.

"Great fairies," he cried, "I understand; it was my life you demanded for that of my grandmother; I accept the sacrifice with joy."

He plunged into the stream, and wonderful to relate, he rose looking younger than ever. A drop of water fell on his hat, and the butterfly shook its wings and flew away. He ran to fetch Fidèle and Pensive from the shore, and plunged them into the beneficent rill with equal success: it was the stream that flowed from the Fountain of Immortality. He filled his goblet and approached the palace. His heart beat rapidly, for one last trial awaited him; and the nearer he drew to success the more he feared to fail. He ascended the steps: all was closed and silent; no one was ready to receive him. As he prepared to knock a sweet voice arrested his hand.

"Have you loved?" said the invisible voice.

"Yes," replied Gracieux, "I have loved my grandmother with all my heart, and more than any one in the world."

The door opened ajar.

"Have you suffered for her whom you loved?" continued the voice.

"I have suffered much—by my own fault doubtless, but a little for her whom I wish to save."

The door was half opened, and the child saw, in distant perspective, woods, water, and sky more beautiful than he had ever dreamed of.

"Have you always done your duty?" inquired the voice in a harsher tone.

"Alas! no," answered Gracieux, falling on his knees; "but when I have failed I have been punished more by my remorse than by the severe trials I have passed through. Pardon me if I have not yet expiated all my faults; punish me as I deserve, but save all I love, and preserve my grandmother!"

Immediately the door opened, but Gracieux saw no one. Intoxicated with joy he entered a court surrounded with leafy arcades; in the midst was a fountain, near which grew flowers, finer, sweeter, more beautiful than those of earth. A woman, dressed in white, of a noble form, and about forty years old, advanced to meet him, and received him with so sweet a smile that tears started into his eyes.

"Do you not recognise me?" said the lady to Gracieux.

"Oh, my dear grandmother! is it indeed you?" cried he. "How is it that you are at the Castle of Life?"

"My child," said she, pressing him to her bosom; "she who brought me here is a more powerful fairy than those of the water and the woods. I shall return no more to Salerno: I here receive a reward for the little good I have done, in tasting a happiness that time cannot exhaust."

"And what will become of me? After having seen you here, how can I return to suffer in solitude?"

"Dear child," replied she, "none can live on earth who have seen the heavenly pleasures of this home: you have lived, and life has nothing more to teach you. Happier than I, you have crossed the desert in four days in which I languished eighty years; nothing can henceforth separate us."

Since then nothing has been heard of Gracieux and his grandmother; and the King of Naples has sought in vain for the castle and enchanted fountain; they have not been found on earth: but if we listen to the language of the stars, and understand what they say to us every evening as they shed their soft rays, they will have told us long ago where the Castle of Life and the Fountain of Immortality is to be found.

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**DREAD PRECOCITY IN A CHILD.**—We cut, from an American exchange, the following:—"The baby is an animal; and so the child should be; and its devotion, on the whole, should be to its body. Whenever you see smart children, or studious children, or pious children, be sure that something is wrong; and do not weep if they die early. They would grow up spindling and weedy. Look out for, and hold fast by, a good rollicking baby that does not care a snap for its mind, or its soul, or its clothes, but has a keen sense of the necessity of frequent dinners and long naps, and is a true Sybarite, and is not ashamed of it." That's the truth about babies. Dread nothing so much as precocity.



## LACES AND EMBROIDERIES.

In no one article, perhaps, is female extravagance in dress carried to a greater length than in the use of elegant and costly laces and embroideries. Almost fabulous prices are sometimes paid for them. The rich laces in this country are imported principally from France and Belgium. The costliest specimens of lace are easily disposed of. Lace at twenty shillings a yard—and that but one-tenth of a yard wide—finds ready purchasers. The demand for rich laces is constantly increasing, outrunning the supply, thus appreciating the prices; and consequently the genuine article can only be worn by the wealthy.

Belgium supplies us with more laces than all the countries of Europe together, and laces of the rarest kind, finest quality, and most artistic design. In fact, lace is indigenous to Belgium, and has been so for generations. In some parts of Belgium the flowers are made separately, and then worked into the ground, while others carry on the pattern and the design together. The division of labour is very great.

The labour of washing lace is almost an art; and only the most skillful in that line are engaged in it. After washing, lace is spread out to dry on a cushioned table, and pins of a peculiar sort are run through each hole to prevent the fabric from shrinking. When very fine, or the pattern intricate, an entire day will be spent upon one yard of lace. "Mechlin" was formerly the "queen of lace," but *Point de Venise antique* now occupies the first place. It is a rare old lace, light and open, raised in some parts like embossed work, and has an air of antiquity that is highly prized. The manufacture of it is said to be entirely abandoned, and it is only found now as heirlooms in families, except when a stray specimen finds its way into market, in which case there is a great competition for its possession. The *Point de Venise antique* is seen more frequently in Italy than in any other country, for the high dignitaries of the Catholic Church have their official robes trimmed with flounces of this costly material. It finds its way into this country chiefly through the medium of travellers, who seize upon every opportunity to obtain these relics of ancient fashion.

Next in value is *Point d'Alençon*, of which it is said nearly three thousand pounds' worth was used in the outfit of the King of Algiers. It has a dingy hue, and the first idea connected with it by unsophisticated minds is that it needs washing. Fashion, however, corrects this notion. *Point de glaze* is as fine as a spider's web, and as light as thistle-down. Brussels *point d'applique* ranks very high. It is formed by sewing sprigs of the real point upon illusion or any other kind of plain lace. It is very much used for flounces, and costs from six to eight pounds per yard, five-eighths wide. It is very pure in colour, which is owing to a white powder with which it is saturated, and which it continues to retain, and obviates the necessity of

washing. Honiton lace came into fashion in 1842, and owes its present position to Queen Victoria. Commiserating the miserable condition of the lace-workers of Devon, she determined to assist them by bringing their manufacture into fashion, and in furtherance of this laudable purpose had her wedding-dress made of it. Honiton at once became the rage, and has continued popular and expensive ever since, although previously purchasers could hardly be found for it. Chantilly lace is always black, is exceedingly fine, and is much used for veils and flounces.

Our supply of the more elaborate specimens of embroideries is derived from France and Switzerland. Although the Swiss laces are really superior to the French, yet so despotically do French fabrics rule the fashionable world, that they are obliged to be sold as French.

## A YOUNG GIRL'S THOUGHTS ON HER TWENTIETH BIRTHDAY.

BY CORA LYNN.

Girlhood's sunny days are over  
With to-day;  
They, with all their wayward brightness,  
Pass away!  
Woman's earnest path before me  
Lieth straight.  
Who can tell what grief and anguish  
There await?  
Guide me, Father! God of mercy!  
On the way:  
Never from Thy Holy guidance  
Let me stray!  
Give that meet of joy or sorrow  
Pleaseth thee,  
Whatsoe'er Thy will ordaineth  
Best for me.  
In the shadow and the darkness  
Be my star,  
In the light, lest radiance dazzle,  
Go not far!  
Make me patient, kind, and gentle,  
Day by day;  
Teach me how to live more nearly  
As I pray.  
That my heart so much desireth  
Grant me still,  
If that earnest hope accordeth  
With Thy will:  
Should Thy mercy quite withhold it,  
Be Thou near.  
Let me feel I hold its promise  
All too dear.  
Here, upon life's very threshold,  
Take my heart;  
From Thy holy guidance let it  
Ne'er depart.  
When life's stormy strife is over  
Take me home,  
There to be more fully, truly  
Thine Alone!

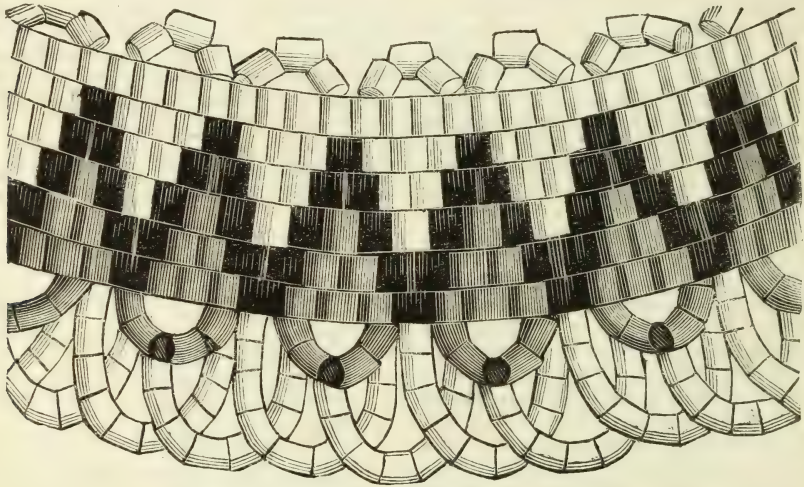
# THE WORK-TABLE.

## BORDERS FOR MATS, IN O. P. BEADS.

No. 1.—The materials required for this border are white O.P. beads, with one dark colour, and the beading cotton, No. 000, of Messrs. Walter Evans and Co., of Derby.

The engraving gives a section of the circle only. It is composed of a woven band of beads, 6 beads deep, with a single line of loops at the inner side, and a double one on the outer edge.

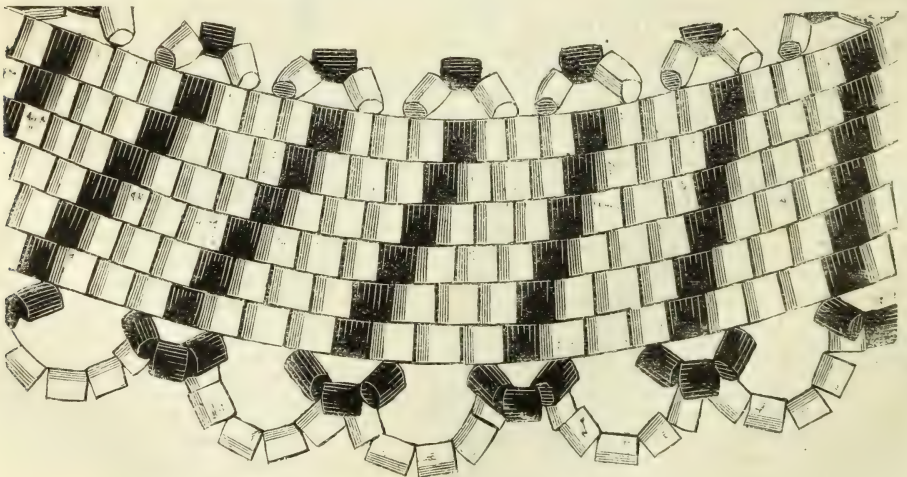
There being the same number of beads on every row of the band, the largest should be used for the outer circle. The depth of colour indicates the different kinds of beads. Care must be taken to join the threads very strongly, and so that the ends will always be concealed within a bead. The loops or fringes are added after the band is made.



No. 2.—The colours are used in this border, namely, white, and two distinct shades of amber, blue, green, or any other hue which will suit the mat it is intended to trim. A series of vandykes, of the darkest shade, divides the

white from the light colour. This band must be woven like the other, and the loops added afterwards. These borders look well with a centre of plain rich-coloured velvet.

AIGUILLETTE.





WREATH OF FLOWERS, IN BEAD-WORK.

MATERIALS:—No. 19 French Penelope Canvas, with No. 2 Crystal or Alabaster Heads, and rich green or crimson Filoselle. The Beads to be put on with Evans's Boar's Head Crochet Cotton, No. 16.



This design will be found to look very rich, either worked in beads, with a ground of fil-selle, or with a ground of beads, and done in silk. It is also adapted for either crochet or darned netting. An initial or cypher may be placed in the centre. AIGUILLETTE.

SCALE by which cotton may be selected to produce a square crochet design of any desired dimensions:—

Evans's Boar's Head Cotton.	Squares per inch.
No. 1 .. .. .	3
No. 2 .. .. .	4
No. 4 .. .. .	4½
No. 8 .. .. .	5
No. 12 .. .. .	5½
No. 14 .. .. .	6½
No. 16 .. .. .	7
No. 20 .. .. .	7½

Evans's Boar's Head Cotton.	Squares per inch.
No. 24 .. .. .	8
No. 30 .. .. .	8½
No. 36 .. .. .	9½
No. 40 .. .. .	10

In higher numbers the increase is proportionate, providing, of course, that a suitable hook is used. This table will, no doubt, be of great service to workers: it has been compiled with care. The number of stitches is obtained by multiplying the number of squares by 3, with one over. AIGUILLETTE.



## TO THE EDITOR.

MADAM,—I have been so pained by the liberal remarks made from time to time, by one journal or another, upon "intellectual women," that I trust you will spare me a little space in your valuable magazine for a brief reply to these sweeping and unjust censures. Silent contempt would, in many cases, be the only answer worth making; but when the Editor of a Review, *usually so candid*, of such high standing, and exerting such influence upon the public, as the *Critic*, deigns to take up and re-echo the cry against educated women, I think we ought at least to be heard in our own defence. In an article on the life of Sir Humphrey Davy—see *Critic* for November 20th, 1858—among many other sarcastic remarks upon literary women are the following:—

"How often, unfortunately, young men, and not seldom older ones, with a dash of poetry in their veins, either real or supposed, try to choose to marry what are called 'intellectual helpmates;' and almost invariably with an unhappy result," &c.

"How frequently such unions are observed to be childless, and how often they terminate in mutual disgust," &c., &c.

Now, in answer to the above, allow me to remind the reviewer that, even in these days of education, the number of highly cultivated women being very few in proportion to common-place ones, *those few are necessarily brought more prominently before the public; and the single intellectual woman who makes a bad wife is a thousand times more talked of than all the Mrs. Caudles of mediocrity.*

It is incompatibility of character, selfish indolence, or bad temper, and not the high or low degree of mental cultivation, that is usually the cause of conjugal unhappiness; and I apprehend as many vixens and slatterns can be found among ignorant women of all classes the world through, as amongst the unfortunate "blues," whom from time to time the conductors of first one journal, and then another, bespatter with their editorial ink. If Sir Humphrey Davy's "intellectual wife" was no comfort to him, I never heard that his brother Dr. Davy's marriage was infelicitous, yet his wife was one of a *very intellectual family*—the Fletchers.

Mrs. Fletcher, the mother, was a complete literary woman; and it was her remarkably clever letters that first attracted Mr. Fletcher's attention to her, and won his regard; and I never heard the slightest surmise that ever he had cause to repent the connexion. All her daughters were "intellectual women." Mary Fletcher is the author of a little-known, but most beautiful novel, called "Concealment;" and, though not an authoress, I always understood that Mrs. Davy was as highly endowed as her sisters, and a good wife and mother besides.

I might fill your whole number by only citing

the names of women who have been equally eminent for distinguished talent and domestic virtues. Leaving, therefore, the Arrias and the Portias, the Darciers and the Rolands, allow me to assure the editors of the *Critic*, *Athenæum*, and other periodicals who have assailed intellectual women, that *even in our own day, among living authors, there are a very great number of felicitous marriages.*

Mrs. Somerville can write treatises "On the Physical Sciences," and embroider belts for her daughters besides. Harriet Martineau quotes her as an "example that great literary acquirements and extraordinary mental powers do not prevent a woman from being an exemplary wife, mother, and mistress of a family." She speaks of her as being the "best manager of a house she ever knew; contriving to combine the most perfect elegance and comfort in her domestic arrangements, with the strict economy rendered necessary by a very limited income; as equally amiable and beloved;" and her nieces, who were my sisters' schoolfellows, always spoke of "Aunt Somerville" in the same high terms.

The Brownings, the Howitts, and numberless other instances of happy intellectual marriages might be cited also.

But there is yet another reason why, in common fairness, these tirades against highly educated women should cease.

Women, unfortunately, must *live* as well as men. There are such things as husbands and fathers dying and leaving no provision for those dear to them. There are banks that break, and railways (as I know to my cost) that pay no dividend.

From the universal spread of education, the influx into the ranks of governesses and companions renders it daily more difficult even for the *accomplished* woman to earn a maintenance during the brief time she is *able* to work; while it is wholly impossible for her to lay by, out of her small salary, a provision for sickness and old age.

The woman who is *not accomplished*, however, high her character, or great her knowledge, can rarely even obtain in exchange for her best exertions the bare shelter of a temporary home *without pay.*

People *will* avail themselves of the reduction in the price of labour that always takes place when the supply is greater than the demand. I know two ladies who are governesses in the families of Peers. One, a young girl of twenty, has twenty pounds per annum; the other, a woman of thirty, with great experience, high character and abilities, and who has a widowed mother entirely dependent upon her for support, receives only sixty, out of which she cannot, of course, save one farthing. The governess market is over-stocked. There is no opening for us in commerce, as in foreign countries—



what then are women without fortune to do? Starve? Beg? Steal?

Is it not *more honourable*, gentlemen, to cultivate our minds, and endeavour to turn the abilities we possess to some practical use? And, because we do so—because we make our talents our means of support, or because we think—and think rightly—that the Almighty, who does nothing in vain, would not give women such faculties as wit, imagination, poetical or metaphysical powers, *unless he designed his gifts to be used*—are we, therefore, to be flouted, and sneered at as “intellectual women,” and *therefore* incapable of properly fulfilling a woman’s duties, and unworthy of those ties, which, after all, constitute a woman’s only real felicity?

Intellectual women have as deep feelings as others—deeper, for the power of sympathy depends very greatly upon the low or high degree of mental organization. From my experience of life, I should say *the weakest of*

*both sexes are the most selfish and unsympathising, and therefore difficult to live with.*

It requires sound intellect to manage a house well; judiciously to regulate expenses in proportion to income and position in life, and to govern children and servants; and on these things by far the greater part of home comfort and matrimonial happiness depends: and, ordinarily, it is the *clever woman*, and *not the weak one*, who is the gentlest and most forbearing wife, the best mistress of a family, and the wisest and tenderest mother.

The several spheres of the two sexes are widely and broadly separated. The *really intellectual woman* knows her proper place in the world, and finds its duties more than sufficient to exercise all her abilities, however great; and such an one, disciplined to habits of patient toil, and thoughtful, earnest reflection, is of all others the *least likely* to neglect the sacred duties of wife and mother.—I am, Madam, yours obediently,

MARY EYRE.

## DAVID THE TRAPPER.

(A Story in Six Chapters.)

BY EMILE SOUVESTRE.

Though the sun had not long made its appearance above the horizon, the inhabitants of the small town of Franklin, on the Missouri, were already awake, and commencing the labours of the day. On every side tokens met the eye, of that industrious and regular activity which with the Americans appears to be almost as much the result of temperament as of education. Artisans, tools in hand, were repairing to the workshops; tradesmen were taking down their shutters, and the women were completing their daily task of sweeping and cleaning their doorsteps.

At the end of the principal street, and in the midst of the general activity, stood two young men motionless and unoccupied. The tallest whose disorderly dress, slipshod feet, and tangled hair were evident indications of indifference and negligence, was leaning against the wall of a house, with his hands behind his back, his mouth half-open, and his sleepy eyes turned lazily upon his companion. The latter was shorter, but of a more robust make, with a sharp glance and general air of activity about him. His whole attire was that of a pioneer, viz., a green jacket fitting close to his person, long leather gaiters, a short brown cloak, and a rifle slung behind. David Ramsay (this was the young man’s name) had, in fact, just joined a party of beaver-hunters, who were to meet this same day at Fort Osage, on the Rousga to start, for a journey to the Rocky Mountains.

Before proceeding further, however, a few words are necessary about these expeditions and their object.

The immense number of beavers that are found in the affluents of the Missouri and of the Columbia has created in the West a trade in peltries, which gives yearly occupation to many hundreds of Redskins and Europeans. The latter, known as *trappers*, on account of the traps and snares they employ to take the beavers, set out every year from one of the frontier states, under the command of a chief or head appointed by the fur companies, and proceed across the prairies as far as the Rocky Mountains. Now, David had just joined one of these adventurous parties, much to the astonishment of his friend and neighbour Jonathan, whose indolent mind was incapable of comprehending such a resolution. “So you are really determined to run all the risks of this savage life?” he asked, with a bewildered glance at David’s new costume.

“Quite determined,” replied the latter. “It offers advantages that are not to be met with elsewhere. After this first season, I am promised a small post here, and it is quite time that I thought of settling.”

“Settle! what for? Why can’t you live on quietly with your mother?”

David shook his head, and said, “My mother has reared and supported me up to this moment; it surely is but right that I in my turn should work to ensure her old age against pri-

vation? It would be a shame for a lad of my age to continue a burden on a woman whose hair is grey, and whose hand begins to tremble."

Jonathan shrugged his shoulders. "Ah! I am troubled with no such scruples," he answered, with a hoarse laugh. "Mother Jozel may bring me up to do nothing as long as ever she pleases; I shall make no opposition. It takes a fool like you, David, to go and expose oneself to all the miseries of a pioneer's life, when one is blessed with a good woman to bake your bread and sew on your buttons."

"In other words, you prefer remaining a baby all your lifetime," replied David; "but take care; yours is a dangerous road. It was never intended that we should spend our youth in idleness. Your aunt is, like my mother, growing old, and you should now work for both. Had you been wise, you would have accepted Mr. Sablette's proposal, and we should then have gone together to the hunting-ground."

"No, no," said the young man, shaking his head, "I choose to have a piece of bread to my mutton, a bed to sleep, and not to walk further than I like. Beaver-hunters have given me a fair idea of the miseries they endure in the desert, and I have no fancy to lead such a life."

"But what do you mean to do?"

"Eat out of my good aunt's platter, as I have done hitherto."

"And afterwards?"

"Afterwards—it will be quite time enough then to begin to work."

"No such thing, Jonathan: it would be easier to make a white man out of a red skin, than an industrious man out of an habitual loafer: yet I know that anything I can say falls upon your ears like empty sound, and I can only pray that God may open your eyes. And now good-bye."

"Good-bye, then, neighbour," said Jonathan, in a half-ironical tone; "you can tell me, when you return, if a buffalo's hump is as good as our pork-chops."

David waved his hand without replying, and took the road to Fort Osage. There he found Captain Sablette at the head of about two hundred adventurers, among whom were some free trappers engaged only for one season. They were easily distinguished by their swarthy complexions, while their costume and equipments were the counterparts of those of an Indian warrior. All wore their hair long, with strips of otter's skin, or various-coloured ribbons plaited on to it, and a leather blouse or shirt which came to their knees; gaiters, ornamented with ribbons, fringes, and bells, encased their legs; while their feet were shod with moccasins, embroidered with glass-beads. A scarlet blanket fell from their shoulders, and was fastened by a belt, from which hung their pistols and Indian calumet. Even their horses were covered with glass-trinkets, cockades, eagle's feathers, and streaked with vermilion or white clay.

Captain Sablette, who had already commanded several expeditions, had taken every

measure to ensure the comfort of his men. Mules, laden with merchandize, equipments, powder, and provisions, were to march in the centre of the group of trappers, every one of whom was well-armed and mounted. Some Delaware Indians, and several of a mixed race, renowned for their skill as hunters, had been added to the party. At last the leader gave the signal for departure.

For the first few days of their journey they met with solitary farms, scattered at intervals on the frontiers, the extreme outposts of civilizations. As they passed these rare abodes, the trappers never failed to utter the Indian war-cry, to which the inhabitants responded with a similar shout, and good wishes for a fortunate journey: before long, however, the last cabin disappeared, and the desert lay before them, with its intense silence, its hidden ambushes, and its formidable obstacles.

Until now the noisy gaiety of the troop had prevented all continued conversation; but the prospect which lay before them calmed down, ere long, the most obstreperous; and David was now able to turn his attention to acquiring as much knowledge as he could of the resources and dangers of the desert. He therefore assumed a place by the side of one of the oldest trappers named Peter, whose experience he had heard quoted by the captain himself, determined to seize the first opportunity of interrogating him. This the old trapper himself supplied. On seeing him approach, he turned in his saddle, and resting a hand on the croup of his horse, said, with a smile, "Well, my lad, we have said good-bye to the last of the *bacon-eaters*, and here we are in a real prairie. What do you say to such an immense plain which appears from where we are as smooth as a billiard-table?"

"We should be careful how we give an opinion on a matter of which we are ignorant," Ramsay replied, gently.

Peter smiled. "Were all as wise as you?" he continued, "we should not see so many skeletons whitening on the plain; but there set out from the establishments every year a few hundreds of fools, who come here as if it were the same affair as going to New York by the steam-packet, and who, when one talks to them of the *Sids-ki-di*, or the *Enfer-de-Coller*, actually think we mean some hotel! Look you! the desert is like the sea; in order to navigate it you must know how to trim the sails and hold the tiller."

"A science that I hope soon to acquire among my seniors," replied David.

"Very good," said the old trapper; "you are a sensible lad: I saw that at the beginning of the march. You spared your horse whilst the other fools knocked theirs up before they had even begun the journey. A trapper's horse, David, is more than his friend—it is *his sole chance* of safety. One ought to spare it as much as one's powder, and that is just the same as one's blood. It is with his horse he hunts the buffaloes; he it is who saves him from his ene-



mies, for the plains and mountains we have to cross are full of Indians, who look upon us as the usurpers of their hunting-grounds, and treat us accordingly."

"Are all the tribes equally to be feared, then?" asked David.

"No," replied the trapper: "the Black-feet, the Crows, and the Gros-ventres, are the only formidable tribes. The Nez Percés, the Têtes Plates, the Bannecks, the Shoshonnies, are their enemies, and consequently our allies. But your best Indian friend will steal your horse, and leave you to die of famine on a barren rock. So remember to keep your eyes about you, and your hand near your rifle."

Captain Sablette's party proceeded along the banks of the Nebraska, now crossing large prairies with occasional groups of willows and cotton-trees, now making their way through narrow valleys fringed by the forests of pines which covered the mountains. Occasionally the mountain goat and long-horned sheep would appear on the lower hills, watching at a respectful distance the caravan as it slowly wound along, but starting off affrighted at the least sound borne to them by the breeze. At last the steepness of the river's banks forced the trappers to abandon its course and strike into the interior. Proceeding in this new direction, they reached an immense plain, where all traces of vegetation had disappeared. Some recent convulsion seemed to have overthrown it. Huge masses of white sandstone, seemingly borne from the bowels of the earth, lay scattered over a red-coloured soil; while every instant rocks or precipices presented obstacles to arrest their progress. They were obliged to hew themselves a way, to unload and reload the mules, to take a circuitous road on the chance of its leading them in the right direction, and very frequently to retrace their steps, for no beaten path exists in these regions. Obligated to make their progress dependent on the season of the year, the strength of their party, the neighbourhood or absence of the Red-skins, the old trappers rarely traverse twice the same spot; and it would be as difficult for them to follow the same route as for a vessel to return by the track she made in going out. It suffices for them to know the various rivers, hills, and one or two valleys for rendezvous.

Sablette, in conducting his party to the Rocky Mountains, knew that they lay to the westward—this was enough: the rest depended on his own perspicacity, and, more than all, on chance.

As the party advanced, the ground rose gradually, the air became cold and dry; the horses found no food but a sort of stunted shrub, known to trappers as the desert-sage. The provisions, too, began to fail, and it became necessary to procure more. Captain Sablette, having slackened the march of the main body, despatched his best mounted trappers in search of the elks and antelopes that frequent the mountains.

David accompanied Peter in one of these expeditions, but they scoured the plateaux for a whole morning without meeting with any game

worth killing. The sun was beginning to decline, and they were disconsolately returning to the place of encampment appointed by the captain, when, while rounding a hill, Peter suddenly drew up his horse.

"What is it?" asked David.

"Redskins," murmured the old trapper.

"How do you know?"

"See."

David looked down, and saw footprints, which had very recently been made in the clayey soil.

"Some trapper has perhaps passed this way," observed David.

"He would have been on horseback," replied Peter: "and these marks have been made by mocassins. This must be a Black-foot trail, for they are the only tribe that make their war expeditions on foot—the better to hide themselves, and steal their enemies' horses with greater ease; but it must be a small party, for the footprints are not numerous. At any rate let us be on our guard, for they must be near."

While thus speaking the old trapper had dismounted, and after satisfying himself as to the direction the Redskins had taken, he placed his horse as a sort of shield between them and him, rested his rifle upon the animal's neck, and in this manner slowly and cautiously proceeded.

David, who had imitated him, followed a few paces behind. They thus skirted the hill, and entered a valley overhung with willows; but when about half-way through, Peter, whose eyes and ears were on the alert, suddenly stood still. A few paces off, in a little thicket of cotton-trees, was a large blazing fire, around which were seated a dozen Indians; and near them were fastened three horses which Peter immediately recognized by their equipments as belonging to three of Captain Sablette's trappers.

The savages were talking fast and loud, and appeared entirely engrossed in conversation. Peter and David stood for some time motionless, silently watching them; presently the old trapper turned to his companion. "It is impossible to pass them unperceived," he said; "and this is the only road by which we can hope to reach the captain's encampment to-night."

"What must we do then?" asked David.

"Our best plan would be to fall upon them suddenly, and recapture the three horses they have stolen from our companions; but to do that with any chance of success, we ought to know their exact number, and how they are armed."

"Cannot we move nearer?"

"Certainly, if you will be noiseless and prudent."

"I will try."

"First, let us hide our horses among that high grass, and then imitate me."

They led their horses into the brake, which entirely concealed them, and fastened them to a tree. The trapper then slung his rifle over his shoulders, and creeping on his hands and knees, approached, unperceived, the thicket of cotton-trees. David and he had just reached it, when

the Indians set up a loud shout. Both, believing themselves discovered, seized their rifles, but before they had shown themselves, the savages immediately surrounded a tree, at the foot of which they now perceived an Indian warrior bound. He drew himself up scornfully as his enemies approached him, and began to taunt them.

"Who is that man, and what are they going to do with him?" asked David, in a whisper.

"He is a Kansas warrior, whom they are going to torture," was the reply.

"But we must prevent them," quickly returned the young man.

"Leave the wolves to devour each other," was Peter's indifferent answer.

At this moment an Indian approached the prisoner with a red-hot ember, and laid it on his breast: the Kansas warrior did not stir, but said, with a smile of disdain, "My spirit is strong: you do not hurt me." A second savage struck him with his knife. "It is nothing," continued the impassible prisoner: "your blade does not cut!" And as the blows fell thicker, his voice rose: "I feel no pain!" he cried. "You do not know how to torture! Try again. It is not thus that we torture your men. We make them scream like infants torn from the breast! But the Black-feet are cowards; my wigwam is full of their scalps!"

As he uttered these words, a blow from a tomahawk brought him to his knees. David could no longer restrain himself. "Though my own life be the forfeit, I cannot let this poor wretch be massacred before my eyes!" he cried, grasping his rifle.

"Beware!" interrupted the trapper.

At this moment an Indian raised his tomahawk to finish the prisoner. David fired, and the savage fell.

The Blackfeet turned with a shout to the side from which the shot came, and discovered the two white men; but before they could seek shelter behind the trees a second shot brought down another warrior. All now rushed off to hide themselves in the denser wood. David ran to the Kansas warrior, unbound him, and placed him on a horse that the old trapper had hastened to bring up. Both then hurried back to where their horses were fastened, leaped into the saddle, and set off at a gallop.

All this was effected with such rapidity that the Blackfeet, taken by surprise, had no time to recover themselves, or offer any opposition; they merely sent a few shots after the retreating

white men and the rescued prisoner, which did no harm. The more than half-fainting Kansas warrior clung to the saddle from mere habit, and an instinct of self-preservation. They traversed the valley, crossed two hills, then, turning suddenly to the left, perceived, at the further extremity of the plain, Captain Sablette's camp, to which another quarter of an hour's riding brought them.

David's first care was to convey the wounded Indian to one of the fires, where an adventurer from the Mississippi, who had once been an apothecary's assistant, examined his wounds. These, though deep, were none of them mortal. The physician, for the nonce, washed them carefully, dressed them, and then announced officially that the Kansas would recover.

But what was to be done with him until his recovery? His wounds would not permit of his following the band on foot, and there was no spare horse to lend him. On the other hand, to abandon him in his present state would be inevitably to leave him at the mercy of his enemies.

Peter reminded his young companion of all these difficulties; but the latter was determined to abide the consequences of his good action, and to neglect nothing to bring it to a happy conclusion. He declared his intention of giving up his horse to Soko (this was the Indian's name), and following himself on foot; and he carried this out the following day.

Peter, who had all the prejudices of the desert, shook his head.

"You have acted like a Christian," he said, "but not like a prudent man; for gratitude is as rarely met with in an Indian, as a fat salmon in the Nebraska."\*

"Happen what may," replied Ramsay, "I shall act towards this Indian as I should wish a Red-skin to act towards me."

The old trapper shrugged his shoulders, and passed on.

The Kansas, who had listened in silence, now raised his head, and said in a feeble voice, "My brother need not be uneasy, a Kansas is not a dog. The man who saves his life is to him as the Great Spirit. If ever Soko can again handle a gun, or scalp an enemy, he will be to the pale-face, as a horse saddled for its master."

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\*The salmon which ascend the American rivers become excessively thin, from the efforts they are obliged to make to overcome the strength of the current.

## "OUR ILL-USED FRIENDS."

I have come to the conclusion that, considering all the circumstances, dreaming is decidedly one of the disagreeables of life. Of course there are now and then exceptions to this, as there are to every rule, and we do occasionally have dreams where there is nothing left to be desired; but

even in these we are sure to wake up too soon, and the sudden change from realms of gorgeous inconsistencies, and the most satisfactory improbabilities, to the stern reality of bed and blankets on a chilly night, almost cancels, in my opinion, any pleasure we may have had from the



dream itself. And then how our senses pay us off for the ills we have done them while awake, when they get the game into their own hands at night; how, after our having spurred them on to do what is beyond their powers, or reined them back from taking flights they are quite equal to, or, perhaps, kept them standing still all day long when they were ready and willing for action; they take the bit between their teeth at night, and are off like mad across the stiff country of dream-land, until they land us in the next day, scarcely refreshed, a good deal bewildered, and, altogether, not much the better for our so-called rest.

Dream-tellers, generally, are great nuisances, and ought to be put down on all occasions when they indulge in their favourite propensity; but it should be allowed now and then to people who are usually sensible and agreeable, and are not in the habit of boring society, to relate on special occasions a dream, when it is something out of the common way; and as I consider myself to belong to this class, and as my dream is a very out-of-the-way one, I claim the privilege, and anybody who does not wish to hear it, has only to pass on to the next article at once.

Various shoots and twigs from olive-trees in our square partook of a refection, consisting of tea, cakes, and jam, at my house, a few nights since, unto which they had been invited by my olive-branches. After having had what I considered a very heavy tea, the effect of which was, if possible, to make them more lively than ever, they went through so much severe physical exertion in the intricacies of blind-man's buff, and other games of a similar description, that they actually became partially quiet, and, also seemed to have a sudden taste for literature, which taste they unanimously called upon me to gratify. I, therefore, set my memory and brains to work, and, between the two, I managed to send them home full, even to repletion, with rhymes and roundelays; some of which, I fear, must have considerably hurt the feelings of certain females, who, having come much too soon for their respective charges, were consequently obliged to spend some portion of their time on my very uncomfortable hall chairs; and whose general appearance of grimness and blight made me scarcely envy the lot of those children with whom they were connected; and who, I feared, were then too young properly to appreciate the hymns and virtues of the late John Wesley.

They were all got off at last, leaving my brains in a great state of confusion, my wife with a head-ache, my drawing-room in much disorder, and my door-handles raspberry-jammy. I was not sorry when they were gone, for I had missed my usual after-dinner nap, and was therefore quite ready for bed, and I retired to my chamber prepared to sleep, and, as it afterwards proved without any "perchance" about it, to dream.

I cannot tell how it was, when it began, or how I came there, but I suddenly found that

I was First Lord of the Treasury; and that I was waiting for a Deputation, which I had appointed to meet on that day. Nothing seemed out of place; there was no novelty about my situation. I felt exactly as if I had managed public affairs for some time, and that the receiving this Deputation was one of the consequences of my high position. It was announced, and was ushered into my room. It appeared to be composed of individuals of all ages and both sexes, who remained at one end of the room, while one of their number, a man of gentlemanly appearance, stepped forward and addressed me.

"My Lord," said he, "allow me to introduce to your notice this Deputation from the World of Fiction, who wish to draw your lordship's attention to certain libels respecting themselves and others not in attendance, and which, they feel sure, from previous knowledge of your Lordship's kindness, you will do your best to deny on every opportunity you may have."

I said that in my position as head of the government, it was my duty to do all I could for my countrymen, and the present applicants' case should have every attention. He bowed most gracefully, and then referring to a paper in his hand, said: "I find Mr. Horner is the first on the list, if he will be good enough to step forward."

A small, and very fat boy came forward, and made as much of a bow as the eccentricities of his figure would allow; he then coughed in a manner highly suggestive of croup and asthma in their most aggravated forms.

The introducer said: "My Lord, owing to circumstances, Mr. Horner is unable to state his own case, and has therefore placed it in my hands. John Horner, my Lord, complains that for years there has circulated without any contradiction, an anecdote in rhyme about himself, which is extremely offensive to his perhaps over-refined feelings. I need not repeat the libel, which must be well known to your Lordship; but will go on at once to say that Mr. Horner declares that it has never been his custom to sit in a corner; and that he totally denies having made the extremely egotistical, and wholly *mal-apropos* remark that he is reported to have done on extracting a certain fruit from a certain pie. He wishes, therefore, that this may be publicly denied."

I said that I would do my best for Mr. Horner, but that I feared this libel was of so long a standing that it would take some time to circulate his denial throughout Britain.

He appeared to be satisfied with this, and having looked at me as if he wished me to consider myself bowed to, he retired.

A gentleman now came forward with a jaunty air, and having signified to the Introducer that he was quite capable of managing his own affairs, spake as follows.

"My Lord," said he, "my name is John Sprat, Esquire; and I have to complain of the constant and universal misinterpretation of some lines about myself and Mrs. Sprat, which I am sure your Lordship must know well."

I said that I knew well what he alluded to, but that I could only put one sense to it, and that the one that must be palpable to everyone.

He seemed surprised, and said : " I am much astonished, my Lord, that you, with your usual sagacity, have not discovered that the line stating that I can eat no fat, and my wife no lean, is intended to be taken as a metaphor, signifying, to use the words of your poet Tennyson, that Mrs. Sprat and myself are 'distinct in our individualities;' and the concluding and somewhat coarse simile merely means that we go through this stormy life hand-in-hand, clearing away, by mutual love and confidence, the various thorns and briars that beset our path; and thus, by each helping each, we make the desert a paradise, and the stormy ocean a silver sea."

I was so much astonished at this that I was unable to answer him; but he seemed to have accomplished his object, and retired with the air of a man perfectly satisfied with himself.

I had just time to collect my thoughts before a young man and woman rushed towards me, both speaking at once, and each endeavouring, apparently, to talk the other down. Of course it was impossible to understand them, so I signed to the Introducer to stop them, if possible, and then to speak for them. He did so after some trouble, and having conferred with them in a whisper, he said : " It appears, my Lord, that these two young people are represented in history as having shown such utter ignorance of the commonest laws of nature, that they went up a hill to fetch a pail of water. This is quite untrue; and as to the latter part of the story, if your Lordship will have the goodness to inspect the head of this gentleman, you will see that there is no mark of any kind thereon, which could scarcely be the case if he had suffered such an accident as fracture of the crown. The young lady also says that she never tumbled after anybody in the whole course of her life."

I pledged myself to see to the correction of these mistakes, and looked with some curiosity for the next speaker. A little man, with a downcast expression of countenance, hurried forward; the Introducer whispering to me as he did so, " Peter Piper." He seemed rather agitated, and said in a nervous tone, " Has it been found?"

" What?" said I.

" The pepper," said he.

" No," I replied, " I don't think it has."

" Oh!" said he, " when will this mystery be cleared up?"

" But," said I, " there is some doubt whether you picked it at all."

" It states in the most decided way," said he, " in the very first line that I did so; and, although there might be some difference of opinion about the correct meaning of the word 'pick,' the question in the second line makes it quite clear in what sense it is to be taken. No, my Lord, until that pepper is found I shall have the credit of having made away with it. But I

never did; upon my word and honour, I never did."

He appeared so sincerely distressed that I promised to put the case into the hands of Mr. Field, which seemed to comfort him very much; and having thanked me, he retired, apparently much happier.

A man in a game-keeper's dress now stepped forward; and having informed me that his name was " Bunting," he spoke as follows :

" I have come here for the sake of flatly contradicting a statement, that I hear has even got into print, to the effect that my wife and I were so utterly unprepared when our last infant arrived, that I had immediately to go out and shoot a rabbit, in order that we might wrap our tender child in the skin of that animal. Both Mrs. Bunting and myself are extremely annoyed at this, showing, as it does, a great want of parental affection; and we have to ask your Lordship, from your place in the House, to state that it is an entire fabrication; and that everything, including, of course, a robe, and the proper complement of pins, was in readiness for the arrival of our little stranger."

I could merely repeat what I had said before,—that the case should have my best attention. On looking at my watch, I found that the time was getting short; and I therefore requested the Introducer to be as quick as he could. He said " There is very little more to be done, my Lord. Mrs. Hubbard's statement will take some time, and, therefore, she must defer it until some other opportunity. There is also a mason, whose surname I do not know, but who is generally called ' Jack,' who will send your Lordship a memorial. A gentleman by the name of Thistlewaite, who was not able to be present, desired me to say that, as far as his memory served him, he could not recollect ever having thrust three thousand thistles through the thick of his thumb. An old lady, also, a resident of Banbury, has sent to say that, although owing to the liberality of her late lamented husband, she has several very fine rings on her fingers; yet, if there was nothing else, the mere difficulty of putting on her shoes over them, would effectually prevent her, however much she might desire it, from wearing bells on her toes. She says, nevertheless, that such is her desire to see a cock-horse, that she will undertake to appear at the market-cross of her native town, with bells on her toes, provided anyone will promise to come there mounted on that extremely rare animal. And now, my Lord, I wish to say one word about myself. I am the man who, on his way to St. Ives, is stated to have met with a most flagrant case of bigamy. I put it to your Lordship, if such a thing was likely to happen so near a large town, in a country where the slightest deviation from the law, allowing but one wife to a man, is visited with severe punishment?"

I said that it did appear very unlikely; but then how did he account for the circulation of the story at all? There must be some foundation for it.

He was about to explain when, to my intense



disgust and mortification, I woke up. I was extremely vexed, for I am certain the man who was going to St. Ives had a very good explanation to give of his apparently unaccountable story.

Now, I appeal to anybody if this dream, which I have recounted exactly as it happened, was an ordinary one. I believe, most thoroughly, that it was a vision sent to me expressly, that through the columns of this journal these

different stories should be universally contradicted. As far as I am concerned, no more must any children of mine expect to hear these histories; which, I confess, were to me in my childhood a source of great pleasure. If they want Fiction in my house, it must be undoubtedly founded on Fact, for never again will their father lay himself open to the chance of receiving another Deputation from the World of Fiction.

## OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

THE OXFORD MUSEUM. By Henry W. Acland, M.D., and John Ruskin, M.A.—(*Smith, Elder, & Co.*)

[As some of our readers may not be aware of what Oxford is doing for the advancement of the natural sciences, we extract the following interesting notice from the pages of the *Athenæum*]:—

The University of Oxford has distinguished itself by a bold educational movement. Partly by external pressure, partly by internal sympathetic force, "it has greatly advanced those pillars in the learned world which seemed immovable." In spite of the forebodings of many excellent persons who have a nervous dread of the unknown, the restorative effect of geology, chemistry, natural science, and languages less ancient than Greek and Latin, is beginning to be tried upon the constitution of the University. Oxford is changed for the better. The body for which Mr. Gladstone appears in Parliament is not that for which Sir Robert Inglis sat. The former gentleman does not represent the past so much as the present and the future. He is not the expression of Palæozoic Oxford—the Oxford of the insular self-existing period—but Oxford after the attrition of young and vigorous intellect—the Oxford of the later measures—demiurgic Oxford, within the compass of the telegraph and the railway, and distant only an hour and a-half from the metropolis. The time was in Oxford when to be conscious of German, or not to believe in the Ptolemaic system, was an offence against the statutes and against good manners. What undergraduate dared visit the libraries, though he was assessed for them, or ransack the MS. treasures of the Bodleian? Now and then an adventurous German lifted the veil of dust, and gained a brief sight of valuable long-buried Sanscrit or Syriac information. For what have not Germans dared? How have they not affrighted the *Dii majores* of primeval Oxford! *Nolo hanc universitatem Germanizari*, was the last famous denunciation of the old time; but like the last bard, that traditional Don has vanished. Few emblems of the ancient time remain now in Oxford. The examinations have passed away, or have other names. To be sure there are some old tests which are preserved, but only to denote

the epoch—as the Trilobites indicate the Silurian era. There still are prison-gratings to the College windows, strong bolts and locks to the ponderous College-gates; the Vice-Chancellor is still environed by a procession of pokers, still the porter keeps the gate, regardless of the signs of the times, "of foreign levy or domestic treason," intent only upon the hour of nine, the tolling of Great Tom, and the periodicity of gate-fines: Otherwise, Oxford is changed. She no longer thinks fit to exert her right in suppressing an unimportant book, or in raising a harmless Professor into an inconvenient notoriety—she leaves heterodoxy to die a natural and obscure death, and addresses herself to her proper function of circulating positive and practical truth and becoming a central light to the towns of industrial England. We have noted with pleasure the gradual extinction of the old town-and-gown feud—the urbanity of the University in sallying forth as in earlier times from its walls—and lastly, the proposal to convert the Radcliffe Library into a free library, where artizan readers shall be admitted by night—as in some good time coming we may hope to see them admitted within the walls of a National Library. The influx of a still more healthy modern element we have to record in the completion of a Museum for Science. This has long been felt a want in Oxford. A knowledge of words rather than of things was the great aim of the ancient time. Half of the pedantry of the place arose from the pride of classical lore and overbookishness. Ethics were better understood than Physics—Aristotle's "*Organon*" than his "*Physica*." It does seem strange, as Dr. Acland well puts it, that "it has taken some centuries from the epoch of Roger Bacon, followed here by Boyle, Harvey, Linacre, and Sydenham, besides nearly two hundred years of unbroken publication of the Royal Society's Transactions, to persuade this great English University to engraft, as a substantive part of the education of her youth, any knowledge of the great material design of which the Supreme Master-Worker has made us a constituent part." We have heard one university authority argue that the Ptolemaic system was more conducive to religion than the Copernican; and we learn

that not long ago a Head of a college seriously alluded in a University sermon to the "mysterious convolutions of domestic furniture." That religion has nothing to fear, but everything to hope and gain, from the increase of scientific light, is only beginning to be gradually understood at Oxford, as elsewhere. It is pleasant to observe, at the time when Cambridge is inviting Professor Owen to deliver a lecture on Comparative Anatomy, so interesting a phenomenon as the completion of a Scientific Museum in Oxford. Its ultimate success, no doubt, will depend more upon the ability and energy of the Professors, and its practical and liberal character, than upon the beauty and symmetry of its stones. Yet the outward visible fact makes us hopeful of the inward spiritual grace. Taking into account the influence which such a Museum may have in training future clergymen in principles of sanitary science, and modernizing future legislators and country gentlemen, the importance of the fact cannot be over-estimated. Still more, if, as we hope, working men are to be admitted to the lectures of the Museum: for why should not Oxford offer advantages to all, like Edinburgh or Glasgow? And what may we not hope from our highest University, when we remember that a Watt, a Ferguson, and a Livingstone have been produced from the Scotch school of science? The Oxford Museum consists of Schools of Chemistry, Natural Philosophy and Anatomy,—and is provided with suitable appendages, in the shape of lecture-rooms, laboratories, a library and reading-rooms. The large sum of 30,000*l.* was voted by the University for the object; and after public competition, the Gothic design of Messrs. Dean and Woodward was chosen as being, on the whole, most suitable for the purposes of the foundation. The sum voted allowed no margin for ornament, and barely provided the shell of the building. What was wanting, however, the munificence of many persons, illustrious from position or learning, has supplied. Her Majesty set a noble example by offering to give five of the statues with which it was proposed to adorn the corbel of the arcade. Mr. Ruskin gave 300*l.* for the decoration of the windows. Dr. Acland, one of the earliest promoters of the building, followed by eminent scientific men, gave shafts or capitals—money for inscriptions or sculptures, as their taste inclined. The undergraduates and bachelors gave statues: and even Cambridge Professors forgot their ancient rivalry, and contributed what was wanted. Not the least pleasant feature is to note among the contributors the names of some of the workmen who have been allowed to carry out their own designs. Conspicuous as contributors and workmen are a family called O'Shea, who have beautified the capitals with devices fresh and original. Thus, by a pleasant co-operation, the building has grown up a noble monument of skill, and endeavour, and social good-will. We trust it may entirely fulfil the intentions of its promoters. If it does not yet fulfil all that we should like to see carried out in a great

national building, nor reach the grandeur of a Pantheon or a Glyptothek, it expresses and embraces the modern element in its material. Sculptors, architects, workmen, University men, have done their best with the sum they had at their command. The building is such a building as Goethe supplied in the *Wanderjahre*—a great quadrangle surrounded by an open arcade. Every part is significative, and it only differs from the Goethean conception in this—that it does not open on a flower-garden, but on an avenue of trees. Occupying the great quadrangular space in the centre is a museum, which is roofed with glass, and resting upon solid cast-iron columns lengthening out into aisles. Along the spandrils of these aisles twine and intertwine wrought ironwork leaves, with flower and fruit of chesnut, or lime, or sycamore, or walnut, or palm; and in the capitals, or nestling in the trefoils of the girders, leaves of elm, of briar, of water-lily, passion-flower, ivy, or holly. The open arcade which runs round the quadrangle is the fairest and most architectural part of the building. It consists of two storeys—from the upper one the roof springs, so that both are open to the court. "In each of the arcades are seven piers, forming eight openings, and carrying eight discharging castles, within which are two lesser arches, resting on the pier; and at their junction with each other is a shaft with a capital and base." Taking the upper and lower floor, the court is surrounded by one hundred and twenty-five shafts; the number of shafts on the western or entrance side being distinct from the eastern side, which is incomplete. The geological structure of the British rocks is prettily illustrated by the pillars. The Professor of Geology will tell us what to see:

If now you will stand in the centre of the great court, and turn your eyes to the west, "*solis ad occasum*," you will see, in the lower range of the shafts, six fine examples of granite and its twin brother syenite. First, on the left, Aberdeen grey granite, surmounted by the sculptured capital of Alismaceae plants; next, Aberdeen red granite, crowned by the *Butomaceae*; then the largely porphyritic grey granite of Lamorna, with a capital of the date palm. On the other side of the entrance, stands my special column of syenite from Charnwood Forest, with the cocoa palm for its crown; then the beautiful mottled granite of Cruachan, elaborated for us by the Marquis of Breadalbane, the capital being *Pontederaceae*; and finally, the red granite of Ross in Mull, the gift of the Duke of Argyll, whose capital is *Liliaceae*."

Shafts of grey or red or mottled granite occupy the west side; on the north, calcareous rocks, the green marbles of Galway, or the red and black limestones of Cork. Turning to the east, as is proper, we face igneous rocks:—Killerton lava rock, crowned with thorny *Zamia*; Inverara porphyry, with a capital of pine or fir; St. Leven's porphyry and black serpentine, bearing on its head a tuft of yew. On the south, "English and Welsh marbles, mostly of carboniferous limestone, but including what are less commonly seen, the breccia of Mendip, and the gypsum of



Chellaston." The upper corridor follows the same order with ninety-six shafts, which still want capitals. North and east are the granites of Aberdeen, Criffel, and Cornwall—the serpentine of Galway; on the south, fronting the coeval rocks of Ireland, carboniferous Devonian limestones; while on the west are "Nottinghamshire, Derbyshire, and Somersetshire marbles; specimens of Permian limestones; in the centre granites of Jersey and Cornwall, flanked by columns of slate and shafts of lias, blue and white; marbles of Purbeck, Stamford, and Buckingham." It is on the capitals of these pillars, illustrating the Flora of England, that the workmen have been allowed to work out their own designs; and in the execution of which the O'Shea family have greatly distinguished themselves. Without entirely indorsing Mr. Ruskin's organization of labour—"men mailed and weaponed *cap-à-pie*"—"men inheriting the instincts of their craft through many generations—informed and refined; then classed according to their proud capacities in ordered companies, in which every man shall know his part and take it calmly,"—the capital of flowers satisfies us that we have workmen who, if properly trained and judiciously praised, may emulate what was done at Roslin or at Melrose, where

No herb nor floweret glistened there  
But was carved in the cloister arches as fair.

A series of sculptured portraits gives the crown to the building. These have been worthily entrusted to Mr. Thomas Woolner and Mr. Munroe, who have entered on the work with zeal, and we regret to learn, with self-sacrifice. Great Verulam, starry Galileo, Newton, Leibnitz, and Oersted, have fallen to the lot of Mr. Woolner: while the statues of Aristotle, Hippocrates, Cuvier, Davy, Watt, are either unassigned or apportioned to Mr. Munro. Statues are still wanted of Archimedes, Euclid, Pliny, Copernicus, Franklin, Herschel, Lagrange, Laplace—of Black, Dalton, Stephenson—of Bell, Harvey, Hunter, Jussieu, and Sydenham; and what to ancient Oxford dons must be a sad shock, a statue of Priestley. Anatomy occupies the north—that is, the coolest side. To the south, where there is most light, is a large and airy domicile for Chemistry, and an open area for experiments; while on the south-west are spacious lecture rooms; and on the ground-floor a laboratory, modelled from the Abbot's kitchen at Glastonbury. Our description of the Museum is complete when we have mentioned the curator's house—a beautiful example of Gothic, occupying the eastern angle. Thus the Museum is, as Professor Phillips describes it, not "a haphazard collection of pretty stones crowned by pretty flowers," but a building at once apt and expressive. The little volume which has served as our text consists of a Lecture delivered by Dr. Acland; two letters by Mr. Ruskin, and a letter of Professor Phillips, the Curator, each giving his opinion on the wants or aims of the building. Mr. Ruskin, who here appears as the advocate of the practical, praises the beauty of

the windows, hints at the healthiness of physical studies, and the probable influence of science upon the industry of the age. The general barrenness of the façade is with him a subject of complaint, and the want of ornament on the windows. He dissuades from the use of colour at present. Sculpture finds greater favour:—

As the building stands at present there is a discouraging aspect of parsimony about it. One sees that the architect has done the utmost he could with the means at his disposal, and that just at the point of reaching what was right, he has been stopped for want of funds. This is visible in almost every stone of the edifice. It separates it with broad distinctiveness from all the other buildings in the University. It may be seen at once that our other public institutions, and all our colleges—though some of them simply designed—are yet *richly* built, never pinchingly. Pieces of princely costliness, every here and there, mingle among the simplicities or severities of the student's life. What practical need, for instance, have we at Christchurch of the beautiful fan-vaulting under which we ascend to dine? We might have as easily achieved the eminence of our banquets under a plain vault. What need have the readers in the Bodleian of the ribbed traceries which decorate its external walls? Yet, which of those readers would not think that learning was insulted by their removal? And are there any of the students of Balliol devoid of gratitude for the kindly munificence of the man who gave them the beautiful sculptured brackets of their oriel window, when three massy projecting stones would have answered the purpose just as well? In these and all other regarded and pleasant portions of our colleges, we find always a wealthy and worthy completion of all appointed features, which I believe is not without strong, though untraced effect, on the minds of the younger scholars, giving them respect for the branches of learning which these buildings are intended to honour, and increasing, in a certain degree, that sense of the value and delicacy and accuracy which is the first condition of advance in those branches of learning themselves. Your museum, if you now bring it to hurried completion, will convey an impression directly the reverse of this. It will have the look of a place, not where a revered system of instruction is established, but where an unadvised experiment is being disadvantageously attempted. It is yet in your power to avoid this, and to make the edifice as noble in aspect as in function. Whatever chance there may be of failure in interior work, rich ornamentation may be given, without any chance of failure, to just that portion of the exterior which will give pleasure to every passer-by, and express the meaning of the building best to the eyes of strangers. There is, I repeat, no chance of serious failure in this external decoration, because your architect has at his command the aid of men, such as worked with the architects of past times. Not only has the art of Gothic sculpture in part remained, though that of Gothic colour has been long lost, but the unselfish—and I regret to say, in part self-sacrificing—zeal of two first-rate sculptors, Mr. Munro and Mr. Woolner, which has already given you a series of noble statues, is still at your disposal to head and systematize the efforts of inferior workmen.

The University, we understand, has not been so parsimonious as Dr. Acland would have us

believe; 60,000*l.*, and not 30,000*l.*, having been actually spent on this work. May it speed!

THE AMATEUR'S MAGAZINE. (*Piper, Stephenson, and Spence, Paternoster-row.*)—"Tom Pinch upon Architecture," in the May number of this magazine, deserves to be read, if it be only for the boldness with which he thinks and expresses his thoughts in dissent of many of the dogmas of the modern literary Dictator on this grand art and its accessories; moreover, he writes to the point and with perspicuity—rare virtues, as we too well know, in amateur-authorship. "Mannara" proceeds, and the ninth chapter is certainly the best that has appeared, notwithstanding that the improbabilities of the story—in real life—make themselves more than ever apparent; for when did a man,

since the fabulous days of Pylades and Orestes, prefer another's honour to his own? or gratitude to a benefactor over-rule love for the wife of his youth, with whom he is living respected and beloved, and whom he needlessly covers with the shadow of his felon lot, self-induced and self-accepted? Yet this perversely-told story has a degree of interest in the telling which leads the reader on to the end of it.

HANNAH LEE. By the author of "Isabel; or, Influence," &c., &c. (*London: Religious Tract Society.*)—A pleasantly-told story of humble life, excellently adapted for a Sunday-school prize-book; and which, while interesting to the young, may teach some practical lessons to their elders.

## F I N E A R T S.

### FIFTY-FIFTH EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

This unique gallery never fails to give pleasure to connoisseurs and lovers of art; and although the room is not spacious, it never looks overcrowded with pictures; which are generally hung with so much care that the juxtaposition with one does not destroy the harmony of the other.

Amongst the most attractive of these works is Burton's "Widow of Wölm." No one can look with a heart untouched at those eyelids red with weeping, and the form quivering under the pressure of anguish. As she devoutly kneels before the altar, what visions of buried hopes seem to rise before her; whilst the words—"Lord, not my will, but Thine be done!" are hovering on her lips, though the natural earthly sorrow is for a time triumphant! In contrast with the bereaved wife, kneels by her side her little girl, whose healthy innocent face looks out of the picture, unconscious of the grief that shakes her mother's soul. The draperies of both figures are wonderfully painted; particularly the bright shawl round the child's head, relieving without destroying the mournful sombreness of the whole. Mr. Burton finishes as elaborately as the self-named pre-Raphaelites; teaching them a lesson that extreme finish need have neither hardness nor a want of atmosphere. In every way this is a sublime work of genius, which, by the purity of its sentiments, will attract the uninitiated as well as the artist.

Mr. Topham has a large, and very interesting painting—"The Sizar and Ballad Singer," where Goldsmith, stealing out under the shadows of evening, listens to the singing of his own ballads, which, to keep him from starving, he had previously sold for five shillings a-piece. The figures, though dusky (it being dark), are well grouped; and in the young poet's face there

is an expression that he will rise superior to his present fortunes.

Bright and clear, the well-draped figures come out in Gilbert's admirable work, "The Banquet at Lucentio's House—"Taming the Shrew." Equally well delineated, though less interesting, is his "Sir Andrew Aguecheek writing a Challenge." "A Trumpeter," by the same artist, is full of spirit.

Joseph Nash has some capital scenes from "Don Quixote."

Margaret Gillies has some pictures of domestic life: the best is "Father and Daughter."

H. Rivière has a charming unconventional sketch of "A Wandering Minstrel;" also a signally large drawing of "An Irish Fair," containing innumerable figures characteristic of the Isle of Erin.

Frederick Taylor's "Roosting-time" is a farm-yard. You almost hear the poultry cackle!

Among the landscape-painters, Harding is still the most poetic. "The Park" is a lovely bit of true English scenery: tall green trees bending over grassy dells, and streams frolicking through stony beds."

"Declining Day," by his pupil, Collingwood Smith, is exquisite.

James Holland is unique in his Venetian scenes.

So is S. Palmer, in his glorious sunsets and powerful effects, such as Varley used to portray.

Davidson, Dodgson, Duncan, Gastinear, do not disappoint the public, but retain their well-earned fame.

Two new earnest painters are added to this list—Paul Nafte and Alfred Newton; they take Nature in her sternest and wildest aspects, and smoothe down none of her ruggedness. These are unimaginative but truthful artists, and speak straight to the heart.

None but William Hunt would have dared to



make a picture of "An Oyster Shell," and another of "A Muscle Shell;" but Genius must now and then have a vagary.

V. Bartholomew contributes two fine fruit-pictures. Sweet and juicy are the combinations of his "Grapes, Plums, and Peaches;" but we miss, this year, his gorgeous "Flowers" and dewy "Leaves," which gather admiring crowds around them.

Where is Karl Haag? Neither he nor Joseph Jenkins grace, this year, the walls of the Society.  
O. O. O.

### THE FEMALE SOCIETY OF ARTISTS.

This gallery has just closed, and Jenny Lind (who is one of the committee) gave a private concert at the gallery. She was assisted by her husband, Herr Joachim, and Signor Belliti. The place was crowded with the nobility, and the receipts amounted to above two hundred pounds, which will be reserved to carry on the expense of this interesting Institution. Lord Dudley Ward sent a cheque for twenty pounds, and an offer of his gallery for the next year's exhibition.  
O. O. O.

### THE NEW SOCIETY OF WATER-COLOURS,

53, Pall-mall.

As usual in every English exhibition of paintings, the figure-pieces bear no proportion to the number of landscapes in the gallery of this Society, which is crowded from floor to ceiling with the three hundred and sixty-four drawings it contains.

The most important of these, in point of size, is Mr. E. Courbould's "Dream of Fair Women"—a by no means happy one, in our estimation. Either his fancy has played him false, his models were not propitious, or the ideal beauty of poetry transcends in its vague charmingness the delineated beauty of the pencil; and we cannot recognize in these stark, ungracefully-*posed* figures, of which the principal looks like an Eastern dancing-woman reclining, any approximation to that "most triumphant lady" Shakespeare drew; while the rest stand about the picture with no apparent relation to it, wooden as ninepins. Nor does the richness of this artist's colouring, nor the exquisite texture of the draperies—though we can feel the thrice-piled velvet!—atone for these faults in the conception and composition of the picture.

In Mr. Courbould's "Bold and Bashful" (240), the cord with which the child holds back the fair young girl on whom the mounted cavalier turns his bold magnetic glances, is a happy idea; but the fore-arm of this latter figure is faulty in drawing, and awkward in effect.

Mr. L. Hague's most imposing picture (61) presents us with one of those civic outbreaks so frequent in the middle-ages. The scene is Louvain, and the *melée* is taking place in front

of the grand old Town Hall, the architecture of which is, as usual with this artist, beautifully reproduced; but the groups of struggling and fighting figures, full of vitality as to action, carefully costumed, and delicious in colouring, still lack emotion in the varied forcefulness which such a scene would naturally produce upon the actors in it.

Mr. Henry Warren's (13) "Peri at the flowery and trellised gate of Paradise," deserves we think to remain there. Where is the pathos of regret? Where the tears that begat them in the blue orbs of the angel-watcher at the gates of Light? She is about the least spiritual "creature of the air" that we can imagine. She is of the earth earthy, and her *pose* as little ethereal as her habiliments: and yet how charming a picture Mr. H. Warren can give us when he bends his attention earthwise! How almost sublime is "The Egyptian Night and Stilly Nile" (233), beside which pause the fugitives from the cruelty of Herod!

Mr. Vacher is profuse in "Scenes from Italy," several of which are very beautiful.

Mr. D'Egville follows in his steps; and while the one presents us with "An Aquatic Festival on the Grand Canal, in front of the Golden House" (221), the latter gives us "Fishing-boats off the Public Gardens" of the same picturesque and fascinating city (100).

Mr. Bouvier exhibits some showy, but conventional pictures of Spanish beauty. "Going to the Fiesta," by this artist, with its purple mountains, steep road, and picturesque bullock-drawn carts, and peasant men and women, is not more rich in colour than it is singular as a composition.

Of the landscapes, commend us to Mr. E. G. Warren's "Avenue Evelyn Woods" (228), with its dead, thick-strewn winter leaves coming out in every shade of red, brown, and paler russet—its sunny vista, and sheep upon the soft green slopes. The foliage is marvellous. But not less so is (87) "Lost in the Woods," in which, under the shadow of meeting boughs and thickly-tangled undergrowth, a little rosy wanderer has laid her down, and sleeps her innocent sleep. The leaves of fern and bramble and ivy are reproduced with a faithfulness to nature truly wonderful; nor is the gnarled stem of the old thorn-tree less carefully copied. But the flowers are more brilliant than those of Nature's colouring: such red May is not of English growth.

Mr. Bennett's "Trees" are beautiful, and green as ever. His "Thames at Hampton Court" is a sweet transcript of Nature, to the faithfulness of which our memory bears emphatic witness. Nor must we forget his brilliant picture, "The Tees and Mortram Tower at Sunset" (204).

Then we have Mr. Whymper's cool woodland sketches—his "Silent Pool" (76), with its margins bedded with bull-rushes and overhung with masses of rich foliage. And Mr. M'Lewen's "Views of Borrowdale, Cumberland," of which we especially notice 74—a charming picture.

In beautiful contrast and close proximity to Mr. Bennett's delicious "Junction of the Greta and Tees" (67), T. Lindsay exhibits his "Shepherd Boy and Flock reposing"—a charming study on the Aberdeen Hills, Radnorshire.

Mr. Chase gives us an exquisite interior—"Roslyn Chapel" (41); most carefully drawn, though the colour appears unnatural. This artist revels in architectural details, and his "Melrose Abbey by Moonlight," while partaking too much of the blue-green shades of Roslyn, is a beautiful and suggestive picture.

"The Fisherman's House, North Devon" (177), by J. G. Philp, is a delicious bit—a cottage embayed in rock and foliage, with the mists of the sea steeped in sunshine half-veiling the pink cliff beyond.

James Fahey's "Oxfordshire Village, with Gleaners returning" (178), is a sweetly rural bit of beautiful England.

Mr. Edward Richardson's "Boppard, on the Rhine," is a tempting picture, full of sunshine and calm.

Mr. Robins takes us to sea, and illustrates with Dutch craft the effects of "A Fresh Breeze at Dort" (251), or shows us picturesque "Fishing Boats off Bergen op Zoom."

We do not admire Mr. Sutcliff's "Experiment" (195); but "Sunlight in the Fern" (288) is deliciously rendered. We cannot say the same of his rainbow-tinted "Westwood, Nov. 5, 1858."

No one should neglect to make the acquaintance of Mr. C. H. Weigall's "Ducks and Green Peas" (338). On the second screen there is genuine comedy in the greediness of the duck, who has projected herself into the frail of peas, and is gobbling them up with an earnestness that is exceedingly ludicrous; while the state of both their crops sufficiently indicates the eagerness with which they have indulged.

The lady-members, with the exception of Mrs. Harrison, Mrs. Margetts, and Mrs. Oliver, exhibit very sparingly this year. The two former, with Mrs. Harris, are as effective as ever in their "Fruit" and "Flower" paintings.

We find, on looking over our imperfect notice, that we have failed to particularize amongst the subject-pieces, Mr. Tidey's "John Anderson my Jo," which tells its own story with so much homely tenderness and loving simplicity.

## AMUSEMENTS OF THE MONTH.

### ROYAL PRINCESS'S.

Neither "war, nor rumours of war," nor the state of commerce, nor the elections, appear to have had the slightest effect in lessening the attractions of "Henry V.," or in subtracting from the nightly phalanx of crowding, crushing, pushing pitites who, while the house is sustaining a siege in Princess-street, are forcing an entrance to the check-taker's box, where a nightly jam ensues; during which time and temper are both lost, and are only repaid and recovered when, *Chorus* entering, becalms them with the grand, rich, wonderfully-recovered voice, and grander declamation, of Mrs. Charles Kean. The freighted carriages, that extend almost the length of Oxford-street, fall in all too slowly for their expectant occupants; and the dress-circles contain scarcely a less excited and eager audience than the other parts of the house. Every night gives new spirit to the applause; and there are happy touches in the play that come with peculiar force upon the ears of the audience at this juncture. All these appearances speak well for the treasury, and we trust that this last exquisite revival may compensate, in the receipts of the house, for the vast outlay that has attended its production.

### HAYMARKET.

"Electra in a New Electric Light" still shines at this house, and with reason; for seldom has the facile pen of Mr. Frank Talfourd produced

anything so sparkling or more richly fanciful, than this burlesque of a classic legend. It is a transformation, in more ways than one; for even the outlines of the original story are rigidly adhered to. For the matricide of Orestes we have the interference of Nemesis, who causes the guilty wife of Agamemnon, and her paramour Ægisthus, to poison each other at a banquet. Moreover, wrestling-matches, and other classic divertissements, are introduced, in which M. Leclercq and his family have full opportunity to exhibit their plastic art, and *Lym* (Mr. Clarke), a cowardly gladiator, to convulse the audience at his pleasure. The scenery is marvellously beautiful, and does infinite credit to the painters and contrivers, Messrs. O'Conner and Morris; and Mr. Fenton has added a magnificent transformation-scene, "which, in an allegorical manner," to quote from the funniest and punniest of bills, "shows an entire change of Ministry and Dissolution of the House, the restoration of Orestes, a congress of the great powers of Earth, Air, and Sea, through whose mediation, it is hoped, a lasting and not dishonourable *piece* may be happily concluded." In justice to Miss Louis Leclercq (*Chrysothemis*), Miss Maria Ternan (*Orestes*), Miss Fanny Wright (*Pyladis*), and Miss Eliza Weekes (as *Electra*), we must add that these ladies enact their parts to admiration. In the meanwhile, Miss Amy Sedgwick is earning fresh laurels, as well as the author, with every performance of "The World and the Stage."



## THE ADELPHI

offers a worthy attraction to the play-going world in a charming drama, which, if not an original one (being founded on a French piece, entitled "*Perils dans la Demeure*"), yet owes so much to Mr. Tom Taylor's treatment of the dialogues, incidents, and characters, that, beyond the outline of the story, it is essentially English. All the personages are disnationalized, and nothing can be more true to society on this side of the Channel—at least to that portion of it in which government-officials of a certain kind figure—than the fashionable *Lady Helen Chetwynd*, her easy, careless, well-bred husband, and Mr. Frederick W. Farren (*Mr. Bellington*), the modern exquisite, after the last model of the type which is proper to the regions of Parliament-street and Pall-Mall. The drama is entitled "*The House and the Home*," and illustrates how, in his zeal as a legislator, *Mr. Chetwynd* (*Mr. Wigan*) neglects his home and his young wife, *Lady Helen* (*Miss Sims*), who, in consequence, is thrown very much on the attentions of *Frederick*, the official neophyte—a gentleman who, like most of his class, has considerable time to spare for flower-shows, fancy fairs, picnics, breakfasts *al fresco* on a friend's lawn, and *all that sort of thing*, so trying in the season to the manly energies of these martyrs of fashionable life. As a natural result, a serious entanglement threatens the domestic peace of the preoccupied and perfectly unconscious *Mr. Chetwynd*; *Lady Helen* becomes more and more dissatisfied with herself; more consciously interested than she feels she ought to be in the egotistical passion of *Mr. Warder*, who is actually so much in earnest as to hesitate about accepting a foreign appointment—a fact which opens his mother's (*Mrs. Wigan's*) eyes to the probability of an attachment, which she succeeds in tracing to its source; feeling almost a maternal affection for *Lady Helen*, and much true regard for *Mr. Chetwynd*, whose early love she had been. Her admirable expostulations with her son, her wise warnings and tender counsels to *Lady Helen*, and her earnest endeavours to withhold the knowledge of what is club-gossip from the unsuspecting husband, gives room for much fine acting on the part of *Mr. Wigan*, who completely filled the part, and successfully individualized the complex and difficult character. *Mr. Selby*, as a type of the superannuated fops of the Regent's school, now happily nearly or quite defunct, is very animating. Too fond of scandalous gossip to have either delicacy or reservation in his utterances, he nearly blunders out all that *Mrs. Warder* is at such pains to conceal; and when at last the trusting, kind-meaning, but absolutely forgetful husband arrives at a knowledge of the perils which threaten his domestic happiness (for *Lady Helen*, though faltering in the path of right, has not fallen), suffers most keenly; and in this delineation of quiet agony, which bears without outward exhibition the severest infelt pain, *Mr. Wigan* was most impressive; indeed, with a

little toning down of *Miss Sims's Lady Helen*, the cast is all that can be desired; and we congratulate *Mr. Webster* on having introduced a piece which promises to inaugurate a stirring character, and a healthy moral tone in the performances at this charming house.

## RÉUNION DES ARTS,

76, HARLEY STREET.

The musical doings of this *recherché* society are so independent of public opinion, in the sense of the crowd, that the press very generally ignores its very existence; and one seldom or ever reads of those charming drawing-room entertainments which draw together twice monthly through the season, the highest professional talent, and the most critical of amateur audiences.

Whatever is done here is almost certain to be well done; there is nothing questionable, even in the matter of first appearances, or new arrivals, their talents have been proved elsewhere before being endorsed by *Herr Goffrie*, whose efforts as director are as onerous as they are unflagging; and whose own eminence as a musician is so attractive a feature of the chamber-concerts of the society. When, therefore, the programme of the last *soirée musicale*, which took place on the evening of 18th ult., in addition to the performances of *Herren Goffrie*, *Gollmick*, *Schmidt*, and *Snyders*, promised a new harpist (*Mdlle. Moesner*), a new violinist (*Mon. Victor Buziau*), and three lady-vocalists, hitherto unheard at these *réunions*. We knew that the director is not one (may we be pardoned the paraphrase?) to keep the word of promise to the eye, and break it to the ear; and thus we found ourselves, after the opening quartet, by *Schuman*, for piano, violin, tenor, and violoncello, most deliciously performed by the well-known artists we have already named, listening to *Rossi's* quaintly beautiful aria "*Ah rendimi quel core*," a musical rarity, dating back to the sixteenth century; and which, in spite of the difficulties of the composition, was most expressively and felicitously sung by *Miss Binckes*, whose powerful but sweet contralto voice admirably met its requirements. We have on several occasions had the pleasure of hearing this lady, and always with increasing faith in her capabilities. Later in the evening in *Donizetti's* aria, "*Ah si barbara minaccia*," she won yet warmer applause by her brilliant style, and the careful finish of her execution.

We can scarcely say too much in praise of *Mdlle. Moesner's* playing, the effect of which is not lessened by the almost inspiration of the *artiste's* attitudes and looks. Nothing could be better adapted to exhibit her power over her charming instrument than the fantasia which she chose for her first public performance; and the *encore* which honoured it, and was gracefully responded to by the national air, was

only a natural and spontaneous result of the enthusiasm her playing awakened.

A song, by Miss Martin, was well received; and Donizetti's aria, "Oh Luci di quest anima," which occurred in the second part of the concert, was most expressively sung by Madame Faustina, the quality and power of whose voice made itself evident under the somewhat trying circumstances of a first appearance.

The very clever playing of M. V. Buziau, an exceedingly youthful artist, but who has already acquired a masterly command of his instrument, made a very charming feature in the performances; and it will be perhaps sufficient to say, that in Haydn's delicious quartet for two violins, tenor and violoncello, which was most carefully and exquisitely performed by M. Buziau and Herren Goffrie, Schmidt, and Synders. M. Buziau led.

Altogether the entertainment was a very charming one, and we congratulate the musical world of London on the advantages it offers to members; and its spirited Director on the fact of the Association having reached its ninth season under his management.

## VOCAL ASSOCIATION,

ST. JAMES'S HALL.

The last undress Concert of this Association took place on the 17th ult., when the conductor's baton fell into the hands of M. Otto Goldschmidt.

The performance consisted of a repetition of Mr. Lindsay Sloper's "Birth-day," and a miscellaneous selection, the most noticeable of which were Hatton's part-song, "I know a maiden," which was very pleasingly given by Messrs. Friend, Crump, Walton, and Holloway. A solo "Zeffiretta" (Idomenio), Mozart, by a very promising *débütante*, Miss Eleanor Wilkinson, followed, and met with the honour of an *encore*. This lady's full, fresh, fluent voice, with careful training, which it evidently wants, will prove a valuable addition to our rapidly increasing list of lady vocalists.

The gem of the evening, admirably given by members of the Vocal Association, was Benedict's part-song, for male and female voices, "The Warbler of the Forest," than which we have rarely heard anything more fresh, quaint, and original. Mendelssohn's "Departure" closed the Concert, with a sweetness of its own.

The dress Concert of the 25th ult. was, unfortunately, a day too late for notice in the current number of our magazine; we reserve,

therefore, for the next part, our impressions of the evening's entertainment.

## BURFORD'S PANORAMA,

LEICESTER-SQUARE.

Messrs. Burford and Selous' pictures have so frequently been the subject of our praise, and each after its kind has been so perfect, that we scarcely know how to convince our readers that the present pictures yet surpass in artistic finish and beauty those that have hitherto appeared. The view of Benares from one end to the other, with the sacred Ganges flowing past—a wonder of simulative art in itself—thronged with strange-looking merchant-craft, with cargoes of luscious fruits upon deck, and pleasure-boats moving to and fro between them; here an alligator lifts his oblong jaws above the stream, there float wreaths of votive flowers; and, laid upon its raft of reeds, a corpse glides to the sea. Upon the ghauts, or steps, which here and there line the shore, are crowds of worshippers bathing in the consecrated river; while behind rise the picturesque native buildings, mingled with several European ones, among which appear the strange conical Hindoo Temples, marble Mosques, and slender minaret, interspersed with trees, and with portions of the rock on which the city stands cropping out here and there; the last object of attraction being the beautiful Mosque of Aurungzebe. The view is taken from the river, so that the whole city is taken in; and certainly, both in point of composition, as well as colouring and execution, it makes a most beautiful as well as interesting picture. Passing from Benares to Canton, save for the extraordinary and multitudinous assemblage of mud hovels, which constitutes the Spitalfields portion of the celestial city, we might fancy ourselves gazing at an elongated range of Surrey hills—the verdure of the country, the softness of the landscape, could we shut out the tall, strange, unfamiliar forms of the cotton tree, and the submerged paddy-fields, is almost England in outline. The view is taken from the Magazine Hill, on the north of the city, and exhibits Gough's Hill and our military position. In the distance is seen the remarkable building called the Nine-storey Pagoda, which is said to be nineteen centuries old. The "Swiss Alps"—the picture of which is exhibited in the smaller circle—in all probability our readers are acquainted with; if not, it will well repay a visit. As a painting, it is worth the price of admission; while to those who have visited those picturesque regions, or desire to acquaint themselves with this wildly beautiful expanse of lake and mountain, no panoramic painting we have ever seen approaches, in fidelity and artistic finish, Messrs. Burford and Selous' view of it.



## THE TOILET.

(Especially from Paris.)

FIRST FIGURE.—*Young Lady's Toilet*.—Silk frock of a small blue check pattern, made with a double skirt, ornamented with plaited ribbon of the same shade as the dress. These trimmings may be made of the material, but the effect is not nearly so good. The body, which is made low, is plaited flat, and finished with a narrow *bertha*, round behind and crossing before, edged with a corresponding plaiting. Wide sleeves, plaited at the top and trimmed *en suite*. Straw hat ornamented with flowers. Embroidered under-sleeves, and habit-shirt. White silk marquis parasol. Swedish gloves. Velvet bracelets.

SECOND FIGURE.—*Toilet for a little Girl of Eight Years Old*.—Lilac silk frock, having a double skirt, and ornamented with *ruches* of narrow ribbon of a colour to match. The sleeves are open, and puffed on the shoulder. Nansook collar and under-sleeves. Embroidered under-skirt and trowsers. On the head a silk net ornamented with jet.

THIRD FIGURE.—Grey robe of a checked pattern, having three flounces, edged with a *biais* piece of plain grey silk; body round, and high. Sleeves wide, with a puff above, and two rows of trimming. A jacket *pardessus*, made of black silk, with jet ornaments. Pink crape bonnet, trimmed with apple-blossom. Under-sleeves, a wide puff, set into a band of insertion. *Guipure* collar. Green silk marquis parasol.

Amongst the novelties of the present season, I must especially notice *La Robe Dinorah*. It is composed of black *moire antique*, with violet *bandeaux*. The sleeves are delicious: they consist of a *bandeau* of violet, which describes an epaulette, and retains the sleeve by a half-bracelet placed in front of the arm. Another is the *Robe à nœuds Louis XV.*, style *Pompadour*, but of a single colour. The one I am describing is of *taffetas antique vert œillet*. Two wide *bandeaux* of ribbon, of the same shade as the robe, escape from the waist, and fall on the skirt with a graceful carelessness a little below the knee. On each side of the *jupe* the *bandeau* is transformed into a splendid *nœud*, coquettishly expanded. The *corsage* is garnished with knots of ribbon, diminutive, of course, to those which ornament the skirt. The sleeves, which are caught up in front of the arm with a corresponding *nœud* of ribbon, are made with a knot disposed in the form of an epaulette; but only a pencil could give you an idea of its elegant *pose*, and fresh and pretty effect. This same robe (*à nœuds Louis XV.*) is ex-

quisite in violet *taffetas de Parme*: the *bandeaux* and the knots should then be of Chantilly lace. This robe is to be the livery of her Majesty the Empress.

We have had a grand revolution in *confections*. First amongst them comes the *houppelande Louis XV.*, in black *taffetas antique*, lined with white *taffetas*. It is entirely trimmed with *guipure*, supported with nail-like ornaments of jet.

Then come shawls of *taffetas* and of *grenadine*, some of these bordered with lace; the new *mantelets* of black silk, covered with *guipure*, made exactly the shape of the *taffetas*, and composed expressly on their model; a *basquine indienne*, cut into seven points, filled up between them with *volants* of lace; a *mantelet marquis*, of *mauve* and white *taffetas*, and covered with English Chantilly lace; the *paletots* with sleeves, simple and elegant.

A word about new fabrics, in the meanwhile. A series of fancy tissues under the name of *Orientalines*, have appeared, which offer a very happy selection. Embroidered *grenadines de laine* will also be worn, and *grenadines Cottpoly* of two shades.

Very simple robes are more the order of the day than those magnificent ones which exact a corresponding luxury of the *entourage* to complete them. The month of May brings us *fêtes champêtres*, and the simplicity of the country, to meet which we have especial fabrics—*coutils de laine*, *coutils de soie*, *coutils* of cambric, the robes of a pure shade of grey, with detached bouquets—whole gardens scattered over foundations of every colour, a thousand shades of rayed and checked silks, besides *jaconets*, *organdi*, muslins, gauzes, and an infinite number of new *barèges*. You know already that the shades of the day are *mauve* of three or four very soft tints, *fleur de pêcher* and blue of the Alps, which is the corresponding shade to *vert œillet*.

A word about bonnets must terminate this long *causerie*. Of the models I have seen I recommend chapeau of rice straw with a *bandeau* of peach flowers in the interior, and a crown of the same flowers *posé sur le fond*. A chapeau of Belgian sewed straw, with bouquets of large daisies retained by a bow of white *taffetas*. *Capotes* of white tulle and of crape, are also the vogue and all, are ornamented with flowers.

## PASSING EVENTS RE-EDITED.

Amongst the many efforts that are being made to suggest habits of economy, to awaken self-respect, to let light in on the importance of common things—to teach, and generally improve the condition of the industrial classes—I think that department of the Polytechnic known as the Economic Museum, which has recently been opened there, through the personal efforts, and for the most part at the personal expense of T. Twining, Esq., deserving of especial attention.

The collection is devoted to the furtherance of these objects, and consists of specimens, or models of houses, furniture, substances used for food, textile fabrics, clothing; in brief, every article of daily use in humble homes, or that might be introduced with advantage to them.

Benevolent ladies who are in the habit of visiting such neighbourhoods as Spitalfields, Baldwin's Gardens, and the various lanes and alleys known in their several localities as Pleasant Row, Prospect Place, Green Lane, Rose

Alley, &c., &c.—sylvan vocables which, if they ever were proper names, are only so in an ironical sense now—airless, sunless, fever-haunted districts; to which, however, that gigantic tax, house-rent in London, confines the majority of the working-classes—such ladies will best understand the philanthropy expressed in this department of the Regent Street Institution; and why pots and pans, economical furniture, classified fabrics for clothing, and cheap and nutritious articles of food, as well as all the other domestic appliances collected there, deserve especial notice at our hands. How much is suggested in the following passage from Chatterton's "Revelations of Prison Life!" "The very last time," he observes, "that I conversed with the late honoured Mrs. Fry upon this subject, when sickness was leaving sad traces upon her countenance, she besought me, with unwonted earnestness, to lose no opportunity of impressing upon those in authority the necessity for improving the habitations of the poor in London, and in populous towns."

The lady members of that wise and useful association, the Society for the diffusion of Sanitary Knowledge, will not only join in this prayer whenever the opportunity offers; but as personal experience will have shown them how much these habitations may be improved by a proper adaptation of the size, form, and quantity of the furniture of the scanty space—the one or two rooms at most, in which the British workman generally is compelled to bring up his family, without reference to numbers. Many precious hints for such amendments may be gained by a visit to this town copy on a small scale of the Economic department of the South Kensington Museum, not only in the article of furniture, but also in the economising of fuel, and the preparation of food. Here are fire-grates with fire lump backs, which are made to burn but a small quantity of fuel, while they throw out a large amount of heat. Articles of daily use, such as cups and saucers, plates, &c., made of tin or iron, enamelled, and constituted to last a life-time; culinary utensils also, by means of which, without loss of time, and with any piece of wholesome meat, no matter how inferior the part, a humble housewife may provide her husband and children with a really comfortable and nutritious dinner. One of these, a tin

kettle without a spout, but with a band of tin and a padlock to fasten down the lid, and so prevent the steam from escaping, and the contents from being meddled with—a comparatively small piece of meat placed in this so-called digester, with plenty of vegetables, or potatoes only, or rice, with such seasoning as she could afford, and sufficient water to cover the whole, if set on her fire after breakfast, or sent to the bakehouse, would be properly cooked by dinner time, and turn out a savoury and comical meal. But the most curiously economical contrivance for cooking a poor man's dinner, without trenching on the housewife's time, is contained in a humble little square deal box, which may be pushed modestly aside and left to perform its warranted functions. This contains a tin kettle, also of the digester species; and is said to be as efficacious in the preparation of food, which, after having been placed in it, requires to be made boil for a few minutes, when the kettle is removed from the fire and packed away in the box with a quantity of hay packed closely round it; the lid is then fastened down, and the heat having no means of evaporating, cooks the contents in the most unobtrusive manner, without fuel, or fear of fire if children be left at home.

This invention is not less important to emigrants and bachelor artisans than to poor men's wives; because, with the aid of such culinary ministrants the preparations of the noontide meal goes on independent of service of eye or hand, and is ready dressed by the dumb servants of science for human feeders.

We shall be glad if the notice of our readers be led to this *dépôt* of utilities for humble homes. Every information will be given them by the intelligent curator; and, surely, if the places in which people live affect their lives physically and morally, so essentially do their surrounding the order or disorder, the crowded or empty squalor of their homes, and the description of their food, and not less so, its mode of preparation. If our lady-readers could persuade their poor clients to take an interest in these things, and be taught that comfort may be had even more cheaply than its contrast, they will effect a practical good, more lasting than present help or promiscuous acts of charity.

C. A. W.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*Correspondents* not answered by post, will please to refer to this page for replies to their various inquiries.

All communications requiring private answers must contain a stamped envelope and address. In future no invidious exceptions will be made to this rule, which the increase of correspondence renders imperative.

POETRY *accepted*, with thanks: "The Departed;" "Mountain Shadows;" "Lost at Sea."

PROSE *declined*: "Rural Realities." The specimen subject is by no means a tempting one: we fear the series would scarcely suit.

"A Voice from the Grave."—We have twice answered this applicant. We did not receive the MS.



## MAY MERYTON.

"O sorrow!

Why dost borrow

The natural hue of health from vermeil lips?"

KEATS.

"She is starving."

"Then, let her starve."

"She is absolutely destitute. He has deserted her again. Oh, mother, have you no pity?—no mercy? Let her come here. She shall not trouble you. You shall neither see nor hear her, nor know that she is here."

"She darkens my doors at her peril."

"Then, send her some money. You can spare it."

"Not one farthing."

"May I read her letter to you?"

"Give it to me."

The daughter advanced from the door by which she had been standing, and gave the letter into the trembling hands of the old lady, who, without looking at it, tore it across and across, and threw it on the floor.

"Oh, mother, mother! may God have more mercy on you than you have on this poor creature. May God forgive you."

Her eyes streamed forth sudden tears. You could hear them drop upon her dress, but the weeping caused no other sound—no sobbings nor sighings, nor catchings of the breath. There was no spasm of the face, scarcely any change in the voice. She lingered a moment, then opened the door noiselessly, and went.

The mother, propped on her sofa, turned with difficulty, just catching sight of the closing door. She was paralyzed, unable to move from the place where she lay without assistance; was carried from her bed (in the same room, behind yonder curtain) to the sofa, every morning, and back again at night. The partial use of her twitching hands still remained to her; the full use of her strong coarse intellect, of her merciless will, of her unchangeable hates.

"The *strumpet*!" she muttered, giving bitterest emphasis to the bitter word.

Outside the door the daughter paused. Her streaming tears had ceased as suddenly as

they had commenced, like the drops that fall in the lulls of a thunder-storm.

"What shall I do?" she said, pausing; speaking the words, not in a passionate, despairing manner, but quietly, as a person used to deciding without help under difficulties and sorrows.

She mounted the stairs, turned into a passage, and opened a door.

A little boy ran to her, and put his hand in hers, looking up wistfully into her face.

She placed her finger on her lips, enforcing silence.

"Has she read my letter? Will she see me? Will she help me? Will she save my boy from starving?" cried a haggard-looking woman, starting from her chair beside the fire. "Oh, May, tell me, is there any hope?—is there any forgiveness in her?"

May shook her head sadly. "Do not be impatient, dear," she said. "Our mother is not quickly moved, you know."

"*Mother!*" interrupted the other; "no mother of mine. She always hated me: I hate her."

"Stop!" May said, authoritatively. "She is not your mother, Kate; but remember that she is mine. Not one word against her."

"What are we to do, May? What are we to do?" (wringing her thin hands).

"You must stay here—for the present, at all events."

"Stay here, in hiding! in this house too! stealing our very bread from her—our bitterest enemy!"

"People are their own worst enemies," said May. "It is not you that steal: it is I, Kate. You must stay here until I can arrange better for you. Have you no notion where your husband is?" she continued, as she sat down, and took the boy upon her lap. "Is there no friend of his you could write to? His lawyer—any

business connexion? Surely, some one knows where he is to be found."

"Write to him?" cried Kate. "Do you know," she hissed out, "that before he went he raised his hand against me? He struck me!"

"Hush! For shame! before the child," said May.

The boy began to cry bitterly upon May's bosom.

"Tell me where I can direct, with any chance of finding him, and I will write to him," she continued. "I *might* do some good. I *might*."

"You write to him?" said the other, with a little miserable laugh, sad to hear. "You write to him?"

"Are you jealous of me still, Kate?" May returned, curling her lip in scorn. "Well, think of it. I must go now to our mother. Is there anything I can do for you before I go?"

"Oh, do not leave me, May dear! please do not go! My troubles drive me mad when I am alone."

"I cannot stay. My first duty lies by my mother's bed. There are books; read. There is Shakespeare. He has done me good in sorrow before now. There is a better Book still; read that."

"I cannot read, with my mind in this state. Sorrow! what sorrow have you ever known?"

"I?—Take your boy on your lap then, if books will not serve you. In my sorrow I had no live thing—no other self to turn to."

She put the child on his mother's lap, kissed her forehead—kissed it again, and left the room.

To hear these two pretty names bandied between them—what a mockery it seemed! Kate and May—names that bring with them pictures of young girls in their first happy beauty; young girls who, as yet, do not know the existence of sorrow; whose thoughts are of innocent, guileless love, true and lasting. Kate and May, under the apple-blossoms, talking of their boy-lovers; Kate and May singing a two-part spring song; Kate and May listening to the nightingale, and growing pale with mimic sentiment under the pale moon. The names last when all that seemed to be the essence of them has faded away. "Airy, fairy Lilian" becomes staid and sad, slow of foot, and dim of eye; all her "silver-treble laughter" dies into harsh discords. Latin *Lydias* grow old; and the same name suggests love or loathing, infinite delight or infinite sadness.

May Meryton and her half-sister Kate—Meryton by birth, Blunden by marriage—had passed those happy days when their pretty names seemed suited to them. This haggard, thin woman, on whose form and face want had stamped its gaunt, wolfish outlines, who sat crying passionately over her child, clasping it to her meagre breast with feeble, feverish hands, had been but a few years ago the prettiest of village belles; coquettish, charming, such a picture as would rise ever after at the sound of "Kate" to those who had then known her. Her dark hair was grizzled and uncared for, her forehead furrowed, her fever-flushed cheeks

channelled as if by constant tears. She seemed to have forgotten her beauty—beauty, which women cease to remember only when they are utterly hopeless. Her pretty, self-willed temper, so bewitching in her girlhood, had hardened into querulousness most unlovely.

It is a sad story I have to tell, and so let any young Kate or May, who happens to glance over these pages, pass it by. Shadows of sin and sorrow are not good for all, in this beautiful spring time; though to some they may suggest beneficially how summer-storms, great or small, never fail to come in due season; how the leaves, now so fresh and bright, will fall from the trees one by one.

Mrs. Meryton, the stern-hearted woman, lying paralyzed on the sofa in that room whence she never comes forth; married, years ago, a widower with one child, Kate. The match was, I suppose, a love-match on her side (little as she seems capable of any gentle feelings now); for she was rich, and her husband was poor, so that all worldly advantages arising from the match were his. One child was born to them—May; and soon after the husband died. Thus it came to pass that Mrs. Meryton was left to bring up these two children—her step-daughter Kate, her daughter May, while they were both very young. She did her duty by them impartially, acting from a sense of rigid justice, which was at the root of her character, being equally kind and liberal to both, though demonstrative to neither. Kate was undeniably the most beautiful. May was the most amiable, and pretty too. She had brown hair, rosy bright complexion, and trustful, honest grey eyes. In disposition she was remarkable for the quiet depth of her affections, and for a simple, deep trustfulness in others, sure to bring sorrow upon her in after-life. Kate was self-willed, jealous, saucy—foibles so pretty in a pretty girl, so intolerable when beauty is wanting. Of course it was known in the neighbourhood that Kate had little or no fortune, while May was heiress to her mother. "What a pity," thought many, allured by Kate's flashing eyes and bewitching coquetries, "that Kate is not the heiress." However, in due time a lover paid his addresses to May Meryton, and was accepted as such, though there was no absolute engagement between the lovers, May being as yet so young. This lover's name was Michael Blunden. He was much older than May, strikingly handsome, of winning manners, and good talents. He had been a little wild in his very young days, but his conduct now, and his promises were unimpeachable. May grew to love him, to trust him, to identify her every feeling with him, until her whole heart, down to its earnest depths, was his. Never was girl happier.

Meantime Kate manifested daily more and more a certain jealousy and envy of May's happiness. By three or four years the elder, she as yet had no declared lover, though she had admirers enough, with whom she coquetted turn by turn. She grew restless and uneasy, petulant, ill, unhappy. Blunden watched her



narrowly out of his soft dark eyes, and smiled a beautiful, evil smile.

Kate had conceived a love for this handsome Michael Blunden. He admired her; saw that there was more of beauty in her than in May. His eyes began to speak a language to hers such as he spoke only with his tongue to poor trustful May. He, like others, began to think "what a pity that Kate is not the heiress!" His admiration of her increased into a passion uncontrollable. What he intended to do, I cannot say. Whether he thought at all of what he was doing, or was wholly hurried away by blind impulses; how far he was tempted, how far he was tempter, I cannot say.

Suddenly there was a discovery, terrible to all. Brand of shame on Kate; brand of most villainous dishonour on Blunden; brand of woe unspeakable on May. Kate fled with Blunden. They were married secretly after a time. Their first child died. Mrs. Meryton was struck down by paralysis on the day of that discovery.

This is the story of the past.

Sorrow, if rightly seen, is not the least of the blessings vouchsafed to us in this world. Joy or sorrow, pleasure or pain, leisure or labour—each is blessing or curse, according as we use it. "What will he do with it?" writes a great novelist; and in that form of words lies a whole system of life-philosophy. Not on circumstances themselves, so much as on the use or abuse we make of these same circumstances, does good or evil, happiness or misery depend.

May Meryton bore this heavy blow bravely and well, even from the first. The successive stages were to be gone through—the dumb sense of unreasoning pain, then the questioning "wherefore?" (terrible quicksand wherein so many are swallowed up); then the deep darkness and chillness heralding dawn; and, at length, the dawn itself—felt, and acknowledged humbly and thankfully to be that end for which the night, as a means, had fallen. Through these stages May passed, suffering much mute pain, raising blind eyes to a blotted-out heaven, hiding bruised heart helplessly under covert of the blackness of darkness. She left her youth and beauty behind her in this Valley-of-the-Shadow-of-Death, coming out of it pale and thin, sunken-eyed, stern-mouthed; and yet having a youth and beauty better than the old, youth and beauty imperishable. We see such women as she became—we happy girls and boys—and sneer at them as old maids, wondering at their husky voices, and their lightless eyes, and their dull complexions, not knowing of the bitter bread they have eaten, of the bitter waters they have drunk. Absurd that such a person should be called "May!"

By the paralytic stroke which struck down her mother, May's grief was divided. It was good for her. There is infinite good in all these seeming ills, could we but see it. I think if there had been nothing to rouse her, nothing to take her attention from those heart-wounds, she would have died. Thus Mrs. Meryton's affliction saved her daughter's life, preserving

that daughter, her sole comfort, to her. How foolishly we write! Always trying to "justify the ways of God to man!" Let us keep silence about these matters.

May awoke from this nightmare-woe, into which her golden girl-dreams had deepened, to reality. Not the reality, my dear practical friend, that you prate about,—that love and poetry, and that sort of thing, are all *enfantillages*; that feelings and emotions, other than the omnivorous, are weaknesses to be "preached down;" that the world is prosaic, material, and that the chief wisdom of life, youthful follies being over, is to take this hard world as it is, and assimilate oneself thereto. These, it strikes me, are "evil dreams," not more unbeautiful than fabulous. May awoke to another sort of wisdom and theory of life. Her trustfulness, outraged, became only the stronger; her love, dead and uprooted, only taught her more the truth and beauty of love; she learned from human wickedness and falseness that grand lesson that the human affections are the wisest guides through this world (though they be sometimes astray), leading upwards to other worlds, where omnivorousness and materialism find no resting-place for their slow feet. She learned to recognise those past girl-dreams as foreshadowings, presaging visions, of this real, earnest life, initial to it, as also to a life still more real and more earnest beyond.

The duty that lay nearest to her she performed. Her former craving for exclusive, individual love marvellously changed itself into this sense of *duty*. Quietly she sat down in that prison-room, devoting her life thankfully and lovingly to tending her stern, unsympathetic mother—her life, which was to have been so beautiful, so full of rapturous passion, so full of placid wifely and motherly happiness. And she did this with no under-current of repining, with no thought that it was praiseworthy. I think if we could hear her at her prayers, we should hear thanks that her path of duty had been so clearly set before her, that this great blessing had been granted to her.

This nearest duty of the sick-room performed, there was little opportunity or time to seek duties elsewhere; and yet she managed to do some good to the poor, to the sick, to the sinful, in the neighbourhood around. She had little money to give, though an heiress; but she had large store of pity, and sympathy, and kindness. Knowing sorrow herself, she could feel the sorrow of others; having been sinned against so deeply, she knew how and when to warn against sin; having forgiven, she could pity while she warned.

And yet it must be confessed that this woman was of unprepossessing exterior. Her speech was curt and blunt, her manner cold and almost repulsive. She had little mobility of expression; her smiles and tears did not come readily. She had no eloquence of words; no vivacity of action. With the gay and thoughtless she was not a favourite; they accused her of her quiet sadness as of a crime, and said it was wicked of

her not to be more cheerful. The poor mostly liked her, although she did not give them much in coin; and children, looking up into her grey eyes, clung to her instinctively. The doctor—a middle-aged bachelor, tart and shrewd, who came night and morning to move the invalid from sofa to bed and from bed to sofa—as-severated she was an angel; and people said, jestingly, he was in love with her—a notion too preposterous to be seriously held.

Meanwhile, Kate and her husband dragged on a wretched life: now together; now separated: now in momentary affluence; now miserably poor. He was a rogue in grain, this handsome specious Michael Blunden—a blackleg among men, a villain among women. He soon ceased to love his wife, and did not scruple to execrate her as the means whereby he had lost the heiress. She loved him still—as women will; loved him the more, I think, the more cruel and faithless and brutish he grew. Kate wrote for assistance to her old home again and again. Mrs. Meryton would never read or hear the letters. May did what she could; wrote in return, sympathizing, cheering, never reproaching by a word; sending money out of her private pittance, until her mother discovered this and the pittance ceased.

Which is the worse—one great woe, which prostrates by a thunder-stroke? or a life of continuous minor troubles? We recover from the thunder-stroke, maimed perhaps, but painless; we get used to the daily troubles, and sorrow becomes as the air we breathe. Which is the worse—the intensity of the one, or the continuity of the other? Kate, of a lighter nature, had not the capacity of suffering that May had; her griefs tore up her surface-temperaments into sharp angry jagged waves, vexing the depths but little. Earthquakes hurl seas upon their continents, or swallow them up, never to return to their old beds; when the winds lull for a moment, the foaming waves grow smooth. Kate not only forgave but forgot Michael's faithlessness when he came back to her; his return was always a renewing of her first love—a love not very pure, not very deep, much soiled and deformed with the dirt of materialism. When money poured in from some successful gambling transaction, Kate forgot the preceding poverty; relished the costly dainties, ruffled in the glittering plumes, giving no thought to yesterday, no thought to the morrow. She forgot even that first shame. She *forgot*; there lay the fault. Sorrow had taught her no wisdom; sin no repentance. The past was as much a blank as the future "*Forgive and forget*," we say: while they are direct opposites. Sterne's Recording Angel blotting out an error with a tear, in that tear encrystallizes the remembrance for ever.

\* \* \* \* \*

Years rolled on. . . . One night Kate—ragged, foot-sore, hungry, ill—crawled, with her boy, up the garden of her old home, and begged at the servants' door to see May. This was two nights before the conversation above recorded took place. Her husband had again de-

serted her, quarrelled with and struck her, before he had gone—gone she did not know whither. He had left her almost destitute. Where to take refuge? She carried into operation a plan which had crossed her mind under like circumstances before, and made her way home. She had lost clear remembrance of her stepmother's relentless sternness, and felt sure that she would meet with compassion and forgiveness. May received her into the house—what else could she do?—but as yet said no word to her mother, hoping against hope to win her over to consent by slow degrees. Thus Mrs. Meryton, in her sick prison-room, did not know that this hated step-daughter was under her roof.

It was a matter full of difficulties for May. She felt, probably, some compunction at the deception she was obliged to practise; but this was less than it would have been had she been younger and of a more tender conscience. She was not faultless; she only acted as she judged to be best, and doubtless her judgment was not invariably right: how far she was wrong in this instance let others decide. She accepted circumstances as they came, always looking to find in them a Divine purpose: looking for this, perhaps too earnestly, as is the way of those who have learned to acknowledge a blessing in sorrow. She acted as she honestly saw to be best according to the light she had. In this case the choice lay between turning her sister from the door to starve, and disobeying and deceiving her mother. She chose the latter; chose it, I think, more readily because the burden fell thus on her own shoulders.

Mrs. Blunden was ill when she arrived. Meagre diet, unwonted fatigue, excitement of grief, passion, fear, and anxiety had worn down her feeble body to an extreme of weakness. A low intermittent fever preyed upon her, destroyed her appetite, fretted away her strength shade by shade. If she had still been friendless—had been forced to exert herself to gain daily bread for her child and herself—she would not thus have given way; but now, having May to trust to and to advise with, having no pressing urgent wants to supply, or troubles to bear, her fortitude failed, her powers of resistance slackened, and the reaction came on. She took to her bed, and it became more and more evident to May that this exhaustion of system was dangerous.

One evening, as Mr. Gerard, the doctor, was leaving, after having performed his accustomed kindly offices, she followed him from the room, and detained him in the hall.

"Sir," she said, in her usual calm manner, "I must trust in you. There is a person in the house of whose presence my mother does not know—this person is ill. You must come and see her. Follow me, and please walk gently."

As he mounted the stairs after her, he remonstrated in a paternal manner, which his long intercourse with her justified—"A person of whose presence Mrs. Meryton does not know? What is all this, Miss May? Have you secrets?"



She did not answer, but led the way to the room where Mrs. Blunden lay. Leaving him outside for a moment, she entered, found Kate in a half stupor, and then returned and admitted him.

"Good Heaven!" he cried, when he had felt the patient's pulse, and noted her wasted haggard features, "why did you not let me see her before?"

"Is she so *very* ill?"

He shook his head.

"May," murmured Kate, rousing, "give me water. My throat is dry—dry."

She caught sight of the doctor, and started up, screaming—"Not Michael?—My husband, my husband!"

Mr. Gerard soothed her. He recognized her, not so much by the face and voice—they were so altered—but by the name Michael; for he remembered the old story.

When he and May left the room, he reverently raised her hand to his lips. "God bless you, May!" he said.

"She will not die, sir?" she asked.

"We will do all that is possible to save her. She is fearfully weak. Cannot you tell Mrs. Meryton? You *must* tell her. It is impossible to keep it secret. Let me break the ice to-morrow?"

"She must not be told yet; and if the necessity comes, I will tell her myself," May answered, ungraciously.

"You know I am ready to do anything for you. Use me."

"I will, if I need help."

\* \* \* \* \*

Kate grew weaker and weaker. The fever clung to her fading body like a wolf. May stayed with her as much as she could; but it was little time she could spare from her mother's side. Often at night, when Mrs. Meryton was asleep, she stole upstairs, and watched through the weary hours, listening to the delirious mutterings of Kate. In that restless, uneasy state, which is neither sleeping nor waking, which weakness and low fever always bring with them, the poor invalid lay night after night. Whether it was the familiar appearance of the room that haunted her memory, or whatever other cause, in these feverish dreams Kate always returned to the time of her girlhood—to the time of that unhappy love. She prattled with Michael Blunden, coquetted with him, expressed her jealousy of May, confessed her passion. Now she talked with Michael of their duplicity, of the discovery that must come—begged of him to fly with her, to save her shame. Now she would mock with him at the absent May, so bitterly deceived; ask which he loved the best, which was the prettiest.

Her sister sat by, grim and silent. All the past came before her in these phantasmagorical dreams. Many a scene she had fancied as taking place between the two was realized. In that first bitterest jealousy she had pictured how they had mocked her; how Michael had told

this other of her fondness; how he had gone to this other with her innocent kisses yet warm upon his lips. She sat and saw her old ghost—self, and pitied it, and she sighed, "Poor Kate!"

She had already written to Blunden, directing to his lawyer's according to her own suggestion: she now wrote again. Kate wished her to write—begged her to write. All the wife's anger at her husband's desertion, at that cowardly blow, had melted away. She transmuted his baseness into precious metal by that illogical alchemy in which women have intuitive proficiency. "I deserved it," she told May. "I have not your temper, dear; and I drove him from me. I dared him to strike me, and he struck. Oh May! my better angel! write to him, and tell him I am ill. He will come, I know. He loves me still, May—he always loved me. Forgive; oh! forgive."

"I have forgiven. I will write."

Blunden did not come, and there was no answer to the letters.

"If he should come?" thought May, every morning. How can I bear to meet this man again?" She pressed her hand on her lean bosom. "How shall I keep his visit secret? This is selfish. She will die; and she *shall* see him before she dies, if I can accomplish it."

Yes; Kate must die. "There is no shadow of hope," said Gerard, the doctor. "She may linger for days or weeks; but she has no strength to rally."

"What am I to do? Help me, sir."

"She cannot be moved now."

"She must die here? It is better."

"I will do all I can for you, May. God bless you!"

The greatest comfort to May, in these troublous times, was the boy. Stilled into preternatural quietness, never raising his voice above a whisper, crawling downstairs, lest childish trebles and pattering feet should be heard by the paralytic woman in her prison-room, this boy—so tractable, so solemn in his grief and his silence, so loving—grew into May's desolate heart, and filled up in a measure that yawning abyss whence the old love had been rooted out. He clung round May's neck with his small arms, and, pressing against that poor heart, warmed it into unwonted beatings. Him, however, May was to lose. The enforced stillness and imprisonment were not good for the child; and beyond this, it was better that he should be separated from his mother. Mr. Gerard took charge of him; and people wondered whence the bachelor-doctor had got this child.

In vain May attempted to soften her mother's hate, and thus to open the way for a confession of her terrible secret. "Kate is dying, mother!" she said, one day, in her quiet voice.

"I hope she has repented?"

"Have not *you* repented? Will you not let me tell her you forgive her?"

"I will *not*!"

It was hopeless. May nerved herself for the duties that lay before her.

"A woman of no feeling, this; of coarse na-

ture, lacking sensitiveness"! you might have said, had you seen her calm mien at this time. She looked a little older; her face took a leaden tinge from want of proper sleep; her eyes were red—it might be from watching, it might be from weeping. She was not a heroine, to whom tears added a new charm. She performed her customary duties about her mother in her customary manner; read the daily services and the appointed lessons in her ordinary voice; worked with a hand not more trembling than usual. Into the room of the dying woman we will not penetrate: the story-teller's art has no business there. Listening at the door, we might hear sobs and prayers.

Michael Blunden neither came nor wrote: his wife ceased to hope to see him; indeed, towards the last she lay constantly in a stupor, and was not troubled by such disappointments.

Why should we linger over these scenes? why play with skulls and cross-bones, and beat idle tunes upon coffins?

Kate died, and was buried; and her step-mother, who so hated her, never dreamed of what had taken place within the same house. "Another funeral, May!" she said, as the tolling of the bell reached her ear. "Ah! it will be my turn soon!"

"Yes, mamma," said May, using that more tender word instead of mother—"yes, mamma, a funeral. Let me kiss you, dear mamma. Do you know poor Kate is *dead*? I will read the burial-service: listen."

\* \* \* \* \*

It was not very long before another stroke of paralysis deprived May of her mother. As Mrs. Meryton lay on her death-bed, the remembrance of her relentless anger against her dead step-daughter smote her, and disturbed those solemn moments. Then May told her what she had done, confessed that mournful secret. Mrs. Meryton learned that her roof had given shelter to the closing days of the unfortunate Kate; and in this thought there was some comfort for her. She asked about Kate's child, learned that he was at hand, and asked to see him. He was brought, and Mrs. Meryton gave him solemnly into the charge of May. May had seen wherein her plain duty lay as regarded this child before; but it was inexpressibly consoling to her to receive the boy thus in trust from her dying mother. There were no secrets between them now, no disagreement of feeling or purpose. There would be no regret, no compunction hereafter.

\* \* \* \* \*

The first days of sorrow were over. May, after her hard life of penuriousness and imprisonment, found herself rich, and at liberty. As she wandered, on summer mornings, through the garden, sombrous with ancient trees, a very wilderness of untrimmed shrubs and flowers, it seemed to her that she had entered into another world and a new life. She never tired of the open air. The sounds of the rustling leaves, of the wind, of birds and insects, of distant cattle; the scents of flowers and of hay, the sight of

the sun playing through green leaves, of the blue sky with its gliding clouds, of the shadows changing on the shadowy hills—all these charms of Nature were literally enchantments round her. Oh this beneficent Nature! How we country-folks, who lie in her very bosom, and might feel the beatings of her mighty heart, ignore her influences, and are blind and deaf, and altogether senseless!

May, after her long captivity in that darkened room, felt the smallest common-place as a miracle. She could watch some tiny insect crawling through the grass-blades for hours together. The monotonous whistling of the wind through the rank grasses of the church-yard played, to her ear, elaborate fugues; and to watch the changes of the church, how portions went back into shadow, and portions came forward into light, as the sun swept round the heavens, was an endless study. This out-door life recalled her girlhood, when, from morning till night, she had lived among the flowers as the butterflies did—recalled her love, recalled her sorrow; but the sorrow was chastened and subdued, and only harmonized her serenity of heart as shadow harmonizes light.

She had her boy constantly prattling about her. That shrill laugh of childhood, when it began to break forth unrestrained, startled her at first almost into tears; but she learned to listen for it, to call it forth, to love it as she had never loved anything, save a low, sweet, lying voice years ago. This boy grew into her heart more and more, striking down firm fibres, whose youth and sweetness and strength renewed the worn and weary soil in which they rooted. Her heart learned to bound and thrill and tremble, waking, as it were, from the dead.

A second summer came to her. Sometimes, when the spring foliage has been blasted in its prime by winds or storms or blights, out of the withered leaves new buds will burgeon, fresh blossoms come upon the trees, with new promise of fruit. Very different from spring, but still a renewal; of soberer tint, of fainter vividity, to the spring exuberance "as moonlight unto sunlight, and as water unto wine"—but still a renewal.

On a hot summer afternoon, as she was bending over the boy, who lay asleep upon the lawn, soft feet crept over the grass, and stopped humbly, at the distance of some feet from her.

"Miss Meryton—May!" whispered a trembling voice.

"My God!" she started to her feet gasping, pressing her clenched hands upon her heart.

There he stood. "I will go," he said, sadly, turning but lingering. "Where is my wife's grave? Tell me. Is that my child?"

Very poorly clad, his shabby hat in his hand, of woe-begone countenance, wrecks of his beauty showed still about his mouth and his downcast eyes.

She stifled her emotion. "Why do you come here? It is too late to come now!"

He told a long lying tale—how he had not received the letters; how he had been abroad—of



his troubles, his sorrows, his repentance. He always acted well. He slept at an inn, close by, that night, and came again the next day. May feared that he would claim the child; but he had other views in coming there. He talked beautifully about his lost wife, about his many errors; and gradually brought the conversation round to the time when he used to make love to May.

"Stop!" she said: "you had better go now. You have seen your wife's grave, and your child: what more do you want? Do you want money?"

He took the money and slunk off. Not long after he wrote to May, stating dimly how he had always in his heart loved her, how he hoped yet—hoped that she would forgive him, that his repentance would be received; this, and much more.

She was not troubled by him again—simply for the reason that soon after he was transported for some base transaction or other, and did not live to return.

May had another offer of marriage about this time.

"Miss May," said the doctor, one day, "you are an heiress; I am not a rich man. You are as near to an angel as any mortal can be: I am selfish, sour-tempered, as weak and wicked as most men. Will you marry me?"

"My dear, dear friend; I thank you from my heart," said May, taking both his hands; "but I shall never marry: you know I shall not. Do not ask me this question again."

"We are to be friends?"

"Always—for ever!"

## LOST AT SEA.

BY ADA TREVANION.

Where art thou—where? Had I but pressed  
One lingering kiss upon thy brow,  
While thy bright head lay on my breast,  
My heart's cry had been silenced now:  
I would have culled all pallid flowers  
To drooping Love and Sorrow dear,  
With which the Spring the green earth dowers,  
To strew upon thy early bier:

White violets from the vernal woods,  
Sad hyacinths, primroses fair,  
Fragrant wind-flowers, and faint May-buds  
Should have enwreathed thy shining hair:  
The cypress I had gathered too,  
The willow-boughs which ever weep,  
And rosemary, and sable yew,  
To shade thy last, cold, dreamless sleep.

But thou art lying far away,  
Where Love no farewell-gifts may shed;  
Thy dirge the dashing of the spray,  
The moan of billows o'er thee spread.  
The sweeping floods the grey rocks lave  
Whereon thou hast in beauty roved;  
That waste of waters is *thy grave*,  
Thou who wast fairest and most loved!

Ramsgate, April 14th, 1859.

## THE BIRTH OF THE FLOWERS.

A soft rain fell, ere morning came  
And thawed the frozen snow;  
A fresh wind blew across the sea,  
And the streams began to flow:  
The lark sprang up, on quiv'ring wings,  
Trilling music wild and low;  
The sun arose behind the hills,  
With a rosy golden glow.

The blackbird took a mate, and made  
A nest; the dormouse woke from sleep;  
And the meadows long resounded  
With the bleat of lambs and sheep:  
The trout leap'd up beneath the alders,  
In the mill-stream clear and deep;  
And under the hedgerows, leafless,  
The flowers began to peep.

Kiss'd by the beams of the morning sun,  
The pink-fringed daisy grew;  
And violet-perfumes floated  
On every wind that blew:  
The daffodils and gay jonquils  
Put on their sunset hue,  
And the cup of the pale primrose  
Sparkled with diamond dew.

The nightingale came back, and sang  
In the silent moonlit hours;  
And faint scents from briar roses  
Came over hawthorn bowers:  
The balmy air of evening  
Was fraught with dewy showers,  
And the world was full of beauty  
In the birthtime of the flowers.

April 25th, 1859.

\* \* \*

## MOUNTAIN SHADOWS.

Through the pleasant summer-weather,  
All day long, we walked together;  
Up and down amidst the heather  
Of the Eildon hills.

There we watched the distant river  
Through the corn-sheaves glint and quiver,  
Like a sunbeam, flashing ever  
Through the Eildon hills.

Where, through all that pleasant weather,  
Blue-bell, fern, and purple heather  
Blend in melody together  
On the Eildon hills;

There we watched the shadows sleeping,  
Wakening now, and pausing, creeping,  
And anon in glory sweeping  
O'er the Eildon hills.

Sometimes gathering, darkening wholly  
Upland heath and corn-field lowly,  
Leaving effluence quaint and holy  
On the Eildon hills.

For the shadows, off the height  
Melting, left a kinder light,  
Fairer sunshine, and more bright,  
On the Eildon hills.

So for days that, cold and dreary,  
Lie on life like shadows eerie,  
We have borne a sermon cheery  
From the Eildon hills.

P.

## TOULON; OR, A WALK IN THE VAR.

I sent you a few pages not long since, giving some details of that now highly interesting and vastly progressing city, Marseilles—the Liverpool of France, and the pride of eastern commerce. A railway, now open to the public, has joined that city to the maritime port and arsenal of Toulon—a most practical and desirable undertaking—thus joining the capital of France with one of its most important marine ports.

At the period my pen writes these lines, though far from the pleasant lands of southern France, war and rumours of war—the march of contending armies in fact already on the move—appears the sole topic of all.\* May God, I say, still avert the reopening of wounds scarcely healed in the memory of the past by renewed bloodshed of the present! Should war, however, be inevitable—and the bugle may indeed have already blown the call to arms ere these lines reach my Fatherland—the railway to which I have alluded, and by which I am about to lead you from Marseilles to pleasant scenes of Nature—God’s beauteous vales and flowery meads—will be a source of immense utility to the government. Put aside, however, for the moment, all thoughts of the battle field and its horrors, and follow my footsteps to more peaceful scenes of interest and labour.

The county or department called Provence, by which Toulon is surrounded, is not only one of the most beautiful, but one of the most productive, in fruit, wine, and oil, of Southern France. Toulon itself, built on the slope and base of high and rocky hills or mountains, by which it is protected from the keen northern blasts of winter, reposes as it were in a luxuriant vale, washed by the blue waters of the Mediterranean Sea, which, there formed into a capacious bay, protected by an island and the projecting mainland, is ever placid. Its port, in fact, is one of the most vast and safe in Europe, defended by innumerable forts on the heights and above the city. It is divided as it were into two ports—a naval and commercial port, joined by a canal.

In 1793 Toulon was occupied by the English, which subsequently they abandoned; and it was here, according to French history and assertion, that commenced the “glory” of Napoleon the First. It is not, however, of Napoleon’s “glory” or feats of arms that I am desirous to speak, but of a subject far more pleasing—the natural produce of a beautiful and luxuriant province.

The olive tree may be justly termed one of the richest products of Provence. They abound in the neighbourhood of Toulon; and the mode and manner of gathering them in and converting the ripe fruit into oil in due season is by no

means without interest. When this pleasant season arrives, the proprietors of the olive groves collect a number of chosen men, women, and children, male and female, to aid in the gathering. The men are prepared with long willow wands, and are called, according to Provençal language, “aquanaïré,” the women and children “ramassuroz”—the former, in plain English, being “knockers down,” the latter “pickers up.” The men receive a shilling or fifteenpence a-day and their food, or 1s. 8d. a-day without food for their work; the women and children from 8d. to 10d. with food, or 1s. 3d. without. All being engaged, they proceed to the gathering under the superintendence of the owner, or some one deputed by him, to prevent idleness and pillage; and thus the olive harvest commences. Sailcloths or other cloths are spread beneath the trees to catch the fruit which the men mounted in the trees knock down with their willow wands, while the women and children gather them into baskets. This operation terminated, they are carried to the crushing mill, and then arrives the period when the owner is most anxious his work should be well performed. Previous to its commencement, however, all engaged are invited to a sort of harvest home, though somewhat dissimilar to that pleasant hearty feast prepared on similar occasions in old England, and certainly not giving one an idea of the effect it is intended to produce, viz., additional strength to the employed; it being the hope of the proprietor, who attends the feast in person by way of encouragement, to obtain every possible drop of oil from the fruit. This feast consists simply of fish, garlic, and oil, so mixed as to give it the appearance of a dish of pomatum. At Toulon this dish is called a “gangasse,” at Paris, where it may be also eaten, a “brandade.” Strange as it may appear, there are gourmets to whom it is by no means unpalatable. Being a partaker, all that is necessary is, I imagine, to keep as far as may be from any other human being in civilized life, as the odour is detestable. At Toulon, however, all the world appear to be “gourmets” in the question of garlic—the exception is rare, indeed very rare. Garlic is eaten, and apparently enjoyed by all. Different sorts of fish may be used in its composition; also vegetables, such as potatoes, and dried beans soaked in oil; but garlic is the beginning and end of all the dishes and all the seasonings in Provence. For those who like garlic—which I do not—go to Provence.

Besides the olive season, there is another gathering in the neighbourhood of Toulon, undoubtedly of less, far less importance; but still most curious, as evincing the strange variety of agricultural, or rather floricultural produce. Few would believe that the little dry flower called in England, I fancy, the “everlasting

\* This paper was received some months back, and before the war in Italy had become inevitable.—Ed.



flower," and in France "*L'immortelle*," and which has of late been creeping so prettily into our winter bouquets, in the neighbourhood of Toulon alone should create employment and produce a net return of £4,000 annually: such nevertheless is the case. This little flower, used in France to deck the graves, affords employment to numerous girls at the little village of Olioulles, in Var, Provence, who sit together in numbers, singing and laughing, while they form the wreaths or crowns, seen in numbers in *Père la Chaise*, as around the splendid monument in the *Place Vendôme*.

Nevertheless, all are not made into crowns at Olioulles; for the most part, the flowers are culled, placed in boxes, and sent to Paris, Lyons, and even to Bordeaux, for exportation to Russia.

In the month of June, if I may so term it, the flower harvest commences. First they are placed in boxes to dry; then women and children are employed to separate the corymbose heads of downy flowers; which operation being concluded, they are placed in other boxes, the price of which varies from fifteen to thirty centimes. One hundred boxes form a case, composing the annual produce of the canton, which, as I have already said, amounts to about £4,000.

Olioulles is a small and prettily situated village, at the entrance of a picturesque valley, called the Gorge of Olioulles. This valley is inclosed by rough and sharp rocks, burned by the sun, and absolutely sterile, is, nevertheless, singularly picturesque. When there, I heard a tale, worthy of being repeated here.

A monk, who carried a considerable sum of money from his convent, when crossing the Valley of Olioulles, met with two highwaymen, who demanded his money or his life.

"I prefer," said he, "to give you all I possess, rather than my life; but you are unacquainted with monks; you know not how suspicious they are. If I return and tell them I have been robbed, without offering any proof of the fact, save their loss, they will not believe me, but accuse me of the theft. Who knows the persecution to which I shall be subject to, or what will be my sufferings? Surely you would not desire that I should be thus rewarded for having enriched you without an effort to defend myself."

"What then?" said the robbers. "Nevertheless, tell us what we can do to prevent your being punished."

"It is at least necessary," replied the monk, "that I should show some signs of having received ill treatment. Here is my cloak: I see that you are armed, fire a shot or two into it. Then I shall be enabled to convince them that my life was nearly sacrificed in their service."

The robbers consented; but when the monk, who was a brave and athletic man, found their fire-arms were discharged, he fell upon them with a thick stick, and causing them to fly, went his way with his money in safety.

The shopkeepers and inhabitants of Toulon are in the habit of taking their wives and children, each saint-day or holiday, to eat onion salads, by way of a treat, in the neighbouring villages; on such occasions the cavalcade is somewhat curious. The wife is mounted on a donkey. Two large baskets, one on each side of the animal, contain the lady's legs, a child or two, and various provisions to be enjoyed with the salad; while the husband, with a large stick, walks behind, the maid-of-all-work at his side, who sometimes, indeed not seldom, holds two children by the hand, while two others drag on to papa's coat tails, who is thus prevented from mopping his perspiring forehead, while he breasts the mountain side. Pleasure, joy, and contentment are visible on every countenance. They arrive, they eat, they enjoy for hours the fresh breeze of the mountain side; and when the cool of the evening arrives, they return a happy family to the heated city, with renewed health, and renewed hopes that the day will soon come round again for another onion salad, to which, for the most part, is added a trifle of garlic. Surely their pleasures are sufficiently innocent. Who can envy them, or desire to deprive them of it?

After naming these country pleasures, which appear to be enjoyed by all classes, the hill sides of Toulon being scattered over with innumerable villas, which for the most part command splendid sea views, I may add that without, the houses of the peasantry and farm houses, are scarcely less attractive and picturesque. The walls are thick, the rooms being evidently built, as far as possible, to protect the inmates from the heat of the summer sun. In other parts of Provence, on the contrary, the cold is most feared, and there, as in the Valley of the Loire, the peasantry for the most part inhabit mere caves, dug in the mountain sides.

I only regret that my pencil is not permitted to illustrate, in the pages of this magazine, that which my pen has feebly depicted, while steaming over the ever dark-blue, but unquestionably not the ever calm Mediterranean.

## "THE POOR MAN AND THE THIEF."

(A Sketch.)

BY F. LOUIS JAQUEROD.

At midnight hour—their course when felons steer—  
A prowling thief—'tho' by mistake 'tis clear—  
Forc'd an "entrée" into some lonely cot  
(Where, sooth to say, but little could be got),  
When the poor host, awaking from his rest,  
Bespoke thus coolly his unwelcome guest:  
"Thou bold unknown! why dost thou hither come  
To break my sleep, sole comfort of my home?  
For vain indeed must be thy wild essay  
To seek *by night*—search where and how you may—  
That which, alas! I cannot find *by day*!"

## HUSBANDS AND WIVES.

*(A story of the "New Marriage Act.")*

BY MRS. ABDY.

The pretty little village of Arborfield was surrounded by lovely scenery, and celebrated for the salubrity of its air, and the good taste of its dwelling-houses. It had picturesque varieties of

"The cottage of thatch

Where never physician had lifted the latch"—

And the residences of more lofty pretensions were unimpeachable in the beauty of their flower-gardens, conservatories, smooth lawns, and shady shrubberies. Yet had Arborfield a draw-back—the propensity of some of its inhabitants to pry into the affairs of the rest. Perhaps my readers may say that "our village" merely shared the fate of other villages in this respect; but the spinsters of Arborfield (for spinsters there, as elsewhere, were the prime instigators of every gossiping report) were of rather a higher grade than the spinsters in one of Hood's lively poems, who, he alleges, were in the habit of discoursing on

"Who wore silk, and who wore gingham,

And what the Atkins's shop might bring 'em !"

The spinsters in question were particularly fond of discovering cases of married unhappiness among their neighbours, and making public the result of their investigations. How often we see that people profess to know most about matters about which it is impossible they can know anything at all from experience! Spinsters, according to the judgment of *Theseus*, in the "*Midsummer Night's Dream*," ought to employ themselves in

"Chanting faint hymns to the cold, fruitless moon."

But the spinsters of Arborfield preferred walking about with a moral divining rod, and finding out the hidden secrets of the land of matrimony—a land which they had never trodden, but of which they spoke as fluently and confidently as a bevy of thrice-married widows could have done. Accordingly, Miss Paget, Miss Dennett, Miss Richards, and others of the sisterhood, maintained that Arborfield abounded in unhappy married pairs, and (so praiseworthy was their impartiality) that the fault always lay on the side of the lady. Sometimes, to be sure, they hurried into rapid conclusions, and made assertions which they failed to bear out.

Mrs. Scott was, in their apprehension, unjustifiably kind and courteous in her manner to young Edwards; and they apprehended that a deep domestic tragedy was in rehearsal when she persuaded her husband to invite him to stay with them at Arborfield. But it ap-

peared that Mrs. Scott was only, with true sisterly zeal, conciliating young Edwards on behalf of her sister Grace, who came (quite by accident) to stay with her during the time of the young man's visit; and quitted Arborfield as his affianced bride.

They also accused Mrs. Perry of having first instigated, and then widened a quarrel between her husband and his family; when, both by correspondence and interviews, she was anxiously exerting herself to bring about a reconciliation, and, at length, succeeded in effecting her purpose.

Even Sir Charles and Lady Leighton, although considered by the world in general as a very happy pair, could not pass unscathed through Arborfield scrutiny. Lady Leighton had been heard to blame her husband for bringing his dogs into the drawing-room on a rainy day; and to hint that cigar-smoking might, like other indulgences, be carried to excess; and the spinsters of Arborfield emulated the rigidity of the judges who inquired into the merits of the claimants of the "Dunmow Flitch;" and who (so says the *Spectator*) pronounced that one married lady was not an eligible candidate, because she aspired to undue dominion over the drawing-room fire; and had been heard to say of her husband "that by his good-will he would never suffer the poker out of his hand." Yet was there one couple at Arborfield who bravely bore up under the most searching investigation into their concerns.

Mr. and Mrs. Hargrave had resided for five years at Arborfield, and their friends, their acquaintance, and, "last, not least," their servants, could never depose to a single difference between them. "The word unkind, or wrongly taken," which is, alas! a "household word" in most establishments, seemed to be a word in the dead language to them. Love has been defined as "egotism divided by two," but such was not the love of Mr. and Mrs. Hargrave. Happy in themselves and in each other, they were also desirous to promote the happiness of all connected with them. They mingled freely with society, and were kind and charitable to the poor, in deeds as well as words. Perhaps some of my readers will hope that I am describing a disinterested young couple, who married for love on the income (made so popular in the present day by letters in the *Times* newspaper) of three-hundred a year; but such was not the case. Mr. and Mrs. Hargrave had a good house, spacious grounds, and an appropriate staff of



servants, and generally passed two months of the spring in London, partaking of its amusements with a moderation which was evidently more the result of want of taste for gaiety, than want of money. Neither can I gratify my romance-loving readers by representing Mr. and Mrs. Hargrave as a young couple. Mrs. Hargrave, at the time my story begins, was turned of forty, and looked her age. Her husband was several years older, and looked more than his age, on account of the repeated attacks of ill-health, which seemed to be the only bitter drop in his cup of happiness. Yet, even this trouble was greatly mitigated; for Mrs. Hargrave, in addition to her other excellences, was an invaluable nurse—patient, active, kind, and soothing. I can never agree with those persons who say that women are good nurses by intuition; no woman can ever deserve that character without she combines the requisites of gentleness and cheerfulness: and how many are deficient even in one of these requisites, how few excel in both! However, I must not dilate on this subject, for I confess to a peculiar enthusiasm on the subject of good nurses, and consider Florence Nightingale, walking through the wards of Scutari, a far more admirable object than Corinne crowned at the Capitol.

Mrs. Hargrave, although kind and obliging to all her neighbours (the scrutinizing spinsters included), had a favourite at Arborfield. She passed much of her time with Lady Leighton, who was both amiable and well-informed, and whose house was attractive from the frequent visits of London friends, who liked to make an occasional transit from the bustle of the "great metropolis," to the quiet and freedom of a pleasant country-house. On one of these occasions, Mrs. Hargrave was peculiarly struck by the appearance of a newly-arrived lady-visitor. She seemed to be about five-and-twenty, had bright blue eyes, light brown curls, a fair and blooming complexion, and, in short, was precisely of that style of fresh loveliness which Mrs. Hargrave (being herself a brunette-beauty) particularly admired.

"You must make me acquainted with that charming girl," she said to Lady Leighton; "how beautiful she is, but how sad is the expression of her countenance! I am not prone to romantic fancyings, but I seem to read the details of her history in the melancholy of her looks. She is crossed in love; she has a suitor precisely to her mind, who is rejected by her parents on account of his poverty; and they are persuading her to accept some infirm old peer, or vulgar millionaire, who will secure to her a colossal settlement and a miserable lot for life."

"Quite wrong in your little history, dear Mrs. Hargrave," replied Lady Leighton. "Emmeline Cuthbert is an orphan; she has been for five years a wife, and for four years an unhappy and neglected one. She is still deeply attached to her unfeeling husband, and nothing but his reformation could ever bring back smiles to that sweet face, or joy to that young heart."

"And may we not hope that his reformation will take place?" said Mrs. Hargrave, still gazing with admiration on the fair Emmeline. "Where can he find a more attractive object than at home?"

"In his eyes, unfortunately," said Lady Leighton, "every object appears to be more attractive than the one whom he has vowed to love and to cherish. I shall be glad to make you acquainted with poor Emmeline. I think you are more calculated to 'minister to a mind diseased' than myself. I have known her from childhood, and take much interest in her; but I confess to a preference for the society of happy people."

Such was not the feeling of Mrs. Hargrave. She loved to console, to cheer, to pour balm into the wounds made by another; to throw sunshine on the path which the unkindness of another had darkened; and the unhappy young wife felt attracted towards her from the beginning of her acquaintance, and soon formed an intimacy with her, which was not long in ripening into friendship.

Cuthbert occasionally visited in company with his wife, and Mrs. Hargrave could not but allow

"That if a shape could win a heart,  
He had a shape to win."

But his utter and open neglect of his charming wife, the levity of his manner, his avowed disbelief of all that was great and excellent, so revolted the good feeling and the good taste of his wife's friend, that she would rather have seen her favourite Emmeline united to the infirm old peer or vulgar millionaire, whom she had shadowed forth in her first imaginings of the private history of the melancholy beauty, than have beheld her sacrificed to the selfish, heartless husband who slighted and despised her.

When Mr. and Mrs. Hargrave paid their usual spring visit to London, Emmeline was almost daily their visitor; and earnestly did Mrs. Hargrave strive to succeed in the blessed office of peace-making between the wife and husband; but she was unsuccessful. Cuthbert was entangled in the spells of an evil enchantress, as different from his own sweet wife as the "Lady Geraldine" from the "Lady Christabel," in Coleridge's poem; and the prospects of poor Emmeline gradually grew darker and darker; there was little hope that the cloud that menaced her would reveal a silver lining.

At length came the dreaded stroke. Cuthbert left his home and his wife—left in company with her unprincipled rival; left without any spoken word of kindness, any written word of farewell. Happily, it was not in his power to injure Emmeline in her worldly circumstances, as he had injured her in her peace of mind. She had possessed a good property, which her guardians had required to be settled on herself; nor had Cuthbert been in the least unwilling to comply with their desire. He had an ample fortune of his own, and was so enamoured

with the exceeding beauty of Emmeline, the her dowry was a matter of perfect indifference to him. Emmeline, herself, had never thought or cared much about her separate maintenance; nor, in the first hours of her exceeding grief at her husband's desertion, did the consciousness of her independence impart the slightest consolation to her; yet, in reality, it considerably lightened the troubles of her lot. Emmeline had a plentiful allotment of aunts, uncles, and cousins. Had she, under her present bereavement, been thrown on their protection, with a half-broken heart, and a few five-pound notes, I am of opinion that she would soon have been subjected to inquiries as to her future plans in life. Now, however, Emmeline's relatives were full of kindness and affection. Elaborately-written letters, invitations to country houses, and presents of exquisitely bound books, suitable to people in trouble, poured in upon her. She was told that "she had nothing to reproach herself with." She was told that "family love was, after all, much more strong and enduring than connubial attachment." There was no ill-timed inquiry into her "plans." She could still live in her pretty house, in the neighbourhood of Hyde Park, and (after she had got over her first burst of sorrow) visit her friends as usual. So said the family conclave; but a widowed aunt said something more.

"You are far too young and beautiful, Emmeline," said Mrs. Belton, "to be without a chaperone, now that you have not even the nominal protection of a husband. I am willing to sacrifice my home, my independence, my favourite pursuits, everything, for the purpose of being of service to my beloved niece."

So Mrs. Belton left the apartments where she had lived for many years with one servant, bringing with her to Emmeline's house the aforesaid servant, in the capacity of a lady's-maid; and gave up her carpet-work, her slip of flower-garden, and her rubber of sixpenny whist, to follow her fair niece into the scenes of worldly gaiety, to which, after a time, she returned. "She could not bear thought," she said, "and must try to forget her sorrows in society."

Mrs. Hargrave did not altogether approve of Mrs. Belton's domestication in the house of her niece, and yet she could not oppose it. Mrs. Belton was a woman of unsullied character, and of good temper; and her near relation to Emmeline certainly seemed to point her out as a fitting companion and protectress for her; but Mrs. Belton was deficient in intelligence and information, was shallow and frivolous, and quite incapable of improving the mind and elevating the thoughts of the deserted young wife, and teaching her to think less of a world of vanity and folly, and more of a world "where there is neither marrying, nor giving in marriage."

Emmeline was still occasionally the guest of the Hargraves, at Arborfield; but the contemplation of their exceeding happiness seemed to make her yet more sensible of her own sorrows

—sorrows which now could not be brightened by a gleam of hope, for Cuthbert evinced no sign of contrition, no interest in his fair young wife. He held no communication with his friends, and it was conjectured that he was living abroad, under a feigned name, but nothing was known of him that could be reduced to a certainty.

Emmeline mixed more in the world than Mrs. Hargrave or even Lady Leighton approved; but scandal had never attacked her fair fame. She was so universally admired that admiration had no particular charm for her. She so rarely met with a rival, in point of beauty, that she wore her laurels (or rather myrtles) with perfect composure.

About two years had elapsed since the departure of Cuthbert. Mr. and Mrs. Hargrave were preparing for their usual visit to London in the spring of 1857, when the severe illness of the former obliged them to alter their intention. Mrs. Hargrave assumed the post of nurse with her wonted skill, sweetness, and kindness; but when the invalid had fully recovered, July was far advanced, and a journey to London was out of the question.

"I must depend on you alone for an account of the London season," said Mrs. Hargrave to Lady Leighton, shortly after the return of the latter to Arborfield. "I have been so anxiously employed that I have seldom looked at a newspaper."

"I fear," said Lady Leighton, looking grave, "that you will not feel pleased with some of the London news I have to communicate to you. I had rather say nothing about it, but we must not shrink from what we consider to be a duty."

Mrs. Hargrave actually felt nervous; it was so new and strange to see Lady Leighton look grave, and to hear her talk about not shrinking from a duty.

"I am rather uneasy about our young friend, Emmeline Cuthbert," said Lady Leighton. "Do you not remember that about this time last year, Mrs. Boyce told us how much Captain Tracey admired her, and that you spoke on the subject to Emmeline?"

"I remember it well," said Mrs. Hargrave; "but Emmeline assured me, clearly, unhesitatingly, and I am sure truthfully that Captain Tracey's visits at her house were not so frequent as those of many others; that he had never addressed her but in terms of respect; and that, though deserted by her husband, she considered herself a married woman, and should resent any expression of undue admiration, as much as if she were living happily with Cuthbert."

"Ah!" said Lady Leighton, with a sigh, "I believe she meant it all last year; but there has been a change in the necessity of such strict propriety this spring."

"I cannot comprehend you," said Mrs. Hargrave; "well-principled people do not change the fashion of their morals like that of their dresses. Emmeline cannot marry Captain Tracey, therefore would do wrong to think of



him otherwise than as an agreeable acquaintance."

"But she fancies she can marry him," said Lady Leighton; "that is, it is not exactly fancy on her part, but the lawyers tell her that she can do so after the close of the year."

"My dear Lady Leighton," said Mrs. Hargrave, apprehensive that the gaieties of the London season had caused her friend to suffer under a slight aberration of mind, "your memory deceives you—Emmeline is not a widow."

"Have you not read the particulars of the 'New Marriage Act?'" was Lady Leighton's reply.

"No," said Mrs. Hargrave; "I rarely looked at a newspaper during the long continued illness of my husband. But what occasions the necessity of a new Marriage Act? The old one was surely quite sufficient to bind our ancestors closely together."

"Exactly so," said Lady Leighton; "and the opinion of our Legislature is that it bound them too closely together, and that the cords ought to be slackened."

"I do not quite comprehend you," said Mrs. Hargrave, thinking that her usually lucid and self-possessed friend was talking with singular wildness and inconsistency.

"In the first place," said Lady Leighton, "you will not, I am sure, object to the law extending its protection to the honest earnings of a woman deserted by her husband; it is not right that he should have the power of returning to rob her of them."

"There I quite agree with you and the Legislature," said Mrs. Hargrave; "but what has that to do with Emmeline, whose fortune is secured to her by marriage settlement?"

"But there are other enactments," resumed Lady Leighton. "If a man has left his wife for a rival, and if he has been away for more than two years without holding any communication with her, she has the privilege of procuring a dissolution of marriage, and uniting herself with another person."

"The privilege!" repeated Mrs. Hargrave somewhat contemptuously—"the privilege of breaking her own vow because her husband has broken his—the privilege of running the risk of a second time encountering the miseries from which she has once escaped!"

"It is all very true, my dear Mrs. Hargrave," replied Lady Leighton; "only you put the case in rather a more forcible way than I have been accustomed to hear it put. But Emmeline is, you know, not very strong-minded, and she has heard the new laws spoken of as a great blessing to women; and that foolish Mrs. Belton has been persuaded by Captain Tracey to advocate his cause. But I assure you the whole matter has met with resolute disapproval from me. The first persons who take advantage of a new law are like those who first appear in a new fashion; they bear all the brunt of the ridicule and disapprobation, which they might not have

been troubled with if they had waited a reasonable time."

"I cannot at all agree in your logic," said Mrs. Hargrave. "A question of morality seems to me to be quite unconnected with one of chronology; but I can scarcely realize to myself that Emmeline, already a wife, can think of becoming a bride."

"And Captain Tracey has a very small income, and very expensive habits," said Lady Leighton; "it is a foolish business altogether, but certainly not unlawful, so it will not exclude Emmeline from society. I was quite certain that you would be uncomfortable about it, and therefore did not write to you on the subject; it is always well to delay bad news as long as possible."

"Not always," replied Mrs. Hargrave; "but I thank you, Lady Leighton, for your expressions of sympathy in the grief I am suffering—for it is, indeed, a grief to me, to think that my dear young friend, Emmeline Cuthbert, should be thus wandering from the right path, even although not forbidden by the law to do so."

"It is very sad, indeed," said Lady Leighton, endeavouring to compose her countenance to an expression of sorrowful disapprobation. But when she had quitted Mrs. Hargrave, she paid several other morning visits, and although the new Marriage Act formed a subject of conversation at all of them, no one remarked that her spirits seemed at all affected by the discussion.

Mrs. Hargrave, after some discourse with her husband, who quite agreed in everything she said (it was a habit he had), wrote to Emmeline, earnestly entreating her to come and visit them at Arborfield; and Emmeline, who could not forget all Mrs. Hargrave's kindness to her, came for a couple of days, with a somewhat timid look, and a somewhat subdued manner.

"My dear Emmeline," said Mrs. Hargrave, as soon as they were alone, "I do not ask if you are going to take advantage of the new Marriage Act; for I am sure that Lady Leighton, who has an avowed dislike to being the bearer of bad news, would not have told me your intention on light grounds; but I ask you if you have really and truly weighed the sin of which you will be guilty in violating the vow which you made at the altar to be faithful to your husband till death?"

"Has he not himself violated that vow?" asked Emmeline.

"This is very feeble casuistry," Emmeline, replied Mrs. Hargrave; "you would not bring it forward on any other occasion; you would not say that the misdeeds of others justified your own."

"But is it not hard," said Emmeline, "at my age, to look forward to a probable long life deprived of all the happiness of conjugal affection?"

"I do not like the expression, 'hard,' applied to the dispensations of the Almighty," said Mrs. Hargrave; "it might have pleased the Lord to have deprived you of health, or to have reduced

you to poverty, but it would have been wrong in you to have murmured at his chastisements; he has given you a trial in the shape of an unprincipled husband."

"And the laws of my country can free me from him," replied Emmeline.

"But can the laws of God do so?" asked Mrs. Hargrave?

Emmeline was silent.

Mrs. Hargrave repeated to her many passages from the Evangelists bearing on the subject, especially several verses at the beginning of the 19th chapter of St. Matthew; and she also quoted to her the emphatic words of St. Paul in the 7th chapter of the 1st Epistle to the Corinthians: "And unto the married I command, yet not I, but the Lord, Let not the wife depart from her husband: but and if she depart, let her remain unmarried, or be reconciled to her husband."

"My husband has shown no inclination to be reconciled to me," said the tearful Emmeline.

"True," replied Mrs. Hargrave, "but he may yet repent; and are you right in doing an act which would exclude him from receiving the earthly reward of his repentance? How can you 'be reconciled to your husband,' when you have effectually cast him away from you by becoming the wife of another man?"

"I am afraid you have heard some unkind reports of Captain Tracey's character," said Emmeline, starting off from the point of debate.

"Were you a widow," said Mrs. Hargrave, "I should take much interest in acquainting myself with the character of Captain Tracey; but the opinions I have just given to you I should continue to give, if you were engaged to the most exemplary man of your acquaintance—that is, supposing such a one felt inclined to marry you under the circumstances."

Emmeline took refuge in a flood of tears, and a declaration that she was not clever like Mrs. Hargrave, and was therefore unable to sustain an argument with her.

"It does not require cleverness to understand the clear and plain texts of the Bible," said Mrs. Hargrave.

"But the marriage service is not in the Bible," replied Emmeline.

"The most important part of it is there," said Mrs. Hargrave. "Have I not recently repeated to you the words of our Saviour, 'What therefore God hath joined together, let not man put asunder?'"

"It is very easy for the happy to quote Scripture, and bring forward arguments," said Emmeline, peevishly. "You have the best husband in the world, Mrs. Hargrave, who thinks you perfection, and is quite devoted to you. How can you possibly tell what your feelings might have been had you been ill-treated, neglected, and scorned? Would not the wish have crossed your mind to be more congenially mated?"

"It might have done so," said Mrs. Hargrave, "but I should have prayed for strength to struggle with and subdue it."

"So you now think," said Emmeline; "but

when we fancy ourselves placed in untried situations, we may deceive ourselves in our estimation of our probable fortitude and patience in them."

"Emmeline," said Mrs. Hargrave—and her cheek crimsoned as she spoke—"I am not fancying myself in an untried situation. It is painful to me to speak of my past troubles, but the history of them may be useful to you. I have borne all that you have borne. When I changed my maiden name, it was not for that of Hargrave."

"My dear, dear friend," exclaimed Emmeline, now roused to affectionate sympathy, "forgive my apparent want of feeling. Have you, indeed, suffered the trial of a bad husband? Oh! how thankful I feel that you are at last rewarded with so good a one. Will it distress you too much to tell me your story?"

"I will tell it to you briefly, Emmeline," said Mrs. Hargrave; "but I would not wish to dwell on all the distressing scenes of my married life. I married at twenty years of age, and, although not possessed of your beauty, I was much admired, and had declined several eligible offers. Mr. Wyndham, in the opinion of my uncle, was a very indifferent match for me; but I had no ambitious views, and as the character and connexions of my lover were good, my uncle withdrew his opposition, and we were married; but I cannot say, in the words of old tales, that 'we lived happily together ever afterwards.' We had two years of enjoyment; and as I was an economical manager (and we were without children), we contrived to live comfortably and respectably on a very moderate income. My uncle said that I had done pretty well for myself after all. But my cousin, Elizabeth Langford, the wife of an excellent and affluent country gentleman, had warmly opposed my engagement, and even now told me to 'rejoice with trembling,' for that she had always desecrated a want of principle and firmness in Wyndham's character, and that if temptation came in his way he would not be able to resist it. Temptation at last came; a situation which was presented to my husband by a friend, and, which in a pecuniary point of view was very desirable, involved a change of residence, and introduced us to a different circle of acquaintance. My husband met with dangerous companions among men, dangerous syrens among women; my love was disregarded, my remonstrances were slighted, my tears were unpitied. Emmeline, all that you have suffered I suffered, and, like you, I was deserted."

Emmeline's tears were flowing fast; she warmly pressed the hand of her friend, and felt angry with herself for having regarded her with a feeling bordering on envy, when she had ranked her among the favoured few who walk through life in perpetual sunshine, treading on a carpet of thornless roses.

"You may imagine," said Mrs. Hargrave, "how deeply I sorrowed over my trial. I had not, like you, Emmeline, a large fortune, but the sum left to me by my parents (two hundred a-year) was secured to myself. I was not left to solitude; my cousin, Elizabeth Langford, earn-



estly entreated me to take up my residence with her; and as her husband kindly united in the request, I agreed to comply with it.

"Elizabeth had a family of children, to whom I felt I could be useful; and for nine years I led a life of peace and contentment in her home. She and her husband dispensed their large property well and wisely; and, without mixing with what is called 'the world,' they entered into much pleasant society. Intelligent and companionable persons came and stayed at the house; and the neighbouring families were agreeable and social, and always ready to unite with us in every plan of usefulness and benevolence. I was truly attached to the children of my cousin, who, on their part, regarded me with the utmost fondness. Indeed, all were kind to me; and Mr. Langford's brother, Robert, who frequently visited us, was kindest of all—somewhat too much so, since I did not quite like the remarks that his attention elicited. But Elizabeth always gravely checked these jests, and Mr. Robert Langford never addressed me but as a sincere and earnest friend.

"I had sometimes opportunities of hearing of my husband, but the intelligence was always painful to me. He had lost the situation which I have mentioned to you, in consequence of his faulty conduct; and he passed much of his time abroad, living, it was supposed, on the capital of the few thousands that constituted his patrimony. I had never seen his handwriting for nine years, till I was astonished by receiving a letter from him. It was one of deep sorrow and contrition. Truly had he exemplified the words of the text, 'The way of transgressors is hard.' Ruined in health and fortune, deserted by his false friends, he was lying dangerously ill, at a small, comfortless lodging in Dublin. He implored me to come to him: he was anxious to receive my forgiveness before he died. I instantly resolved to accede to his request, and could not conceive that Elizabeth and her husband could do otherwise than command my resolution, and speed me on my way; but I had yet to learn how much evil may lurk in the hearts of very good people.

"Elizabeth, in the course of her charitable visits, had repeatedly relieved the wants of penitent sinners, spoken comfort to them, encouraged them by gentle and soothing words to forsake their evil ways; and told them of the mercies in store for the contrite and lowly-minded; but now that a sinner well-known to Elizabeth, and connected with her family, was in want and in sorrow, she had no compassion to spare for him. She alleged that he had brought his poverty on himself, and well-deserved to be bereft of the money that he had made so bad a use of; that he had chosen wicked persons for his friends and associates, and had verified the words of Scripture—'A companion of fools shall be destroyed'—that he feigned the penitence he did not feel for the purpose of getting his wife again into his power, and squandering her slender pittance on his vices.

"Oh, Elizabeth! kind, good, warm-hearted

Elizabeth, who had knelt by so many sick beds, and received the blessings of so many poor sinners, how little did you exhibit of a Christian spirit on this occasion! how little did you evince of the 'charity that hopeth all things'!

"Mr. Langford followed on Elizabeth's side, but spoke more temperately; he thought that I should send money, and a letter of forgiveness, to Wyndham; but he utterly disapproved of my intention of going to him. It was very possible that he fancied himself penitent; but if he recovered his health, he would doubtless soon relapse into his former courses.

"I helplessly looked towards Mr Robert Langford, who was noted for being the constant supporter of all my opinions on every subject; but he joined the rank of my opponents with unaccustomed vehemence. Here, again, was evil lurking in the heart of a good man. He contemplated my probable liberty: he would have heard of the death of poor Wyndham, in poverty and desertion, without a feeling of grief. In the case of an indifferent person, he would have said that a wife performed her duty in obeying the summons of her suffering and repentant husband; but he could not endure the thought that he was about to lose my society, and that it was to be bestowed on one who had slighted and deserted me.

"None of the arguments, however, of my friends, made any impression on me, for they were not founded on religion, but merely on expediency. I knew that I was acting in conformity with the will of God as laid down in the Scriptures; and I determined to go from the home where I had enjoyed so many happy years, although Elizabeth warned me that, if I went, it would be never to return. Her love for me was great, but it was selfish love; she could not bear to part from me, and chose to think of me rather as one rushing unnecessarily into the companionship of sin, than as a wife endeavouring conscientiously to fulfil the vow of service and obedience that she had taken at the altar. The next morning I departed on my way. The farewell of my friends was cold and distant: Elizabeth did not request me to write to her, and even the children seemed to have imbibed an idea that I was doing something wrong, and took leave of me with embarrassment and constraint. It was a bitter trial to me that I should thus be censured and misunderstood by the friends who ought to have supported me in my determination; but God enabled me to bear up under all these troubles and mortifications. I accomplished my journey in safety, and reached the abode of my poor husband. I found him alone, neglected, and without the common comforts of life; but his senses had been spared, and he welcomed me with unfeigned joy and gratitude. I immediately procured proper medical advice for him, and had him removed to airy cheerful apartments as soon as his health admitted of it; but it was long, very long, before convalescence ensued, and even then his worn constitution and enfeebled mind rendered the care of him a truly responsi-

ble charge; nor had I, like other wives in a similar situation, the solace of one kind visit, or one sympathising letter. Wyndham was full of self-reproach: I had no occasion to try to make him feel that he had been guilty of wrong to me, but had some difficulty in persuading him that he had sinned against God far more heinously than he had sinned against myself. However, Emmeline, I will not lengthen my story by telling you of the slow progress of improvement in my poor husband's mental and bodily health. With the former I had every reason to be satisfied; but even when he had recovered from the dangerous illness under which he had suffered, his constitution remained in a shattered state from the effect of former attack. It was out of the question that he could so exert himself as to add to our confined income. Perhaps you will wonder how I could have afforded all needful comforts and indulgences to my husband from the sum of two hundred a-year, the principal of which was closely tied up; but during the nine years I had passed with the Langfords I had made considerable savings. Elizabeth was unwilling to receive any money for my accommodation, and it was with difficulty that I prevailed on her to accept of a very moderate remuneration; and my taste for dress, always simple, had become more so than ever after my domestic troubles. So I had a few hundreds to fall back upon, and contrived to make my poor resources suffice for the wants of my husband and myself. We settled ourselves in a little cottage in a beautiful and retired part of Wales, and saw few people but cottagers. Here we remained for three years, and they were in some respects more happy to me than the early period of my wedded life. I had to watch the gradual improvement of my husband's character, and to feel that Providence had made me the favoured instrument of bringing it about. I had no longer, as in former days, a haunting fear that a storm might arise to overwhelm me: the storm had come, and it had been succeeded by pure and heaven-sent sunshine. My only cause of uneasiness arose from the health of my husband. I felt that he required change of scene, occasional society, and other comforts that I had it not in my power to procure for him. Wyndham had an uncle whom he had not seen for many years: he was a wealthy man, but, as he had two sons, his wealth was no subject of speculation among his relatives. The sons, however, died within a short time of each other; and the bereaved father, having accidentally heard of Wyndham's reconciliation with his wife and reformed way of life, bequeathed to him the whole of his large property. 'I pray to heaven,' said my poor husband, 'that it may not be the means of leading me into fresh temptations.' The money received in such a spirit proved a great source of comfort to us. Wyndham requested that I would write to Elizabeth Langford: he could not have borne the idea of soliciting the friendship of the Langfords while we were poor, and our motives might be mistaken; but he was anxious that I should

once more be on social terms with the cousin under whose roof I had passed so many peaceful years. I was rather unwilling to write, having felt much hurt at Elizabeth's behaviour; but I was glad that I had written when I received an answer from her full of the warmest congratulations and kindest assurances of affection. She had soon repented of her hasty and harsh conduct to me, and had made several vain attempts to trace my place of residence: her letter concluded with an invitation to her house, which we accepted, and remained there for some weeks. Elizabeth liked my husband far better than in former times, and Mr. Langford became excellent friends with him; but Mr. Robert Langford could never be persuaded to discern any of his good qualities, and evidently thought that he had much better have died in Dublin than have lived to become a rich and reformed man. I was delighted to be again among Elizabeth's children. However, I will not trespass on your patience, Emmeline, by any further particulars of my visit, neither will I give you any details of our travels abroad. At the end of a year we came to the popular and patriotic conclusion that 'there is nothing like Old England for comfort,' and returned to reside in it."

"Dear Mrs. Hargrave," said Emmeline, "how much have you suffered, and how well and wisely have you acted! I wish that I had your strength of mind and religious feeling. But pray conclude your story: I am anxious to know when poor Mr. Wyndham died, and where you met with Mr. Hargrave, whom I *know* to be so very good a husband." Emmeline could not help laying a slight stress upon the "*know*": in her secret soul she suspected that Mrs. Hargrave's tenderness for the memory of her first husband had led her to paint his reformation in rose-coloured tints.

"My story is ended, Emmeline," said Mrs. Hargrave; "Wyndham's uncle was related to him on the maternal side, he was proud of his name, and bequeathed his fortune to his nephew coupled with a condition that he should assume it. The name was Hargrave."

"Is it indeed possible?" exclaimed the astonished Emmeline. "Can Mr. Hargrave, the model husband so devoted to his wife that even the gossips of Arborfield allow that for once a happy couple are to be found in the village—can he ever have neglected and deserted her?"

"It is most true," said Mrs. Hargrave; "and even as he has reformed, Emmeline, may your husband reform: but think of his feelings and your own if he sought you out in his penitence and sorrow, and found you the wife of another."

"I *will* think of it," said Emmeline, calmly; "and I will pray to be directed in the right way."

The next day Emmeline Cuthbert returned to London, and Captain Tracey received his dismissal. A year and a-half has elapsed since that time, and nothing has been heard of Cuthbert; but Emmeline remembers that a much



longer time intervened before Mrs. Hargrave received any tidings of her husband, and she still hopes to be called upon to pity and forgive, and to exercise the privilege valued even by the angels of heaven, of rejoicing over "the sinner that repenteth."

Having nothing more to say about my two heroines, my story ought here to be brought to a conclusion; but I cannot resist relating a short anecdote to my readers. Captain Tracey was much disappointed at Emmeline's rejection: he was anxious, for very good reasons, to marry a woman with money. Heiresses were sure to have relations or guardians who inquired into his antecedents, and were not satisfied with the result of their inquiries: rich widows were surrounded by suitors, and he had never been fortunate enough to be singled out of the general group. Some months after Emmeline's rejection, he was introduced to a lady who had just taken advantage of the New Marriage Act, and had so successfully proved before the Court the various evil qualities of the husband whom she had taken "for better, for worse," that she had obtained a dissolution of marriage, and was living in affluence on her own fortune. Captain Tracey proposed to Mrs. Crosby, and was accepted. Lady Leighton, who was intimately acquainted with her, earnestly endeavoured to dissuade her from forming another marriage; and, as Lady Leighton had been informed of the conversation that had taken place between Mrs. Hargrave and Emmeline, she was "well up" on the subject of matrimonial duties: but perhaps her worldliness gave a tone to her advice which prevented it from being salutary, or perhaps the well-known fact that Sir Charles Leighton had been a doting husband from the day of marriage to the present moment deprived her of the power of doing good, by alluding, like Mrs. Hargrave, to her personal experience. However that may be, her arguments proved ineffectual, and Mrs. Crosby forfeited her newly-recovered liberty to become the wife of Captain Tracey. A few months after her marriage she wrote in these terms to Lady Leighton:—

"How truly do I repent, dear friend, that I did not follow your advice. I made an absurd calculation that because my first marriage was unhappy my second was sure to be quite the contrary, and fully prepared myself to realize in my two unions the title of an old novel—'Matrimony the Height of Bliss, or the Extreme of Misery.' But I find my second husband much worse than my first in every respect, and my own powers of endurance are not what they used to be. When Crosby neglected or ill-treated me, my heart would often soften towards him when I recalled our early love, our fond courtship, our happy first years of marriage. But where is the romance—where is the tenderness of the courtship and marriage of a hardened man of the world, with a worn-spirited woman neither occupying the position of maid, wife, nor widow? I have no pleasant reminiscences of the past, and I am sure I have no pleasant anticipations for the future. Then, in my first marriage, I had nothing to reproach myself with. Crosby was approved by my

friends, and it was natural that a young inexperienced girl should like to become the wife of a handsome attractive man; but now, when I had been gathering bitter fruits from the tree of experience for years, why should I trouble myself to engraft fresh branches on it? In the story of the 'Mountain of Miseries,' in the *Spectator*, the people laid down their burdens on the condition of each taking up the burden of some one else; but, in my case, I had laid down my burden unfettered by any conditions, and might have walked at liberty through the world, had I not chosen to encumber myself with a new and more heavy one. Poor Crosby is still at Florence. I hear that he is much hurt and grieved at my marriage, and says he wishes he had valued my good qualities more, and wishes that I had had more patience with his faults. I often think of the remarks that you told me your friend Mrs. Hargrave made about the sanctity of the marriage bond, and the duty of forgiving one another. She is a good woman, and deserves all the happiness that she enjoys. I feel that I have only myself to thank for my present misery; but far from deriving any consolation from this thought, it seems very much to enhance my regret. You understand quotations better than I do. Is there not a saying somewhere about 'being the architect of one's own ruin'? However, enough of this. I think I have said enough to justify me in signing myself

"Your unhappy friend,

"CHARLOTTE TRACEY."

Lady Leighton read this letter to Emmeline Cuthbert and Mrs. Hargrave, and the former expressed her heartfelt gratitude that she had been saved from crowning her trials and troubles by a marriage with Captain Tracey.

"It is a sad letter," said Lady Leighton, slowly refolding it; "I hope I shall never meet with such another."

"Do not be too sanguine," replied Mrs. Hargrave; "I fear that many similar letters will be the result of the second unions sanctioned by the New Marriage Act."

JAFFA.—Jaffa is a flourishing town, well built of stone, and with a look of comfort, when compared with Egypt, which seems blighted by oppression and decay, and where the whole country, and everything in it, is mud, quickly falling back into dust. Palm-trees are the colour of mud, buffaloes are the colour of mud, and so are the men likewise. Their houses are built of dried mud, and the whole country is made literally of the mud of the Nile. The wretched Fellahs, in Egypt, are miserable slaves; but, on landing in Jaffa, the independent bearing shows at once that the Syrian mountaineers are a very different race. They are practically independent of the sultan; and beyond the town gates the Turkish pashas have no real power. Even the stern hand of Ibrahim Pasha could not keep them from constant out-break; and the poorest half-naked Arab throws his ragged abbayah grandly about him, and stalks along with his sword in his belt as proudly as his chief. Indeed, the pashas, unless more than ordinarily energetic, are perfectly unable to protect any one outside the city walls; and the Silwannes, within a gun-shot of them, say he is no pasha at all.

—*Reminiscences of Eastern Travel.*

## THE BYEWAYS OF BRITTANY.

No. V.

## POPULAR LEGENDS AND SUPERSTITIONS.

" Long ago 'twas told  
By a cavern-wind unto a forest old;  
And then the forest told it in a dream  
To a sleeping lake, whose cool and level gleam  
A poet caught as he was journeying  
To Phoebus' shrine."

KEATS.

It is an established fact, that the physical features of a country produce a marked effect upon the character of the inhabitants, and particularly upon the imaginative faculties. So, in Brittany, not only does the stern and wild aspect of its granitic soil, impart a hard and obstinate character to the people, but their legends and superstitions partake in no slight degree of the rugged and sombre nature of the country.

The epicurean might bask in the warmth and stillness of an Egyptian night; and fauns and nymphs might dance over the sun-lit glades of Greece: but the heather-clad *landes* and deep-scarred ravines of Brittany, harmonized better with the terrible and the grotesque, than with the lovely and graceful: and accordingly we find that, as Egypt had her stately pyramids, and Greece her fair marble temples, the religion of old times in Brittany has come down to us in rude granite altars and unhewn obelisks; and instead of light-footed naiads and merry satyrs that peopled the groves of Arcadia, we have mischievous elves and frightful spectres; and the fairy-tales of Brittany are all taken from "the night-side of Nature," and addressed to the morbid terrors of the credulous and superstitious.

Perhaps in no country in the world, is there such a rich mine of romance as in Brittany. Partly as an inherent characteristic of the Celtic nations, and partly from the peculiar position and features of the country, it may be regarded as the birthplace of fairy-lore; and scarcely a tale or tradition has come down to us in the records of other nations, particularly the Welsh and Irish, that may not be traced to its origin among the popular ballads of the *Barzas Breiz*.\*

Human weakness, in every age, cast about for supernatural assistance, and has tried to explain the inexplicable by the creations of its fancy: and while the elaborate mythologies of Greece and Rome peopled the air, and the woods, and the streams with benevolent or evil-working

spirits, and every fountain had its attendant nymph, and every wave-beat shore its nereid, here, in Brittany, the lonely and sombre position of the people filled their minds with superstitious dread; and every valley, and every old tower, and dark wood became the haunted abode of a *Lutin* or a *Gryphon*, a *Poulpikan* or a *Corrigan*, whose aspect was terrible, and their appearance an omen of inevitable ills.

It has been while sitting upon the rude settle, before the fitful blaze of a wood fire in a Breton cottage that we have listened, half-credulously, to the fairy-tale, told in such a serious tone, that it was evidently as deep-rooted in the peasant's mind as the articles of his faith. What, indeed, is Catholicism in Brittany, but the old paganism baptized?

The first apostles who visited Armorica, in order to extend their influence, adopted many of the heathen customs and rites, merely changing the name of the patron saint, and diverting the worship to a different image.

It is well known, that in old Rome many a Venus became a Virgin Mary, Cupids were transformed into cherubims; and the god Pan, with horns, and hoofs, and tail, became, by an easy transition, his Satanic majesty himself.

So, in Brittany, they baptized the idols; and the populace had no objection to worship them under their altered names. They could not pull up the *men-hirs* or obelisks, so they christianized them by surmounting them with a cross: and instead of the old Druidical worship of the sun, they lighted up the fire in honour of St. John; and many a Pagan rite is performed in Christian temples, many a heathen prayer mixed with the adoration of the only true God.

"*Les vaincus ont toujours tort.*" And so it came to pass, that as Christianity succeeded to the honours of the ancient Druidism, the former divinities became in this case most justly the evil geni of the epoch which succeeded; and instead of the priests of *Hu*, and the priestesses of *Koridwen*, who once were ranged among the granite altars, malevolent spirits haunt the old relics of the past, and deal out maledictions on the unlucky passers-by.

The name of *Korrigan*, with its various

\* *Barzas*, Poetic History; *Breiz*, Breton. A work of much interest, by Ville Marqué.



Celtic variations of *Koridgwen* or *Galligan*, is given particularly to the fairies who haunt the sacred fountains; but they are endowed with ubiquity, and the power of Protean change: while the *Poulpikans* are the dwarfish elves of the rocks and the morass. Sometimes, in the clear twilight of springtide, they may be seen assembled together, near a fountain, to celebrate their *fête*. Exquisite dishes are placed on a snowy cloth, and crystal vases shed an electric light upon the repast. A wondrous liquor circulates in the cups, one drop of which would make a mortal wise as a god: but at the slightest human footfall they disappear, and leave no trace behind. They have a great passion for music, but do not dance like their German cousins. Their height is about two feet, and they are often seen combing their shining hair. Seen at night, their faces have a celestial beauty; and their forms, exquisitely proportioned, are diaphanous and aerial as the gossamers: but, if seen by day, these moonlight beauties appear old and wrinkled and haggard, their hair grey, their eyes red, and their cheeks furrowed.

There is a moral in this: "*La nuit tous les chats sont gris.*" It does not suit every complexion to wait for the sunrise after a night's dancing; and are there many who can bear being held up to the light, and their reputations exposed to the midday beams of truth?

The peasants declare that these fairies are nothing less than the princesses and priestesses of old Armorica, who refused to embrace christianity at the teaching of the Apostles, and were consequently anathematized and transformed into fairies.

This accounts for their hatred to religion, and on their side the priests have an equal animosity to them, classing them with the spirits of darkness, and putting them to the rout with bell and book and holy water.

Perhaps it is the priesthood which has given them such a bad character; for a bad name they certainly bear among the peasants. They have an evil eye, and their breath is mortal; whoever troubles the water of their fountain or surprises them combing their hair, or counting their treasures—the gold and diamonds which they have hid under the *dolmens*—is sure to die within the year, especially if it happen on a Saturday, the day particularly appropriated to their adversary—the Virgin.

Nevertheless, the peasants are not deterred by the fear of consequences from digging about the old Druidical stones; and many a huge giant lies prostrate or half recumbent from the undermining of a rustic treasure-seeker.

The *Korrigans* have a strong *penchant* for carrying off the beautiful children, and leaving horrid changelings in place of them: for their own offspring take after the father, a hideous dwarf, black and hairy, and thick set; with cat's claws and goat's horns, and bat's wings: and the little imps have wrinkled faces and old piercing eyes, and a cracked voice.

No doubt they would like a nice little plump

Christian child instead of their own horrible little demons; and woe to the mother who omits to put her child under the protection of the Holy Virgin, by tying round its neck the *chapelet* or scapulary, that alone, as they say, is proof against witchcraft.

If the *Korrigan* finds a cradle left unguarded, she takes away the infant and leaves her own in its place.

Not long ago, says our informant, there was a young woman, a farmer's wife, of Moustoirac; she had a baby, beautiful as an angel. She left it only for an instant; and when she returned to nurse it, it was a horrid little monster whom she took to her bosom—a *Poulpikan*, with snaky eyes and hairy claws—that fastened on her like a cupping-glass, and suckled like a vampire, and could not be removed till it had drained every drop of blood from her body.

Another woman was nearly victimised, but found out her mistake in time; and that by a remedy, which at the risk of offending the little folks, we should recommend to all papas and mamas who have such a naughty child that they are in doubt whether it is not a little *Poulpiquet* changeling.

Her child was growing up, increasing only in mischief, not in stature, playing all kinds of goblin tricks, teasing the cattle, setting the dogs fighting, and always in a pickle; till at last, Catharine Cloar—that was the mother's name—told her suspicions to her husband. He waved his pipe, and answered never a word; but a wise woman of the village advised her to try the experiment of a sound whipping; "and if," said she, "it is a *Poulpiquet*, the *Korrigan* will hear its cries, and come and reclaim her child."

Catharine did not wait long to put her plan into execution. The very next time Master Troublesome got into mischief, she took down her husband's whip, and gave him a tremendous beating, and the more he cried, the more she laid on. Sure enough in walked the fairy mother, holding in her hand the long lost child of the farmer's wife.

"Here, take your brat, woman," says she, "and give me back mine; I have done your child no harm, and I won't have my own beaten."

So saying, she took up the hideous little imp in her arms, wiped away its tears, and vanished.

In the following popular ballad, which is almost identical with a Welsh song on the same subject, a mother loses her child, a hideous dwarf being substituted for it. The changeling pretends to be dumb—aware that his cracked husky voice would betray his age and his origin.

To make him find his tongue, she is advised to pretend to prepare a dinner for ten labourers in an eggshell. The dwarf is taken aback, and expresses his astonishment. Grand *tableau* and *dénouement*. The mother whips him unmercifully; the fairy hears his cries, and runs quickly to deliver him, and the stolen child is restored to its lawful parent.

This is the Ballad in Breton :

AR BUGEL LAEO'HIET.  
 Mari goant azo keuziet  
 He Laoik ker e deuz kollet  
 Gant ar Gorrigan e ma eot.

But perhaps some of our readers are not well acquainted with the Breton tongue, so we will try our best to put it into Saxon.\*

Mary the Fair with grief has gone wild,  
 For the Fairies have stolen her only child.

"When I went to the well he was safe in his cot;  
 Quick as thought I came back, but my Loik was not.  
 Instead of my sweet one they've left me this fright,  
 A dumb toad, that does nothing but scratch and bite.  
 Seven long years I've nursed this fiend,  
 So craving and hungry, and not yet weaned.  
 Sweet mother! hear from thy snowy throne;  
 Thou art blest with thy Son, I am sad and alone.  
 Thy Son is safe in thy Holy caress;  
 Mother of mercy, relieve my distress!"

"Weep not! thy Loik is safe and sound;  
 The dumb shall speak, and the lost shall be found.  
 A dinner for ten in an egg-shell prepare,  
 The dumb shall speak, and his race declare.  
 When he speaks, *whip him well*; at the sound of  
 his cries

The fairies shall take him—much joy of their prize."

"What dost thou, mother? what dost now?"

Cried the imp, with surprise, and a voice like a crow,  
 "I'm making, my child, a feast for my men,  
 In the shell of one egg, a dinner for ten."

"For ten in one shell? Come, none of your jokes;  
 Eggs are not chickens, nor acorns oaks.  
 The acorn I've seen grow a mighty tree,  
 But a sight like this is a wonder to me."

"You've seen too much, my boy. *Crick, crack!*  
 Take that, old imp; I've caught you, *crick, crack!*"  
 "Come, give back our child, and stay your hand;  
 Your son is a king in fairy-land."

In the cradle at home she scarce dared to peep,  
 And there lay a little one fast asleep!  
 'Twas her own sweet Loik! oh, heavens, what bliss!  
 As he opened his eyes to her ravishing kiss.  
 He stretched out his arms, as o'er him she wept,  
 "What ails thee, dear mother? How long I've  
 slept!"

But not to dwell longer upon this interesting family, we may record a few more of the popular superstitions of Brittany.

The country is stamped everywhere with the Celtic and feudal character; and as for religion—a thin coating of Christianity ill conceals the religion of nature, and the worship of the elements, which constituted the old Druidical mythology.

With such materials, it is not to be wondered at that the Breton feels all the romance and superstition of the old idolatries. Every grove has its divinity; every fountain its miraculous property; every Druid-stone its legend and its peculiar rites.

These vast monuments, which are scattered throughout Brittany, are particularly the objects of superstitious veneration.

The great *Menhir* of Plogastel is resorted to by those women who are not blessed with chil-

dren; but who fully believe that by visiting it at midnight, and rubbing their bosoms against the hard stone, they will become fruitful.

The rocking stones of Pontwig and Huelgoat have another virtue. Husbands who are suspicious of their wives, resort to them; and if their doubts are just, the great stone, which an infant's finger can set rocking, will remain immovable to their hardest efforts.

It is as well, they say, not to pass by the pillar of Noyal too late at night, as you may find yourself in its way when it is going on its nightly promenade to drink at the river.

"Keep clear, too, of the fairy grotto of Caro. It was Jan Kerloff, of Sulniac, who passed by on Easter-night, and saw the fairies dancing by the light of the moon. They were tall and fair women, clad in white, and so radiant that Jan, in describing them, could only liken them to a candle in a horn lantern; but so frightened was he, that a lock of his hair turned white, as any could see who liked."

The Bretons have a particular horror of travelling at night. Like their Welsh cousins, they think that ghosts and spectral funeral processions, and all kinds of uncanny things, are abroad after nightfall.

"Avoid," say they, "the sunk paths and the narrow bridges at night, at any rate unless you have in your pocket a *chapelet* blessed by Saint Anne.

"Hervé Carzon was passing over the Are last year, coming back from the fair, and what should he see but a black goat standing on the middle of the bridge, and looking at him as bold as brass!"

Perhaps Hervé had a little too much *gwin ardant* in his head; so he called out, "Get out of my way, old Rusty-fusty;" and made a poke at him with his *penn-baz*. But it was no less than the *gabino*, who ran at Hervé Carzon, and threw him into the river, where he would infallibly have been drowned, if it had not been for his *chapelet*—and the miller's man, who heard his cries, and came and pulled him out of the water."

At Coat-bian are Druidical barrows, which have been for time out of mind the haunt of elves and gnomes. "They are always playing some pranks upon the poor people around; ringing a sheep-bell in the wood to deceive the little shepherd lads, who are seeking their stray lambs; or when the young girls come home too late from a *pardon* or an *assemblée*, catching hold of their two arms behind them, and kissing their plump necks.

"Sometimes, in winter nights, while the fire is crackling, and the resin candle spluttering, there are heard strange shrieks and moans out of doors. Perhaps you may think it is the old weathercock creaking in the wind, or the clattering of the turn-a-bout, which Jacques put up in the apple tree to frighten the birds. Not a bit of it. It is the shrieking of the old *Poulpekans*, who are calling to the *Korrigans* to come and sup under the *cromlechs*. Shut the doors fast, and place at the foot of the

\* The Bretons, like the Welsh, call the English Saxons.



bed a crock of millet; then, if the fairies come in they will knock down the jar and spill the contents; and as it is their nature to pick it up grain by grain, this will keep them employed, and out of mischief all night."

(This is something like the preventive against burglars, recommended to *Paterfamilias* by Mr. *Punch*, namely: to put the coal-skuttle upon the stair-case for Mr. Sykes to tumble over.)

With the shades of night come a troop of vague terrors, and grotesque superstitions, crowding on the untutored Breton mind. The doués, or washing troughs of the villages, are occupied by the *Rennezerec noz*, spectral *lavandières*, who beat their grave-clothes upon the smooth stones, and all night long they chant this refrain:

"Si Chrétien ne vient nous sauver,  
Jusqu'au jugement faut laver,  
Au clair de lune, au bruit de vent,  
Sous le neige, le linceul blanc."

Every ruined château has its white lady flitting among the ruined corridors, or wailing over some scene of bloodshed.

Those who wander by the sad sea waves, perceive dim shapes of women walking on the sea, or sitting among the rocks. They write listlessly on the sand, or pluck the rosemary and sea-pink. They are the children of the soil who have died unabsolved in the distant lands, and are come to beseech the prayers of their parents and friends.

Woe to the peasant who meets one of those souls, which are condemned to wander on the *Champs des Martyrs* at Auray, the scene of the bloody drama of the wars of the De Montforts and De Blois! They hover about the battered armour and mouldering corpses they once animated; and at midnight they march to and

fro about the country, always stalking straight on, grim and stark, without deviating from the straight line. Woe to the traveller who stands in their way! An invisible power strikes him, he is *frappé par l'âme*, spectre-smitten, and, as the people believe, no earthly power can save him. The priest may absolve him from the penalties beyond the grave, but his days on earth are numbered.

If a Breton is far from his home, and any domestic event requires his presence—the death of his parents, or the sickness of his betrothed—he hears distinctly the bells of his village-church pealing out the Angelus, and calling him back to his country. This is called an *intersigne*, and is an appeal which he may not neglect, on pain of committing sacrilege. The bell calls him: he must go home, or die.

And if he is drowned at sea, the wandering waves carry his soul to the land of his birth, and cast it in light foam upon the much-loved shore where his infant days were spent in happiness; and sometimes may be heard the plaintive cries of these souls, mingling with the murmur of the waves; soft sighs and hoarse moanings, as the souls meet upon the shore—the souls of lovers and messmates and comrades—and recount their histories, and demand the expiatory services of the dead.

"If you hear these plaintive voices by the shore, chiming in with the mellow cadence of the waves, forget not to offer a prayer for the repose of these poor souls," says our Breton host. Or rather, say we, forget not to breathe a prayer for deliverance from all superstition, and blindness, and hardness of heart, with thanksgiving for the light we possess through the love of God, which "passeth all things for illumination."

DINAN.

## STRONGER THAN DEATH.

(A Tale in Three Chapters.)

### CHAPTER II.

"How long will it be before I can get away from this place?" was my first thought on waking, the morning after Annie's departure. I felt bound for a week at least: I must stay that time, if only to put the best face I could on my disappointment before Frank's sister. And yet, unworthy as Annie's conduct towards me had been—though I felt her absence a relief—had the choice been in my power, I would have spent that week in the same house with her rather than with Edith. My indifference towards Miss Lyne was changed into that feeling which any man, not more than mortal, will, in spite of himself, entertain towards a woman who

has looked on quietly and seen him play the fool. "Well," I soliloquised as I was shaving, "she and I will be quits: she despises me; I dislike her—I don't know why exactly, but I *do* dislike her. We must endure and be endured by each other for the next seven days—that's all. No doubt she was vastly amused at my unlucky affair"—here I made a face, and cut myself. "Never mind; she was welcome to laugh at me as much as she pleased: she might tell Frank—anybody—no doubt she had." Here some instinct stopped me. Let me do her justice. Edith Lyne would never talk over that adventure; my secret was safe in her keeping. I had never tried to read that quiet face but there was something in it which might tell a man so much

at first sight. I heard Frank's voice at my door. "Come in," I cried, while I rummaged for the sticking-plaster. He entered.

"Isn't it a glorious day, Margesson! Bless me, how you've cut yourself! Stay, here's some goldbeater's skin. The ladies have sent down word that we're not to wait breakfast for them this morning; so we'll have ours at once, and then go out. Do you feel at all inclined for work, Arthur?" he said, coming up to me. "Do you know I've a great fancy for a painting as some memorial of this lovely place. I should like you to undertake it for me. Edith pointed out a splendid view yesterday. My plan is to walk after breakfast to the place, and, if it strikes your fancy as much as it did mine, we can't do better than fix upon it."

I listened to Frank with a mixed feeling. On the one hand I now utterly hated Lymrex, and had an aversion to everything which threatened to prolong my stay an hour beyond the time I had fixed. On the other, this commission promised just what I then required—something that would take up my time and thoughts. After all, it would be easy, I thought, to sketch out my picture, get it as forward as I could in a week, and finish it afterwards in town. As I drank in the beauty of the prospect that morning, I felt that into my painting I could throw all my heart. I could escape from myself—forget all my miserable smarts and troubles in the great joy and splendour of nature. I began that very morning. Had I been in town, I should have sought relief in any other shape than work. Now, for the first time in my life, I was to learn what strength and healing lies in honest labour. For once I worked bravely and well. My week of penance soon passed—the next—another still; but my heart was in my painting. Down in Dorsetshire I must stay, till my picture was finished. My daily progress satisfied me: the sea rose on my canvass, not in mere painted waves, but with some touch of its own power and passion. I often wished that my old master, who had growled out many a prophecy that my slovenly style would ruin me as an artist, could have watched the patient labour I bestowed on my foreground—how I chiselled out the fragments of rock, and gave each seaworn stone its varied form and water-mark.

As the days went on, a worthy motive prompted me to do my best. I felt more and more certain that the idea of this picture had not originated with Frank. Something told me that the sole witness to that garden scene between Annie and myself had, in womanly pity, devised this cure for my heart-sickness. For this I honoured Edith Lyne, and I honoured her the more for the graceful tact with which she managed to turn the conversation when she thought I might find the subject painful. Beyond this delicacy, and such courtesies as were due to her brother's guest, her conduct bore no reference to me. She seemed to devote herself to Frank: every little thought and care—so sweet, so graceful from a woman—were lavished upon him. On his part, almost unconsciously,

he depended much on her: their daily plans, even the most trivial arrangements, were referred to her decision; though she somehow contrived that Frank should seem to have the credit of it all. And, while I speak of Edith, let me try to define the feeling with which I then regarded her. The state of mind, wounded and irritable in the extreme, in which I found myself after Annie's departure, kept me constantly on the alert. I weighed every word and action of Miss Lyne as if she had been my declared enemy: I was always on the *qui vive* for some speech of scornful significance—some touch destined to make me wince. Something of this sort I looked for from her hands—aye, and I wished for it: I wished to have a good reason for heartily disliking her.

This morbid sensitiveness passed, but not to give place to my former indifference. I did not lay aside the habit I had formed in the last few weeks of watching her. I observed her still with a vague but intense curiosity, mingled, in spite of myself, with admiration. I became by degrees seriously engaged in the contemplation of a character quite new to me: I was like a man who tries to spell out a noble poem written in a language almost unknown to him. And, most strange, cold as I was to her, as she to me, I felt—more and more I felt—every day the powerful influence exercised by her spirit over mine. Watching her industry of hands and brain—not a shade of restlessness in it—there seemed a repose in her very activity: watching this, I say, it became a spur to my endeavour. Edith all the time went on her way, just as the bee and ant go theirs, unconscious how they have been a reproach to sluggards ever since the days of wise King Solomon. But this was only one phase of her influence: in her presence it seemed natural to think only of what was pure and noble. Let me tell you that all the morality that was ever put into proverbs is powerless in comparison with the moral atmosphere of that woman who shall be spontaneously, in her own nature, all that other people take pains to dress up in fine words. Curious, too, it was, that I fell into a habit of painting as if Edith Lyne were always looking over me. That light in the foreground—would it strike her fancy as it did mine? Under what aspect would her favourite cliff, the great Golden Head, please her best?—standing out in the sunshine, or half veiled in deep purple shadows?

I was dissatisfied, provoked with myself. Why should this woman—so content to let me perfectly alone—why should she take up my thoughts so much? She was the style of person one must respect and admire. But love? No; that was an impossible thing! I began to say this to myself every day. I hardly understood her; her inward life seemed far apart from mine. How often I had fancied that I knew the sex thoroughly! yet here was a woman, open as day, clear as light, and yet I felt I had not the key of her character.

Looking back on that long past time, I recall the impression of the days as they went by.



My forgiveness of the coquettish Annie grew complete; for I strangely forgot both the offence and the offender. If her name were mentioned by chance, it fell upon my ear like that of any passing acquaintance. It would have been a real effort to think of her for five minutes together. I laughed outright as this thought occurred to me one morning, and gave a great rap of approval on my easel. "I've to thank you for that, old friend!" I said, half aloud. "There's nothing, after all, like honest work to cure a man of such a folly."

Frank came in. He looked over my shoulder. "By Jove," he exclaimed, "I shall be proud of that picture! I suppose it will be finished by the time we leave?"

"Only a week, Frank—I don't know. I thought of finishing it after you were gone, and keeping it for you till your return from the continent. Won't that do?"

"Yes," he said, with a hesitating air, "that will do; only it spoils a little scheme of mine. I'll tell you what it is, Margesson," he went on, with his hand on my shoulder, "and I know you're such a good fellow that if you can humour me you will. Edith always comes and looks at that picture when you are away. I can see it has quite taken her fancy. She asked me yesterday to take it with me, as it is not large. You know how fond she is of Lymrex. Well, Thursday week—the day we get to Paris—will be her birthday, and I should have liked her to find that painting in her trunk as a present from me. 'Tis her favourite view, and she would be so pleased! The idea of your painting it was hers from the first."

I would do my best—the time was short, I answered, coldly; while the thought raised a strong command within: "Work, work! If eyes grow dim, and fingers fail, that picture must be ready!"

"Never mind my fancy!" said Frank, good-naturedly. "I came to ask you to put away your brushes for to-day, and we'll have a long ride."

"No, no," I said, "if this is to be finished, and finished properly, I mustn't waste my time."

Frank looked vexed. "I was a blockhead to mention my plan. I wouldn't, only I thought the picture wanted just a touch or two more—nothing else. It looks so to me, and you've worked hard at it these two months. Come, Arthur, don't think anything more about it. My sister will never know, so she won't be disappointed. I can give it her on her birthday next year. We shall just be back by that time I expect. Come," he went on, taking the brush out of my hand; "I'll have the horses brought round directly."

"Stop, Frank," I said. "Don't ask me to ride this morning. I assure you my work is real pleasure to-day. I'm just in the right mood, and would rather paint than do anything else."

I was glad when he left the room; glad when the clattering of his horse's hoofs died away;

and I knew I should have a long, unbroken morning.

Working, as for my life, through the hours which brought the golden noon—through the hours which changed its sunshine into shadows, I questioned my own heart that day. She herself never sought me—never, by word or glance. How then had her image grown so importunately bold? Why did it rise at every turn, and follow me like Fate? Whence this strange flow and ebb of attraction and repulsion? Whence this restlessness which grew upon me?—these emotions so strong yet indefinite, confused (like a storm at night), which would possess me for hours, till coming into her presence, "there was suddenly a great calm." I heard a footstep at the door—my heart cried out with its quickened beat that she was coming—not so; it passed; again it came; again it passed; then, after a long interval, Mrs. Fairbank entered.

"Dear me, Mr. Margesson," she cried, "I had no idea you were painting here; I thought you and Frank had gone out early. Do come and take some lunch."

I thanked her, but refused. I was not hungry, I said; I would rather go on painting. So she left me. I listened eagerly for the footstep which came and went, but never entered. A bitter feeling rose. I was a fool to waste a moment's thought on her—a fool to work hard all day long for her pleasure, while she never troubled herself even to look in upon me. Cold, selfish! well, if there is a disagreeable creature in the world, it is your admirable woman! There, that's her step again! surely now—no, just as I thought. I knew she wouldn't. But why trouble myself, or anyone else, with the absurd vexation into which I worked myself that afternoon?

Precisely as the clock struck four, Grey appeared. Grey was an important person in the little *ménage*. He was everything—footman, butler, house-steward—one of those terrible old servants whom, as the saying goes, you might trust with untold gold. He ruled his fellow-servants with a rod of iron; domineered in a respectful sort of way over Frank and Mrs. Fairbank—his young mistress was the only person in the house of whom he stood in awe. To me, Grey was polite; perhaps a little condescending. Very likely he knew that he had saved, during his long service with Frank and Colonel Lyne, Frank's father, more money than I was worth in the world. I fancy Grey didn't like me at all at first, but he had become reconciled. He patronised my painting in the most affable manner. "Excuse me, sir," he would say, looking over me, with a silver salver in one hand, and a great flag of wash-leather in the other—"excuse me, sir, but that aint paint, that's natur'." Then, having delivered this flattering criticism, he would stand looking at it for a few minutes, with his head on one side, rubbing away at the salver. He could not make up his mind if "that pictur" shall 'ang in the 'all, sir, or over the chimney-piece in the dining-room of our 'ouse in London."

Grey was method personified; he regarded the least deviation from the daily routine as a personal injustice to himself. Regularity he considered to be his perquisite. Nothing vexed him half so much as any alteration in the dinner-hour. When, on rare occasions, this happened, he would announce the change with an injured air, never omitting to state its reason, in the tone of counsel pleading against the defendant. Grey stood stiff on the threshold.

"Before the ladies went out walkin,' sir, they desired me to tell you that we dine at five to-day. I was to tell you at four, that you might have time for your walk."

"Dine at five, Grey?" and I took out my watch.

"Yes, sir," he replied, with a vicious look at me, "we dine an hour earlier to-day, sir. Miss Lyne would have it so; she told Mrs. Fairbank as how you'd been paintin' a good many hours without any lunch. So, sir, we dine at five." And Grey departed with the exact expression of an old parrot which longs to bite some one's finger to the bone.

This little incident reconciled me to Edith; but in the evening that sore feeling was more angry than ever. Yet how unreasonable it was!—even then I said to myself it was absurdly unreasonable.

Frank was late. I saw, some time before she said anything, that she was anxious and uneasy. The roads were lonely, the hills steep, her brother's horse spirited—all the phantom army of a woman's fears. They were perfectly groundless. It was moonlight, as light as day; there could be no danger, I assured the ladies, and read quietly on by the lamp. I might break my neck a dozen times, I thought, over my book, before it would trouble *her*. She had neither thought nor care for any one in the world besides Frank.

It grew really late. How anxious she was! I pretended not to notice. At last she asked downright if I would go to the top of the hill and see if he were coming. Frank and I soon returned together; he had broken his stirrup—been delayed: that was all the accident. Edith's white dress fluttered out in the porch as we came back. What a greeting she gave her brother! he might have come home from the wars. Seeing this, I felt angry with her, and somehow, though not knowing why, angry with Frank. Why should she show him so much affection, and I standing by? She thought no more of me than if I had been her grandmother! "I almost think I could hate her," I said to myself, before I fell asleep that night. It was the last impression of the day. Ah! but in those dreams of mine—those dreams which gave the lie to that false thought—I saw her again. The scene of the previous evening was renewed. Again she came to meet us with all that loving earnestness, with all that tender grace. Then, by that change of person and identity so natural in dreams, my part was strangely altered: I was no longer mere spectator.

I awoke next morning with an undisguised,

eager longing to see Edith. I hastened down to the breakfast table; but here I was to be disappointed: she did not appear. Half-sulky at her absence, I think Frank found me a dull companion that morning, and I got off to my painting as soon as possible. After about an hour's work, however, some excuse occurred to me for returning to the room where we had breakfasted. I say an excuse, though at the time I could have sworn it was none—that I really wanted the Review I had left on the side-board.

I found the door half-open; my approach was unnoticed. I stood a few minutes, as a man might do whose eye had fallen on the loveliest picture imaginable. By the table Edith stood, bending over some flowers she had just arranged. The sunshine streamed in through the bow-window; it bathed her figure so completely that half the radiance seemed her own. It gave a fine tint to her morning muslin, deepened the pale gold of her hair, and brought out all her delicate beauty, every subtle charm, as from herself it fell upon the flowers with which her fingers were busied. A rare bouquet was that; not with respect to the flowers themselves, for most were common, many wild; but its beauty lay in this—that all, bud, bell, and blossom, were snowy white. They looked transparent and quite dazzling in the sunshine, heightened as the effect was by the relief of a few dark ivy leaves, and the crimson table-cover, on which floated from the vase, pendants of the large white convolvulus. Poets talk of the language of flowers: never, surely, had any others half the eloquence of these. With their gentle fragrance, with their snowy purity, they seemed to interpret and reflect Edith herself, as they stood before my eyes, all white and fair.

I was conscious that I trembled as I stepped into the room; involuntarily I put my hand on the table to steady myself. She looked up. For the first time her eye fell before mine; the long lash drooped like a shadow over a lovely blush. On the moment I knew that the most passionate words of love from any one else would be utterly worthless to me, compared with that slight mark of feeling.

"They are very beautiful," she said. "See, Frank," she turned to him as he entered, "your favourite flowers."

"Yes, Edith." He came up to the table and looked affectionately at them. "Somehow they always remind me of you. Curious, that when I was down in that fever at Lyons, I saw you as plain as I do now. You sat in my mother's dressing room, and had a great bunch of white flowers."

"Just as painters give St. Agnes her lilies, and St. Elizabeth her roses," I could not help saying; and I saw the roses of St. Elizabeth flush up in Edith's cheek.

Had a new world been created for me? It seemed so that day, as I wandered among the cliffs alone. On stealthiest foot, with folded wings, had Love found entrance; but now he stood revealed, and shook forth all his splendours,



The desolate chambers of a heart long lying waste and void, save where dim phantoms haunted, or unworthy idols lay broken, were filled with the glory of his presence. From dust and ashes leaped up the sacred fires. Music and songs, long silent, woke once more. The breath of incense, the warmth, the glow, the radiance, surrounded and confessed the God!

For that one morning I was supremely happy; it was the full triumph of Love within my breast. The hopes of a conqueror, the strength of a giant, such seemed mine. I would cultivate my powers, I would work up my way, with ceaseless effort, and then, when my name was known, my position certain, then I would ask Edith's

hand. "I love—I love," was the song of my heart, repeated still, till the Sea heard, and answered back with the great cry and passion of his waves. Doubt, fear, the slow torture of hope deferred, the difficulties in my way, the danger of losing my love even while I was toiling to win her—for this one day those harpies kept aloof; they dare not spoil my feast. Ah! but they came with the darkness; they watched with me through the night, and clamoured in my ears as I wandered again by the shore, while a thick mist hung heavy over all, shutting out the sky; and the sea sobbed out an echo of that bitter cry of penitence: "My spirit is in anguish within me, my heart within is desolate."

## A B B E Y V I E W.

### A REMINISCENCE OF CHILDHOOD.

(In Three Chapters.)

#### CHAP. I.

I recollect myself, at eight years old, reading over and over again, with a pleasure never since derived from any other species of enjoyment, the two solitary books within my reach, namely: the "Pilgrim's Progress," and the "Citizen of the World." Strange books, perhaps, particularly the latter, for a child; but there was a story in it about a certain Prince Bonbobbin-Bonbebbin-Bonbobbinet, and his adventures in search of a white mouse with green eyes, which had a never-failing charm for me. And I was also, singularly enough, capable of understanding the delicate humour of poor Goldsmith's unrivalled sketch of "Beau Tibbs," sufficiently so at least to be amused at the harmless vanity of the poor little butterfly; and to enter more fully into the philosophy of his remark, "If all the world laugh at me, I laugh at all the world," than the gentleman-in-black, in his annoyance at being made ridiculous, felt inclined to do. But if these exquisite essays pleased me, where, out of Fairy-land, shall I find language calculated to express my delight on reading the pages of Bunyan—that almost inspired dreamer? The mere idea of attempting it throws me into the Slough of Despond. Enough, I more than performed his journey with Christian; for the time being I was Christian himself; and, although, I had the entire book nearly by heart, it was no light sorrow to me when some chance visitor at our home borrowed and never returned it.

I have spoken of a visitor, but it was rarely indeed a stranger was found "within our gates." I do not recollect more than three who were in the habit of calling on us. One, a classical

teacher, an odd, but very learned old man, who taught me to read French; next, a music-master, whom I detested, and who felt with equal kindness towards me; I had no taste, either natural or acquired, for music. I hated the drudgery of practice, and was, I am sure, the most stupid and troublesome pupil he had. We parted, after three years of mutual dislike and annoyance, with (I will answer, at least, for myself) a sincere resolution "to meet as little as possible." Lastly, an old great-aunt, who came twice a year from the country, to make purchases, and to whose visits I looked forward with joyful expectation, as she possessed a wonderful stock of stories about the old families and places in her neighbourhood; and, better still, loved to relate them to so eager and attentive a listener as she always found in me. Indeed, a very slight allusion to, or remark on, past times, was sufficient to render her talkative; and I can, with truth, say that I have never found her garrulity tedious or uninteresting.

I (an only child) never had a friend or companion of my own age; and, consequently, being completely thrown back on myself for amusement, I early became, what I have ever since continued to be, namely, a confirmed day-dreamer.

I have since heard it said that people living at that time in our neighbourhood used to pity what they considered my loneliness. But, if any one expressed that feeling for me then, I think I should have been surprised. I was not lonely. When I got a new book by any chance, I read it eagerly; when I did not get one, I fell back on my old library; laughed again with the Beau, washed his "two shirts" with his wife, or (albeit myself a born papist) slew the giant Popery

with Christian. But chiefly and beyond even when reading, to use that most expressive line of Burns,

"I ha'e been happy thinking."

We lived on one of the long open quays of the city of C——, so that the river was always within my view; and there was, from one particular window of our house, a glimpse of it winding far away beneath two bridges into the country, of which there was also an *imitation*, in the shape of a green marsh, used for grazing and resting the cattle intended for our market; and even one *real* field, high and very far off, where, sometimes in the harvest, by straining my eyes very much, I could see men reaping.

The summer-time always found me, evening after evening, seated in this window, watching night as it slowly closed over the crowded city. Far-fetched as the idea may seem, it always reminded me of a child sinking softly to sleep—everything so tended to express that day was ended—the gradual ceasing of the sounds caused by the stir and traffic of a busy town, as the rolling of the different vehicles, those of business or pleasure; the hushing of the various street cries, which form, as it were, the hoarse voice of a city; the tradesman passing slowly home-wards, bearing the instruments of his craft, or the labourer those of his toil; the mothers collecting their reluctant children from their play to bed; the still shadows of the houses on the opposite quay reflected in the clear water; the grey twilight, ever deepening into darkness over all, until the round moon rising, or the bright stars peeping each after other from the deep blue sky, it (although in all the bright beauty of summer) became night indeed. I have often since seen evening stealing over a landscape in the country; but to me, the town-bred, it never gave the same calm idea of the close of day, as when I watched it from my own old window at home.

I was nearly thirteen years old before my parents could be persuaded to part with me, even for a brief time; however, they were at length induced to permit me to pay a short visit to the aunt already mentioned. I was very glad myself to go; and yet, on the morning of my departure I felt so sorry as to be almost on the point of begging to be let stay; but it was too late then to change my mind, and the close of a warm July evening found me descending the steep hill, at the foot of which nestled the pretty cottage farm-house which, for the next month, was to be my home.

Unused to travelling, I was too tired on my arrival to notice anything but the affectionate welcome of my kind old relative, and was soon asleep in a little white bed, where I woke in the morning to see the bright roses peeping in at me through the little casement (how glad I felt it was a casement, and not a stiff sash window!) of my room. They seemed inviting me out to play with them in the large old-fashioned garden, which was their birth-place; and I was soon among them, running through the walks,

and gathering the fresh strawberries with which they were bordered—everything new and delightful to me, a happy, easily-amused child.

Here again my fate of being companionless pursued me. I was the inmate of a widowed and a childless home; and, although a large family of cousins resided about a mile distant from my aunt's place, she steadfastly refused permission for me to visit them, even for a day, saying I was in her charge, and should not leave her until she gave me up safely again to my mother.

But in a week I was quite familiar with the entire neighbourhood—the immediate neighbourhood I mean, and rambled about it pretty much as I pleased.

I saw the grand old castle, of the lords and ladies, of which I had heard so much, towering in its grey sternness above its surrounding trees. I visited its old well, and ran down the hundred steps which led to it, peeping with awe into the subterranean passage, by means of which the Lady of the castle, in Cromwell's time, sent a message to her absent Lord; and bravely held out against Ireton until he was able to come to her relief.

I saw the farm-house into which, in the time of the Irish Faction fights, an aged man was pursued, and had his head chopped off on his own hearthstone. I looked at the pretty little church-yard, which I was told was removed in one night by the fairies, from one side of the river to the other; and visited the ivied ruins of the old Abbey of B——, so beautiful in their gentle decay, my very breathing growing soft as I trod lightly beneath its arches, and read the half-illegible inscriptions on the broken tombs, wherein the bones of past generations lay awaiting the call which was to clothe them again with their flesh, and to give back to them again the eyes "wherewith they were to see their Saviour."

I pictured to myself scenes from the pride and the prostration of the old place, musing upon its foundation and its fall. Yet, with a strange waywardness, my fancy would withdraw itself from these more marked places, to fix itself on one spot apparently having no interest for any one but myself. It was a house situated on the top of a hill on the opposite side of the river which almost washed the Abbey walls; to reach which we had to cross a high, old-fashioned bridge, and ascend a steep, rugged hill. This I did, day after day, for the mere purpose of gazing in through the large iron-gate which, between two pillars of redstone, surmounted by two moss-grown and weather-stained urns, formed its entrance. There was a smaller gate for foot passengers, but no lodge. The house itself was also built of red-stone, the corners and windows being faced with white. It had a high slanting roof, with tall chimneys, and stood very little in from the road, on a smooth green lawn, through which a stiff, formal-looking path led straight up to the hall-door. There were no trees or flower-beds near it, as are generally seen; and as I never saw any



person about the house or grounds, it had to me a singularly mysterious appearance.

I asked more than once, who lived there? and was told, carelessly, it was "Abbey View—Ralph Wilton's place;" nothing more. Yet no amount of carelessness could divest it of its interest for me; and wander where I would, some time of the day found me with my face pressed against the gate, gazing curiously at the lonely and deserted-looking mansion. At length (it was a few days before the day appointed for my return home) as I reached the old entrance, to my surprise the smaller gate was ajar; and more, the hall door, and what I supposed the windows of a parlour beside it, were open. If Shakespeare speaks truly, that

"Nice Custom curtsies to great Kings,"

I certainly on this occasion obliged her to perform a similar act of reverence to "great" Curiosity, my anxiety to get one little peep into the interior of this strange place becoming so absolutely uncontrollable that, setting aside all propriety, I entered the open gate, and approached the spot around which my fancy had so long hovered. I had a vague idea of asking the way to some place, if any one met and questioned me—but only a vague one—as, like a person in a dream, I advanced up the path which led to the house. I paused before one of the windows, and have only to close my eyes even at this moment, after the lapse of many years, to have the scene before my dreaming as vividly as it then appeared before my waking vision.

It was a large square room, the walls of which were stained green; the floor was uncarpeted, but white as snow, and "neatly sanded;" there was a creeping plant of some kind suspended in a flower-pot from the top of one window, and a cage with a brown linnet in it from the other. There was a queer-looking, old-fashioned sofa (or settee I believe it was called), covered in a bright-coloured chintz. It had two turned off arms, but no back, and seemed to me to be quite as stiff and uncomfortable as the high-backed mahogany chairs, which, with three or four tables, were ranged formally round the room; while about a half-dozen pieces of needle-work—done in chenil, on what must once have been white satin, and bearing the initials K. W. in the corners—decorated the walls. There were also some book-shelves: on one near the window I could read the names of the books. They were—a volume of the "Gentleman's Magazine," "Burnet's History of his own Times," "Du Plessis Memoirs," some volumes of the "Spectator," and "Tillotson's Sermons." There was a large China bowl filled with rose-leaves on one of the tables, and on the chimney-piece were three inverted cups (with their saucers laid carefully on them), two tall glass vases (with a thick stripe like white tape twisting through them) filled with lavender, and above it a small oval mirror, with a few peacock-feathers stuck behind its tarnished frame. A slanting column of sunbeams filled the centre of the apartment, and a bee flying about made the stillness of the

summer noon more marked by its drowsy hum; but, chiefly and above all, in a large arm-chair (covered with chintz like the sofa), reclined an old lady. As she sat she seemed small—small nearly as a child; with the neatest of little quilled cap-borders pinned beneath her chin, and a small white muslin cloak upon her shoulders.

As I was still leaning on the window seat, gazing in; my bonnet hanging by its strings upon my arm, she suddenly awoke, and fixed her eyes upon my face. She did not seem in the least surprised on seeing me, but said, "Oh, Katty! home so soon, child?"

Katty! It was actually my own name: how did she know me? In my fright and confusion I was about to run away, when, to increase my astonishment, a hand was laid on my uncovered head; and looking round, I saw a gentleman, evidently a clergyman, standing behind me. He smiled goodnaturally at my bewildered countenance, and said:

"She mistakes you for another; do not be alarmed."

But I said: "She called me Katty; and I am Katty."

Again he smiled at the simplicity of my remark, and replied, "It is the memory of old age forgetting or not heeding things passing daily around. Her thoughts return to her younger life; she imagines you to be one long since dead. You are the little girl staying at Mrs. Hendley's?" he continued. "You seem to walk about a great deal."

He saw I was too childishly shy to answer distinctly; so, taking my murmured words for an affirmative, he added, "Now you are quite tired, you must come in and rest."

He led me by the hand into the parlour, where, even while we had been speaking, the old lady had again sunk into a doze.

"You look inclined to run away," he said; "but do not until I return, I will bring you some nice fruit, and show you a miniature of the namesake for whom you were mistaken."

## CHAP. II.

His kind tones encouraged me. I heard afterwards that he had noticed from his study window my daily visits to the gate; and asking my aunt, whom he had known all his life, about me, learned from her many of what she called my odd ways.

He was not long absent, and brought, as he had promised, some beautiful strawberries; he held also in his hand a dark-coloured morocco case, which he promised to shew me when I had eaten the fruit placed for me on the table. But he soon perceived, although my boldness in search of adventures had brought me into the midst of one, that I was now so painfully embarrassed as to be perfectly unable to swallow anything, he said: "Well, you must take them with you; and now for the picture."

He opened the case, and showed me the likeness of a young girl, with her hair, as far as I could judge, exactly the colour of my own. It was a fair, happy-looking face, with glad blue eyes, and a smiling, rosy mouth.

This is the Katty the old lady meant," he said. "You are not like her, after all; you are paler, and have brown eyes."

Again my story-hunting propensity came over me. I looked up timidly at him, and asked, "Who was she?"

"She was my mother," he said simply; "the only child of her who recollects her so long. She died when I was born."

How strange it was, that staid, middle-aged man, with grey hair, to be the son of that young creature; and that bright face, which made one glad almost to look upon it, to be for all the years of his life lying in the dark grave! I could not realize it at all.

"You look puzzled, little one," he said; "nevertheless, it is true: I, the grey-haired man, am the son of the golden-haired girl, whose fair head was laid in the clay so long ago; while the old mother is still left to dream of her, and fancy back her image, even until now."

As he spoke she turned her head towards us again, saying, "It is time you were at school, Katty; Ralph will go with you. Come, kiss me before you go."

"Go, dear," said her grandson, "it will gratify her."

And I went and offered, though with some reluctance, my lips to hers. They were icy cold, and chilled me, although her caress was most affectionate; but immediately after she stood up, put her hand on my shoulder, and gazing earnestly at me, said, in her sharp querulous tones,

"How is this? Your eyes used to be blue, child; it was Ralph's were brown. But no matter," she added, wearily; "go, go."

I was, by this time, very glad to do as she desired; and Mr. Wilton saw as much, for he said "Come, now I will release you."

He put the strawberries in a little basket for me, the old lady taking no farther notice of us, walked with me to the gate; and shaking hands kindly with me, said, "You are not to be peeping in any more; but come often and see me, I will always have a book and some fruit for you."

I scarcely know how I got home, I was so bewildered—half-frightened, half-delighted at my singular adventure; and finding it impossible to decide whether or not I should venture back again before my return home, which was to be in a few days.

However, it was decided for me without the necessity of my coming to any conclusion on the matter. Nearly the first sound I heard in the morning was the voice of one dairy-maid telling another the news.

"Old Madam Wilton, who had been so long childish, died in her chair last evening."

I returned home the day before the old lady's funeral, without having again seen her grandson. My aunt was too busy about her early harvest

to have time to answer my many questions concerning them; and it was under the care of a kind neighbour, who happened to have business in C——, that I returned home.

I was in despair, I should not be able to hear anything of the Wiltons for a long time. But in telling my dear mother how my time in the country had been passed, my adventure at Abbey View was, of course, much dwelt on; and, to my great delight, she said immediately, "Ah! I recollect being taken there when I was a very little child, by some one, and getting bread and honey from a young lady in white, with a blue sash. I remember thinking it queer she did not wear her hair as other people of that time did—it was not cut short, and curled on her forehead, but divided plainly, and falling in long bright curls behind her ears. Perhaps it was wearing yours in that fashion which made the old lady mistake you for her. Ah!" she added, "how time flies! that is much over forty years ago."

"But how did she die?" I asked.

"I scarcely know, my child," she answered. "I was too young at the time to hear anything of it; but I believe the story was a sad one."

Oh! what long evenings I have spent in my favourite window, dreaming over and over again my interview with Madame Wilton, and imagining all sorts of histories for her daughter; but it was not for a long time after I heard the true one from my aunt, who knew and loved her, and was present at her death.

"Katty Wilton," she said—"I never willingly speak of her, which is the reason why you have not before heard of her from me. Though rather above me in station, as we happened to be near neighbours, and about the same age, I a little elder, she was my dearest and earliest friend. She lived in the house which seemed to possess such a charm for you, with her mother, a widow, whose only child she was. They were very happy; not rich, but in easy circumstances, their only relative being a young man about five years older than Katty, and her first cousin, Ralph Wilton, who, also an only child, was the son of her father's elder brother, from whom he inherited a handsome fortune, and whose family seat, a place called The Grange, was situated about two miles from where they resided.

"I believe," said my aunt, "I am, or at least have been, in my earlier days, a person of very strong prejudices; but, certainly, for a very long time after the death of Katty I disliked the very sound of his name. But time softens the bitterest memory, and I have long ceased to remember him but as the clever, spirited boy who was our constant companion, and whose assistance Katty always sought for in her studies, or in our dearly-loved out-door amusements. The idol of his aunt, who loved him even still more than she did her own beautiful child, she at once adored and destroyed him. Proud of the stately beauty of his appearance, his faults she either could not or would not see—ever praising his generosity of mind and goodness of temper. Yet, young as I then was, I could per-



ceive how almost impossible it was for him to be ill-tempered, when he was carefully guarded from even petty annoyances; or to display the obstinacy that I knew lurked within him, when every will in that small household bowed down before his own. But beneath an exterior manner which, united with his handsome, intelligent face and fine form, would have charmed the most indifferent, lay a selfishness which, fostered by her over-indulgence, would accept almost any sacrifice for its own benefit; nay, more—would even, in its blindness to the feelings of others, be scarcely aware that it *was* a sacrifice; and a stubborn will which, once aroused by opposition, would defy all efforts to influence, much more to dictate to it.

"She was herself, too, a petty-minded woman; for all her human interest had narrowed itself to the desire of securing what she deemed the happiness of her daughter and her nephew. Nor do I believe she could be made to understand that anything done to forward it could be very wrong.

"From the very birth of the little girl their marriage had been planned by the parents; and on the death of her father, and of his father and mother, while both were very young, the design was yet cherished by the surviving widow.

"It was strange how her heart was set upon it, settled as it had been by those she had loved and lost. She used often to say her worst death-pang would be to die without being able to take the news of their union to those whom she trusted to meet in Heaven.

"Alas! how little she foresaw how her wish was to be granted yet denied. Brought up together, as I have already said, they were affectionately attached to each other; and their present cousinly love would, in time, very probably have deepened into the desired feeling, if left to itself; but, on Ralph's attaining his majority, his aunt imprudently revealed to him the family plot; when immediately all the latent wilfulness of his character burst forth—he would not look on his cousin as his future wife; he would choose for himself; he had ever thought of her as a sister. The thing was absurd, impossible; and in all the dignity of his lately-acquired freedom of action, he at once quitted that part of the country for Dublin—at that time a very gay metropolis. His aunt, with much want of tact in dealing with such a character, by her endeavours to prevent his going, merely rendered him more fixed in his determination to oppose her. Yet she still persuaded herself that he would soon weary of absence, and return, when all would go on well. While Katty, innocent and unconscious of the whole affair, was grieved and startled at witnessing the first quarrel she had ever seen occur in the family, and strove with her gentle loving ways to make peace between them. She wept bitterly at their parting, and begged he would not be long absent; but could obtain no promise from him, beyond a vague one that he would write sometimes.

"Two years passed over, the young girl daily

becoming more lovely and more loveable, and yet he had not returned. An occasional letter told them he was well, and enjoying all the amusements of Town—but nothing more!

"About that time, however, after a longer silence than usual, came directions to have The Grange House set in order, he was coming home; and from the alterations ordered to be made there, it was evident he was not to return alone. As suddenly came a message, he had changed his mind, and would not come for some time longer. But unexpectedly again came a short note to his aunt: 'He hoped to reach The Grange on the following evening, with Mrs. Ralph Wilton, his wife. He had been for some weeks married.'

"It was a terrible blow to his aunt. The one hope of her life destroyed by it, she seemed suddenly aged, yet too proud to quarrel openly. She visited the newly wedded pair, although her intercourse with them was cold and formal.

"The wife, who had won Ralph from his cousin, was a French lady, the daughter of a refugee, it was said, of high rank. She had no relatives, and would have been completely alone in the world, but for an elderly woman, also French, who acted as her maid, and who seemed devotedly attached to her. For herself, she was certainly over thirty, with a sallow complexion, and little beauty of feature, except her eyes, which were dark and lustrous; and exquisite teeth, which a very pleasing smile occasionally revealed. Her manner to her husband was too cold, at least before strangers, to give one the idea of her possessing much affection for him; it seemed as if she rather permitted herself to be loved, than that she loved herself; or that having suffered much in the course of her life, she had now little or no energy to display, even if she was capable of entertaining anything like strong feeling. Completely broken-spirited, but gentle and amiable, she would, I think, have made him happy if she could, or if she had been received and encouraged as she should have been by her husband's nearest relative, but that could not be. They were, indeed, an ill assorted pair; for while he, in his fresh young manhood, was eager for life and its enjoyments, she, in her somewhat faded womanhood, seemed only desirous of peace—I had nearly said only the peace of the grave.

"Yet at first he was fascinated by her, watching her every look, and seeming to think himself fully rewarded by one of her gentle looks or smiles; but soon, I fancied, his infatuation was wearing off, and I observed him more than once, when the families happened to meet, contrasting, and that not favourably, the sweet face of his young cousin with the rather worn, although still elegant, countenance of his chosen wife.

"Katty made many kind-hearted efforts to be intimate with her, but in vain; they were either secretly thwarted by her mother, or she was chilled and disappointed by the cold indifference of the wife. Possessing none of the vivacity of her nation, all society was irksome to her; though her attendant hinted it had not been

always so, giving it as an excuse, that her father, for whom she still wore mourning, was only very recently dead. By degrees she ceased to visit at the few places in her neighbourhood even at Mrs. Wilton's, whom very soon she seemed instinctively to shun; and consequently The Grange became a dull and lonely place indeed.

"Gradually the young husband sought elsewhere the amusement denied him at home, and, before many months, had entirely returned to his old habits of intimacy with Katty, his real home being at his aunt's place, more than at his own. The old lady was at the time much blamed for encouraging his visits, some even whispering that disappointed as she had been in her own hope, she was desirous of rendering her nephew and his wife as disunited as possible. I much fear such was really the case. If it was, she was afterwards fearfully punished for it.

"About that time," continued my aunt, "I was myself married to your uncle Hendley, and of course less with Katty than I used to be; but rumour, as usual, busy about a place from which people were excluded, soon began to speak of quarrels at The Grange—betrayed as such things ever are by the gossip of servants, as well as by the solitary walks of the neglected wife, who was now sinking into hopeless ill-health.

"I paid little attention to these reports at first, until I heard the names of Ralph and Katty coupled in a way which shocked me. I went more than once to Abbey View, with the intention of speaking to my friend on the subject, to beg she would withdraw herself more from the society of her cousin; but looking on her true glad face, I did not dare to insult her by even a breath of suspicion. That he loved her now, who had formerly so wilfully rejected her, nobody seeing him with her could doubt; that she loved him was also equally plain—but without yet suspecting the nature of her own feelings. Yet who could say how long she would remain so unconscious—a look or word might enlighten her?

"I thought to appeal to him, but a moment's reflection told me how useless it would be. He heard as much of the scandal of the neighbourhood as I did, and yet true to the native selfishness of his character, would not deny himself one hour of her company, even to spare her from being the object of much coarse remark.

"Her mother, I knew also, *would not* interfere. She was evidently looking forward to the death of the Frenchwoman, as she always called her, and so to the marriage she so longed for, and to which she perceived the life (for the close of which she watched so eagerly) was now the only obstacle.

"I have been seldom," went on my aunt, "so unhappy as I was at that period. But do not misunderstand me," she added quickly, as if jealous that even a thought should wrong her whom she so cared for. "I did not fear the in-

nocence, but for the happiness of my pure-hearted darling. Yes, even at this distance of time, I can solemnly aver that I have never in the course of my long life met one so entirely free from even a trace of guile or falsehood as she—that innocent victim of the sins, or at least faults, of others.

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### CHAP. III.

"It was soon known that Mrs. Ralph Wilton was altogether confined to her own room, dying, and left entirely to the care of her foreign attendant; her husband seldom indeed giving himself the trouble of even inquiring for her—his aunt not at all. She also strictly forbade Katty's calling at The Grange, as she chose to say the illness of the sufferer was low fever, and that she dreaded its contagion for her daughter. I went there two or three times, but was denied admittance: probably her attendant fancied I went more through curiosity than kindness, and so the poor broken-hearted woman was left to die alone. I heard afterwards that she felt this neglect keenly, sometimes blaming herself for her great mistake in suffering herself to be persuaded into a marriage with one so much younger than herself—one who, seeking her in boyish caprice, had so soon flung her, like the possessed plaything of a child, wantonly aside, to grasp at another; at other times blaming his relatives for keeping him from her, and yet by her fretfulness and sour remarks always driving him away in anger on the occasions of his rare visits to her bedside. At length, as they never met but to quarrel, he avoided her altogether; and it was only as she was expiring, that the clergyman, who latterly attended her, forced him into her chamber; but she was then incapable of knowing him, and died in a few minutes.

"But she had scarcely breathed her last, when a fearful scene took place in the very presence of the corpse. Marie, her maid, in a burst of grief and anger, accused Ralph of being the cause of her death; cursed him, his aunt, and his fair-faced cousin, whom she vowed she hated, and on whom she swore to be revenged. He, in his turn, accused his dead wife of having married him merely for expediency, and the woman of being the cause of much misery between them; and ended a most disgraceful argument, by ordering her to quit his house. This she refused to do, and persisted in staying beside the remains of her late mistress, until they were laid in the family tomb of the Wiltons, in the old Abbey, when she immediately quitted that part of the country. Nor was it ever clearly known whether or not she ever revisited it.

"Mrs. Wilton did not even affect grief at the death of her nephew's wife, but sent Katty away on a visit to some friends. She returned home in about three months; and at the end of the first year of mourning it did not surprise anyone to



hear the cousins were to be married immediately. They were married, to the pride and joy of the old lady, and at once took up their residence at The Grange. The winning and artless manner of the fair young wife soon removed any former prejudice people might have felt against her, rendering her a favourite with all. And, to complete their happiness, the following summer found her in daily expectation of becoming a mother."

Here my aunt became much affected, dwelling again and again on the grace and beauty of Katty, and marvelling much how the sins and faults of others should be avenged on her unoffending head, professing at the same time her implicit belief that the strange occurrence she was about to relate was not a mere trick of the imagination, but a real and true fact.

"It was a warm summer day," she continued, "the very bloom of the year. The Grange garden was one flush of roses, while already the mowers were busy in the meadows with their swift gleaming scythes. I loitered more than once on my way to visit my dear friend, looking at their pleasant labours, until meeting Ralph Wilton in one of his fields, not far from the house, I stood to speak to him. He told me he was waiting for Katty, who had promised to join him before now, adding, laughingly, she was growing lazy. I told him my stay would be short, as the people were also busy at my own home; when he said, 'Then I will wait for her here. Bring her with you, on your return.'

"I walked on, but as I reached the end of the shaded path leading to the house, I met a servant running breathlessly towards me. 'The mistress was ill. Messengers had already been sent for the doctor and her mother. She was going to tell the master he was wanted at once.'

"It was a thing to be expected any day; and yet I felt as startled as if such had not been the case. But hastening on, I passed quickly through the hall, glancing through the open door of the pleasant parlour, around which were scattered so many tokens of her late presence, and went at once up-stairs to her room. I found her lying on the bed, still dressed as she had been in the morning. She must have been out of doors too, for her bonnet, gloves, and a large shawl lay on the floor, as if hastily thrown off; while an elderly woman, one of the servants, was bending over her, speaking some words of encouragement. She did not seem to heed her; neither did she notice me as I spoke to her, kissing her fondly. Young and inexperienced as I was, her face frightened me; the fair soft features were pinched and wan, and there was a look of stony horror in her eyes, for which I knew no amount of physical suffering incidental to her situation could account.

"As I was yet bending over her, the door opened; a hand put me hastily aside, and the next moment she was pressed fast to her husband's heart. I saw at once he had some strange presentiment of evil. Yet, true to the one love of her life, his very presence seemed

to rouse her; for, unnoticing any one else, she clung to him, as if his close embrace was a safe refuge from all danger, but still in total silence. He drew her head upon his bosom, kissing with passionate love her soft mouth, her eyes, and rich golden hair, as he implored her to speak to him even one word. She evidently heard him, and tried to do so; but her white lips had no power to obey her will: they either remained dry and apart, or moving convulsively, gave forth no sound. It was clear she had received some terrible shock, and was still under its influence.

"I asked Ralph to leave her to me, while he sent another messenger to hasten the arrival of the doctor; and laying her back on the pillow, he was about to do so, when the terror of his quitting her, even for a moment, apparently overcame whatever other fear had so paralyzed her, for with a wild shriek the power of speech returned, and springing upright, she hung upon his neck, crying out, 'Do not leave me; do not leave me, ever again.'

"My love," he said, 'I will be near or with you always.'

"Always!" she repeated. 'My *always*, here, will be short. *She* came to me; *she*, the Frenchwoman—your wife. She spoke to me from among the trees, as I passed down the walk, to meet you in the meadow. I am to die, to-night. I am never to see the face of our child.'

"He started, and grew pale, although he made an attempt to speak cheerfully to her. 'My darling,' he said, 'you are nervous. What could have made you fancy such a thing?'

"It was not fancy, Ralph," she answered, speaking in a low appalled tone. "How could I feel nervous in the broad noonday, going to meet you? It was very warm; and I walked slowly. I remember now; I was thinking, as I often do, when alone, of our child. But, Ralph, Ralph," she cried out, again growing wildly excited. "Tell me, it was not true what she said—that I had no claim on you; that you did not love me; that you rejected me, at first, for her. Oh! if my child lives, shall I not, even in my grave, have a stronger claim on you than she had? Shall I not have been the mother of your child?"

"My wife, my love, now and ever my love," he exclaimed, "even when in boyish wilfulness I cast you from me. Do not speak so of the grave, to me. I will not part from you. God will not take you from me.

"And, in their agony, unconsciously, each clasped the other in an embrace, which seemed to defy even death to sunder, his face hidden on her shoulder; while upon the sweet-scented summer air which filled the otherwise silent chamber, arose the fearful sound of a strong man's sobs. I stood looking on, the big tears half-blinding me, longing anxiously for the arrival of those who had been sent for, as I knew it was right they should be separated, and yet possessing neither heart nor courage to attempt doing so.

"After a time, Ralph raised his head; and Katty, speaking again, but very gently, said,

'Remember, dearest, to love our child. Remember, always, how I would have loved it, if I had been spared; but, remember also,' she added, as with her hand she put back the thick dark hair from his brow, and gazed on his face, as if she would impress its every lineament on her memory for eternity, 'that if we had spent a long life together, bringing up, not one, but many children, dearly as I should have loved them all, the first place in my heart should ever have been their father's. I have heard it said,' she went on, in a sort of dreamy absent manner, 'that some women love their sons and daughters better than their husbands; but I do not think it can be so. I love my little unborn child, and have often endeavoured to picture to myself its pretty baby-ways. I have often been, as it were, jealous of myself for you, lest I should love it better than you; but I know now I never could love anyone, not even my poor mother or my child, as I love you.'

"Her words seemed to pierce his very soul; for with a sudden change in the manner of his anguish, he put her away from him, almost with violence, crying, 'Girl, how dare you torture me so? How dare you tell me you are to die? It is all mad folly. You are much better now than when I came in.'

"As he spoke, I looked with wonder on Katty's face; the expression of horror had completely passed away; but a cold unpitiful smile now played round her lips, as she lay watching her husband: she seemed rather pleased than grieved at his agony. I think, indeed, that it did please her, as it seemed a proof of the love which had been so lately called in question. But such a feeling could not remain long in the sweet unselfish mind of Katty; and soon again she had drawn him to her, soothing and consoling him as if he had been a child, yet ever impressing on him her unalterable conviction that she was to die that night—that she was never to see the face of her child. She also gave him much calm advice as to his future conduct, which only the more clearly proved to me the simple, unpretending good sense which I always knew lay veiled beneath her playful, childlike manner. But he heard all her loving words without making even the slightest effort to strengthen or console her in return. Hers was, indeed, the stronger spirit. Where she was resigned he was despondent, completely stricken down and unmanned. He had no pity for anyone but himself; and looking on his selfish grief, unchristian as the feeling may seem, I felt that I scarcely pitied so much as I despised him.

"At length, to my great relief, the doctor and her mother arrived, when, with a manner from which all terror had now passed away, she desired that a clergyman (the Wiltons were Protestants) should be also sent for. After some useless remonstrance it was done, when she again repeated, in his presence, her unvarying and clearly-told tale. She was going to meet Ralph walking down the shaded walk near the house, when, from the midst of the trees, she

heard the voice of the Frenchwoman, Ralph's wife. She could not have been mistaken; it was her foreign tone and peculiar manner of pronouncing English words. She did not see her; but the voice said distinctly, 'Go not farther on your way to meet the husband on whom you have no claim, who never loved you, rejecting you as he did for me; return to the home you are never again to leave alive—to give birth to the child whose face you are never to behold.'

"She said she could not recollect how she got home. She only remembered flinging off her bonnet and shawl, but nothing more, until Ralph came, when the dread of his leaving her again, even for a moment, roused her from her stupor.

"It was in vain her mother argued with her, endeavouring to persuade her all this was a mere trick of her imagination. She remained steadfast in the belief, as I do to this day, that it was really the Frenchwoman who spoke to her. Some very wise people," said my aunt, "would have it that it was her maid who imitated the voice of her late mistress on the occasion, for the purpose of avenging her death, as she had sworn to do, particularly as a half-witted boy, who lived near the Abbey, said he had seen her in that neighbourhood on the day in question; but I do not believe anything of the kind, and am still perfectly certain it was really the spirit of the departed foreigner addressed her.

"The doctor, from the beginning, did not seem to think the case would go on well; real or fancied, he said the prophecy had made such an impression on her mind, that he feared much it would fulfil itself. And he was right. I had early sent home to tell of Katty's trouble, and that I would not return until it was over. Alas! it was over soon. Her illness now came on quickly, and after a few hours of sharp suffering the Ralph Wilton of your acquaintance was born; and in half-an-hour after, she being during that time totally insensible, the young mother lay dead, while the unhappy father was by main force torn from the body, and taken raving mad from the room. She was, indeed, dead before night. She had never looked upon the face of her child.

"Of what use is it now to dwell on the wild ungoverned grief of the husband—on the hopeless woe of the mother? At that time, in my own deep sorrow, I neither sympathised with nor pitied them. I thought of her, the helpless, friendless stranger, whom his obstinacy had brought among them, and whom his heartless neglect had hastened, after much unhappiness, to the grave. I thought of the cold calculation with which the old woman had watched that declining life—the triumphant joy with which she hailed its close; and, gazing on my darling as she lay in her still pale loveliness, so young and so innocent, so beautiful and so good, in the depth of my heart I accused them of her death. Yes, upon her head I knew had fallen the punishment of their selfish sins;



and yet, after all, perhaps her fate was the best—better than that of her husband; his was not a character likely to be improved by grief—affliction, far from softening, on the contrary rendered him fierce and rebellious against the Almighty hand which smote him; and immediately on his recovery from the fever which at her death had stricken him down, he again, and for ever, quitted his home; nor could anything on earth, not even the memory of Katty's dying words, prevail on him even to bestow one look on the poor little child. The rest of his short life was one tale of the wildest dissipation—of the most reckless extravagance; so that on his death, in about five years after that of his wife, all his own property being entirely gone, he left little Ralph altogether dependent on his grandmother.

"She also led a sad and lonely life. She did her duty in all things by her grandson, but, I think, never felt any warm or genuine affection for him; all the deep love of her nature had been bestowed on the two she had lost. She could never again feel even towards their child as she once did to themselves. Her cold manner had an effect on the boy as he grew up, rendering him strange and retiring. She caused him to enter into holy orders, because it was usual to have a clergyman in the family: her own

husband had been one; but he soon withdrew from the duties of the ministry, and lives, as you see, the life of a plain country gentleman, which his present means just enable him to do. He resembles his father in person, but possesses all his mother's kindness of manner and great benevolence of heart. I have often wished he would marry," said my aunt; but that is not likely; with him I think will die the last of the Wiltons."

So was satisfied my longing desire of hearing something of the old house and its inmates. She who told me their unhappy story has been for some time dead, but not before the death of the son of her old—I had nearly written of her young—friend. He obtained permission to assist the clergyman of his parish the dreadful year of the last famine in Ireland, and died of fever caught in his attendance on one of the many sufferers from that malignant disease during that awful period. His small property has passed to a distant relative bearing another name; and I am told many alterations have been made in the old place; while the gateway, against which I have so often leant to look in, has been wholly taken away. I was sorry when I heard of this, though there is nothing less likely than that I shall ever look upon that spot again.

## LEAVES FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

### ARTHUR'S VISIT.

(A True Tale.)

"Do let me have Arthur home with me for a little while," said Miss Maude Collinson, a kind-hearted young lady who was very fond of children. She had been paying a pleasant visit in the outskirts of London; and was about to depart by rail the following day for her quiet home in Yorkshire.

"Ah!" said his mother, "you do not know what trouble you are bringing upon yourself. However, since you seem so desirous of being plagued with my naughty boy, I will tell Wilkins to have his clothes ready, and he shall go with you."

Arthur, who was a fine boy of seven years of age, was not long in hearing of the treat in store for him; whereupon his spirits rose to a tremendous pitch; and before half-an-hour had elapsed he had broken a pane of glass in the nursery window with his hard ball, overturned a large jug of water on the nursery carpet, smashed sundry of little Flora's china tea-things and doll's furniture, and, altogether, had created such a commotion, that it was well for his promised visit that the nursery was separated

from the drawing-room by a long passage and double folding-doors, otherwise Miss Maude Collinson might have repented of her kind proposal.

Nurse was an uncommonly good-natured woman, and did not acquaint his mamma with half his boisterous frolics and unlucky accidents, so that Mrs. Sanderson really did not know what she was entailing upon her young friend by committing the headstrong boy to her charge for a prolonged visit; otherwise it might not have happened that Master Arthur Sanderson should find himself the next morning in a first-class carriage belonging to the London and North-Western Railway Company, together with his kind entertainer, Miss Collinson, and a new patent-leather travelling-case, of which he was immensely proud; and which contained the numerous shirts, collars, neck-ties, and other et-ceteras, that form the usual belongings to a little boy possessing wealthy and generous parents.

"Arthur, my dear, you must not do that," said Miss Maude, as Arthur leaned half-way out of the carriage window, on their arrival at the first station. And then, as he drew back unwillingly, and resealed himself, she told him tales of little boys who, leaning with all their weight against the door of a railway carriage, had burst

it open, and had fallen out, laming themselves perhaps for life; also of others who had been killed while leaning through to look out, by their heads coming with violence against the side of a viaduct or bridge over the railway, the train being in motion at the time.

These warning stories were less fearful than amusing to a youngster of Arthur's reckless disposition. That they made very little impression was evident at the very next station, where he suddenly jumped up to look out, while his companion's head was turned the other way, and only escaped a bad tumble by falling into the arms of a stout gentleman who opened the door at that moment in a great bustle.

"So-ho! my little man," said the stout gentleman, returning Arthur to Miss Collinson, and looking smilingly at the latter; "you should take better care than that, your mamma must hold you by the skirts."

"She is not my mamma; and I am not a baby to want holding," replied Arthur indignantly.

The stout gentleman laughed at his assumption of manliness, and they were soon excellent friends; so much so that, before arriving at the next station but two, where the gentleman was to get out, Arthur had put his stout friend's hat on his own head; and leaning out of the window in a great hurry, as usual, when the bell rang, a gust of wind carried off the bran-new shiny silk hat, and deposited it on the centre of the line before the engine, which swept majestically over it.

Miss Collinson was excessively annoyed, and declared that Arthur should not stir from his seat again the whole of the journey; but the old gentleman good-humouredly made the best of the occurrence, and on getting out at the station, sent a porter to fetch the unfortunate hat, which was covered with dust, and singed in two places by cinders that had dropped from the engine. Arthur himself was vexed when he saw the damage he had occasioned; and his high spirits being now somewhat subdued, he was tolerably quiet and submissive for the rest of the journey.

It was quite dark when they reached the quiet house in Yorkshire; and when Arthur had been treated with tea and a plain plum-cake, he went to bed.

The next morning Miss Maude, according to custom, rose early to breakfast with her brother, and to see him off to business. Meanwhile she had directed the servant to dress Arthur. The girl was gentle and timid; and as Miss Collinson descended the stairs to the breakfast-room, she heard a piercing scream. It proceeded from the head of the kitchen stairs, which were exceedingly long, steep, and dangerous. What a sight was there to be seen! Master Arthur descending head-foremost, his feet clinging to the wall on either side, his hands helping him in front, while the servant stood at the summit, transfixed with horror, watching him. Miss Maude became equally mute when she saw what was going on, for she feared by an excla-

mation to accelerate the fall which appeared certain; but the reckless boy, somehow or other, reached the bottom in safety, and then she drew a long breath of relief and thankfulness.

From this time there was no rest for Miss Maude. In vain she forbade the thoughtless and headstrong child to imperil life and limb by all kinds of dangerous experiments; the more she warned and threatened, the more mischief he got into; and especially the gymnastic feat of the kitchen stairs was repeated over and over again.

She was now expecting a particular friend to visit her, a Miss Emmeline Herbert. When the young lady arrived, Arthur restrained his mischievous propensities for a time, and really made himself very agreeable; for he was an exceedingly clever boy, and his dear mamma had taken great pains with him. The more pity—do you not think, my dear young readers?—that he should so often have acted in such a manner as to render his company both undesirable and disagreeable. Where much has been given much is required; and the very cleverest of you all cannot please God unless you use your talents to glorify Him, and serve and benefit your fellow-creatures.

Poor Arthur did not think of this, and so he was never either half so good, or half so happy as he might have been. However, as I have said, he behaved pretty well for a time.

One beautiful morning he was in great delight because he was to go by railway with Miss Collinson and Miss Herbert, to some very fine ruins a few miles distant from the town in which they lived. The day was rather threatening for showers, so Miss Maude took her silk umbrella, and gave it to Arthur to carry.

You would not have believed—would you?—that the little boy, being in an obstinate humour, refused to oblige in such a trifle as this. But so he did; and Miss Collinson had to be quite angry, and refuse to go to the ruins at all unless he would obey her; for she had set her heart upon returning him to his mamma a much better, and more docile boy than he had come.

So Arthur, at length, sullenly took up the umbrella, and set out. Miss Collinson stepped into a shop for a moment, and when she came out again, Emmeline was awaiting her, umbrella in hand, while Arthur was scampering off, half-way up the street.

"You should not have consented to carry the umbrella, my dear," Miss Maude gently observed; "Arthur will not care for my authority at all."

However, it turned out that the cunning and determined boy, decided in his opposition to the small kindness of carrying the umbrella, had placed it leaning against Miss Herbert's wide skirts as she stood waiting for her friend, and had immediately run off out of hearing; so that the young lady had no option but to take up the umbrella, and carry it herself.

"This will never do," thought Miss Maude to herself; "I cannot give this untoward child any



indulgence while he evinces so much rebellion and disrespect."

So she made up her mind how to act; and overtaking Arthur at the top of the street, she and her friend quietly and decidedly conveyed him home again.

"Now, Arthur," she said, in wishing him good-bye, "I leave you to Hannah's care, while we proceed on the excursion which your disobedient behaviour has forfeited, as far as regards yourself. To-morrow we are going to another very pretty place; and if I hear a good report of your behaviour during our absence, you shall go with us."

Arthur set up a bellowing cry as soon as the young ladies were out of hearing; but Hannah fetched the cage of doves, and he soon forgot his disappointment, in playing with the pretty creatures.

And here I find that I have hitherto quite forgotten to tell you about the three doves and the parrot. They were the joint property of Miss Maude Collinson and her sister, a very amiable girl, who was just now absent from home. The doves were the prettiest creatures imaginable, with meek, bright eyes, and rings of dark feathers round their necks; and they were named Tiny, Bijou, and Prince. They had two large cages; but might hop about the kitchen and area whenever they pleased, and were well supplied with corn and soaked bread. Prince was a very grand fellow at bowing; he could strut and make reverences like a courtier, accompanying his performances with a sweet and sonorous coo-coo-o! coo-coo-o! Tiny was the daughter of the other two; a gentle, timid bird, who scarcely understood her papa's pompous gallantry, or Arthur's noisy patronage. She would not perch on the little boy's finger, as her parents were always ready to do, nor eat corn out of his hand.

It was his great delight to let them do this for a few moments at a time; and then, with a shout from him they were off at once, fluttering through the air, and sometimes almost bouncing against his head in their sudden flight.

But the green parrot, in the cage in the dining-room, perhaps afforded him still greater amusement. This pretty bird was emerald green, with a small head, and meek wistful eyes, and a smaller and more delicate beak than the ordinary parrot. It fed upon rape-seed, and crumbs of bread and potatoes; or a morsel of any kind of fruit and a lump of sugar, when you were so good as to offer it a treat of the kind.

At night you would have imagined the poor bird to be sickly, until you were acquainted with its habits; for it lay in a heap on the wire floor of its cage, with its head tucked beneath its wing, as is usual among the feathered tribe; but, in other respects, looking rather uncomfortable.

I am sorry to say that Arthur's great pleasure with this bird was teasing it until it nearly went into a fit with rage; for, weak and gentle as it

looked, it was very susceptible of anger, and would fly at his finger when introduced between the bars of its cage, and bite it furiously. If the finger were rattled against the bars, Miss Poll would twitter loudly for a while, and at length twirl round and round with a shrill scream until apparently exhausted.

Well, to make our story short, we will pass on to the evening, when Miss Collinson and Miss Herbert returned from their pleasant excursion. They immediately enquired for Arthur, and heard with alarm that he had had a severe fall, and had been put to bed with "a broken head," as the servant termed it. Running up stairs to see him, and examine into the extent of his injuries, Miss Maude found him a dreadful-looking object, with a swollen nose, a forehead with a lump as large as an egg upon it, and his head still bleeding, so that one corner of the pillow was saturated. Having carefully examined his skull, to ascertain that the bone was not broken, she applied certain remedies; and leaving him comfortably asleep, went down stairs to ascertain the cause of the accident.

It seems that there was a large and heavy rocking-chair in the kitchen, with a long straight back. Arthur had got a trick of climbing this chair behind, and clinging to the back while he rocked it. On the evening in question, while the servant was engaged in the scullery, he placed one of the doves' cages on the seat of the chair, with the doves in it; and then he climbed into his favourite position and began to rock.

The chair went backwards and forwards, the doves fluttered with fright, there was an overturn, a loud scream, and heavy fall; and when Hannah rushed on to the scene of disaster, she found Arthur on his back on the hard kitchen floor, the chair, cage, doves, and all overturned upon him. He was quite unable to extricate himself; and when Hannah lifted up the chair and raised him, and attempted to restore a little order, he cried and screamed so much that two or three neighbours came running in, under the impression that he must be on fire. A small crowd, likewise, collected at the area railings; and one weak-minded individual cried out wrathfully, "Don't kill the child!" until Hannah, overwhelmed with shame and annoyance, was glad to get her unruly charge into bed out of the way, there to await her mistress' arrival.

Miss Maude could bear it no longer. She waited until the following morning, to ascertain the condition of Arthur's bruises, and finding that he was not so very frightful an object after all, she acted upon a sudden, and what she considered a very wise determination. With Hannah's assistance, she packed up shirts, collars, surtouts, neck-ties, and all the other little et-ceteras, in the new patent-leather travelling case; and confiding Arthur to the care of a friend, who happened to be proceeding to London that very day, she sent him home to his parents—very remorseful, a good deal humbled, and, let us hope, a little wiser for the future,

# THE WORK-TABLE.

## BRAIDED CIGAR-CASE.

**MATERIALS:**—Velvet, Cloth or Russia Leather, Gold Thread (No. 3), Gold Bullion, and yellow Floss Silk.



This design is too close and delicate for ordinary braiding, therefore gold cord, sewed over, should be employed, the design having been previously marked on the material to be worked. It will be a great improvement to line it with fine, close linen, which makes it much firmer to work on, and stronger in wear. In

working on Russia leather it is almost essential.

The word CIGARS is to be embroidered in gold bullion, the surface of the leaves having been previously raised with floss. The two sides may be alike, or the initials of the intended owner may be on the other. The cigar-case must be made up at a Berlin-wool shop.

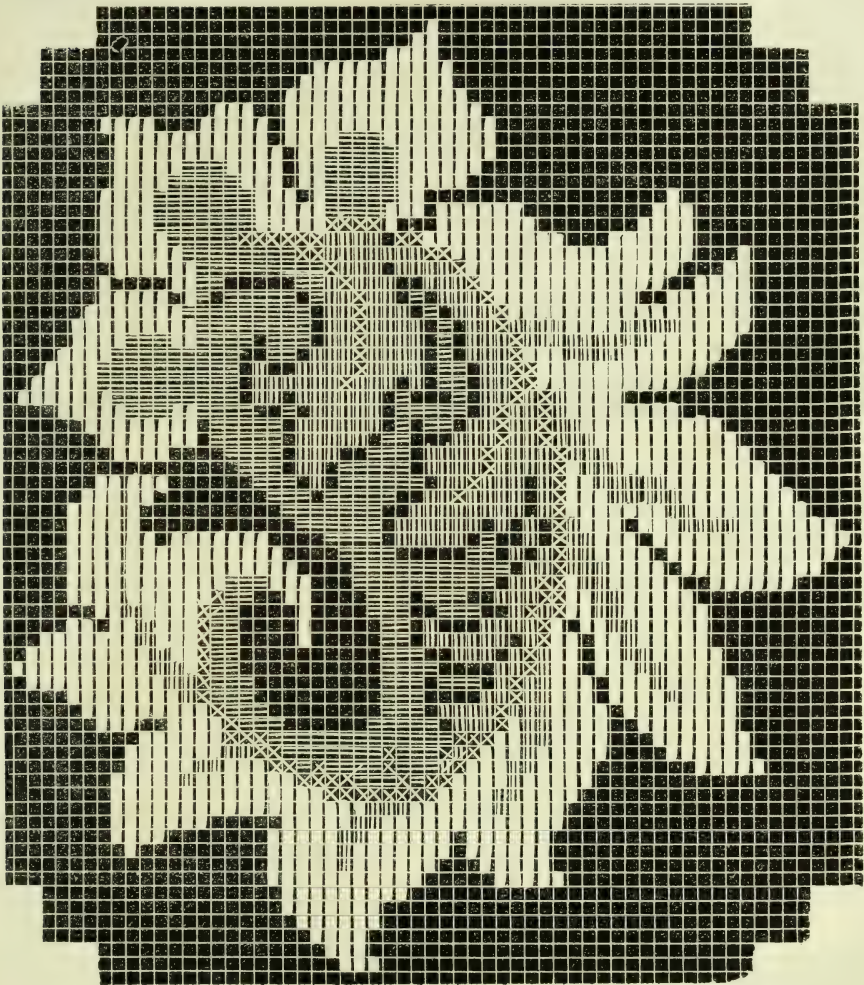
AIGUILLETTE,



PALM DESIGN FOR A LAMP-MAT,

IN BEADS, OR CANVAS.

MATERIALS :—Penelope French Canvas, with white (transparent), grey, two shades of Gold, blue, and ruby for the ground.



Having recently given borders suitable for lamp-mats, we now give a design which will be found very handsome, effective, and simple, for the centre. The palm itself is of blue and gold beads, the latter forming the outer part, while the pointed ornament surrounding it is of clear white beads. It will be seen in the engraving

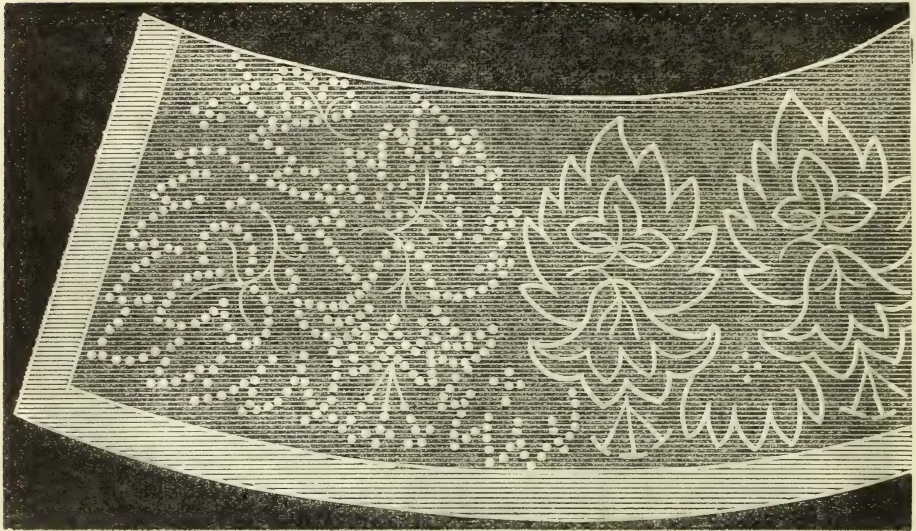
that there is a veining to each point; this should be done in soft grey. A single line of white beads divides the blue and gold, and for this latter, bronze may be substituted.

Ruby beads will form the best ground, or crimson filoselle or wool, worked in cross-stitch.

AIGUILLETTE.

SECTION OF A COLLAR (THE TURK'S CAP),  
IN BRODERIE À LA MINUTÉ.

MATERIALS:—Fine Nansook Muslin, and Evans's Perfectionné Embroidery Cotton (No. 14).



The design being marked on the muslin, a second piece is run on at the edge, and turned over, so as to form a lining for it. It is, however, afterwards cut away, except in the hem and those parts of the flowers and leaves which are veined: these are left double.

We have already described the mode of working the *Broderie à la Minuté*. It has not, as

yet, lost anything of its vogue in France, being used not only for morning sets of collars and sleeves, but for handkerchiefs also, a pretty design being worked within a broad hem.

We will give a suitable handkerchief-pattern in an early number. The present design will serve equally for collar and cuff.

AIGUILLETTE.

## DAVID THE TRAPPER.

(A Story in Six Chapters.)

BY EMILE SOUVESTRE.

### CHAP. II.

When near the source of the Platte, Captain Sablette divided his company into several parties, to explore the principal affluents. But before dispersing his trappers he contrived several *cachés*, in which were stored all the provisions and baggage not immediately required.

These *cachés* consisting of deep pits dug in the earth, and carefully covered over with turf and shrubs, form the sole *depôts* of the desert. With certain land-marks on the surrounding trees and hills, there is generally no difficulty in finding them again; and the native tribes of Indians themselves have no other store-houses for the furs in which they traffic.

The art of rendering the existence of these

places invisible has been carried to such an extent by the trappers, that, however great the sagacity of the Blackfeet, and their skill in *espionage*, they rarely succeed in discovering a trapper's *caché*.

It was not only necessary, however, to disembarass themselves of useless baggage and merchandise, but also to secure provision for the coming trapping season; and Captain Sablette decided that a grand buffalo hunt should take place before they separated. A recent trail proved that a herd was in the neighbourhood, and the whole party made a detour in order to meet it at a stream that the animals must pass.

It was not long before their approach was announced by clouds of smoke, a strong odour



of musk, and the peculiar cracking noise produced by the gallop of a large herd of buffalos. There were about five thousand, advancing like a savage army in a solid mass, though without order. The trappers immediately arranged themselves in a semi-circle, whilst the best mounted rode rapidly towards the herd, and were soon lost to sight among the immense animals. Before long, however, they again made their appearance, driving before them towards their companions about a hundred buffalos which they had separated from the herd. A *mêlée* followed that it is impossible to conceive: the shots and shouts of the hunters, the neighing of the horses, and the bellowing of the buffalos were incessant; and when, at last, the noise had partially ceased, and the dust and smoke subsided, a large portion of the plain was discovered strewn with dead or wounded buffalos.

The tongue and liver were all that they took of the bulls, but the entire carcase of the heifers was cut up. The hump, heart, sirloin, and the hunter's roast (cut near the shoulder blade), were set apart as the finest pieces for particular occasions. The marrow from the four large bones of the legs and thighs was then carefully collected as the most delicious of desert dainties; and, lastly, the whole was salted, packed upon the mules, and each division commenced its march to its appointed station.

That to which David belonged was commanded by Peter, and proceeded to the *prairie du Cheval*. Soko, almost entirely recovered from his wounds, followed him.

During their first day's march, they had discovered in a valley they were traversing, a riderless horse, of which the Kansas possessed himself, and David then tried to persuade him to return to his own people.

"Is my brother weary of me?" asked Soko, gravely.

"Far from it," replied David; "but there must be those among your own people who deplore your absence."

Soko's eyes gleamed and his nostrils quivered with emotion.

"I have a sister, beautiful, good, and clever as the beaver."

"Why then do you not rejoin her?"

For a moment Soko remained silent.

"My brother has never trapped upon the streams, and I wish to teach him."

"Thanks," replied David; "but there are others to teach me what I do not know. Return to your sister, and reassure her as to your fate."

"Soko will perform what he has promised," returned the savage briefly. And he ceased to reply to the entreaties of David.

It was evident that the Kansas had determined to prove his gratitude to David by assisting him with his experience during the trapping season, and watching over his safety. Now such a decision was, as Peter told the young American, irrevocable.

"You have chanced upon a good nature," added the trapper, "and may thank God for it; for red-men are either wholly good or bad. The

greater number have hearts like barren plains full of rocks and precipices; but here and there at rare intervals, one meets with one more fertile, like the happy buffalo territories, watered by streams, shaded by trees, and carpeted with soft green grass—and Soko's is one of these."

Meanwhile the division commanded by Peter had reached the affluents, and begun their preparations for trapping the beavers. Their scouts had discovered musks, which are to be met with only in the neighbourhood of beavers; and all seemed to promise a fortunate campaign, when one of the men of the advance-guard arrived at a gallop, crying, "Stakes! stakes!"

Peter hastened to the spot, and soon perceived branches of trees driven into the mud, proving that trappers had already preceded them. Everything, as they advanced, served to confirm this discovery—the beaver-huts were empty, the buffaloes had been driven off, and traces of a recent encampment were visible.

Peter saw that if he continued to proceed in the same direction he ran the risk of losing the entire trapping season, so, abruptly changing his route, he proceeded towards the *Rivière du Serpent*.

Unfortunately, the road they were obliged to follow was long and fatiguing. According as the party advanced, the country became more hilly, and herbage more scanty, until the horses were obliged to content themselves with the bark of the willow-tree and the wild sage; and they became so weak as to be scarcely capable of supporting their riders. As a climax to their misfortunes, their provisions were exhausted and water began to fail.

A mule was killed, then a second, in the hope of reaching a less desolate country; but the mountains became more and more sterile, till, at last, the band of dying men halted on an elevated plain whose horizon was bounded by still higher ranges of hills, overtopping each other; and the trappers, exhausted by famine, thirst, and fatigue, threw themselves on the rocky soil in mute despair. Peter even had lost all courage.

Soko alone remained standing, his eyes fixed on the horizon, seemingly studying every undulation of the distant mountains. He drew near to the old trapper.

"Does not my brother see a blue cloud of vapour rising between those two pointed rocks below there?"

"Well?" asked Peter.

"Well!" returned the Kansas. "Where vapour rises it must come from water; and where there is a stream, neither pasturage nor buffalos are lacking."

The trapper shook his head unbelievably.

"Let my white brother give me the freshest horse, and a rifle, and I will return before nightfall with good tidings."

Peter granted his request, and he quickly disappeared down one of the mountain gorges. Scarcely three hours had elapsed before he was again among them, laden with a buck hanging across his horse's shoulders, and a skin full of water fastened to his saddle. The trappers set

up a cry of joy at so pleasant a sight. Heaps of dried wormwood were lighted, the buck roasted, and immediately devoured.

Soko then related how he had found to the left, a valley so narrow that it might be mistaken for the old bed of a torrent, but covered at intervals with a fine species of grass; and he had no doubt that, by following this cleft in the mountain, they would sooner and more easily reach the plain below. Peter was of the same opinion, and as soon as they were sufficiently rested the trappers proceeded through the valley, discovered by the Kansas. They encamped the same evening in it, and continued to descend the following morning. Soko, to whom had again been confided the best beast and finest rifle, returned in the evening with two long-haired sheep, sufficient to supply supper for the whole camp. He continued to provide in the same way for the wants of the party without delaying their march; till, on the sixth day, they reached the plain.

Night fell, but the trappers were in such haste to arrive at the river, that they began to cross the vast plain which still lay between them and it, without waiting for sunrise.

They rode on in the dark with loosened reins and chatting with the careless gaiety of adventurers just escaped from great dangers, when a loud shout from behind made them stop short. They turned, and beheld Soko galloping towards them at the utmost speed to which he could urge his horse.

"The devil take the Kansas!" exclaimed Peter, as he again urged his horse into a trot.

"Stop! stop!" again shouted the savage.

David held his horse in, and turned in his saddle.

"Turn back, if you value your lives!" cried Soko, as he joined them; "you are on the very verge of the precipices in the *Lava plain*."

"Is it possible?" cried Peter.

"Look."

He raised a torch of wormwood bark which he held in his hand, and the trappers recoiled with a cry of terror. Only a few paces further yawned a fathomless gulf which stretched across one-third of the extent of the plain.

"Heavens! without the red-skin we should all have been with the Great Spirit by this time!" said Peter, quite stupefied with astonishment.

"Let my brothers return to the foot of the mountain," replied Soko; "they will there find a stream and good camping ground."

The Kansas then conducted them to the borders of a rivulet which, falling from the mountain, disappeared in the immense fissure of the *Lava plain*; and where he had left two antelopes as supper for the party.

The following day, after a long round to avoid the abysses in the plain, the band proceeded westwards, and reached the hunting ground watered by the *Rivières Malade* and *Boise*, where they recommenced their hunting campaign.

### CHAP. III.

The services rendered by Soko to the trapping party had endeared him to all David's companions, who made him a present of a free trapper's complete equipment, with the strongest horse and best rifle; and appointed him Provisioner-General to the camp.

Returning later than usual one evening to the camp, he warned Peter to be wary, as he had seen a number of wild dogs, which constantly follow and prowl around the camps of the red-skins; and which seemed to announce the near vicinity of Indians. The trappers promised to be careful.

The following morning, at an early hour, Soko again departed; but evening arrived and he did not return. The trappers, becoming uneasy for his safety, watched anxiously till a late hour; but at last, overcome with sleep and fatigue, they lay down, having agreed that at dawn the next day scouts should be despatched in search of the Kansas.

David, whose turn it was to keep watch, alone remained awake. The horses had been brought in and picketted, according to Soko's advice, given the evening before; the fire, round which they had supped, gave now and then a feeble flicker; this, and the breathing of the sleepers, were the only signs of life; and the young American, in his painful struggle with drowsiness, gave only confused glances around.

All at once he was aroused by perceiving that two elks had penetrated into the camp, and were browsing peacefully among the horses.

The idea of firing upon them gleamed through David's mind, but the species of torpor into which he had fallen made him retain his motionless position. Nevertheless, when one of the animals passed before him, he seized his rifle; the noise made in doing this alarmed the elk, which with a leap disappeared with its companion. It seemed to David, whose vision was distorted by sleep, that as they fled each had risen on its hind legs; but he imagined that the sleepiness with which he still struggled had created this hallucination, and, replacing his gun on the ground, his head again dropped gradually to his knees.

He was rapidly losing all consciousness of outward things, when a horrid yell resounded in his ears; and now thoroughly awakened, he leaped to his feet. At the same moment a dozen shots were aimed at him, one striking off the fur cap which covered his head.

At the first shout the terrified horses, whose tethers had been cut by the pretended elks, fled into the plain, scared away by the frightful noise. The trappers, starting from their sleep, came to the rescue of Ramsay, who, attacked by several savages, was endeavouring to defend himself with his rifle.

The Blackfeet retreated, but only to a short distance; whence, from the shelter of a thicket of fir trees, they kept up a galling fire; and in a short time those who had started in pursuit of the horses galloped up and attacked the camp.



The trappers now in their turn retreated as far as the river, across which they swam, and established themselves on the nearest island; but while effecting this several of their number fell mortally wounded.

The Blackfeet, thus masters of the camp, relit the fire, and began dancing around it, uttering shrill cries of joy; and it was only as morning began to break that they departed, carrying with them all their booty.

It were useless to attempt to describe the grief and confusion of the trappers, in being thus deprived of the results of their campaign; a loss it was now too late in the season to repair. Deprived of horses, baggage, and provisions, how was it possible for them to continue beaver hunting? How even rejoin Captain Sablette? They were surrounded by enemies, without the means of flight or resistance, and their fate was certain.

The night was spent in these dismal reflections; but as the sun rose, the attention of the trappers was roused by the gallop of a horse along the river's bank. In a short time the increased light enabled them to distinguish the figure of a savage swimming to the island. Peter was on the point of arresting his progress with a ball, when Ramsay held his hand; he had recognised Soko.

The Kansas came from the camp, where the extinguished fire and the dead bodies of the two trappers plainly told their tale. The party of Blackfeet who had attacked the camp were the same who had prevented his rejoining his comrades the night before. He brought with him an elk, which they commenced dressing, and listened patiently and silently to the angry grief of the trappers; but, when after having satisfied their hunger, the latter had regained a portion of their courage, he asked them if they felt inclined to recover their baggage, ammunition, skins, and horses.

"But how are we to accomplish it?" cried the trappers.

"Nothing is easier," said Soko. "Alone, you are not strong enough to attack the Blackfeet, who are very numerous; but there is a party of Nesy Percés in the neighbourhood, who would ask nothing better than to take part in an expedition against their enemies. Besides, I know their chief; he is a brave."

Peter and his companions eagerly agreed to this proposal. So deep had been their rage and disappointment, that they were ready to run the greatest danger to reconquer what had been carried off from them in such a humiliating manner.

They immediately quitted the island, under the guidance of the Kansas, who led them to the encampment of the Nesy Percés.

This was situated about five miles off, on a little creek of the *Rivière Malade*. The chief, *Wolf's-eye*, received them with sincere cordiality; and Soko related what had occurred, asking him if he were inclined to assist the trappers in attacking the Blackfeet. *Wolf's-eye* consulted with his old men, and after much

deliberation, the decision was announced that the Nesy Percés would fight on the side of their friends the pale-faces; but, at the same time, it was declared that they must wait till nightfall.

Peter, who feared that the delay would prevent their overtaking the Blackfeet, endeavoured to alter this resolution, but all his efforts were fruitless.

"My brother will not succeed in persuading the red-men to expose themselves unnecessarily to death," remarked Soko. "In the daytime every blow takes effect, whilst during the night we may surprise the enemy. The duty of a chief is not only to conquer, but to secure the safety of his warriors."

So they were obliged to resign themselves to wait, one or two scouts being despatched to follow the Blackfeet, and note their place of encampment.

They returned in the evening with all desirable information.

The two parties agreed upon the plan of attack, armed themselves in silence, and departed by different roads.

They reached the Blackfeet camp about midnight. All was silent, and several Indian warriors had glided among the pickets to unfasten the horses, when a dog gave the alarm.

Instantly the Indians were roused, but Peter and his party threw themselves into the camp, cutlass in hand, cutting down every one they met. Thus surprised, the Blackfeet, in their endeavours to escape from the trappers, fell into the midst of the Nesy Percés, who struck down about a dozen; those who were left fled to the river, and it was ascertained the following day that they had taken the road to their own territory.

Soko had at first endeavoured to keep by David's side, but in the confusion of the skirmish was soon separated from him; and after pursuing the fugitives to the distance of one or two rifle shots from the camp, he was returning to his companions when he heard screams issuing from a thicket of cotton trees. He hastened to the spot, and discovered a Blackfoot in the act of endeavouring to carry off a young Indian girl. On seeing Soko, the latter redoubled her efforts to escape from the man who held her; and who, seeing he was likely to have his prey contested, was drawing his knife, when a shot from the Kansas arrested the blow. The Blackfoot fell, and the young woman thus released darted towards him.

At this moment the moon, issuing from behind the clouds, threw her rays on the young girl's face, and the Kansas started back with an exclamation of surprise.

"Nehala!" he cried,

"My brother!" replied the girl.

He had opened his arms, and now held his sister in a long embrace.

"Thou here!" he said at last, "a prisoner; and to the Blackfeet!"

"For the space of three moons," replied Nehala.

"And they did not take thy life?"

"I was to have become the wife of a chief."

"The Great Spirit has indeed watched over us," said Soko, as he again embraced his sister.

The rejoicings of the trappers and Nesy Percés at their victory were redoubled when they learned by what happy chance the Kansas had recovered his sister. The rest of the night was spent in learning from Nehala by what accident she had fallen into the hands of the Blackfeet; and when morning at last broke, they proceeded to the distribution of the booty.

The trappers contented themselves with the recovery of their own property, leaving all the rest to the Indian warriors; but anxious to show their gratitude for the fresh services rendered them by Soko, they all decided that his sister should be equipped at the expense of the brigade. Accordingly, the most elegant horse was selected, with trappings ornamented with false pearls and small bells; to these were added on each side of the saddle *esquimonts*, a kind of pocket to carry articles of the toilette; and over all was thrown a drapery of scarlet calico. Thence proceeding to the toilette, they chose from the merchandize, intended for exchange

with the Indians, or as payment on the part of the trappers, an amazon hat adorned with various-coloured feathers, a fine woollen robe, necklaces, bracelets, a purple mantle and mocassins embroidered with gold.

It is impossible to describe the young girl's joy at receiving these presents; as to Soko, he was nearly wild with delight. He thanked the trappers with the emotion of a child, pressing their hands, and swearing that he was ready to die for them.

Nehala withdrew to plait her hair, and try on her new acquisitions; but when, at the moment of departure, she reappeared in her new costume, both trappers and Indians gave vent to their surprise, for never before had such proud and graceful beauty greeted their eyes in either town or desert.

David was dazzled.

"Your sister is as lovely as the stars of heaven!" he exclaimed to Soko.

The Kansas smiled proudly.

"You see only the face," he replied; "wait till you know her heart, and you will find her yet more beautiful."

## THE ROSY FEATHER-STAR.

Of all the subjects connected with terrestrial lore which the discoveries of modern ages have brought under our notice, there are few, if any, which present to an enquiring mind so much food for deep and earnest thought, and, at the same time, supply such abundant and interesting matter for the exercise of the imagination, as those which are afforded by a comparative view of the earth on which we live in its present state, as we now see it connected with different forms of life, and replete with intelligence and vitality; and the state of that earth in former times, as geological research exhibits to us its wonderful hoard of relics of animal and vegetable existence, and all the other innumerable objects of deep and solemn interest which remain as vestiges of a former world. We see huge masses of rock and stone thrown from their natural position, and grouped together in wild confusion; whole hecatombs of once living creatures buried beneath accumulated stones, and sand, and silt, until, in the course of ages, the whole have become amalgamated, and, together with the relics of organic matter which they contain, have become one solid rock, capable of receiving the highest polish. We see this, and we see also the remains of huge creatures of races now extinct, which have been fossilized in separate forms, and present us with gigantic stony specimens of the limbs and vertebræ and bones and other appendages of those mighty animals, which long since have perished from existence, leaving not even a tra-

ditional record of what was their appearance, and what the habits of their lives in the time when they walked on that earth below which their fossil bones now lie.

The special work of geology is to investigate and explain the hidden secrets of the earth; but the Geologist must not stand alone in his work, his unaided researches would throw comparatively little light on those deep and strange mysteries which encounter him at every step; and the Comparative Anatomist, the Mineralogist, the Chemist, the Botanist, and perhaps, above all, the Zoologist, must work with him, and then, by the concentrated light which the rays from all these intelligences throw on the subject, we discern such wondrous sights as ought to lead every reflecting mind to exclaim with praise and adoration, "O God! how wonderful are thy works; in wisdom thou hast made them all, the whole earth is full of thy riches!"

It is interesting to observe how one science leads to, and requires the elucidating power of another—astronomy, geometry, geology, botany, animal physiology, all form one brotherhood, linked together by the bonds of mutual helpfulness, each part bearing its own important and peculiar aid to the discovery of things past, present, and future.

I have been led to these thoughts by the simple fact of having in a dredging excursion captured a small red animal, cylepd a "Rosy Feather-star" (*Comatula rosacea*), a creatur



which I accounted as one of the most valuable of our catches, not so much on account of its rarity, or of its extreme elegance, as on that of the interest it excited in me by the link which its tribe supplies between the past and the present, between the times of plashy marshes and Ichthyosaurii, and of cultivated lands and educated men; for this little animal, the "Rosy Feather-star," is, without doubt, the lineal and direct descendant of that once-populous and distinguished family the *Encrinites*, or Stone Lilies, a tribe which, but for this, and one or two other species which exist in modern seas, is now wholly extinct. There is, however, one difference in the habits of these crinoideans from those stone-lilies which adorned Neptune's parterres of old, and that is, that instead of being satisfied with the stationary habits of their ancestors, and content to live and die on the spot where they were born, these modern gentry have learned to slip from their pedestal as they approach maturity, and freeing themselves from the trammels which restricted their youth to float off at will into the vast waters which surround them, and (much after the fashion of the young scions of the human race in these days) to wander wide from the paternal home, vagabondizing in every direction as their fancy leads them. In spite, however, of these wandering habits which this tribe has acquired, the birth and early life of the comatula mark it as a true encrinite, and, in consequence, stamp it as one of the most interesting of the inhabitants of modern seas.

Professor Forbes says in the commencement of his valuable work, "*British Echinodermata* :—"One of the most remarkable phenomena displayed to us by the researches of the geologist is the evidence of the existence, in primeval times, of animals and plants, the analogies of which are now rare and wanting on our lands or in our seas. Among those tribes which have become almost extinct, but which once presented numerous generic modifications of form and structure, the order of crinoid starfishes is most prominent. Now scarcely a dozen kinds of these beautiful animals live in the seas of our globe; and individuals of these kinds are comparatively rarely to be met with. Formerly they were among the most numerous of the ocean's inhabitants—so numerous that the remains of their skeletons constitute great tracts of the clay land as it now appears. For miles and miles we may walk over the stony fragments of the crinoidæ; fragments which were once built up in animated forms encased in living flesh, and obeying the will of creatures the lowliest of the inhabitants of the ocean. Even in their present disjointed and petrified state they excite the admiration not only of the naturalist, but of the common gazer; and the name of 'Stone-lily' popularly applied to them, indicates a popular appreciation of their beauty. To the philosopher they have long been subjects of contemplation as well as of admiration. In him they raise up a vision of an early world—a world, the potentes of which were not men, but animals—

of seas, on whose tranquil surfaces myriads of convoluted nautili sported; and in whose depths millions of lily-stars waved wilfully on their slender stems. Now the lily-star and the nautili are almost gone; a few lonely stragglers of those once-abounding-tribes remain to evidence the wondrous forms and structures of their comrades. Other beings not less wonderful, and scarcely less graceful, have replaced them; while the seas in which they flourished have become levels, whereon man, in his columned cathedrals and mazy palaces, emulates the beauty and symmetry of their fluted stems and chambered shells."

The family of the crinoideans, to which our little feather-star belongs, was one of vast numerical importance in the ancient seas. "Successions of strata," says Dr. Buckland, "each many feet in thickness, and many miles in extent, are often half made up of the calcareous skeletons of encrinites. The entrochal marble of Derbyshire, and the black rock in the cliffs of carboniferous limestone near Bristol, are well known examples of strata thus composed, and show how largely the bodies of animals have occasionally contributed by their remains to swell the volume of materials that now compose the mineral world."

The stone-lilies, or encrinites, known also among fossilists by the name of pentacrinites, are composed of an upraised jointed pillar or column formed of divisions, very like the vertebræ of animals. "These joints are piled on each other like the masonry of a slender gothic shaft; but as a certain degree of flexibility is requisite at every articulation, and the amount of this flexure varied in different parts of the column, being least at the base, and greatest at the summit, we find proportionate variations both in the external and internal form and dimensions of each part." The form of the column near the base is the shortest possible, cylindrical, and in the centre of each joint throughout the column is an aperture like that which contains the spinal marrow in quadrupeds. The separate vertebræ are called *entrochi*, or wheel-stones; and in the north, where they abound, the country people give them the name of St. Cuthbert's beads, and string them into rosaries.

"On a rock by Lindisfarne  
St. Cuthbert sits, and toils to frame  
The sea-born beads that bear his name."

The structure of these beads is wonderfully accurate. "From one extremity of the vertebral column to the other, and throughout the hands and fingers (of which hereafter) the surface of each bone articulates with that adjacent to it with the most perfect regularity and nicety of adjustment. So exact and methodical is this arrangement, even to the extremity of its minutest tentacle, that it is just as improbable that the metals which compose the wheels of a chronometer should for themselves have calculated and arranged the form and number of the teeth of each respective wheel, and that these wheels should have placed themselves in the

precise position fitted to attain the end resulting from the combined action of them all, as for the successive hundreds and thousands of little bones that compose an encrinite to have arranged themselves in a position subordinate to the end produced by the combined effect of their united mechanism, each acting its peculiar part in harmonious subordination to the rest, and all conjointly producing a result which no single series of them, acting separately, could possibly have effected.”—(Dr. Buckland.)

On the summit of this beautiful and flexible column is placed a series of little bones, so arranged as to form a sub-globular body with a stomach in the centre, and five arms dividing and sub-dividing into finger-like tentacles; the whole number of bones thus employed, amounting to many thousands. In the lily-encrinite, including the vertebral column, the number is said to exceed 26,000; but in another species, the boianean pentacrinite, it is computed to exceed 150,000! We may well be lost in astonishment in considering the microscopic attention which has been bestowed on the construction of these little creatures; and when we reflect that they lived and perished before man was created to take his place as master on the earth, the proud boast that all the Creator's works were made for man's use is thrown at once to the ground, and we are led to see that the Almighty Former had other views in the construction of at least *some* of his works, than the gratification of his last-created form of existence.

The adaptation of these zoophytes to the place which they were to occupy is remarkable. The base was usually fixed to the bottom of the sea, or to some extraneous floating body; and the flexibility of the jointed stems was subservient to the double purpose of varying the position of the arms and fingers in every direction, so as to enable the animal to have a good sweep around it, and obtain all the food that the near waters supplied; and that of yielding freely to the course of the current, or vehemence of the storm, “swinging like a vessel held by her cable, with equal ease in all directions round her moorings.” It seems, that when living, the roots of these animals were confluent, and matted the bottom of the sea with a sort of pavement, from which their stems and branches rose into a thick marine forest. Mr. Miller gives a restoration of a beautiful specimen, consisting of two young individuals, and two other broken stumps of small ones, fixed by their base to the roots of larger specimens.

There is one other interesting feature in the structure of these animals, to which we must revert before we turn to the consideration of their modern representatives, and that is the provision made by the all-wise Creator for the reparation of their injuries, to which their position amidst the ocean-waves subjects them. Several specimens of encrinites have been discovered in a state of progress towards reparation, and they seem to have had the power of secreting the calcareous

matter for the renewal of broken parts, in the same manner as existing crustacea have the power of reproducing a claw or leg, and as their own congeners, the star-fish of our seas, have power of producing a lost half.

We must now turn to the *Comatula rosacea*, or “Rosy Feather-star,” which is the only British type of these fossil tribes which exists. Its history is “one of the little romances in which natural history abounds.” The full-grown animal consists of a cup-shaped, calcareous base, in the concave side of which lies a soft body, and from the convex extend five rays, each of which almost at once divides into two, so that it appears to have ten pinnated rays or arms. On the convex centre is a smooth disk of somewhat pentangular form. The rays, which proceed at equal distances from this disk, are jointed and calcareous, the articulation of the joints having a knotted appearance. These arms are furnished with jointed pinnæ, and with a claw of five or six finger-like hooks at the end. From under a concave side of the body shoot a row of short jointed filaments armed with hooks, which cover inward, and with it the animal grasps whatever object it rests on. When still, it is generally seen perched on a piece of sea-weed, holding on so firmly with these hooks that it is very difficult to dislodge it. The best plan to get it into action is to move the weed on which it sits, from side to side, in the water, when it will commonly relax its grasp, and swim about, rising and falling in the water in the most graceful manner, by means of raising five of its rays in a curve, and depressing the other five, and by alternating this action it moves fast and far through the water. Its long legs and small body give it the appearance of a great red spider, for the hue of the whole animal is of a rich blood-red, excepting that the lower bunch of filaments is marked with white, and a slight yellow tinge is visible in parts, both of the disk and limbs. The arms and body are fringed with transparent cirrhi, and the brown spots which mark the ovaries may be indistinctly seen.

The Feather-star, as I have before said, begins life as an encrinite fixed to a column or jointed pillar. It is supposed that the ova are dispersed in the water, and fix on corallines, where they form a flattened disk. By degrees the stem rises, expands into a star, garnished with disk rays, stomach, spines, &c., &c.; then, when full-grown, this star loosens from its hold on the horny stem and floats off into the waters, free to go hither and thither and display its lovely form and colour throughout the waters of the great deep; there to deposit fresh ova, whence new forests of embryo feather-stars shall spring up and adorn the lovely coral weeds below.

It has been suggested that the animal has a power of selecting the place on which to deposit the ova, because, it is argued, if it were not so, “we should find them indiscriminately on fuci, shells, stones, &c., which does not appear to be the case.” But it seems more reasonable to suppose that, in like manner as the seeds of plants which fall on uncongenial soil fail to ger-



minate, and either perish or wait until some favourable circumstances shall supply them with the requisites for fertilization, so the ova of the comatula which fall on the coral weeds that form their natural habitation spring up, and grow, and produce a strong offspring, whilst those which the waves bear to unsuitable soil perish.

This Feather-star has the same power of reproducing or repairing a limb as its ancestors. Mr. Gosse says of one which he examined : " I was surprised to observe that several of the arms were unsymmetrically short ; and examining these with a lens, saw distinctly that each had been broken off and was renewed ; the new part agreeing in structure and colour with the part, but the joints were much less in diameter, and this difference was strongly marked at the point of union, the first of the new joints being not more than one-third as wide as its predecessor."

My own little beauty was in the first flush of health and loveliness, and had sustained no injury whatever, all the elegant limbs and filaments being of perfect symmetry and completeness. I kept it about a week, and then mournfully discovered that it dropped first one limb and then another, until at last it became divested of all its grace and beauty, and then died.

The history of the stone-lilies throws light on the question which perplexes people who live on the coast of Devon, and other places where fossil madrepores are found. It seems strange to find whole cubic feet, and yards of rock entirely formed of the beautiful radiated skeletons of these animals lying close together, or merely divided by narrow portions of stone, whilst the living specimens are so rare, and seldom very many found on one spot.

But if we consider their natural position, as well as that of the stone-lilies, and remember that they must have gone on for ages, one succession of families after another blooming on their moveless sites ; the first generation as it died out receiving the sand and silt and decayed animal and vegetable deposit of the ocean on and between them, and thus getting buried, whilst, at the same time, their young, which had taken birth on their parents' stony base, or on higher points of rocks near them, were growing up into beauty, there to mature, bring forth their young, die, and in like manner be covered up, it will be easy enough to conceive how such successive generations, wholly undisturbed for ages, have eventually formed masses which time and the action of the waters have at last solidified ; and which some mighty convulsion of the elements has thrown up from the hidden depths of the sea, and brought within the reach of man, to form the ornaments of his gay modern drawing-room, or to stand in solemn dignity over the soil which covers his earthy remains, when he, like the animals whose stony relics are imbedded in his tombstone, shall have passed away from his place on earth.

## WHY DON'T LADIES LEARN TO COOK?

On all sides we hear complaints of the difficulty of finding, and of retaining when found, a cook who can roast a leg of mutton, and make batter-pudding or pea-soup. In point of fact, we have heard of ladies who have it in serious contemplation to dispense with servants altogether, as the least troublesome alternative. Without wishing matters carried quite so far, we are convinced that many of our fair friends would lose nothing, either in point of respectability or happiness, while they could add at least one-third to the effective incomes of their husbands, if they were to spend a little more time in their kitchens, superintending the preparation of the family dinner, instead of contenting themselves with ordering it—if, indeed, they condescend to do even that. Some forty years back, ladies were driven to shoe-making as a fashionable way of killing time. Why not try a little cooking? Thanks to the modern stoves, with their nicely-arranged skillets and stew-pans, which science and mechanical skill have substituted for the blazing kitchen hearth of other days, young ladies of the nineteenth century, just passing its prime, may cook without soiling their fingers or injuring their complexions. Were it not so, we would not recommend them to cook. We would rather live on bread and cheese all the days of our lives.

It will be said, perhaps, that our notions with regard to female education and employment are too antiquated—that in these matters, as in everything else, a new era has dawned, and the solid course of instruction now given in colleges for ladies will be triumphantly appealed to. Ladies, however, who possess these solid acquirements—who, like Lady Jane Grey, prefer Plato to a picnic—will be least likely to neglect the economy of the kitchen. They will thoroughly understand the dignity of the employment, and call to mind all the poetry of cooking. To say nothing of the dinner which Milton describes Eve as preparing when "on hospitable thoughts intent," there are the Homeric banquets at which kings literally "killed their own meat," and at which queens and princesses turned the spit for the roasting, or drew the water and chopped wood for the boiling. Cooking is classical, and no lady will disdain to take part in it who has read of these feasts in the original Greek. Let it be observed that it is the middle and working classes on whom we wish to urge the importance of the study. A gentleman's daughter can afford to be so ignorant of common things as not to be able to recognize chickens in a poultry-yard, because they do not run about with a liver under one wing and a gizzard under the other, though our modern poultry-shows, it must be confessed, will tend much to dissipate this error. A knowledge, however, of the art of cooking is of more importance to the wives of the labouring population than to those of the middle classes, because it is the art, when properly cultivated, of making a little go a great way.—

*Mark-lane Express.*

## THE RANCHERO OF EL COYETE.

It was scarcely daylight on the 4th of July, 18—, when I started from Chavarias, a small village at which I had passed the night, *en route* for Durango, a Mexican city, distant forty-seven leagues.

Leaving the village and its slumbering inhabitants, I took my solitary way across the prairie. I say solitary, for such was the terror produced by the frightful atrocities committed by the Comanche Indians, whose bands just then infested the country, that no bribe would induce a guide to accompany me across the lonely mountain passes. The appalling tales poured into my ears by the credulous inmates of the *meson* (Mexican inn) passed from my mind as I strode on over the flower-bespangled prairie, enjoying to the utmost the fresh, invigorating wind, blowing straight from the Mexican mountains, over flowery plateaux and meadows of velvet grass.

Noon found me stretched under the shade of a patriarchal tree, overhauling the provision basket, so closely packed for me by the kind old *rancherito* (farmer's wife). Tortillas, beans, and eggs, I took, as a matter of course; but when I withdrew from its fragrant covering of leaves a delicious cream-cheese, my feelings became too many for me, and I exclaimed in rapture:

"O woman! in our hours of ease  
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,  
And variable as the shade  
By the light quivering aspen made;  
When gnawed by hunger's pangs, as now,  
A ministering angel thou!"

The surrounding scenery was strange, wild, and beautiful. On every side towered mountains, to whose extreme altitude the eye could scarcely attain. Here lay a grassy plateau sprinkled with dazzling flowers; there a gloomy forest of firs enveloped the mountain side in shade, save where some brook betrayed its presence by a silvery gleam. On one hand yawned a deep and precipitous ravine, almost overgrown by heavy foliage: while on the other, rose perpendicular rocks, their rugged sides draped by creeping plants of every variety of form and hue.

The evening was far advanced when I entered the dark forest through whose depths lay my onward course. What had been gathering twilight on the open plateau, became almost night in its gloomy recesses, and after stumbling along for some time, I sat down on a mossy bank to await the rising of the moon. I was very weary, and the soft moss made a most luxurious couch; so that, after some ineffectual struggles to resist temptation, I fell asleep. The bright moonlight streaming through the branches, and falling full on my face, roused me at last from a heavy slumber, and I awoke from a dream of home, to

find myself at a late hour of night alone in a dreary forest.

A painful feeling of intense solitude stole over me. I listened intently for a sound to break the oppressive silence—a twitter of a bird, anything to remove the uncomfortable sensation of isolation from every living thing; but all was still; the gnarled trunks, with their dark festoons of creepers, stood motionless in the moonlight, not even a rustle among the leaves.

I started up, and proceeded a few steps, and then looked around me. I had wandered from the path! As Brother Jonathan would say, I felt "finally fixed." It was clearly impossible to find my way in this light, the only thing was to wait till day; and counselling myself to take it coolly, I was turning to regain my mossy bank, when my attention was arrested by an object on which the moon was shining brightly. On looking further, I saw distinctly part of a stone building. Overjoyed at the discovery, I hastened forward; but on nearing it, the scorched and ruined walls showed all too plainly who had been before me, and I now recollected that it must be the ruins of a *hacienda* (cattle-farm) named El Salto, which shortly before had been devastated by the Indians, and all its inhabitants most cruelly massacred.

Searching the ruins, I discovered a room the flames had left untouched. In it I resolved to take up my quarters for the night, and placing my arms at my side, I threw myself down upon the bed.

Though thoroughly worn out, I found it impossible to sleep, and tossed restlessly from side to side. In spite of my efforts to banish it from my mind, the account given me of the midnight attack on this place occurred to me again and again. The scene rose vividly before me. Perhaps the young mother lay on this bed, with her babes around her, when the peaceful silence was broken by savage yells, and she awoke to meet the fiery eyes of some fierce warrior bending over her.

Shuddering at my own fancy, I raised myself in bed, and cast an involuntary glance into the dark corners of the room. The window was directly opposite the bed, and what then met my gaze I shall never forget. On the outside, pressed closely against the glass, was a woman's face, gleaming ghastly white in the moonlight. Though years have passed since I beheld it, I cannot write of that face without a shudder. Not that the features were repulsive; on the contrary, though wan and emaciated, they still retained traces of great beauty; but it was in the large dark eyes that the fearful fascination lay, that held me spell-bound for some minutes, when, with a low wailing cry that echoed drearily through the room, the figure suddenly disappeared. I sprang from the bed, and throw-



ing open the window, gazed around, but nothing was to be seen, everything was motionless as before.

I lay down again, not to sleep, but to watch the casement, but the pallid face did not return. Gradually my eyes closed, and falling fast asleep, I indulged in pleasant dreams of ghosts and Indians, murders and cream-cheeses. When I awoke it was broad daylight, and the cheerful sunshine soon dispelled the weariness that the night's adventure had left on me. I resolved to search the ruins before leaving, for the idea occurred to me that my ghostly visitor might be one of the inmates who had escaped in the confusion, and whom the fearful fate of the others had driven insane. The supposition seemed not unlikely, and I commenced my search immediately. It was in vain, however, that I explored every corner: no "sheeted phantom wandering wild" was to be met with. At last I desisted, and was passing through the court, when a glittering substance caught my eye, lying below the window of the room in which I had passed the night. On examination it turned out to be a rosary. I put it carefully in my pocket, that I might be able to produce it at the next village when I told my story.

Leaving the blackened walls, I passed gladly into the depths of the forest, where—

Enormous elm-tree boles did stoop and lean

Upon the dusky brushwood underneath;  
Their broad curved branches fledged with clearest green,

New from its silken sheath.

\*\*\*\*\* Growths of jasmine twin'd

Their humid arms, festooning tree to tree,  
And at the root through lush green grasses burn'd  
The red anemone—

Only in lieu of jasmine and anemone, imagine myriads of flowers of every variety of dye and form, from the small silvery stars in the emerald moss, to the gorgeous scarlet blossom, whose radiant hue almost dazzles the eye. The cool dimness of the forest aisles of lofty oaks and gigantic cedars was very pleasant where, few and far between, came the gleams of sunshine penetrating the heavy foliage, and flickering on the mossy turf. Every now and then, through openings in the forest glades, came glimpses of the mountains, their bold cliffs cast in shadow by the dark fir trees.

But scenery, however lovely, can hardly be properly appreciated by a man whose night's rest has been disturbed by goblins, and who is at the moment suffering severely from hunger; and I walked along, "hanging my head all on one side," and muttering, in a very disconsolate way—

"Gie my love brose, brose,

Gie my love brose and butter:

Gie my love brose, brose;

Yestreen he wanted his supper."

Never was a gushing stream in the desert more welcome to the thirsty traveller, than were

the buildings of El Coyote to me, when I descried them in the distance. In an incredibly short time I was seated in the *meson*, before a plentiful repast, where my capabilities in the way of devouring everything set before me excited the wonder and admiration of my hostess, whose favour I had won by telling her she looked as young and blooming as her daughter. [N.B.—The one was a shrivelled old hag, the other a remarkably pretty young woman.]

I then told my story to a gaping crowd of *rancheroes* (farmers). When I began to describe the face at the window, one and all crossed themselves, turning pale; but when I explained my own theory, and lastly, produced the rosary, there arose a clamour of voices. After some time I gathered the following particulars:

It appeared that when they had hastily buried the bodies of the murdered victims, there was missing that of Margarita, the daughter of the head ranchero. She was a lovely girl, and the general supposition was that the Indians, struck by her beauty, had carried her away with them. The rosary was recognized as one she had worn, and was passed round the circle. And now arose the clamour of conflicting opinions. The majority declared that she was dead, and that her spirit had appeared to me in order that I might inform her friends that further search for her would be of no avail; the others held that, having escaped from her captors, she had found her way to her home, and had mistaken me for one of her enemies in pursuit. (The last supposition is not very complimentary to a man who especially prides himself on possessing a highly respectable appearance.) The noise was at its height, when a young ranchero, who had hitherto concealed his face in the folds of his *serapé*, rose and walked to the door. An old man, whom, by the great likeness existing between them, I took for his father, caught his arm; but, quickly disengaging himself, he disappeared. I turned to the old woman, and asked her who he was. She informed me that his name was Antonio; that he was her nephew; that Margarita and he were betrothed, and that it had wanted but a few weeks of their wedding-day when the midnight attack took place. "Since that fearful night," said the good woman, weeping, "he has traced the Indians from place to place, at fearful risk; but all in vain, and he returned an hour ago in despair; but you have given him hope, and he has set off for El Salto."

While she had been speaking, there had been a consultation among the others, of which the result was that about half-a-dozen rose, and, leaving the room, followed the young man. I would gladly have accompanied them, but my time did not permit. Soon after I started for Durango, which I reached without further adventure.

I had been some days in the city, when one morning I encountered a man on the Plaza, whom I recognized as one of the *rancheroes* of El Coyote: I accosted him, and invited him

into the nearest *fonda*, where, after having fortified himself with *pulque*, the favourite beverage of the Mexican, he gave me the following account:—

They had walked so quickly that it was still daylight when they reached El Salto, where they instantly commenced a careful search. It was in vain, however, that they explored every corner of the ruins; hours passed, and they were about to desist from what seemed so fruitless, when an exclamation burst from Antonio. Pointing at something white, fluttering in the breeze in the adjacent garden, he rushed forward, and when the others reached him he was bending over the figure of a girl, lying motionless upon the ground. He raised her gently in his arms, and in the deadly pale face that fell on his shoulder they could scarce recognize the blooming Margarita. They resolved to bear her away while she continued insensible, that, when she recovered consciousness, she might see nothing to remind her of the past. They accordingly left the ruins, and proceeded quickly

through the wood, the young *ranchero* leading the way with his precious burden. In the early day-break they reached El Coyote, and gave the young girl into the motherly care of the kind old hostess. She recovered consciousness for a few moments, and met the anxious eyes of her betrothed with a loving smile, and then fell into a soft sleep, from which she never awoke. Here the voice of the *ranchero* faltered, and he hastily swallowed an immense draught of his beloved beverage.

"And Antonio," I asked, "what of him?"

"He enrolled himself as one of the *patriotas* (national guard), and is at this moment engaged in an expedition against the Comanches"

Before I bade a last farewell to the City of Montezuma, accounts arrived of the rising fame of a young *patriota*, who had been made captain of the band for his deeds of daring bravery; and in the description of the youthful leader I recognized Antonio, the *Ranchero* of El Coyote.

E. C. E. M.

## A P E A C E F E S T I V A L .

The customs of a nation have more uses than ethnographical ones. Their enterprises, diplomatic schemes, and commercial polity, are a part of history. They build up the great external idea of its pride and greatness; but if we would familiarize ourselves with the individual and internal life of its people, we must seek for it in their private manners, and in the native humour and the poetic joyousness disclosed in their galas and festivals. The rude rioting of the Grecian Dionysia, the religious pomp of the Eleusinia, and the exciting contests of the Olympic, Pythean, and other festivals, are as necessary in estimating the Pan-Hellenic feeling and character, as are Christmas with its yule-logs, stories, and games; and May, with its carols and flowers in those of the English and the Germans. They fill up the picture of their life with its appropriate light and shade, and give us rare glimpses of the physical features and natural wealth of the different countries. Like sunbeams piercing a forest, they show us wild nooks and fantastic paths, lost in its leafy richness, and mossy-banked runnels, whose laughing voices were drowned in murmuring boughs. Nor do they show only the genial temper of the heart. When they assume the form of a Roman triumph, an American or Swiss celebration of independence, they exhibit the ideal of the national mind in its highest development and truth. As commemorative customs, they gather together the thoughts of men, wandering in the various pursuits of wealth and fame, and infuse into them a richer glow of what has been noble in the past. To enjoy them, the patriot

will dare any peril; and rather than lose them there is nothing he would not endure. But to come to our point.

The tendency of our modern rapid civilization and progress is to merge the sympathies and responsibilities of race, in those of personal interest and position. Legally and politically, we fail not to recognise them; but our great practicality, the attrition of commercial interests, and the helter-skelter after fortune, are operating fatally with regard to our broader human feelings and pleasures.

Those exuberant demonstrations, in which our personality is lost in an universal idea, are consequently diminishing. This we cannot help regretting; whether we consider them as social centres, assimilating creeds and sects, or as political powers, evoking a patriotic spirit. I humbly confess my right arm has not the brawn and might of a Milo, but I am bold enough to lift it up in arresting this tidal current. Logic and philosophy might have given me their aid, and proved victorious in my cause, but I prefer putting on record an instance, personally observed, in which the old spirit seemed to leap, phoenix-like, from its ashes.

The little town of \*\*\* is situate in the very heart of England, and has a population which may be put in round numbers at 12,000. A range of beautiful hills on one side, and a small river on the other, not without a quiet beauty in its windings and eddies, are its prominent natural features. The hills are rich in historic and legendary associations, from the time of the Caritani downwards; and the river has the rare



merit of having rolled over the supposed burial-place of the King Lear Shakspeare has made famous, some few miles farther down its source. The town itself is a rare combination of rusticity, with manufacturing and urban importance. An Elizabethan grammar school, two churches, a town-hall, a gothic cemetery, and several houses of a past century, are its chief architectural adornments. In public spirit it stands eminent, but wanting proper direction: its movements are few and far between. The Russian war gave combination to this erratic spirit; and when peace came in prospect, and with it a chance of local heroes returning, with tales of battle and trench-life, it rose to great height and force, and the very bells of the old tower that crowned its highest point, sent forth clearer notes and more jubilant peals. When peace was proclaimed the question suggested itself as to how \*\*\* should act in the general demonstration. A petition was framed, and numerous signed; the resident magistrate called a meeting, and a fund was immediately started to provide the great necessities. Their plan was previously decided upon. Acting upon experience and progressive principles, it was determined that bullock-roasting and beer-drinking suited very well the days of the Georges; but that in the time of Victoria little children, with "the cup that cheers but not inebriates," and its conjoint comestibles, would better inaugurate the return of peace. Their other arrangements were the result of many meetings of a body of committee-men, who are everywhere, especially in England, for which God be praised, *illustrissima viri*, either for getting into or out of a difficulty.

The day which had the especial sanction of Government was not the one which these enthusiastic heralds were willing to adopt. They determined to have a day of their own, and make it a red-letter one ever after in their local calendar. That day was June 3, 1856.

A grave old chronicler, in narrating a similar event, would have felt it his bounden duty to have cut off these same three days, and enlivened his own cell, as well as the minds of his readers, by putting it in the merry month of May. Our modern veraciousness will not allow me so agreeable a liberty; but as the event here chronicled depended so much upon the elements, what can I do better than follow so reverend an example, and begin with the weather?

On the previous Sunday, then, nature put on her most unconvivial attire. The clouds hung low, and the rain came down in pitiless profusion; never did town manifest so much concern respecting the stability or instability of the weather-cock; and never did the changes of the moon hang so lightly on garrulous tongues. Cynical elders expounded the philosophy of corns, and were willing to stand by them at all hazards; but youthful enthusiasts had the most implicit faith in Herschel, Zadkiel, or Old Moore. On Monday, the day prior to the festival, the blue sky laughed over-head, although there were still traces of those tears, which

Longfellow says never "dim the sweet look which nature wears."

The town was early astir, and arches were stretched across the streets, and mottoes hung on the house-fronts. Hammer and trowel resounded in the market-place, where the workmen were busy putting up benches for the young bibbers of Tokay, Pekoe, or Hyson. Throughout the day the excitement intensified, and a few hours before nightfall a furious decoration mania set in. Hand and donkey-carts, and common waggons poured in with flowers and evergreens, rifled from many a garden and plantation; and whole streets were robing themselves in the gayest possible dress. There was little sleep that night.

A brighter morning than that of the eventful day rarely blessed our earth. Early all was wrapped in mist, but the sun arose, and kissing the vanes, woke the spirit of joy and gladness. Merry peals rang from the old tower, and called forth all who still slept to behold the gay town. A few hours were still to elapse ere the great events should take place, and numerous flags answered to the general joy. Vehicles of all sorts and sizes brought in their quota of sight-seers and admirers; and the pleasure glowing on every face was heightened by the general holiday attire. High-born neighbours came in their tandems and carriages; humble rustics, with their faces rosy with health and exercise, poured through the thoroughfares, and forgot, in the return of peace, that they had ever, unconsciously on their part, shared the sentiments of Tityrus in Virgil:—

Quamvis multa meis exiret victima sepiis,  
Pinguis et ingrata premeretur caseus urbi; †  
Non unquam gravis ære domum mihi dextra  
redibat.\*

The public luncheon provided for the gentlemen and ladies being over, the children assembled in the various places assigned them, and preparations were made for the grand parade. The procession was formed in a long wide opening into the market-place, and when the whole was arranged a handfull of Peninsular veterans fired a *feu de joie*, and the march of the four thousand children commenced. At its head were a guard of the old pensioners with their firelocks, followed by the civic authorities and the committee who had arranged its proceedings, with such gentlemen of the town as honoured it with their presence. To them succeeded the pupils of the grammar school, with their masters in collegiate attire, and the numerous and happy bands of children for whom the treat was especially provided, and whose faces beamed with delight and happiness. Then came the triumphal car, with the widows and orphans of Crimean heroes; the various sick clubs of the town, with their peculiar badges and insignia

\* "Though many a victim went from my fold, and many a fat cheese has been pressed by me for the ungrateful city, I have never returned home with my right hand full of money."

followed, and a few Waterloo men brought up the rear. Several bands were judiciously inserted at intervals. As the whole trailed down the market-place, the scene was very rich and imposing. Amidst the masses on either side, the pageant moved on to exhilarating music. The many-coloured decorations on either side, the fluttering of the flags and gonfalons, the groups of fair ladies in elevated balconies, the vane on the Town-hall, that glanced like the tongues of fire beheld by Apostles aforetime, and the long line of gay children with flags, wreaths, and leafy devices stretching through embowering arches, until the eye rested on the distant hills and the sapphire sky, formed a scene rare and beautiful as a poet's dream.

Through the principal streets this brilliant array wound its bright path. A perfect forest of banners were carried in the air, from lace ones, floating before the eye, like gossamer clouds, to gorgeous needlework, and pictures rich and sensuous with the scenes and symbols of the Romish Church. Here were stars, stripes, and mottoes, and there green leaves and bunches of choicest flowers. Overhead were arches and wreaths in unimaginable richness and profusion. It was like passing through groves of citron and orange, and might have existed only in the warm tints of a Moorish legend. The decoration, however, that attracted the most attention, was that borne by two girls. It consisted of a twisted garland of green, sprinkled with flowers, and from the centre depended a dove in the attitude of flight, bearing a leaf in its bill.

The perambulation over, the juveniles filed into their seats, the inspiring cup sent up its streaming incense to the peaceful Goddess of the hour, and more substantial viands melted away, like frostwork in the sunlight, before so many hungry rejoicers. Meanwhile several balloons were sent up; and the last one very appropriately showered down a blessing of tassels ere it went out of sight. Tea over, the whole

assembled thousands sang the national anthem, like the murmuring of some huge forest to a summer wind; and the children proceeded to some grounds open for the purpose, to give their lungs and limbs free play. At dusk a display of fireworks finished the sport, and the day's proceedings were virtually, but not really, over. There was still the illuminations and Chinese lanterns to be seen; and in many a household group the great event broke into a many a little tale of tenderness and heroism.

Such was the celebration of the little town of \*\*\*; so rich and varied that no pen save that of Froissart, who so vivaciously drew Queen Isabella's entry into Paris in 1399—a demonstration little more brilliant—could do it perfect justice. It was not so much in the magnitude of the events themselves, as in the general feeling of its inhabitants, all classes, sects, and creeds mingling, and giving loose to a common joy. Its very unrestrainedness brought back to one's memory a rustic celebration in honour of Pan, as held by some green hill side in Arcadia; while its aim and occasion were in every sense befitting a pure and spontaneous joy. Whole streets were like enchanted groves, every friend was more friendly, every neighbour more neighbourly; even enemies shook hands and tried to smile, and not a heart in its twelve thousand but retired happier and better when the wild merriment ceased.

Who would not like more of these popular festivals? There is no happier sight to me on earth, than that of thousands forgetting their individual selves and cares, and bursting into a choral unity, or a sentient whole. I love the bright, joyous side of mankind, and revel with delight in times such as these; and if, dear reader, I have caused you to share similar sentiments, and to have larger and more generous human impulses, I have not vainly intruded on your leisure moments.

## RELATIONS OF AIR, WATER, AND LIGHT TO ANIMAL AND VEGETABLE LIFE.\*

BY CHARLES T. JACKSON, M.D.

When an animal draws air into its lungs, and then exhales it, the expired air will no longer support flame, but the lighted taper, inserted in a receiver filled with it, is instantly extinguished.

If we now bring a branch of a living plant, having foliage, into this receiver, and expose the whole to sunlight, in a few minutes the air is

\* We copy this interesting paper from an American exchange, the *Conservatory Journal*, devoted to art, science, and historical relics.—Ed.

restored to its original state, and will support combustion.

On analysis, we find that the air which has been breathed by an animal has lost the chief part of its oxygen, which is converted into carbonic acid gas. This gas is the respiratory food of plants, and the leaves, which are their lungs, absorb the carbonic acid, and by the aid of the sun's rays decompose it, converting its carbon into its carbonaceous juices, fibre and cells;



while pure oxygen is exhaled, and the air is again rendered fit for the respiration of animals.

The same relations also exist in the action of the respiration of fishes, which draw from the air, dissolved in water, their respiratory element, while sub-aqueous vegetation absorbs their exhaled carbonic acid, and replace it by pure oxygen. The gills of fishes act in the same physiological manner as the lungs of air-breathing animals. They cannot decompose water, rich as it is in combined oxygen, but they depend on the small proportion of free oxygen which is dissolved in all water that has been properly ventilated.

These facts have now come to be popularly apprehended, since the aqua-vivarium has become so common in many households. We shall proceed now to some details and generalizations on this and related subjects, to which we invite the reader's attention.

We live at the bottom of a great atmospheric ocean, between forty-five and fifty miles deep.\* This ocean consists of nitrogen and oxygen gases, commingled, but not chemically combined. In addition to these two great components, there is a small proportion of carbonic acid gas, and variable proportions of aqueous vapour, also dissolved and intimately commingled with them. By the law of diffusion, gases become, in a short time, intimately and uniformly mixed, so that, though of different densities, they do not separate by gravitation. Were it not for this law, animals at the surface of the earth would soon be drowned in a stratum of carbonic acid gas, it being much heavier than air. Aqueous vapour is held in solution in the air at a certain tension in ratio to the temperature of the air. When the air is cooled to a certain point, a portion of the water is condensed in the form of rain, snow, or hail; and when the earth, by radiation of heat, has its temperature lowered below the dew point, a deposition of moisture takes place on its surface.

The atmosphere consists of

	By weight.	By bulk or measure.
Oxygen, . .	23.10	20.90
Nitrogen, . .	76.90	79.10
	100.00	100.00

In addition, we have in bulk, on the average, four ten-thousandths of carbonic acid, and occasionally a little carburetted hydrogen and ammonia; but these two last are accidental and irregular in their presence, depending chiefly on the abodes of men for their production.

Carbonic acid, in proportion of from three to six ten-thousandths of the atmosphere's bulk, is essential to vegetable life, but much more of it would prove injurious to animals. Hence,

NATURE has nicely adjusted the powers of animal and vegetable life, so as to keep the atmosphere always exactly balanced with its due proportions of these gases, and by the winds, or atmospheric currents, prevents an undue accumulation of injurious gases from taking place in any portion of the globe. Simple and beautiful as these laws are, we should not neglect to contemplate and admire them.

If we now look to the composition of water, we shall find that it consists of:

	By weight.	By measure of gases.
Oxygen, . .	88.91	1
Hydrogen, . .	11.09	2
	100.00	condensed and combined chemically.

Rain water contains, dissolved in it, on the average, about 2½ per cent. of its bulk of air, in which the proportions of oxygen are, according to Guy Lussac and Humboldt, from 32 to 34.8 per cent., while the oxygen in the atmosphere is but 21 per cent., as before stated, oxygen being more soluble in water than nitrogen.

This dissolved, but not chemically combined oxygen, is essentially necessary for the life of fishes, and of all sub-aqueous animals, and the rain supplies it in part; while sub-aqueous vegetation, under influence of sunlight, also contributes to furnish oxygen; and at the same time, the plant withdraws carbonic acid from the water.

After a long season of drought, water in our small lakes and pools becomes stagnant, as happened a few years since to Cochituate Lake, which supplies Boston with water by its aqueduct. Then immense quantities of microscopic confervæ, of a bright green colour, appeared in the water, and it had a peculiar disagreeable taste and smell, which was compared to that of cucumbers, and by some to that of fishes, but which was really nothing more than the odour of this microscopic plant. It seems that this low order of vegetation is favoured by the diminished supply of oxygen from rain, and the prevalence of carbonic acid in the water. Whether the subsequent rains, or the sudden increase of minute Crustacea, Cyclops, Daphnea, etc., caused the disappearance of these confervæ, we do not know; but it is certain that a large increase of these minute creatures suddenly accompanied the clearing of the water from the peculiar taste and smell, which for some months so annoyed our citizens, that the microscopic confervæ gradually diminished in quantities, if it has not wholly disappeared. The Cyclops certainly is quite abundant when the water is the sweetest and considered most pure. We wish to discharge these animalculæ from any imputation of having tainted the waters of the Cochituate Lake, for we believe that they were not guilty. Pray, reader, excuse this digression, for this matter was once a subject of animated dispute in this city, and the public generally do not know how the question was finally disposed of. We give our opinion for what it may be worth, observing at the same

\* Recent researches seem to indicate that the height of the atmosphere is between seventy and ninety-nine miles. See Kaemtz' Meteorology, note by Charles Martins.

time, that for years this subject has been one of frequent researches in our laboratory; and also been duly investigated, with the same results, in the scientific school of Cambridge; Professor Horsford having first noticed the microscopic conservæ in the water, and mentioned them in his report to the water board.

The sun's rays have the power of aiding in the formation of organic matters. By their aid the foliage of plants, whether sub-ærial or sub-aquatic, decompose the carbonic acid gas of the air, or that dissolved in water. Only the lowest orders of vegetable life can grow in darkness, namely, the Fungi, (mushrooms, etc.,) which it is well known will grow in the darkness of the catacombs of Paris, or in the galleries of mines, where no light enters.

The higher orders of vegetable life require sunlight for their growth; and their power of abstracting the carbon from this gas is truly wonderful, especially when we know, from

chemical experiments, that the most powerful of our electro-positive elements—potassium, is required, and that too at a red heat, to decompose carbonic acid, so as to set free its carbon while the oxygen combines with potassium to form potash. Now the plant takes the carbon, and liberates the oxygen from this gas; two atoms of oxygen for every atom of carbon which it absorbs. Dumas says, if we place a branch of a tree, in full foliage, in a globe, and blow a blast of air over the confined foliage, while the sun shines on it, all the carbonic acid will be taken from the air by the plant, during this momentary contact with the leaves of the plant. It is a certain fact of science, and not a mere figure of speech, when we say we draw the air into our lungs, and throw it forth unfit for animal respiration; the leaves of the trees catch this foul air, and return it to us in the form of fruit, flowers, and fuel.

## OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

THE ENGLISHWOMAN'S JOURNAL. 14 A, *Prince's-street, Cavendish-square; Piper, Stephenson, and Spence, Paternoster-row.*)—The May and June numbers of this magazine are before us, and maintain very charmingly the useful and suggestive character of the work. In the former part, a paper entitled "Warehouse Seamstresses" might well make us thank God for the sewing machine, which must shortly work a silent revolution in the present system, and clear the moral and social air of the Wood-street and Aldermanbury warehouses. We can ourselves bear testimony to the careful truth of the writer's description, having discussed the subject, in the "Trials of a Workwoman," some years ago; but the evils still exist, and must continue till this cold, dumb worker, with untiring fingers, takes possession of the work-rooms, and wanting neither clothes nor food, will work even more cheaply than the poor victims of modern competition and the paucity of feminine employments. The question now to be considered—for the end of the present state of warehouse seamstresses has nearly arrived—is the employment which shall, more healthfully and with the certainty of remuneration, be found to replace this fluctuating, ill-paid, and vice-producing resource. We are speaking of seamstresses emphatically, for no machine has yet suggested itself for the manufacture of mourning flowers, or the relief of fringe and tassel hands, any more than for the weaving, shaping, and sewing of straw-hats and bonnets. An agreeably-written story—"Success and Failure"—pleasantly enlivens these numbers of the magazine, and an interesting sketch of the "Life and Labours of Maria Bocci la Moinette" appears in the June part; there are also poems

by Miss Bessie R. Parkes, and Isa Craig, and various papers on philanthropic, and other subjects of interest to the general community.

BABY MAY, AND OTHER POEMS ON INFANTS. By W. C. Bennett. (*Chapman and Hall, 193, Piccadilly, London.*)—The sweet poem with which this little volume opens, and after which it is named, has become "familiar in our mouths as household words." Mr. Bennett is especially the laureate of infancy: his "Baby's Shoes" have bathed the cheek of many a loving mother with fond, regretful tears, for the picture he calls up is of no particular baby's shoes, but is proper to all babyhood; his pen has that touch of Nature that makes the old world kin, and whether "Teddling May" is his theme, or he sings a cradle song of hope to his son, or imagines "Epitaphs for Infants," tender and pure and sweet as infancy itself: the afflatus is the divine sense and sympathy of parental affection, too strong for prose utterance, pouring itself out in sweetest verse. How many a bereaved heart has responded to the infinite nature and pathos of the poem on a dead infant: take the following lines as earnest of these characteristics:—

Oh never shall these tiny fingers press  
Her cheek! Oh never to her full breasts steal,  
That yearn their tender touch, that so would bless  
Their blessed touch to feel;  
Oh never shall those closed lids opening rise  
To look delight into her hungry eyes!

Yearned for—how yearned for wast thou, little one!

Each month more dear, that seemed to bring thee near—

Alas! that seemed, but seemed; God's will be done,

We may not know thee here;



We may not know thee, but as babe thou art,  
Cold even to thy mother's quivering heart.

Not know thee! Mother, with thy sorrow wild,  
How is that still face stamped within thy heart—  
That face so looked on, when "Give me my child!"  
Thou criest, nor dared we part,  
In that first moment, from thy arm's embrace,  
The cold, white stillness of that blind, fixed face.

\* \* \* \* \*

Lily, thou shalt not know the soiling gust  
Of earthly passion; how thee to its will:  
Temptation and all ill are from thee thrust,  
Nor tears thine eyes shall fill;  
Remorse and penitence thou shalt not need,  
From sin's pollution and earth's errors freed.

But, if some sorrow-shaded leaves are scattered through these poems, there is no lack of joyous and sunbright ones; "Baby May" is, without doubt, the most charmingly characteristic description of baby ways we know of; and the poems to the same little lady—on her feet (if we mistake not)—"Toddling May"—is equally natural and delicious. The poets have seldom touched upon the theme of infantile childhood. Mr. Bennett revels with it, is at home with it in all its changeful moods; knows all its wilful, loving, winning ways by heart; and the mellow cadence of the simple verse, in which he sings his tender knowledge, awakes an answering sympathy in his readers' breasts.

PASTORAL AND OTHER POEMS. By Mrs George Halse. (*Harrison, 59, Pall Mall.*)—Without any pretension to power, any great range of thought, or originality, Mrs. Halse has produced a very graceful volume of sweet verse; healthful, simple, and natural as the themes that, for the most part, have inspired her. An evident lover of Nature—"City pent," we imagine—she recalls the winds, the woods, the flowers of her childhood, with all the vividness that memory bestows on the beloved past. These poems are precisely such as we would desire to put into the hands of a young girl-friend; there is a freshness and truth and lovingness in the author's "Recollection of Childhood" that especially pleases us; bubbling over

our worn spirits with fresh rippling of influences, not dead, but divided from us. We see, again—

The quaint grey lichen and the sloe;  
The mushroom, white as flakes of snow;  
The tufts of moss that grow on walls;  
The fungi's many-coloured balls;  
The frosted leaves, or blades of grass,  
Rimmed with a fringe, like glittering glass;  
The thistle's crown of purple plush;  
And empty nest of finch or thrush.

Take the following picture of Spring in rustic places—

The bucket dipping in the well;  
The yearling, with its tinkling bell,  
The lowing of the grazing steer;  
The rolling grindstone, humming near;  
The sharpened hatchet cleaving wood;  
The clucking hen that calls her brood:  
All pastoral sounds, or sweet, or rude.  
The swinging of the pasture-gate;  
The schoolboy whistling to his mate;  
The skylark singing over-head,  
The streamlet fretting in its bed;  
The rustling of the poplar trees,  
The humming of the wayside bees;  
The creaking of the clover wain  
Slow-toiling up the narrow lane,  
I seem to hear them all again!

Most of us have heard them, and imagination must be dull indeed where it fails to re-awaken them, while reading this pretty pastoral. "The Wild March Winds" is another poem which deserves notice; the rhythm and images are well chosen, and characteristic of the subject.

THE AMATEUR MAGAZINE. (*Piper, Stephenson, & Co., Paternoster-row.*)—Having no wish to claim credit for the gift of prophecy, we refrain from any comment on the demise of this magazine; although we sincerely regret the disappointment which it has occasioned to those literary aspirants who had confidence in the long life of a publication so constituted. From the first number, the practised members of the craft must have read its epitaph in its motto—"To show our simple skill, that is the true beginning of our end."

## AMUSEMENTS OF THE MONTH.

### PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

A very short time now remains for the exhibition of the managerial and artistic talent of the clever lessee of this favourite house. Those of our readers who have not witnessed "Henry V." have not a night to lose; every performance lessens the chance of opportunity, and to miss it is to lay up an absolute regret. In no part throughout these grand revivals has Mrs.

Charles Kean declaimed more exquisitely, looked more statuesque, or conjoined more suitable action with poetic language, than in her impersonation of the historic muse. The cold *Chorus*, marbled in our imaginations, steps from her pedestal inspired; the cloudy background of old Mythology seems to fall away, and leave her loveliest of the "thrice three maids," living and real before us. Never have those beautiful passages assigned to *Chorus*—and through the

instrumentality of which Shakespeare condensed, connected, and made clear the changeful situations and story of the play—been heard to greater advantage. The descriptive lines pre-lusive of the second act, but most especially the exquisitely graphic word-picture introduced before the fourth, realized itself to the minds of the audience; whilst the subsequent scene—the watch-fires burning on the field, the meeting of the sentinels, and all the accessories of the midnight bivouac—seconds the impression with ineffaceable distinctness. We had imagined that the preceding dramas must have exhausted the possibility of new effects; but the scenic and spectacular resources of the Princess's appear inexhaustable, and with the exception of the bridge-scene, in which the ear is greeted with the rejoicing clangour of the ecclesiastical bells—that startled the audience into becoming almost a part of the pageant—in “Richard II.,” there is not a single feature that reminds us of any effect we have before witnessed; while the novelties are numerous, and in especial the opening of the panels to disclose the *tableaux* of the dicing and carousing French Prince and courtiers before the battle, and English soldiers preparing for battle. Mr. Charles Kean's delineation of the *King* is most artistic; the character is one which he evidently loves, and he plays it *con amore*. Nothing can surpass his most impressive declamation of the celebrated speech in the fourth act, or the hearty frankness with which he enters into the spirit of the dialogue with the soldier, and subsequently with *Fluellen*—which character, by the way, Mr. Dodsworth admirably personates. At the

#### ADELPHI,

a trifle, amusing in its way, and pertinent to the spirit of the times, has been produced under the title of the “Rifle Volunteers.” Here, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Wigan still attract good houses by their clever performance in “The House, or the Home?” a piece the outlines of which we described in the last number; and these, with the “Milliner's Holiday,” and the rich farce of “*Ici on parle Français*,” afford sufficient variety and entertainment for the most insatiable lover of the theatre.

#### THE HAYMARKET,

besides its usual attractions, enjoys the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mathews, who, in addition to Messrs. Compton and Clarke, Mrs. Wilkins, and Miss Reynolds, constitute a rather strong force of comic elements, and renders it very possible that Mr. Sterling Coyne's amusing drama, “Everybody's Friend,” will retain its place on this stage for some time to come. During the past month “Married for Money,” and “The Critic,” have been revived, with an unusually good cast of character. The engage-

ment of Mr. Charles Matthews is said to have been a fortunate thing for the Manager.

#### ROYAL POLYTECHNIC.

The programme of this establishment exhibits, as usual, a long list of interesting, instructive, and amusing novelties. As the period of its remaining open is limited, our readers would do well to advantage themselves and their young friends of the existing opportunity to profit by these varied and intellectual entertainments.

#### VOCAL ASSOCIATION, ST. JAMES'S HALL.

Subsequently to our last notice of this Society, we had the pleasure of again hearing “*Acis and Galatea*,” which having so recently formed the subject of a criticism, we abstain from particularly noticing, except to endorse our first opinion of Mr. Santley's magnificent singing of the songs of Polyphemus, and to bear record to the power, flexibility, and sweetness of the fine soprano voice of Mrs. Enderssohn (*Galatea*). Mr. Wilby Cooper laboured under the disadvantage of appearing in the place of Mr. Sims Reeves, who, as usual, was unavoidably absent, and sang the songs allotted to him with much expression and sweetness. Mr. Dyer also acquitted himself more perfectly than when we last heard him, and leaves us no doubt that he possesses a very valuable voice, if a proper amount of patient care be bestowed on its training. The choruses were charmingly given, and the orchestral accompaniments perfect. Of the concert, which will have taken place when these lines are published, we are compelled to reserve our notice. Its object, however (to aid the funds of the Handel College), and the fact of its being the last subscription concert of this season, ensured a full attendance; while the names of Mesdames Lemmens, Sherrington, and Enderssohn; Misses Stabach and Messent, and Mdle. Artot and Schlumberger, Herr Joachim, and M. Mortier De Fontaine, with the three hundred voices of the Vocal Association, gave promise of a rich and varied entertainment.

#### HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS.

Miss Phelps, whose lyrical compositions we have more than once had the pleasure of noticing in these pages, is about to give a *Matinée Musicale*, on Tuesday the 5th instant, assisted by Miss Dolby, Mdle. Artot, Mdle. Finoli, Herr Mengis, Mon. Jules Lefort, Herr Wieniawsky, and other artists, at which Mr. Benedict will conduct.



## THE TOILET.

(Especially from Paris.)

**FIRST FIGURE.**—Walking-dress of plain *Azoff* green silk, trimmed with nine narrow *volants* edged with black lace. The *corsage* round at the waist, plain, high, and buttoned down the front. Sleeves with jockeys, puffed, and a trimming. Mantelet of the same material as the robe, plaited in the back like a peasant's *fichu*, with long round ends in front. Belgian straw-bonnet covered with a Clotilde demi-veil, inside a *bandeau* of black velvet. Puffed under-sleeves, with wristbands, and Swedish leather gloves.

**SECOND FIGURE.**—White *piqué* dress with two skirts, the ground sprinkled with small mallow-colour flowers. The second skirt has a close fitting body with *revers* ornamented with Hungarian point lace. Wide sleeves; puffed under-sleeves. High chemisette, terminated round the neck by a narrow puffing, in which a mallow-coloured ribbon is run. Straw bonnet trimmed with Parma violets mixed with various grasses. *Brides* and *bavolets* of mauve-coloured *taffetas*.

All the light summer tissues which I mentioned in my last letter are now in the very bloom of fashion. English *barèges*, *piques*, *jaconets*, muslin, *popelinettes* (a mixture of silk and wool, charmingly effective), besides two new tissues called *orientaline* and *fèrandine*, soft and *bouffant*, are destined to produce most graceful robes.

I observe a disposition to accompany the robes of English *barège* with scarfs of the same material

—than which nothing can be more graceful when well carried.

New *taffetas*—*printaniers*, *grenadines*, and gauzes of Chambery, gossamer-like, as if from fairy-factories—daily make their appearance.

I have seen a very charming costume, composed of a robe of plain violet *taffetas* with round *corsage* and waistband; the sleeves, style *Gabrielle*, forming at the top a great puff terminated by a *revers*. Collar and sleeves of *guipure neige*. *Capote* of white silk and black lace, ornamented in the inside with a *bandeau* of Parma violets. White *brides*. *Pointe* of black *taffetas*, covered by a *pointe* of *guipure* garnished with two *volants* of *guipure*. Nothing can be more graceful than this form and its types. A very distinguished *pardessus* for this *demi-season* is composed of grey cloth bound with a plaid *revers*. It looks well, is very simple, and convenient for an ordinary toilet. Other shades in cloth are also worn, as well as a variety of silky textures and black *taffetas*.

As an innovation, we have the *Chapeau Gabrielle*—for the reign of Henry IV. flourishes at this moment in all the creations. It is of Belgian or Italian straw, bound with black velvet, and ornamented with black velvet ribbon, tied by a *cordon* of straw, on one side a tuft straw with poppies and field daisies; in the interior, knots of straw and flowers; *brides* of black velvet ribbon.

## PASSING EVENTS RE-EDITED.

Whilst War, red with carnage, spreads suffering, devastation, and horrid death through the fertile plains of Lombardy, and threatens to include all Europe in the final struggle, let us thank God that with every manly heart amongst us responding to the ringing summons of the Laureate's song—with spontaneous rifle-corps upspringing in every town, and we trust village, of our land, and promising to make this weapon effective in the hands of modern Englishmen, as was the cross-bow at Agincourt in those of our forefathers—we have yet time and peaceful opportunity to carry out and chronicle the laying of the first stone, by a woman's hand, of a new Cancer Hospital at Brompton, of which this lady (Miss Burdett Coutts) is one of the principal benefactors, having advanced £3,000 to the building-fund, besides subscribing £50 per annum to the charity from its commencement, in 1851, when a small house was taken in Cannon-row, Westminster, for the treatment and study of this most painful and intractable disease. The result has been so hopeful that the establishment of the present asylum, with projected accommodation for sixty in-door patients, bids fair to greatly alleviate the amount of suffering from this dreadful scourge of our race, and more especially of our sex.

There has also taken place, during the past month, a meeting of the supporters and friends of Miss Gilbert's Institute for the Blind, with a view to the extension of its benefits by providing instruction in various available crafts for the many who have not been able to command even the benefit of the ordinary training in the metropolitan and other "schools for the blind;" and a wider market for the sale of the articles made by them, many of which are in daily request in families, and may also be purchased wholesale by shopkeepers at the Society's house, in the New-road, very near its junction with Tottenham Court-road—a visit to which will repay our readers, and help them to understand with what difficulties these blind strugglers against beggary and want have to contend.

It is with great pleasure that we notice the erection of a fountain at Blackheath; and fresh measures for a further application of this simple remedy against intoxication we earnestly hope may be carried out in every town and hamlet of England; always hoping, too, that the lower basin, for our dumb friends, be not forgotten; and that the thirsty sheep-dog and his panting charge be suffered to cool their fevered tongues in passing.

But over and above these local acts of beneficence, another noble institution is projected, for

which the sympathies of the whole kingdom will be awakened: I allude to the founding of an asylum "for the orphans of musicians (of all classes), British, or who have been resident in Great Britain," to be called the Handel College, and become a lasting testimonial in our land to the memory of the great composer, whose genius belongs to Germany, but who found a home amongst us, and bequeathed us, in return, works that have made his name immortal. A hundred years have passed since the death of this great master; and we English are only now waking up to a right appreciation of all we owe to him, of which, within the past ten days, the commemoration at the Crystal Palace has so sublimely reminded us. A hundred years, during which hunger and want, and the sharp thorns of poverty have been suffered by the offspring of many a professor of the art of which Handel was the inspired exponent; and which of all the professions is, we believe, the only one hitherto unrepresented in the magnificent list of English charities which rise up like altars through the length and breadth of the land, redolent with the grateful praise of tens of thousands of fatherless children; of the helpless, the aged, and the desolate. It is well said, in the synopsis before me, "that the study and toil of the musician do not always lead to large pecuniary rewards;" the working musician is too often a struggler even for an inadequate portion of the necessities of life. The wants of a family absorb his earnings, from whatever source they are derived; and even if, by the aid of teaching or other engagements, he manages to keep up appearances and avoid debt, a fit of illness, or the loss of pupils, throws him out of all his calculations for a time; an accident, paralyses, nervous derangement, even a fit of rheumatism may rob his right hand of its cunning, and deprive him of the smallest means of providing for his children, and lastly his death while they are yet young and helpless throws them upon the world unprotected and

penniless. The purpose of the Handel College is to provide such orphans with a home whilst they are too young to assist themselves, and so to educate them as to enable them to obtain a respectable living when they arrive at a proper age to go out into the world. A plot of ground, valued for building purposes at not less than £5,000, has already been offered gratuitously for the site of the college, and Mr. Owen Jones with answering liberality comes forward with voluntary proffers of his important aid, as honorary architect, to draw the plans and superintend the building. It is but just that the sister-arts should assist by pen and pencil, and every other office in their power, to express their sympathy and aid the growth of this good work, in which every family may take a part and be no poorer for it. How true it is that the good we do never dies! and in the very means by which it is intended to honour the memory of the author of the "Messiah," of "Saul," "Judas Maccabeus," and "Israel in Egypt," there is a special applicability and justice; remembering that when the tender-hearted old sea-captain Coram had, after long years of disappointment (during which, however, he never allowed his efforts to flag), at last succeeded in establishing the Foundling Hospital, amongst its principal benefactors the great Handel stands unquestionably the first. "Here in the chapel," says Cunningham (in his "Handbook of London"), "he frequently performed his oratorio of the 'Messiah,' at which times it was greatly crowded, and as he engaged most of the performers to give their assistance gratis, the profits to the charity were very considerable, and in some instances approached nearly £1,000." Surely what he did for these utterly orphaned babes shall be repaid a hundred-fold for the fatherless children of that profession which he did so much to ennoble in this land, and to which so much of the refinement and social happiness, and family union amongst us may be attributed.

C. A. W.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**POETRY** *accepted with thanks*: "The Silent Poets;" "A Quick Beginning;" "Beauty;" "A. A. T.;" "Sunset."

**POETRY** *declined*: "The Lonely One;" "Edith's Dream;" "The White Fawn."—*Homerton*. We object to epitaphs—"The Shamrock and Thistle and Rose."

**PROSE** *received*: "Pas de Calais." As soon as we receive the concluding pages of this paper the writer shall have our decision. "Ice, Polar and Tropical;" "Tale of a Giant"—rather abstruse for the "Little Ones," but we will see what can be done with it.

**B. B.**—We beg to thank this correspondent for his offer, and to decline it: our space is too much occupied to allow of long notices of books.

**Aspirants.**—We too frequently have occasion to

contrast the simple modesty of real talent with the presumptuous tone of literary pretenders. Here is a specimen-verse of a production for which the happily nameless sender requests the recompence we consider its due:

"Sore sickness dances down the street  
Till it seizes its orphan prey,  
And strangers plainly laid her  
'Neath the church-tower glade."

We cannot preserve short articles, or return MS., unless a stamped and addressed envelope be sent for the purpose.

We beg to apologize to our readers for certain misprints in the last sheet of our June number, which, owing to a delay in the delivery of the proofs, was printed without correction.—**ED.**





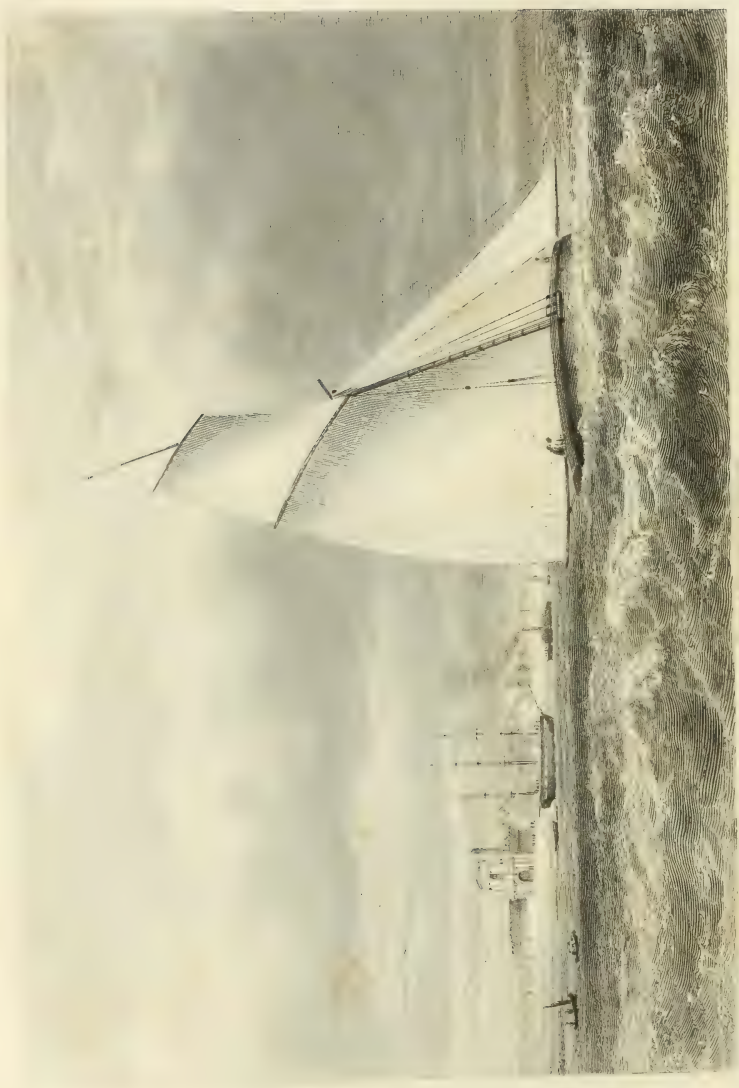


*Gen. Arnold  
James H. T. Tanner.*

*Portrait of General Arnold, from a painting by J. H. T. Tanner.*







The Ship.



## THE ROMANCE OF PILKINGTON.

### CHAP. I.

I know, in these very practical days, it doesn't do to talk much about romances; but when I write "The Romance of Pilkington," I mean the great truth, the moralizing reality, the romance of Pilkington.

In the first place, to prove to you how peculiarly unlike usual romances is this "Romance of Pilkington," I may state that the heroine was certainly one of the heartiest girls alive. To see her chattering to, and flicking, the happy Cob, was delightful: and—ah! no scandal, for Cob was a very spirited horse only. It was a sight to see Winny coming down a green lane, the sunlight dashing through the trees, and embroidering her and Cob with shadow, and her eyes sparkling away like—like—oh, like eyes, below her hat, which was of green plush, with a black feather sweeping about her neck like a caress. Also, too, in the band of this hat were four roses, with plenty of leaves. Herriding-habit was green, too; and Cob (the horse) was singularly white, with the exception of his left eye, which was charmingly black. Altogether, if this animal could have disposed of that will of his own, and have acquired a little sobriety—to say nothing of a tail—he would have been an admirable animal: but, as Winny herself said, one could not find a good-tempered, love-sick cousin to give you cobs every day, nor a Cob who could do anything, from a gate to playfully rolling on his back and gyrating in jerks.

As Winny told Cousin Jack before he went away in the "Nemesis," and despair, to New Zealand, it is no use, those tomboy-girls never will marry their masters—and she was not a master over six feet and a chest in proportion. Indeed, if the reader has had an extended field of observation, he will have found that very nearly all dashing girls marry quiet little men. As for the young clergy, be sure wherever you find a particularly brisk clergyman's wife, that she has been a "dasher," as I have heard the race called. Indeed, I think this is natural; for young ladies who love to speak out will naturally have a decided objection to *chanter* small all through their married life; hence they choose those meek little gentlemen at whom the meek little ladies refuse to look; and hence

the universal balance is proved, and hence little gentlemen are not all of them mere sighing bachelors. However, this is deserting Winny to dive into the wilds of metaphysics—which are not so pleasant as was Winny guiding Cob along the green shadowy lane.

Suddenly Dot, who was too insignificant an animal of a dog to need a solemn introduction—suddenly Dot, as the top of the green lane was nearly reached—suddenly that lowest type of caninism rushed forward along the lane, as though tantalized with an inimical leg, tore round the corner in a tangle, and then came back again; while his tail flew up like a quivering note of ridiculous interrogation.

"It's the man," said Winny; and she shakes all the brown curls till they look like a cascade. Ah! that reminds me, I have not described Winny—well, well: rather tallish, and rather stoutish, and as brown as you will—such brown hair, such masses of brown hair as made people declare nature too partial! And the laugh? Why, old Mrs. Pangles heard her laugh, though in a back-room in a (so to speak) back street, when she refused the jolly squire, as she sat upon Cob's back and the squire rode beside her. People wondered what it all meant, when they saw Joliffe stoop towards her, marked him speak, heard her burst out laughing, and noted Joliffe ride off as though charging an army or so of the French nation.

"Peggy Carroll!" they heard her call out after him, which was only an apparent impetus dealt to his horse, for that animal flew forward like a hurricane.

As for Winny, she slipped off Cob, who had naturally fixed himself rigid as Joliffe's horse sped forward, his four legs like four perverse posts—I say she slipped off Cob's back, laughed all the way into the pastrycook's, and at last coming to, bought a cargo of sweets for various children, stepped up to Cob, gave the boy, who was needlessly holding that immovable quadruped, a fourpenny-bit and a pat on the head, made herself comfortable on the saddle, galloped home, and never said a word about it till Joliffe's own horrid threats and behaviour brought about a revelation which was ended by Winny kissing the little widow, her mamma,

and insisting upon her having quite a laugh at "that ridiculous monster" too.

But really this is too bad! That declaration and that rejection had taken place full three months before the especial day when she was trotting along on Cob, through the shady lane, in her green hat and red roses, and when Dot scampered back for instructions.

"It's the man!" said Winny, in a tone of conviction, and dashed into a canter, which soon took her out of the lane on to the dusty road.

And here was the picture:—A middle-sized, slimish gentleman, black-haired, was smiling good-humouredly at "Bill" from the village inn, who was trying, on the principle of endeavouring to force one quart into a pint-pot, to get three boxes and a parrot's cage into the chaise. The very coach (for we are a little behind railways) was quite still, watching the attempt breathlessly, and one gentleman in the hinder part of the "Highflyer" was heard to say, "Ding me, Willy, thee'rt a feul!"

Then the coach went on, the driver angularly touching his hat as Cob and Winny cantered past.

"I think you'd better let me take that parrot," said Winny; "don't you, Willy?"

"Wa-a-a-l, miss;" said Willy, performing a slight fantasia on a forelock of his which hung down ready.

"Yes, all right; good morning, sir." And up she hoisted the brass-cage, round wheeled Cob, and away she went down the green lane again, like a female marauder who had been successful.

"Pray who is that extraordinary young woman?" said the middle-sized, slimish gentleman, who, by-the-bye, had very sad eyes, as though they were perpetually reproaching a wicked world.

"Oh, her's Miss Winny," said Willy. "Zum zay her's keranky: but lor', her's as good as gool from the tip o' her fingers to the tip o' her ten taws!"

"Indeed!" said the gentleman; and by this time the three boxes, having yielded themselves to circumstances, into the inn-chaise got Willy and the gentleman, and the machine was jangled into the green lane too.

Now I know very well that a young lady, who not only rides up a green lane to have the first view of a stranger, but actually turns herself into a light porter to that gentleman's ugly old parrot and cage, is very liable to be looked upon as a very improper person: but pray, now, inquire into the particulars. In the first place she had no more idea of reining up Cob, as that animal came cantering out of the green lane, than she had of asking the stranger to dance. But when she saw the predicament of that cage, the parrot inside screaming in C alt. all the time, she impulsively pulled up Cob and offered the accommodation: and indeed, truth to tell, as she came back through the green lane she was rather rueful, for whatever would people say—and people certainly do "say" in small towns: it is about all the social observance they have to

go through—and certainly they observe it effectually.

But then it may be urged that it was not polite for Winny to go up the green lane at all. Putting aside the proposition that Winny might ride just where she liked, I prefer to go into explanations. The truth is that this young lady was as heartily charitable as any in Pilkington. She was the old minister's aide-de-camp, and was brisker than all aides-de-camp who have lived in this world. Did this old party have the "roomatics woeful," it was Miss Winny who managed the supply of flannel. Did that antique loudly complain of the parish tea, down came Miss Winny with a packet. And as for justice! why, the next morning after Twiller, the smith, turned the wife of his bed and board out into the back-yard at midnight, Miss Winny rode that industrial down by means of Cob, drove him up against the wall, and hit him once over his shoulders with her whip: then all of a sudden she was frank, read him a lecture, and made him say something like a speech to that ill-used wife of his, who could not have been more surprised if her "good man" had walked in on his very bullet-head!

Truth to tell, Miss Winny was the pet of everybody and everything. Men, women, and children especially, loved her; and she was one of those enviable creatures whom animals court. She only had to call gently to a horse, donkey, or cow, and up came the animal—slowly and doubtfully, but he or she came. Whereas some of those I address might "call" a mere donkey for twelve months, and that donkey should present nothing but his hind-legs.

It was a queer thing, too, to see the way in which the people spoke to her. It was very kindly, and they said "miss;" and yet they could not have been freer with an equal. And she had pretty apt words for everybody; always cheery, chatty, frank, little sentences, which begat familiarity, but never begat contempt. Well, being such an important body in our town, and being so kind a help to the old minister, it was but natural she should be desirous of knowing what his successor was like—for the old perpetual curate was noble enough to be about to yield his pulpit and his small revenues to a new comer—a young man, highly recommended, and all that could be wished. But the old minister showing immense agitation as the time for the arrival of the coach on the high-road began to draw near, why Miss Winny, who was near him, and with an indefinite desire to comfort her "old love" (as she irreverently called him), said she would go and accidentally look at him.

Hence you have the why and the wherefore of the shadowy lane, Cob, the green habit, and the green hat; and all that remains to be accounted for is the "pink roses"—to which I say, "ah!" But it may be stated, that a little after she had acquired the parrot they fell on to the road.

"Wait a moment!" said the new arrival a few moments after, as he and Willy were coming on in the chaise—"wait a moment while I get



out and pick up those beautiful roses—where *could* they have come from!”

Now I ask you plainly, was it not natural that, as Winny took such an interest in the parish, she should take an interest in the new minister?

By the time Winny reached the village she had had enough of the parrot, so she deposited that horrible creature at the first cottage, with instructions, galloped home, and was off Cob's back and in a front room, looking over her little widowed mother's right shoulder, and right through the window, as the chaise came past.

“That man's in a decline,” said the little widow, who habitually resolved society into two classes—those who were consumptive and those who were not.

“Pooh, mamma,” said Winny: “he's only tired—there, don't be cross at my saying ‘pooh!’ and then you shall have your five kisses”—which were a solemn rite.

“Well,” said the little widow, “Joliffe will be disappointed, for he said he hoped our new minister would be a *man*, and we all know what poor Joliffe means by a ‘man!’”

“Poor Joliffe, mamma! I know what you mean: but I never will have him! I'm sure we should fight! Well, now, I'm going to take off my habit, and then I'm going to put on your bonnet—on *your* head—and we'll go and see old Pangles. How stupid old Pangles is getting, to be sure!—called me a holy saint on Tuesday!”

Then came a sharp call through the window: “Here, you Tom, mind you *rub* Cob down this time, and don't just tickle him. What do you say—‘E'es?’ Well, then, mind ‘e'es’ you do. Yes, and then run up the lane like a spanker, and see whether you can see any roses in the road.”

Another minute and they were walking towards old Pangles.

“Well,” said the little widow, “*did* you ever see anything so absurd? he's got four roses in one button-hole!”

This was uttered after the little lady had said, “Why, here he comes with the old gentleman!” whereby she meant to say nothing irreverent, but that the new minister was coming towards them in company with the old curate.

Another minute and the little old lady had made a deep curtsy to the Rev. Gabriel Conways, and had printed off a mental photograph of that new arrival.

The introduction to the young lady, which was singular and characteristic, is thus—the old minister said, “And this is Miss Winny!” at the same time patting her right shoulder—“this is Miss Winny;” who put out her hand as readily as might be, and the Rev. Gabriel, if I may so term him, took it with bashful self-possession. “I came out to the door to meet Mr. Conways, and he desired to see the church at once; and so to the church we are going. Will you come with us?”

Next moment old minister and little widow

have paired off; young minister and young lady are walking behind—you see we are primitive in Pilkington, and forget all kinds of etiquette.

“This seems a pretty spot, Miss Marken!”

“Oh, capital. . .—sir.”

“Ah, there's the church. So it has been restored, I hear?”

“Oh, capital—ly, sir. And if we could only get the children out of their dreadful sniffing—”

“Dear me! the children sniffle, do they? That is very bad! Pray, who directs them?”

“Well, Miss Marlborough; but she can no more sing than fly. O pray don't look grave, Mr. Conways! I tell Emily herself she has a voice like a crank; but then she does her best.”

“We can none of us do more, young lady.”

“No, that's very true. Now I really do, hope you will not think any the worse of me for saying Miss Marlborough cannot sing. I always must speak my mind out; and I assure you Miss Marlborough and myself are the best of friends. Nobody minds *me*, Mr. Conways.”

Here they reached the church, as the sexton came scampering up the path, his keys jangling and his coat-tails flying.

“That window is in *capital* taste,” said the Rev. Conways a few moments after entering the building, and using the word “capital” as a reassurance to the impulsive young lady, who was all impulse again directly.

“Yes; I, and Emily, and two or three other girls paid for it; and it only cost seventeen pounds ten! And *isn't* it a dear little window?”

“It would be well if all young people were equally interested in the church,” said the Rev. Mr. Conways, as Winny began to wonder how old he really was—for she had set him down at twenty-eight.

As they were leaving the church, after some twenty minutes' survey, the old minister pleasantly said, “Our young friend here seems to have had a deal to say, Mr. Conways? You see, she must talk!”

“Yes, and a great *deal* too much!” said the little widow.

“Miss Marken has been kind enough to give me many particulars of the parish; and indeed she has told me, and I thank her for it, that, as she is always about amongst the poor people, we had better be social at once.”

The little party then broke up; the two ministers going one way, and the two ladies the other. Then it was that the little widow read her rattle-pate of a daughter quite an immense lesson, at the end of which Winny assaulted her with the five kisses, and a remark of, “It's no use; I know I'm like no other girl; but I don't think I'm the worst one on earth. I can't make myself over again, mammy; and you must put up with me—as everybody else does.”

“Yes, my dear! but there are limits.”

“It's no use, mammy; I'm sure he's a very civil fellow; and I'm sure I did'n't say anything so very terrible.”

"I really don't know that you were called upon to say anything at all."

"Then why ever did we go to the church?"

"Why? why? There, don't be ridiculous, child, I pray!"

"Ah! there, now, let's go to Mrs. Pangles: that stupid pot of jelly has been knocking against my knees till I really have half a mind to fling it away!"

"Heigho! said Winny, that same evening, as she stroked Cob; "don't let us forget poor Cousin Hubby, Cob. Poor fellow! heigho!"

The next day the church was very full to see the new "parson"—who read the prayers so impressively that the rustics did not recognize them, and began to think the new parson a queer chap; but for all that they took the responses boldly.

At that delightful little church-over club which has its meetings in every church-yard after the sermon, while the congregation is being played out, a good deal was said on the new minister, and Winny was praising him up, simply because Mrs. Martout, whose curiosity had propelled her independency to the old building, was saying he wanted fervour, when he came from the church and up to the little group. Immediately after the greeting was over, he turned with a pleased expression of face to Winny, and said, "I have been to see our friend Mrs. Pangles this morning; but she talked so much about you, Miss Marken, that I can say very little about her."

"Well," said the little widow to Winny, as the little wooden church-yard gate banged behind them—"well, if that young man is *not* in a decline, into one he must go if he means to work like this! But a quarter of an hour in the place, and he sees the church; not a score of hours in the place and he visits Pangles! If I were his mother, he should not go on like that."

"Don't you think he has seen a deal of trouble, mammy?"

"Dear me, Winny, what makes you think of such a thing?"

"Oh, look at his eyes, mother; they are as melancholy as possible."

"Well, of all the strange, and of all the queer girls I ever came across, you, Winny Marken, are the strangest and the queerest."

It was just three weeks after this conversation that, as mother and daughter sat at breakfast, the latter cried out, "How much do you think Cob is worth, mammy?"

"Well," said the little widow, "I always have said it, and I always will say it, Winny Marken, of all the queer and of all the singular girls I ever came across you are the strangest and the queerest! Why I should as soon have thought of your selling your head as selling Cob. Poor Herbert!"

"Why, mammy, I'm not going to sell dear old Cob! I wouldn't part with a hair of the old fellow: only I was thinking what a capital lot of flannel, and all that, he could be turned into!"

"I should like to write to Herbert and tell

him you're going to sell Cob," said Mrs. Marken, who, when once she had taken up with an idea, hung by it; and, indeed, Mrs. Marken clung to this particular idea so positively, that she quite drove Winny out into the fields; and amongst them, and with that green hat on her head, she met Mr. Conways.

"Good morning, Miss Marken."

"Good morning—sir: I suppose you are taking a holiday?"

"Oh no, only a walk. I compose as I walk."

"Ah, then I'm sure I'd better walk away."

"Not at all, Miss—Winny, if I may say so, in common with all the town, it appears to me."

"Oh, of course; but if you compose as you walk, Mr. Conways, I'm sure you can't want me bothering about."

"This is only Tuesday," said our perpetual curate, with a smile; "and there is time for my sermons between this and Saturday night."

"What nice, kind, homely sermons you do preach us, Mr. Conways! I really must speak out, because you see I was afraid of you before you arrived."

"Afraid, Miss Winny?"

"That is to say, doubtful. I was afraid no minister would manage like our dear old minister. But I'm sure you do, Mr. Conways, and it's all because you're so unpretending." After a pause she continued, "Dear me, sir, I ought to be ashamed of myself for this rude speech; but I always must speak out."

"Yes, I hope I am unpretending. You see, Miss Winny, trouble humbles our pride—and I have had trouble."

"Indeed!" said the girl, in a very soft voice.

"Yes—I am a widower."

"A widower!"

"And have been so for several years."

It was from the time of this conversation that Winny grew quite the patron of our curate, if I may so express it. She was his best parishioner: she was his right hand; she brought him to a quick and good understanding with the poorer part of his flock, who, in common with their higher brethren, love frankness and heartiness; indeed, Mrs. Marken said of it all, that Winny certainly grew queerer and queerer every day of her life.

As for Cob, he was slowly, but effectually, degraded—if a horse can be degraded who draws a clergyman, to which use Cob was applied. Our parish is very large, very long, very narrow, and immensely hilly, a line of perverse chalk running along its entire length; hence our young minister had plenty of hard pedestrianism after he got the living of our place. His predecessor—the best and most charitable of men—was not young enough to be of the new energetic class of ministers, and he thought his quiet sermons, his good example, and his broad charity the sum of what he might do. Not so was it with the new minister, who paid regular visits, showed his face periodically at the houses of all his parishioners, and after the first visit every parishioner was glad to see the "parson." And so he plodded till Cob's degradation,



Thus it was: Miss Tudor Howard was a grand poor lady of our place, who had kept a horse and chaise; but leases falling in, or tenants running away, or some other financial disaster, had created a domestic earthquake in Miss Tudor Howard's arrangements, and so the horse was put down, but not the chaise—Miss Howard still kept her chaise (basket) in her stable, and that was all; though to be sure, she had a horse from the inn now and then, with Willy in a kind of phantasmagorical livery, at those times when she paid her periodical visits to the country-people, who were very polite to Miss Howard. Well, Winny thought what a capital chaise this would be for the curate, and how capital and quiet a horse was Cob—just a curate's horse. Well, *she* had no chaise; Miss Howard had no horse—why not combine, and let the curate have the turn-out when he paid his visits? So said so done, whereby three points were gained: Miss Howard was immensely satisfied that she kept a carriage again; the curate was immensely grateful for being able to pay more visits than ever with increased energy, and Miss Winny was as gratified as a good girl should be with a good act.

"Well," said Mrs. Marken, when she heard of the business, "I shall not believe in my own existence if this goes on: Winny, I don't like it."

"You little sharp mammy, you," said Winny; "don't clapper like that, or you'll frighten me right into the garden."

"What?" said old Pangles, in her back room in a back street, as I have stated, and actually sitting up in her bed without any help to say it—a thing the "rheumatiz" had prevented for many a year; "what! her been a' ge'd Cob to he? Him 'ull want she to give her he, mark my words, Mother Piggins."

But, alas, poor dear Miss Howard was not destined to keep her carriage much longer, for it had not been under the direction of Mr. Conways three months when it came to the most final grief. The curate was not as good a driver of horses as director of souls; and so, one fine day, over Miss Howard's carriage and he went with a crash. Miss Howard's carriage became in one moment Miss Howard's wreck, for it impaled itself upon a low post, and was then torn to pieces by the struggles of Cob to turn round and make out matters. As for the Rev. Conways, he lay at some little distance fairly stunned, and upon coming to himself he found his right foot was shooting very successfully; and not a quarter-of-an-hour afterwards Winny, wandering up that green lane, saw the minister limping towards her in the most amazing manner.

She was very sorry, and very gentle, giving the minister one of her arms; but when she heard of the wreck she couldn't help laughing, for she knew how very "high" Miss Tudor Howard was.

As for that last lady, it is my deplorable duty to add that she groaned far more over her carriage than she did over the curate; though it is

but just to say she refused payment, which was not her wish—*she* desired the restitution of her carriage. She could not set up another, as she had no horse—that would be ridiculous. And yet her maintenance of the old chaise had had nothing absurd in it, seeing she had had it for so many years. She did make one attempt to regain her lost dignity, by proposing to restore the machine; but, inasmuch as the coachmaker said—and he came twenty miles to say it—it was "no more nor a tub with no 'oops and the bottom well out," Miss Howard gave up the desire in despair.

And I take it this accident advanced matters wonderfully between the curate and Winny, for she began to pity him in his widowhood, and lone house, and lame foot, for it kept lame a long while, and we all know to what pity is akin.

The town soon learnt how things were going, and the old Pangles nearly wrenched her rheumatic old head off, in a successful attempt to see them arm-in-arm in the street.

"Well, I do say, and I always have said it," said Mrs. Marken, shaking her cap, "that of all the strange girls, and of all the queer girls I ever came across, you, Winny, are *the* queerest and *the* strangest."

"You proud old mammy you, if you'd only seen him, as I have, over our hedge, sitting all alone in that coffin of a study of his, you would want to marry him yourself. There; here are five kisses, and don't make any fuss about it."

"And there's Squire Joliffe will come down and double that little curate up, and poor Herbert out in Australia, or Westphalia, or whatever it is, and that Cob as well—poor Cob!"

"Yes, mammy; and you won't give Gaby to understand that he ought to be very proud?"

"Give who?"

"Gaby: you know his name is Gabriel."

"Well! of all *the* queer, and of all *the* strange—why you don't mean to say you call him Gaby?"

"No, mammy; I call him Mr. Conways."

"Ah! and what did he say?"

"Poor Gaby! he looked up to me, and he said, 'My dear, I think we must not meet so often.' 'Why not?' I said. 'People may talk.' So I laughed, and—patted poor Gaby on the back; and then he flung his arms round my neck; and that's all, mammy."

"Ah! and a very pretty all too."

"I'm sure, mamma, if you will but think, you'll say he's the only kind of husband fit for me. It's no use. When I know I can be master I don't want to be; while, if I had married that immense Joliffe, I should have quarrelled with him every day of my life. Oh, dear, dear mamma," and here the girl flung her arms round the little widow's neck, "I love him dearly, poor fellow."

The little widow dropped two or three tears, kissed Winny very heartily, and then said, "Well, I dare say everything is for the best. I don't know what I shall say to Joliffe, or what

I shall say to poor Herbert; and there's that ill-used Cob; but this I *must* and I *will* say, that of all the strange, and of all the queer girls I ever came across, you are *the* queerest and *the* strangest."

"Surely, mammy, and we're going to have no fuss, and I tell him I'll take care Cob shall not go pitching him out again. I shall drive; I dare say I shall make a capital parson's wife."

The very next day Mrs. Marken said, "Well, Winny, you may say what you like, but he's a jewel of a man."

"What, Gaby?"

"Oh, *he's* a jewel too, but I mean Joliffe; he's actually been down to Gabriel, and actually offered to lend him perfect stacks of bank-notes if he wants them to begin housekeeping with."

"Why, who told the squire?"

"Ah! that's what I wanted to know, and that's what I went to Miss Howard about."

"And why, mammy, did you go to Miss Howard?"

"Why, because that tattler must have told; and I gave it her last night as a secret."

"Well, mammy, of all the little old chatter-boxes I ever came across, you are the very worst."

Yet a day or so, and the curate gave Mrs. Marken and her daughter the history of his first marriage. 'Twas the old story: the young collegian pledging his young love to a hearty, handsome inferior. Regret and honour on the one part, unhesitating extortion on the other, with the miserable result of an unhappy marriage. The grave curate hesitated a moment or so before he went on with the tale, and then he said that suddenly she disappeared; and he had feared she had gone away with some people of her own kind; but it was not so, for her body was found in a pond near the town in which they lived, some three weeks after she was missed. He recognised her dress as that she had worn a few months before, at her wedding.

"Well," said the little widow to Winny that night, "of all the unfortunate, and of all the angelic young men I ever did come across, Gaby certainly is *the* most unfortunate, and *the* most angelic."

And so they were married, and there was such a scene as warranted the paragraph in the county paper. All the boys and girls sprinkled flowers till the stones were as slippery as a slide. The whole parish, people even from over the chalk formation, came to witness the deed. Miss Howard made a point of being present in lavender silk, to show she had forgotten the chaise calamity; and the old retired minister married his old favourite to Gaby in the most impressive manner.

"Well," said Mrs. Marken, that same evening, to Miss Howard, "of all the best, and of all the nicest marriages I ever came across, Winny's this morning was *the* best and *the* nicest, I think you'll say, Miss Howard."

Full two years had Winny directed her Gaby—she had all the time called him by that name in private life—and no gentler wife than Winny breathed. As for the curate; he had always meant to look up to her, and he had never questioned her superiority, and loved her more each day for wedding him.

They had a son—as brown as Winny herself. One evening, when Mrs. Marken had made her frequent journey through the strait of gravel which led from the cottage to the parsonage, by means of a break in that hedge over which Winny had once seen the minister sitting lonely in his study—one evening, I say, these three people were sitting at the quiet little fire-side, when a summons came on the house bell.

"Well," said Mrs. Marken, in the tone of a woman who had been a long while making up her mind, but knew she was right at last—"well, of all the vexatious, and all the troublesome bells on earth, yours is *the* most vexatious, and *the* most troublesome."

"Well, but, mammy dear, what are bells for if not to be rung? Well, Meg, what is it?"

"Wull 'em, thar's a woman wants master; an' if him won't coom to she, her 'll coom to he immejut."

"Now then, Gaby boy, button up your coat, or your throat will be worse, and trot out and 'see she who wants to see he immejut.'"

"I'll be back in a minute, mammy," said Gaby, starting up—he had learned to love the word "mammy," for Winny had taught it him.

He was out of the room the next moment, and as the door closed Mrs. Marken remarked: "Well, this I will say, that of all the —"

But she never ended the sentence, for the next moment the curate opened the door; and sped into the room, crying, "Save me, Winny; save me!"

"Why, Gaby—Gaby love?"

"Oh! this world of sin! Winny, Winny, she is alive!"

"Alive, Gabriel! Who?"

"My wife, Winny; my wife!"

"My child—our dear child," said the ruined lady, as she turned hesitatingly to the poor little fellow's cot, within which he was quietly sleeping.

Then past the door came a flaunting-looking woman, dressed dirtily, which was a sufficient evidence of her bankruptcy in self-respect, for only the most miserable of women dress dirtily.

"Well, you're lordling it very fine, you are, here. So you thought it was I was drowned, eh? Why it was sister Liz; and she'd enough to drown herself for, I can tell you. So you took her for me because of the gown, eh? Why she bought it of me for her own wedding-gown. Poor Liz! when I left her waiting on the bridge I little thought what it 'ud come to. And pray, who are you, ma'am?"

This she said to Winny, who had gone up to the poor fellow as he sat with his hands



clasping his head, and rocking to and fro—to and fro in a slaying agony.

"I know you are not to blame, my dear."

"My dear?—fegs!" said the new-comer.

"Oh! don't touch me: go away, Winny!"

"Winny, indeed!" said the woman, as she sat down angrily. "This is a fine welcome, this is."

"Oh! good-bye, Gaby. I know you are not the least to blame."

Here the woman looked up surprised. "Well, he's not an angel." But she still seemed in doubt.

Then Winny turned very slowly to the cradle, took up the scathed little burden, and moved towards the door.

But the woman started up with a frightful scream.

"What! what! yours and his, eh? Then we know what you are, now! Oh oh! the parson can be as bad as other people, can he?"

The young mother was quietly passing this unhappy woman as she spoke—so quietly that the latter was emboldened to thrust her hands at the child, and endeavour to pull the wrapper from its face. But here, the not very wise, but thoroughly good and brave little widow rushed forward, and with her open hand struck the new-comer a quick blow on the face; which so surprised the recipient, coward as she evidently was, that Winny and her burden were past the street door, and out in the dark, withering night before this destroyer had again found her voice.

The next morning the news roared through the town; and loud were the condemnations of the minister who had ruined the favourite of the whole place. But when Winny heard that they spoke ill of him, she just placed the child, which she had not once quitted since the catastrophe, into her mother's arms, quietly put on a bonnet and shawl, walked into the High Street, called at the doctor's and the lawyer's, set matters straight, came home again; and then retaking the innocent little creature, wept over him as a kindly mother will weep over the destroyed prospects of her dear child.

Gabriel Conways was gone from amongst us before the sun set on that following day; but not before he also had called on the doctor and the lawyer; and went away with him the terrible woman who had made cold the gentle curate's domestic hearth.

Also, too, that night left the town a thick-set, blackguardly-looking fellow; who, for all his slouching manner, had somewhat the air of a trooper.

"And this I will say," said poor Mrs. Marken that same night, as Winny for the second time resigned her little child to her, "that of all the splendid, and of all the noble fellows I ever did meet, Squire Joliffe is the most splendid, and the most noble. To think of his coming down and telling me that he was willing to make an honest woman of you, if you would. To be sure he told me to keep the thing

to myself, but I couldn't. He is really a jewel of a man; and I do think he loves you as much as poor Gaby—did."

### CHAP. III.

An epidemic was raging fearfully in London. Men who looked strong and healthy in the morning had become great terrors before the night was over the city. In some low streets many houses, one after the other, were filled with the dying and dead; and at last a report got about that at the end of one lane a great warning black flag was waving.

Amongst dying men, where help was needed most, and was least willingly accorded—amongst evil smells, want, untutored anger, and affrighted debauchery, was especially one man marked out. A spare little man, rather awkward, and not over good-looking; and there was this peculiarity about him: that though he looked young, his hair was grey. He was a minister; but as the people said about, he was "ekally a friend." He went from house to house, cheerfully encouraging, hopeful, desirous of leading back erring souls to the narrow path, and yet unwilling to gloomily destroy all hopes of life. He soon became known in the dark, fetid neighbourhood—known as well as the over-worked, fagged doctor himself.

About the same time, the small London congregation of a small London church liked their new minister vastly; but more than one marked that in all his sermons the burden of his exhortation was the Imperial will to deprive us of earthly happiness after having bestowed it, to teach by trial how much better it is to look to Him for happiness than to aught else. Yet still this new minister advocated great cheerfulness in daily life, saying, on one occasion, "that God's good earth smiled most brightly after a terrific storm; and adding that good must come out of evil, for God was good and omnipresent." Yet, though this new minister recommended cheerfulness, he was never known to smile himself. He always spoke cheerfully, and still, somehow, there always seemed to be tears in his voice; each sentence seemed a dirge for the dead, a lament after the past, a sad murmuring of all earthly hope ended, a gentle resignation to the Supreme will.

This patient minister of God was passing down the accustomed lane one morning, when a friendly voice, which had more than once greeted him as he passed, said:

"Morning, parson. Soger Bill's taken."

"Indeed! Who is Soger Bill?"

"Why the small giant, as we calls him. Lor, you must know Soger Bill!"

"I tell you what, my man, I had better know him. I can do him no harm, if I can do him no good."

"Well, parson, no man can do him no good, and that's my 'pinion. He's booked, and that's what Soger Bill is. Ses the doctor to him, he says, says he, 'My man, if you don't give up drinking, you'll be took.' And he *is* took, and took altogether. Lor,' he must ha' rid how many stone I should like to know? You jest mark, sir, how many stone he must ha' rid."

This man then pioneered the minister up a wretched little court, more horrible, if possible, than the courts and streets about it—pioneered the Christian gentleman to a wretched corner, where was a window stuffed with rags in the place of glass, pushed open the door, and motioned the visitor in.

He entered, to find a large-sized man, who, in his quick look of attention, seemed to suggest something of the military man, lying on a miserable truckle bed, with barely any furniture about, what there was being miserably dilapidated; and near his bed, ready to his hand, was a blue jug of water—the court water, whose every drop destroyed the chances of his living. He was a strong man, and his strength was fighting vigorously against the disease; but dirt, want, little bed-clothing, and no attention, were all against him, and he lay on the truckle bed dying.

"Good morning. You will let me come in?"

"Good morning, sir. Of course you can come in; and though if I didn't want you to, I couldn't well stop you."

"I see, sir, you have lived in better company than —"

"That, that in which I'm dying? You're right: Private Gunnersford was called by his mates Gentleman Gunnersford."

"Many a gentleman has fallen from his estate."

"Ah! and many a gentleman is thrust from it."

Then the miserable door creaked on its hinges, and a medical man entered. He went up to the man, looked at him, and shook his head.

"Well?" said the man.

"I hoped to see you better," said the other.

"And you find me worse? How long have I to live? Don't be afraid; I have expected my billet often before, out in India. Speak up, doctor."

"Well, my man, if you will have it, not an hour."

"All's well; good-day, sir." This to the doctor, who turned with grave apathy to the door.

"Sir, sir, are you there?"

"I am here, kneeling by you."

Pass reverently that following scene. One human being praying for another as the life is ebbing—who shall dare describe that?

The minister was rising from his knees, when the man said, and slowly, for his hour was nearly come:

"Sir, will you take a message for me?"

"I will, indeed."

"It's all the way into Bucks."

"No matter."

"And to a parson: the Rev. Gabriel Conways."

"Merciful Father!"

The dying man tried to turn his head to look at his companion, but death was inexorable.

"Move further down, on towards the foot, sir. So you are Gabriel Conways?"

"Yes."

"And—and you think you married Ann Hudson?"

"Alas! I know I did."

"You did not, sir, for she was married to me before that."

Imagine the rapture on this poor face—the face of the young minister framed in the grey hair. Think of the world of prayer which floated to heaven in that one look of love, and faith, and gratitude—that belief in the just Distributor of good and evil—this was his reward for his service, and the danger he had daily run.

"I'd better be quick about it, sir; for I hear the muffled drums, if you know what that means. Our regiment was quartered at Oxford during the holiday-time, sir; and there I met Ann, and there I courted her. She told me about you, and that she didn't care about you; and the long and the short of it was she followed the regiment up to London, saying she was coming to her aunt; and we were married at St. George's in the Boro' there, up the steps. We had not been married three days when we were ordered to the Indies, and I left her. When I found her again, sir, I was not the same man—I was—half what you see me—half the bad soldiers there are is the fault of the sergeants; and as for her, she was little better than the worst. And so we came together again, sir; and—and we came to you, and—and—robb——"

He had spoken his last. Well for all of us it would be, could our last words be those of reparation and sorrow!

He did not die as he ceased speaking; he quite smiled, and gently, as the minister knelt by his bed-side again; and surely he heard the flow of words which came forth from the worshipper.

At last the eyes were unseeing, and he lay dead.

Then away sped the minister, a new life in him, a new hope—a fresh, loving world before him.

First the wretched woman was found, and she confessed her crime in the presence of the dead man; for she had loved him in her way, and flung herself upon the unheeding man, and called him husband.

Then he searched the register of the church in the Boro', which the dead soldier had described as having steps. He held a copy of the blessed release in his hand; and then—he turned his patient, worn face to home.

When he came upon the white cottage, he ran up to the window of the little parlour, and looked eagerly through. There she sat, dressed in mourning, her back towards the glowing western light, which shone full on her little



child's face, now some four years old. The little fellow was kneeling on his mother's lap, his little hands clasped, and the tiny voice following the mother's prayer: "Our Fader dat art in 'evn;" and as the child finished: "for ever and ever," "Amen," said the father.

And this was the coming home.

THEOPHILUS OPER.

## A QUICK BEGINNING.

BY MRS. ABDY.

"A Quick Beginning is half the winning."  
*Swedish Proverb.*

Arouse ye from your dull repose,  
Come forth among your active neighbours,  
Success is sure to favour those  
Who court her smiles by honest labours;  
Say, are you needy, friendless, poor?  
The world hath gifts well worth the winning;  
But would you share the plenteous store,  
Resolve to make a Quick Beginning.

Would ye the goods of Learning gain?  
Mourn ye your mental desolation?  
Take courage—all may now obtain  
The blessed boon of Education.  
Lo! Knowledge casts her gems around—  
The young, the old, are prizes winning;  
Foremost amid their ranks be found,  
You only want a Quick Beginning.

Perchance you tread Life's flowery way,  
Unheedful of the wants of others,  
Oh! then, resolve, without delay,  
To seek and aid your suffering brothers.  
Relieve their troubles, soothe their cares,  
Sustain the weak, reprove the sinning,  
Give freely counsel, alms, and prayers,  
And shrink not from a Quick Beginning.

Waste not the vigour of your mind  
In selfish ease, or vain enjoyment,  
The talents to your charge consigned  
Demand expansion and employment.  
Press forward to a better land,  
Your way through Life's rough places winning,  
Press forward—work with heart and hand,  
I urge you to a Quick Beginning!

## SUMMER,

BY ADA TREVANION.

I wandered with the Summer,  
All in the early morn,  
When wakening birds were chirping,  
And dew was on the thorn.

I saw the roses blushing,  
Their emerald leaves above;  
The breeze sighed through the coppice  
A tender tale of love.

The flowers in the valley  
Looked up with smile of mirth;  
And not a shadow rested  
Upon the blooming earth

Of thoughts that would not slumber,  
Of death, decay, and blight,  
Came o'er my lonely bosom,  
Though all around was bright.

"Yet Summer," said I, "deepen  
The rose's crimson blush;  
And breathe thy tones of rapture  
Through boughs and blossoms lush.

"But, while in golden glory  
Thou mov'st o'er plain and hill,  
Let not true hearts which loved thee,  
Lie cold, and dark, and still.

"Thou, who canst chase from Nature  
The shades of gloom and death,  
Breathe on those icy bosoms  
Thy life-restoring breath."  
*Ramsgate, 1859.*

## COMMUNION OF THE SOUL WITH GOD.

(From the French of Lamartine.)

BY ANNE A. FREMONT.

As the wild stormy wave  
Grows calm when touching the shore,  
As the tempest-tired bark  
Shelters in the port once more;  
As the swallow, for safety,  
Flies under its mother's wing,  
From the fierce vulture's eye;  
To thy feet the soul must bring  
Its wand'rings, its errors, and prove  
All the magnitude of thy love.

Thou speakest, my heart listens;  
Thou hearest my faintest sigh,  
Thine eye notes every tear  
I shed in my misery:  
Even as Nature is voiceless,  
And breathes but a murmur sublime,  
So, before thy omnipotence,  
Grow wordless these lips of mine,  
Yet I feel that my hope when near Thee  
Equals the joys of Eternity!

What reck's it in what words  
My soul breathes itself forth to Thee?  
No language is ever equal  
To express its ecstasy;  
This life-blood's rapid current,  
This being which in Thee lives,  
This heart that beats and throbs,  
The warm tears that I give  
For Thy gifts and Thy trials, shall be  
Mute, but eloquent pleaders for me.

Thus the waves palpitate,  
When the sun rises brightly above,  
Thus the stars pass on their way,  
Dumb in their awe and their love,  
Thus the flames rush and leap,  
Thus vary the lovely skies,  
Thus the winds float through space,  
And thy mighty thunder flies,  
And yet, though they utter no word,  
By Thee is their silent hymn heard.

## OLD BILLS, AND OTHER MATTERS.

BY JOVEN.

They are all gone, or going. Day by day, tickets for railway, and tickets for steam-boat are bought, and the joyous company depart—light-hearted, athletic, eager for travel and sport. To all points of the compass they go. There is Brown the lazy—he dozes with his Manillas under the green boughs of Sherwood; Smith, the enterprising, is roughing it in one of the Hebrid Isles, “placed far amid the melancholy main;” and Jones, in Robinson’s yacht, scuds merrily about between Beechy Head and the Land’s End. Happy fellows all! but I, *miserimus*, where am I?

“Come to South Devon,” writes a friend: “Come to North Devon,” writes another. Dear friends, I wish I could; but a power, a spirit, withholds me—the Genius of Circumstances-over-which-I-have-no-control. The summer this year must pass away before I can stamp, with vengeful exultation, upon my black hat; before I can hang up my black coat upon a clothes’ horse, and beat it soundly with my pilgrim-staff; before I can revel in extempore and vociferous ditties with shepherds and fishers, with farmers and coast-guardsmen. Methinks, I could be very melancholy to-day. I have a marvellous disposition to cry. I prythee, let us sit upon the ground,

And tell sad stories of the deaths of kings!

I shall read Blair’s *Grave*, or Young’s *Night Thoughts*, or Drelincourt on *Death*, or Hervey’s *Meditations among the Tombs*, or Johnson on *The Vanity of Human Wishes*, or Jeremy Taylor’s *Holy Dying*; or, shall I make the best of a bad bargain? It is really a great deal too hot for me to tear my hair in anguish and despair. I will adapt myself to circumstances, and make myself as cheerful as possible.

First of all, then, I go into my little garden. Hosts of roses there to-day; pinks and carnations in full glory: I pluck some, I take a little bunch of southernwood, I tie up my treasure-trove with a little piece of string, and place it in water on my table. There, that doesn’t look so bad, does it? Now for books: I take Murray’s “Kent and Sussex;” I take the “Hand-book for Devon;” I take a few other guide-books, and pile them together. Next, I surround them with a few volumes of poetry; “Percy’s Reliques,” of course, in the place of honour. On the extreme left, a volume of Professor Wilson; on the extreme right, a volume of Kingsley. Item, Ritson’s “Robin Hood;” item, Chaucer’s “Canterbury Tales;” item, (for the sake of “L’Allegro” and “Il Penseroso,”) the late Mr. Milton of Bunhill Row. A few good excursion maps fill the vacant places; and then my arrangements are very nearly complete. Not

quite; I take from my desk an old pocket-book, and place it exactly underneath the little nose-gay. That little pocket-book is my talisman. Whenever I desire to take an imaginary journey, I get my very dingy little friend. He has seen better days; the pockets of him are rather frayed by constant use, some of his leaves are crinkled; but he contains all that I want to cheer me. What does he contain? Bills!

I repeat it: bills! Not at date or at sight, not at six months or at three, not bills of exchange nor bills of the play, but bills (*receipted* bills, I am proud to observe!) from various hostleries in the west country and in the east. Viewed as artistic productions, they are not remarkable. Some of them have little “views” on them—those inevitable “views” which one knows so well, exhibiting a very scratchy sea in the distance, and an inn, of palatial dimensions and innumerable windows, in the foreground. Others are plainer still, with simply the touching legend, “Good Stabling.”

Now, by arranging these in topographical order, I can again “wander at mine own sweet will,” and fancy myself again on tramp, as in former summers, when circumstances-over-which-I-had-no-control were not adverse to my exodus.

“And what is the use of that, sir?” Now, I know the questioner very well; it is Brads (Brads and Burgess, lace manufacturers, Nottingham), an excellent man, but a prosaic one. Brads is emphatically a “practical” man; he is also one of the council of the Ballot Society, and was a prominent member of the lamented Administrative Reform Association. His head is crammed, and almost running over, with statistical information. He has read more blue-books than I have read novels; he has travelled all over Europe and America to “improve his mind”—and business. And, I call him a dull, ignorant fellow as ever breathed—ignorant, though he can tell me, at two-minutes’ notice, how many bales of cotton were imported in 1837; and, though with scarcely an instant’s hesitation, he can inform me as to the number of pork-butchers in Cincinnati, U.S. Brads, my mechanical friend, my pity for you is deep! Unhappy man! you are rich, and yet you are miserably poor. You are acute, and yet you are singularly dull; for to you, O Brads! the universe is as a mill, your fellow-creatures are “hands,” poetry is nonsense, and enthusiasm a farce! Despite your banker’s book, I cannot consider you as other than a pauper. The wealth of mental and spiritual enjoyment, which you have *not* possessed, cannot be measured or computed by any standard known to you. We hear artists and others complaining of poverty;



but would they change with Brads? Verily, not one of them. The humblest young man who is now sketching in Cumberland and Wales, is, compared to Brads, a Rothschild, a Cræsus: nay, even the "Bohemian" of great cities, though he may be out-at-elbows, and *not* out-of-debt, is more to be envied than Brads. Oh! the crowds of men who go through life without living! Is it not as though there were a film before their eyes, and as though their hearts were locked up in an iron box? And they think, they think that *they* are the wise men! *they* moralize! *they* "promote the cause of education!" Why, they have not yet an idea, even the dimmest, even the faintest, of what education should really be! *They* "improve the condition of the labouring classes," and "reform the institutions of their country!" They had much better sweep a chimney!

Not in harshness to Brads are these remarks made, but rather in pity for him; but *you*, our ideal reader, pure of heart, keen of sense, open-souled to all honest and natural delights, and sufficiently wise not to be always serious, *you* will understand the glee with which the old travelling memoranda are perused. Why, every happy day which I have lived I can live again. A few plain notes bring back one glorious holiday after another till the room in which I sit seems surrounded by a rushing, crowding host of pictures; and I myself have a strange sensation, as though I were at once rowing, walking, riding, and swimming, with a slight tendency to skate. I can share in the pleasure of my friends. Dear old Harry, he is off and away to the west—high on Dartmoor by this time. Talk not to me of tourists' glasses suitable for the waistcoat pocket, and by which Jupiter's moons can be distinctly discerned—I want no such glass to see Harry enter that cottage by the bridge at Dartmeet. Harry, remember me most kindly to the good dame; but, thirsty as you may be, beware of the ale which she may hospitably offer; for I have tasted it—*moi, qui vous parle*; and the expression of my face as I set down the blue mug was as that of Ugolino—a wondering, but intensified horror! Drink of the Dart, man, and thy thirst shall be slaked, yet thy constitution not impaired. Ah! the cheery fellow, he is in snug quarters now. This is not the advertisement sheet, and I may not name the inn, with its sanded floor and its dear little windows, where Harry stops; but he is surely in clover; soundly he sleeps (flowers in the bed-room window)—soundly as his twenty-five miles of moorland entitle him to do; and then

"Cheerful at morn, he starts from short repose,  
Breasts the keen air, and carols as he goes."

The lines are dear Goldsmith's, who knew all the joy of this wandering life as well as any man that ever lived. But, before Harry breasts the keen air, I infer from one of my memoranda that he will have such a *breakfast* as never Apicius enjoyed, or Brillat-Savarin imagined: weel befa' the rosy little maiden that brought the clouted cream from the farm this morning,

and happy be the cows thenceforth, as they (we quote the famous French interpretation of Shakspeare's line) "*show the code of sweet and bitter fancy!*" The *keen* air—that is the very word—stimulating, invigorating as a plunge from a rock. No wonder that the happy fellow shouts away with his jolly, hearty voice. Actually he is singing that old "Tramp song" which we used to chant together:

Though down in yonder valley  
The mist is like a sea—  
Though the sun is scarcely risen,  
There is light enough for me!  
For, be it early morning,  
Or be it late at night,  
Cheerily ring my footsteps  
"Right! Left! Right!"

I wander through the woodland  
That hangs about the hill;  
Hark! the cock is tuning  
His morning clarion shrill!  
And, suddenly awaking  
From his nest amid the spray,  
Hurriedly now the blackbird,  
Whistling, greets the day.

And be it early morning,  
Or be it late at night,  
Cheerily ring my footsteps,  
"Right! Left! Right!"

I gaze upon the streamlet,  
As on the bridge I lean;  
I watch its hurried ripples,  
I mark its golden green.  
Oh! the men of the moor are stalwart,  
And the moorland lasses fair;  
And merrily breathes around me  
The bracing moorland air.

I smoke my black old meerschaum,  
I smoke from morn to night,  
Whilst cheerily ring my footsteps,  
"Right! Left! Right!"

Harry might easily have chosen a better ditty, but this one is dear to him, as to us, for the sake of "*auld lang syne.*" Doubtless, before the day is out, he will be crooning over some verses of far higher quality—some of the grand old ballads which we have lately been glorifying in these columns, and *apropos* of which we may as well quote now (what we forgot to quote then) four lines of Molière, which lend the lustre and authority of a great name to what we have said:

La rime n'est pas riche, et le style en est vieux;  
Mais ne voyez-vous pas que cela vaut bien mieux  
Que ces clichetichés dont le bon sens murmure,  
*Et que la passion parle là toute-pure?*

Whether I am *envying* Harry? I am afraid that, unless I were to plunge into deep metaphysics, it would be difficult for me to prove that I am not. All the delights of which I speak are, for *him*, a real feast: for me, but a Barmecide banquet. I consider, however, that I have risen from envy into sympathy; and that as the

sympathy grew greater, the need for envy grew less. At the present moment, I protest, that I am thoroughly enjoying a country walking-tour. It is all very well for Brads to remind me that my letters are addressed Vague Villas, S.E.; and that, therefore, I am still in the metropolitan district. I tell you what it is, Brads: if you persist in making disagreeable remarks, I shall consider myself perfectly justified in throwing Lambarde's "History of Kent" at you; which will spoil your hat, Brads!

More bills, more bills! Humph: Arundel Castle, Compton Castle, Berry Pomeroy Castle. It is rather trying to be reminded of them just now, I grant. Try as I may, it is rather difficult for me to convert this chair of mine into an old ivy-covered wall. I can't well get back into the past with this decidedly modern desk before me. I can't imagine that I see gallant knights and ladies fair, when, looking out of window, peg-tops and crinoline are obviously in the ascendant. Very well, then, I will *not* look out of window, and gradually the feeling comes back with which one visits such places. Rather a dreary feeling at first: the walls crumbling away, the ample hearths fireless and dull, the rooms vacant, through which of old the stately forms of heroes walked—you cannot be very cheerful as you see all this. But still, round you, the woods are as fresh and green, the waters as swift and bright, as in the old days—as when Humphrey Gilbert ("we are as near to heaven by sea as by land!") sat in Compton: or as when one of the Pomeroy's, having no choice but either surrender or death, mounted his grand war-horse, plunged the cruel spur deep into his flank, and leapt superbly down from the castle, crushed and dead almost before the cry of astonishment could rise from the besieging host. Oh! the grandeur of the old days! Men are as brave as ever, but we miss the royal *abandon* of daring. Men fight for a cause or a principle, from enthusiasm or from duty; but those old heroes ("barbarous feudal oppressors," says Brads) seemed to fight as flowers grow. Far be it from the present writer to join Brads in his sneers (indeed, to join Brads in anything!) against the feudal system, which, for its time, was doubtless noble, and, indeed, is *substantially* right and true; but the feudal system died away, and the new chivalry has yet to be born. Are there no signs of its birth? Perhaps I am too sanguine; but I think I *do* see that a grander and more catholic public spirit is rising in England than has ever been known since the Elizabethan days—a spirit less sectarian, less harsh than Puritanism; but wiser, deeper, and graver than the chivalry of the past. Of one thing I am certain: the past gets fairer appreciation and deeper sympathy *now* than ever before. Thanks for this, as for so many other noble services to England, are due pre-eminently to Sir Walter Scott. Sir Walter it was who first made the past again *live* for us. We might read dusty folios, bewilder ourselves with dates, and bore ourselves with names; but not until Sir Walter wrote was there a real insight to be

got into the life of the "days that are no more." The seed which he scattered lavishly abroad fell into no sterile soil; it sprang up rapidly, surely, and the fruits of it are bright and plentiful around us to-day. The dismal, prating, pedantic, utilitarian school may not be utterly dead even yet; we may still hear arid talk about the "dark ages," "empire of superstition," "feudal atrocities," and the like; but the old ballads and old cathedrals remain, to teach us what our forefathers were—as loving, as tender, as keen, and quick to feel all natural beauty as we who presume to sit in judgment upon them, and to talk glibly about their ignorance or their faults. Ah! Brads, your "firm" is a great one; but, my dear man, the plain, sober burgesses of the middle ages were quite as good as you are, quite as shrewd and quite as enterprising. Don't forget, Brads, that without *their* labour, even you, the flower of civilization and the crown of time, could not exist. The more lovingly we study the Past, the more bravely shall we face the Present. It is but the part of a fool to decry his fathers, and I never knew that Ingratitude was the mother of Heroism. The study, indeed, may be pursued in many widely different ways. There are men who devote themselves to it in a purblind spirit, who potter over details, and gloat over gravestones, but who altogether miss the poetry and the life that alone make the study worthy of pursuit. There are others—ah, how many!—who approach the past reverently, solemnly; and as the reward of their pious toil they are privileged to see that

"Not rough nor barren are the winding ways  
Of hoar antiquity, but strewn with flowers!"

The happy wanderers, with whose pleasures I am now seeking to identify myself, ought, if they have eyes, to learn this lesson as quickly as any one; for it is stamped plain and deep upon the face of England. Often I have felt that the whole thing was beautifully typified in some of those rough old walls of which I speak. Like the pyramids, "doting with age, they have forgotten the names of their founders;" an immense age seems written upon them; they are shattered and confused; parts lie in ruin, parts are almost tottering to their fall as you look. Yes, but the wall-flowers grow on them still! The winds of heaven have brought soil for the plants, and wafted thither the winged seeds, and so the old walls have yet a garment of beauty and a perfume of youth; and the flowers that grow on the dismantled keep of a feudal baron are as fresh and strong as those which spring in the peasant's garden below. Happy peasants!

O fortunatos nimium sua si bona nôrint.  
Agrícolas!

Beautiful as the Past may have been, we turn from it gladly to the living Present; and the last of the Pomeroy's is faint and dim compared to the plain farmer who now tills the soil over which they bore sway. Happy, indeed, if they knew their bliss, were the country-folk! So at least we think, we people from the cities—forgetting that man's heart, with all its awful mysteries



and tragedies, does not altogether depend upon "scenery" or "temperature"—forgetting that the villagers, dull and slow as they look, have trials as sore as our own—aye, often sorer; for we have a thousand sources of consolation which to them are unknown. And rather too quickly do we pronounce them insensible to those joys which we ourselves appreciate so keenly. I grant you that they are, for the most part, *dumb*; that they seldom speak, as we do every day, about sunsets, golden clouds, and the waving of the cornfields in the summer breeze; but it will require a great deal of logic to convince me that their silence is necessarily apathy. I know I have seen old, old farm-labourers pause on a hill, without any visible reason for pausing, and stop there for a long time, looking down into the valley, over which the first shades of the evening were advancing; and, when they turned away, I have noticed that they would often look back, and walk very slowly and (so to speak) *solemnly* towards their homes. I know that rhetoric and eloquence would have seemed to me, at such a time, far less impressive than the long silent look of the plain peasant, whom we call insensible because he is simply uneducated. I shall continue to believe that his soul was full of the religious awe and rapture with which the very best of us might have been inspired at such a time; that feelings, all the more powerful because, strive as he might, he could not express them to others, were rising in his heart, and he as surely and as deeply felt the poetry of the hour as any man might have done who could quote a hundred lines of Wordsworth. Remember, the peasant *has* spoken *once*; and the power of that speech was so strong and abiding that, last year, a whole empire did honour to the memory of the speaker.

It is little wonder that we often misjudge the peasant. How can we get at him? how induce him to give us, thoroughly and frankly, his full confidence? He is shy, almost mistrustful: he does not know us—how should he? He thinks that we may be secretly mocking him when really we are eager to know him, and ready to help him. The mistrust should hardly surprise us: he has been so often deceived, poor fellow! But, though not surprised, one can hardly help being grieved. On *one* point, indeed, he will talk—one point there is, on which he can grow eloquent—sport. Everyone born in England has, more or less, the sport-instinct; and no reasoning and no preaching will ever eradicate it. My own hands are guiltless of blood; I have only caught one fish in my life (it was quite an accident!); and yet I can listen to a sportsman's talk for hours. The worst of it is that very often the sportsman does not know his full joys, but is rather limited in his perception of them. In September, his longing for the whirl and rush of the partridge-wings, as the covey breaks up before his steady pointer, may make him deaf to the delicious crackle of the stubble-field, and blind to the glorious colours that are flushing along the woods. Many a good

hunter thinks little of the exquisite country over which he is carried by the long regular spring of his steed. Many a good fisherman, thinking only of the likeliest haunts of the salmon or the trout, looks but carelessly upon the reflection of the trees in the clear water, and heeds not the tremulous swaying of the water-lilies in the pool. But, when a man has at once the love of sport and the love of natural beauty, what joys are equal to his? Few pages in all our literature are more delightful than those which treat of sporting. Here, too, we have of course good books and bad books—books by Poets, and books by Philistines; books by Professor Wilson, and books by Major Byng Hall; not to mention one exceedingly bad little pamphlet by Sir R. Levinge. But, on the whole, the books are worthy ones. So far as I know, they are peculiar to England. The French, indeed, have begun to write treatises on what they call (be kind enough to observe the Gallic pronunciation) "*Le Sport*," in which they treat learnedly of "*Le Boxe*" and "*Le Turf*," but I have never yet had sufficient energy to attempt their perusal. A blessing, however, upon our English writers, from Lady Juliana Berners, down through Izaak Walton, to John Wilson, the athletic laureate of the moors!

Ah! here have I an old bill which reminds me of a modern Nimrod: an old henchman of the famous Colonel Hawker. He keeps an inn now, at which I have rested on my journeyings. He grows somewhat gouty, though his sight is still as keen as ever; and I protest that the way in which he spoke of the clangour of the myriads of wild-fowl that used to swarm up by Lymington, whilst the sportsmen, clad in white, with their immense waterproof boots, lay waiting, each in his little punt—the way in which he spoke of those winter nights, of the excitement and passion that seized upon all, as the noisy beat of the wings and the clamour of the birds drew nearer and nearer yet, was enough to make one rush out and contract immediate rheumatism! Oh, that beside *this* bill I could place one from Norway! Think of the Norwegian sports; think of the grand fiord stretching miles in from the sea, amid the mountains, and perfect in its purity of blue, save for the sail of some distant fishing-smack; think of the salmon that tears away, unwinding yard after yard from the steady reel, till at length its speed slackens, and it is coaxed slowly but surely to the fatal shore; and think, above all, of the magnificent bivouacs, when the little tent is pitched, when the fire from the pine and the fir flares redly up, and casts its strange ruddy glare upon the little encampment, when the salmon-steaks are deftly readied at the fire, when the strictly-measured dose of *eau de vie* is assigned to each attendant, and when the traveller, dropping to sleep at length, has his mind still full of the wonderful stories that linger yet, in all their freshness and simplicity, among the hardy and credulous sons of the sea-kings. Oh, for a bill that should recall all this!

But my bills—unfashionable individual that I

am—are all English. Unknown to me, save from books, are the ways of *cabaret* and *posada*. "I am" *not* "a muleteer," though I clap my hands at the proper time in Mr. Balfe's spirited ditty, and "the glorious vintage of Champagne" has only fizzed for me in my island-home. What then? shall I mope? shall I mourn? Faith, not I. England is quite good enough for me, and I would quite as soon be at Clovelly as at Chamouni. Methinks I would rather like to be one of Garibaldi's Chasers of the Alps, and to follow that illustrious chief; but it would sadly interfere with my business arrangements for the season, and I at once renounce the idea. Besides, the autumn is coming, the glorious golden autumn, and *then*—! Meanwhile the roses and the books are on my table, and the bills are on my desk. They remind me—of what do they *not* remind me?—of land and sea, of water and wood; they remind me of that quiet place at old Yarmouth, down in Wight, which I entered that June afternoon after one of the happiest days in my life—a day when, with two old fishermen and a dark-eyed boy, in a rough, roomy boat, I had enjoyed a dart through the Needles, and enjoyed it all the more that I grew rather wet with the glancing spray; they remind me of little fishing villages, where I played skittles (don't be shocked, please!) with some rather queer folks, and set them all in a roar by the feeble obliquity of my aim and the imbecile indecision of my cast; and afterwards regained their good opinion by displaying the virtue of liberality with regard to fluids; they remind me of my friend Bob the gardener, and his strawberries, grown for himself in *his own* bit of ground—and what a bit of ground it was! they remind me of the bright Bay of Bideford,

and of the drizzly Bay of Herne; they remind me of pleasant people, gentle and simple, with whom I have foregathered; they remind me of morning strolls through thick Devonshire lanes and past rapid Devonshire rivers; they remind me of later walks when the red eye of the light-house twinkled and glared from among the rocks; in a word, they bring back to me all my *free* days, when I was tied to no time and no place, when I could be lazy if I felt disposed, but didn't feel disposed to be lazy; when the morning sun that woke me up shone upon no happier mortal, and the evening stars that peeped in at my window twinkled upon no one more satisfied with the pleasures of the day. And so, I will envy no one, but wish joy to all, whether they intend to ramble in Cumberland or Cornwall, in Derbyshire or Devon, in Cambridge or in Kent, in big York or little Rutland, through the fen-counties, over the moorlands, or down by the sea. To one and all, *bon voyage*; "to each and all a fair good-night, and pleasant dreams and slumbers light!" Nay, I will give them good advice for summer wanderings from the *Winter's Tale*:

"Jog on, jog on, the footpath way,  
And merrily bent the stile—a;  
A merry heart goes all the day,  
Your sad one tires in a mile—a!"

And lastly, as I replace the old bills in my pocket-book, I will turn unto my imaginary Boniface, and I will say to him, in the beautiful words of Uhland (slightly altered for Boniface's particular edification):

Take, oh, landlord, twice thy fee!  
Take, I give it willingly;  
For, invisible to thee,  
Once again I dine and tea!

## THE LILY OF ST. KATHERINE'S.

BY THE LATE HON. R. DUNDAS MURRAY,

(Author of "*The Cities and Wilds of Andalusia*," "*A Summer at Port Philip*," &c., &c.)

Who can look upon the lovely bay of St. Katherine's, Jersey, in the calm of a summer's evening, without sighing for a home by the waters which reflect so much beauty? Beneath that mellowed light the prospect assumes the soft and touching expression so peculiar to the twilight hour; the effect of which, as it blends with the stillness and repose of the bay, is like the last smile of parting life upon the lips of the dying—something so sweet, and yet so mysterious, as to banish everything from our thoughts but a wish for the untroubled rest that marks that solemn moment.

With such a feeling do we contemplate the scenery of this bay, as it lies slumbering in peace and seclusion. Before us gently heaves the blue tide, rarely troubled by storms, the force of whose fury

falls upon the rocky extremities of the bay; these fling their immovable strength so as to divert upon themselves the gale and the tempest, both of which seek in vain to penetrate into this sheltered and tranquil haven. In the centre of the bay the ground sinks down into a narrow flat, through which a tiny rivulet winds its way. Fields and pastures occupy this confined space, whose green luxuriance seems to dispute every inch of ground with the territory of ocean, so closely does the sward press upon the beating wave. Grey farm-houses are here and there interspersed, peeping out pleasantly from amid their shady orchards, as if with eyes of welcome for the groups now slowly returning from their rural labours. You may hear their voices coming up from among the hedge-rows, or ascend-



ing from the deep lanes characteristic of the island. A snatch of a song occasionally rises upon the stillness of the evening; it comes from the lips of those who go on their way rejoicing. They see the lights twinkling from the casements of their homes, as the shadows now begin to deepen, and are dwelling by anticipation beside the cheerful fireside which awaits their coming. Such sounds, however, die away ere darkness covers the bay, and thus, gently and silently, night descends upon its tranquil bosom.

At the period at which our tale opens, the bay and its shores lay bound in a solitude that reigned unbroken, except in that part where a sloping beach of shingle interposed a narrow strand between the dash of the now-advancing tide and the level space of limited extent which we have described as forming the centre of the bay. This spot, the only free and open space within the sweep of its shores, appeared to have been selected on that account by two children as the fittest for their amusements. Although the evening was close and oppressive—for the rays of the summer's sun, though withdrawn from earth, still tinged with fire the regions of upper air—it was, manifestly, unfelt by the youthful pair, whose buoyant attitudes, and especially the rapid and playful movements of one of the twain, contrasted strikingly with the air of languor impressed upon the scene around them by many hours of sultry heat. The youngest was a girl of eight years of age, or perhaps more, whose light form, full of the careless glee which is childhood's portion, and childhood's alone, might be seen bounding along from object to object, insensible to fatigue or lassitude, or to any influences but those imparted by her own joyous nature. Her sole companion, a boy three or four years older, was perched upon a fragment of rock, intent, as it might seem, upon naught but a block of wood which he was fashioning with much industry into the likeness of a ship.

Whether in obedience to injunctions laid upon him, or whether at the instance of his own free will, this solitary seat was chosen the more effectually to discharge the office of protector to his young companion, who, candour compels us to say, seemed endowed with the full share of the thoughtlessness peculiar to her years. With deep gravity, therefore, shading his ruddy cheek, which at other times wore an expression of engaging frankness, he plied his knife in silence, raising his eyes only to watch the evolutions of his youthful charge, or to address a reproof when she had strayed beyond bounds, or was otherwise infringing the restrictions imposed upon her movements. But, however engrossed he seemed with his occupation, to a curious observer it would have been an amusing study to have watched the struggle going on in his breast between the natural and the assumed character—between the playfellow and the guardian. By the brighter sparkling of his eyes as they followed the footsteps of the girl, and by the wistful expression which crossed his counte-

nance at such moments, it was manifest how freely he would have exchanged his position for the liberty in which she revelled. It was somewhat laughable too, when such feelings attained the ascendancy, to observe him slowly descend from his seat, and with sober pace advance towards the girl, who, on her part, flew to meet him. The two would then wander hand-in-hand along the beach, sometimes to pick up the shells or glittering pebbles with which it was strewn; sometimes stopping to skim flat stones over the glassy mirror before them, and count how often they rebounded from its surface; or else playfully retreating before the mimic waves that seemed to sleep, but in sleep yet stealthily advanced. Less frequently, seized by a sudden impulse, for the moment all-powerful, he would bound away like a startled deer, and echoing the joyous shout of his companion, dash along the gravelly slope at full speed. Fast in his footsteps would then follow the other, to whom, after turning and winding hither and thither along the shore, he would at last yield himself a captive. Such outbursts over, he would steal back to his wonted place and occupation, as if ashamed and self-condemned, and, like a sentinel lured for a moment from his post, strive by redoubled diligence and watchfulness to banish from his mind the act of indiscretion into which he had been betrayed.

On such occasions his return was viewed with no satisfied eye by his playmate, to whose repeated solicitations and loud upbraidings he would turn a deaf ear while bending over his handiwork, as if life depended upon its speedy completion.

When, at length, after one of these unsuccessful appeals, she became convinced that importunity was of no avail, she desisted from her entreaties, and clambering up the rock to a place beside him, for some time continued, with pouting lips and no gentle expression, to eye his busy fingers at their task. Something, however, of the spoiled child, mingled with a native archness of disposition, showed itself in the mode by which was expressed the displeasure his conduct had aroused. It was this that impelled her, while fanning herself with her bonnet, which she had taken off for that purpose, to let it come in contact several times with his face, as if by the merest accident, whereby the safety of his fingers was much endangered by the slipping of his knife, and much damage was done to the goodly bark he was preparing for its element. At last the vexation of the little maiden found relief in words.

"How tiresome you are, Edward!" she exclaimed. "Such a provoking creature! A hundred times have I asked you to play with me. But no: a shake of the head is all the answer I get; and there you sit as solemn as a judge, wasting our play-hours over that stupid ship, which is only fit to be burned."

To this sally the boy listened in silence, and, as it seemed, unmoved, if any meaning was to be gathered from the quiet smile that rested upon his lips when she had concluded.

A long pause then ensued, filled up at last by the first speaker, who, tossing her little head with an air of mortification, added in tones more bitter than before, "I do hate such selfishness."

Without raising his head, he whom she addressed as Edward composedly said, "Have you forgotten that it was on such an evening as this that you over-heated yourself last year?"

"Well! what of that?" interrupted the other.

"And have you forgotten," he continued, "how you caught cold afterwards; and how the fever came upon you, and you were so long ill we never expected you to recover?"

The truth of this his hearer could not venture to gainsay; she contented herself, therefore, with replying: "I am sure I shall catch no more colds; besides, papa did not tell you to prevent me from running about."

"No, he did not; but he would not thank me were I to encourage you in what might bring on another attack. You know how sad he was when you were thought to be dying, and I should not like to see him again as he was then. And neither would you," he added after a moment's pause.

The heart of the little girl was touched as she recalled the dreary time of her illness, and the sorrowful looks of all around her, and she turned away her head; but pride, or some other feeling, sealed her lips and forbade her assenting to the truth of Edward's remarks.

A long interval then succeeded, passed without a word being spoken; but, as usual, the first to break the silence was the pouting damsel, whose opening remark betrayed the course taken by her thoughts.

"How I wish I could tease you!" she cried. "Oh, that I were a ghost! would I not then frighten you so finely?"

"Perhaps you might," replied Edward, "for I have never seen one; but why don't you try?" he said good-humouredly; "somebody will lend you a white pocket-hankerchief, which, I am sure, would effectually conceal every inch of your ladyship's person, if indeed, it be not too large, and then"—

Ere he had time to conclude the sentence, he found himself without a listener. Starting to her feet with a movement of impatience, the would-be spectre bounded from her place, leaped to the ground, upon which she descended as light as a bird, and in the next moment was beyond hearing.

Half-way across the beach she turned to wave an adieu, which Edward acknowledged by shouting out a good-bye at the top of his voice. She was next seen climbing the winding path that led to the summit of the height which bounds the bay on the north, that being the most direct course to her own home. At a point which commanded a full view of the beach below, she stopped to exchange a second farewell with the solitary Edward, before being hidden behind a wood that clothes the upper part of the steep acclivity.

But to return home was far from her thoughts. Would that she had done so! Would that she

had sought that home, a few hours before the scene of unclouded happiness, but soon, alas! to be filled with terror and dismay, and the terrible grief of a parent little dreaming of such consequences!

The little girl proceeded to put into execution a scheme unwittingly suggested by Edward, and which had suddenly taken firm hold of her childish imagination. Her purpose was, by making a pretty long circuit through the fields nearest the shore, to gain a point from whence she might reach, without being seen, a fishing skiff now high and dry on the strand usually covered with the tide. As the boat lay in the direction which Edward would naturally follow as he pursued his way homewards, she calculated that it would furnish a place of concealment, wherein to lie perdue till the moment arrived for springing upon him, as he passed by, with a shriek worthy of the most forlorn spectre.

This plot against his nerves her nimble foot carried into effect in less time than might be deemed credible. Having crept cautiously up to the boat, she contrived to scramble into it, effecting this with the less risk of detection as Edward sat with his back towards her. Once snugly in ambush within, the acutest eye would have failed to discover her form, had not her head from time to time become visible, peering over the gunwale at the unconscious Edward.

But, whilst thus lying in wait for another, she reckoned not that she herself was on the point of falling into the toils of an enemy whose noiseless step, giving no intimation of its presence, was, inch by inch, and moment after moment, approaching her retreat like the stealthy foot of a tiger. The fatigue of her previous gambols, combined with the excessive sultriness of the evening, all told upon her frame, now relaxed from exertion. A drowsiness she strove in vain to repel crept over her senses, which terminated at length in that deep sleep by which the muscles regain their wonted energies.

Meantime, the unsuspecting Edward continued absorbed in his labours till the deepening shades of evening summoned him to desist. He then rose up to depart. As he did so a heavy sound came rolling up from the west, breaking for one instant the stillness of the bay and the surrounding shores, and then dying away. Pausing to listen, we heard again repeated that sound, now too surely the ominous mutterings of thunder at a distance. At the same time a gloom like that of night appeared in the same quarter of the heavens, and rapidly spread its wings of darkness over earth and sky. As it came onwards, the frequent bolts of fire, shot into the unbreathing void that overhung his head, proclaimed that a storm of no usual violence was approaching.

An open beach was no place whereon to face its wrath, and Edward started off, therefore, at a run, quickening his pace when a few large drops of rain announced the near presence of the coming deluge.

He was yet at some distance from his own



dwelling, which, it is to be observed, was situated on that side of the bay facing the home of his playfellow, when the first crash of thunder overhead burst upon his ear with stunning violence. Elise, thought he, as the prolonged echoes again and again traversed the vault of heaven—Elise must be safely housed long ere this; but as for myself, I would not give much for the chance I have of escaping a thorough ducking.

Scarcely had the thought arisen ere a piercing shriek from the direction of the bay arrested his further progress. Another and another followed in those quick and thrilling tones that arise from none but horror-stricken lips, to which the boy listened for the time in a kind of stupor, for in those cries it struck him he recognised a voice quite familiar to his ear. The next instant he was rushing down the path towards the shore, regardless of the many obstacles in his way, all of which he seemed to avoid by a species of instinct, for the almost total darkness sealed every object to his sight. As he went he was guided by those agonised sounds, that each moment rose more clear and distinct, as if from the centre of the bay. Breathless and panting he reached the shore, where to his straining vision all seemed deserted; but as he turned his eyes towards the sea they caught a glimpse of a dark mass, oppressed, as he thought, beneath the gloom which lay upon the waters, dense and palpable as the dark tide that flowed to his feet. At that moment the heavens were lighted up with a blue glare that, for the instant it lasted, transformed that undistinguishable object into a ghastly boat floating upon a sea of liquid fire. Doubtless, the same flash which disclosed the boat had rendered him visible to its occupant, for another lurid gleam revealed to his eyes a figure he knew too well, bending over its side, and with outstretched arms turned imploringly towards him.

"Oh! save me, Edward! dearest Edward, save me!" burst from the girl in a kind of shrill scream that smote painfully upon his ear, while it impressed him with a vivid sense of the fear in which she was plunged. More words followed, but their import was lost amid the clamours of the reverberating thunder. The heart of manhood might well have shrunk at such a moment of nature's wrath from attempting to lend the aid so beseechingly sought from the tender years of a mere boy. The appalling loudness of the thunder, and the increasing frequency of the flashes of lightning, all indicated a storm of unexampled fury, which he must encounter, as his beating heart told him, in a frail boat, now committed to the mercy of the aroused waves, that seemed as if eager to join in the elemental warfare that convulsed the skies. The boy hesitated therefore, but only for a moment; and then plunging headlong into the sea, struck out gallantly towards the spot where he had last seen the boat. To him, nursed and reared within hearing of the dashing surf, the element on which he moved was a path so repeatedly crossed that he committed himself to it without any fear for his safety in so doing; and thus he

swam steadily and strongly for the boat, and relaxed not a stroke until he caught hold of the gunwale. It was only as he did so, and his voice was heard bidding her to be of good cheer, that the girl, who had cast herself down in despair, became aware of his presence. And, oh! how welcome was his voice—welcome as his who announces a reprieve to the condemned and hopeless criminal. She sprang instantly to the side, over which she helped him to climb, and, all dripping as he was, overwhelmed him with her caresses.

It is no reflection upon the boy's kindness of heart to say that, under the urgency of the occasion, he paid little heed to these. His first glance was for the oars; there were none. The next thought was to step the mast, which, with its sail, was stowed along the thwarts; this he found by one or two ineffectual attempts to be too weighty to be raised by any but a man's strength; and as he sunk down from the last and most violent of his efforts, the conviction that they were drifting helplessly to sea, and in a situation of imminent peril, rose before his eyes with all its ghastly train of consequences. How bitter was the pang of despair that then shot through his heart! He trembled in every limb as he turned from vainly endeavouring to catch a last glimpse of the shore from which he had parted for ever.

A dreary prospect was presented to his eyes. The gentle air which announced the coming storm was now swelling fast into a fresh breeze, before which their little craft was receding rapidly from the land. The waves at the same time were mounting higher and higher; and, although their fury as yet was confined to threatenings, what was to check them, when, further out at sea, they rose into a tossing abyss which sported with the stateliest ships? There the last struggles of their boat must take place.

By some happy accident the helm had been left; fitting it, therefore, into its place, he determined to keep the boat before the wind, which, we need scarcely observe, was urging it towards the mouth of the bay. This done, he seated himself in the stern, and passively resigned to his fate, awaited in sadness the moment of its coming.

During the various movements and shiftings which necessarily accompanied these preparations, Elise never quitted his side even for an instant. She clung so close to him as sometimes to impede his exertions, passing to the stem or stern according as he did the same; and, in short, manifested an impression that safety only existed for her in that particular spot of the boat which he occupied for the moment. She now rested at his feet, buried beneath so many folds of the sail, which he had carefully spread over her, as to be effectually sheltered from the rain or spray. No persuasion, however, could induce her to relinquish one of his hands, which, having seized as she crouched beside him, she continued to hold fast locked in hers, as if it were a talisman against danger, to lose which

placed the destinies of the possessor at the mercy of some malignant power.

Meantime the boat, drifting outwards before the rising wind, soon approached the entrance of the bay, where, as it quitted the imprisoned waters within, no obstacle interposed to avert the rage of the storm hitherto but partially felt. Peal after peal of thunder rent the air with a deafening crash, while the gloom was lighted up by incessant flashes of lightning so vivid and dazzling as almost to sear the eyeballs of the boy as he fixed his eyes mechanically upon that impenetrable curtain of darkness, ever in advance of the boat, but ever retreating as the latter rushed swiftly forwards to meet it. Behind followed the rain, which now descended in torrents, and mingled with the driving blast to chill his unprotected form as he sat erect while guiding the boat, which dived with short, quick plunges into the waves. How they leapt and rioted for joy as they saw that little boat hurrying swiftly to its doom! and how they looked on with eager eyes each time the blast buried its bows beneath the waves! and how they moaned and howled, as, rising from the hissing spray, it rode tremblingly on the verge of destruction! and how they called to their many hosts in the distance to close round that thing of life, that, thus urged to a desperate race, bid fair to foil their own overwhelming might!

An hour of tossing and quivering amid the war of that dismal waste; an hour of strife and bitter wrestling—the weak against the strong—the child with the giant—the unarmed against the weaponed-hand—the bubble against contending elements—an hour of despair to hearts overflowing with bright hopes; each flake of spray an arrow barbed with dread; each curling billow a sword suspended over their heads—an hour of silent horror, of wild suspense over a dark and yawning chasm—an hour full to the brim of the bitterness of death. Thus it passed with this young pair; too young to cope with the terrors of such a scene, yet old enough to be alive to its unpitiful nature: they looked not for mercy from the remorseless waters which know none. They knew that when the straining planks beneath them should rend asunder, their last cries would be mocked by the waters which closed over them; and with each plunge into the foam, they shrunk with the instinct of self-preservation from the fatal wave by which the shock was to be followed.

Suddenly, and without warning, the violence of the storm began to abate; and before long a change for the better became visibly manifest in its progress. The wind ceased to sweep in those prolonged gusts before which the spray was driven like smoke; and exchanged its howling for a low plaint. No longer stirred into commotion, the waves rose and fell slowly and sluggishly, as if weary and courting repose. The clouds rolled away, and through the gloom appeared heaven's watch-fires, burning clear and vivid along the plains of night.

Starry host of heaven! how bright your glances; but, "oh! how cold!" Calm in your

loveliness, ye are clothed with beams that warm not, cheer not the sinking heart. Fountains of far-off light! your radiance gushes in streams sparkling and beautiful to the eye; but we shrink from your touch, for it is chilly and freezing, and quenches the life of hope within us.

During the worst period of the storm, and when arrived those moments of peril that more than any other reveal our natural qualities, serving, like the fabled stone of the philosopher, to transmute the seeming lead into gold; but too often by a process exactly the reverse, showing the glittering metal to be but the tinsel covering of a base and worthless ore—during that short but trying hour of danger the little helmsman sat as if carved out of stone. With little consciousness of what he was doing, his hand grasped the tiller; but this he directed with a readiness and precision rarely seen in youth under such circumstances, and for which he himself found it impossible to account on subsequently recalling these events to memory. It would be rash, however, to infer that he was insensible to the dangers of his position, in every feature of which he beheld a stern denial of his suppliant hopes; but there are minds, even in the spring-time of youth, gifted with the power of resisting that torpor which fear sheds upon the faculties—a torpor as enervating and deadly as that by which extreme cold drains the life from the snow-covered wanderer. Upon such the absorbing feeling of self-preservation, instead of benumbing, acts as a stimulus, and through unseen channels instils vigour and energy proportionate to the emergencies of the moment. Thus it was with our young hero; with every nerve strung for endurance of the worst, and with every thought banished but that which concerned the direction of the boat, his hand kept true time with each impulse as it seized him, and its dictates he obeyed as implicitly and trustingly as the blind man follows the child who guides his steps. As hope, however, began to dawn, reflection returned to resume its empire, and to show more clearly the dangers he had escaped as if by a miracle. When he looked back upon that tumultuous scene upon which he had been conducted to sustain the gladiator's part; to strive with despair in mortal combat—when he retraced in memory the many forms in which the grave had appeared—how often the wave had opened to receive him, and how often with a cold shudder he had descended to meet its deadly grasp, his heart, though it beat more freely, awoke to the sensations which such recollections inspire. The appalling circumstances of the past, as he reviewed them in succession, sank deep into his spirits. Exhausted and worn by the previous exertions, the longer his thoughts dwelt upon them the more rapidly ebbed away the strength by which he had been sustained throughout each moment of awful suspense; and in its place there stole a chill over his frame, each fibre of which, as it stiffened into rigidity, seemed charged with a subtle poison by which his fortune was unnerved. A faintness ensued, against which he



strove without success; he felt himself no longer animated to face difficulties, but weak and powerless to avoid even the smallest obstacle; and to his apprehensions it seemed that he was under the shadow of some impending catastrophe. Overcome by terror, he wrung his hands in bitter anguish, and gave way to an agony of despair.

"Elise!" he passionately cried, "will you not speak to me? Let me hear your voice once more, for this moment may be our last!"

No reply to his hurried exclamation came forth from the pile at his feet, to testify that its import was understood by her to whom it was addressed. With a new feeling of terror that well-nigh choked him, he quickly removed, though with a trembling hand, the rough covering beneath which Elise had been safely housed from the tempest. In doing so his hand touched a warm cheek; and stooping down, the quiet and regular breathing of a slumberer greeted his ears, and announced his apprehensions to be too readily excited.

Profound indeed was the repose of the sleeper; and so tranquil and serene her aspect—peace appearing to nestle in her bosom as a dove—that his own anxious longings for a word of sympathy received an instant check.

Without venturing to arouse her, he drew the covering around her person with the same care he would have displayed in retiring from some hallowed scene upon which he had unwittingly intruded. The admittance of the night air was, however, too rude a shock to her slumbers to be entirely unfelt. She stirred lightly; her lips moved as if chiding the disturber, who bent down to catch the murmurs that fell from them. How his heart smote him, as he recognised in those broken words the childish prayer they had both been taught to repeat. Her spirit was far away: it was kneeling before its Father in heaven, supplicating on behalf of its earthly frame to be supported by strength throughout the perils by which it was encompassed.

The effect of these unconscious murmurings upon the sinking heart of the boy was to relinquish the last remaining spark of hope. To his imagination they conveyed a solemn summons to the world of shades, on the threshold of which, from his previous train of thought, he fancied himself to be standing. Long and bitterly he wept, leaning his head on the gunwale of the boat, suffering the helm to escape his grasp, and giving every sign of abandonment to a hopeless fate.

When at length his tears flowed less freely, and his sobs abated of their convulsive violence, he raised his head and surveyed the prospect around with a feeling as if a load had been removed from his breast, by which it had been painfully oppressed. He regained, if not the enduring firmness of his opening struggles with the storm, at least a composure which qualified him to await the future with patience; and in that mood he turned his thoughts to ascertain their present position, and to estimate the probabilities of ultimate rescue from its perils.

How long such inquiries engaged his attention he could never exactly say, their course being shortened by a feeling of drowsiness which gradually overpowered his efforts to banish it. He nodded, then opened his eyes languidly, again closed them as the boat rocked gently to and fro, with a firm resolution to indulge his wearied senses with no more than a few minutes' sleep; and finally falling across the tiller so as in some measure to steady it, he yielded to a deep slumber.

Hours passed over his head; nor was it till the grey dawn was advancing that he awoke to feel the uneasy attitude in which he rested. At first, while his perceptions were confused, all seemed unchanged, with the exception of a dark mass indistinctly visible in front. Whence had arisen that undefined object, of which the black outlines alone were visible? and what was its nature? were questions that excited his wonder, as he yet scarcely comprehended how far his little craft had drifted and how long he himself had slept. He was still debating whether his eyes beheld a cloud or a rock, when his ear caught the heavy, booming sound caused by the plunge of waters into sea-shore caverns.

It was manifestly no phantom of nature, but a rugged coast, within dangerous proximity of which they had floated; and that they were approaching each moment nigher and nigher was evident from the increasing loudness of the sounds first heard. Hopes and fears alternately swayed his thoughts as the long-wished-for light slowly unveiled the real aspect of the shore they were nearing. But every shadow being withdrawn, the spectacle revealed was such as to proclaim that the dangers they had escaped were about to be equalled, if not surpassed, by others of a different complexion. In truth, the position of their boat was one upon which the boldest seamen could not have gazed without apprehension. Scarcely a stone's throw distant stretched a long chain of rocks, known to those acquainted with the passage between Jersey and the neighbouring continent as the *Ecrehaults*. These, probably, at a distant period of time formed a long continuous ridge, free from those gaps which by the unrestrained action of the waves upon the softer portions of its material have been effected, and now serve to divide it into irregular lengths. Of this rocky chain, some portions aspire to the dignity of islets, being at no time covered by the sea; while by far the greater number are daily submerged by the flowing of the tide.

As the velocity of the channel tides is proverbial, here, as in other localities, is to be witnessed the impetuosity with which they burst upon all that opposes their force. On a calm day, when the surface of the ocean is as unruffled as the blue sky it reflects, a circle of foam is seen to girdle each point that rises above the water, and gives warning of the deceitful nature of this apparent repose. The tide is still sweeping onwards with a strength and rapidity of which we are apprised by the foaming and broken water, so that we form some idea of the

conflict that arises when storms have agitated the surrounding expanse.

A strange sight it was, and, under other circumstances, a pleasurable one it would have been to Edward to have watched the slowly coming waves. Mute and inert while unchecked, they become clamorous and instinct with life by contact with these ancient antagonists of ocean. In one quarter they would attempt to scale the abrupt sides of the rocks, but met with such a repulse as invariably sent them back broken and crushed to their natural level. In another, they would strive like a gallant adversary, baffled at one point, to win a way by those breaches which were slowly reducing the entire mass to fragments. Up these a liquid column would spring, fill for an instant the chasm, and then fall back in a cascade of foam, the noise of which was drowned with the louder dashing that broke from below.

Towards the centre of this scene of fierce contention Edward perceived that they were drifting; with what result his consciousness of utter helplessness enabled him to foretell. He instantly aroused Elise from her retreat, and bidding her attend to his directions, to which she listened with a bewildered air, took his place beside her on the bows of the boat. He was prompted to this by the reflection that as that part was the most likely to come into collision with the rocks, it might be possible to spring out, if opportunity offered, and cling with her to some projecting point. That this was a useless precaution he quickly discovered, when being borne by a wave into an eddy that boiled round a sunken rock, the boat was whirled round and tossed in sport by the circling waters. Twice the keel grazed upon the rock under the surface, but, happily, with a touch so slight that scarcely a splinter was torn off. Another wave then hurried it into a counter current, which swept by the base of the most elevated of the rocks; and ended by breaking over a ledge, the foam and spray upon which rose high in wild commotion. In another instant they would have exulted over this hapless pair, when the boat experienced a momentary check. A mighty wave was collecting its strength before darting up a narrow cleft by which the rock was severed from the summit nearly to the water's edge. With such force it swept upwards as to bear along the boat, like a thing of nought, far up the ascent, where the waters as they retired left it transfixed by the sharp edges of the rock, upon which it hung almost in an upright attitude. The shock was so sudden and violent as to hurl Edward from his position, and dash him against one of the rocky walls between which they were wedged; but though much bruised, he forgot every sensation of pain in the imminence of the danger. Dragging his nerveless playmate along with him, he succeeded in clambering a few steps higher ere the following wave filled the yawning rift. Up it rushed after them, and mounted to their feet, but only to send a shower of spray over their heads, and then, with a piercing cry of disap-

pointment that echoed hoarsely in the void above them, sunk back, hurling downwards the shivered boat to become the prey of the breakers, among which it was speedily engulfed.

Once more starting to their feet, they surmounted with difficulty some massive blocks, slippery from the incessant spray, and succeeded in reaching the highest point their hands could grasp. This was a narrow shelf of rock projecting from the northern side of the chasm, and affording a refuge to which the waves could not penetrate; and upon this they took their station, quite exhausted by the violence of their efforts to reach it.

The first moments of congratulation over, upon a deliverance so unexpected and by a mode so extraordinary, that Edward, as he gazed upon the roaring waves and their wild fury, could scarcely credit that these had been the instruments of his safety, he ran over, with his eye, the limited space permitted to its range, for some outlet leading to the upper portion of the rock. Once there, he knew that assistance would not be slow in coming to his signals, which, in that conspicuous position, could not long remain unnoticed by the fishing boats casually passing by, or by those in quest of some traces of their fate; but, situated as they then were upon a niche so concealed within the rocks as to be hardly, if at all, discernible from the exterior, what eyes but those of the sea-bird wheeling over their heads could gather tidings of their existence? or, what was to guide their footsteps to a spot which human foot had never trodden before, and which was, besides, so likely, from the confusion of objects around, to escape the keenest vision? Not once, but again and again did he minutely scan every nook or cranny to which hand or foot might cling, nor did he cease till he was compelled to own, with a sigh, that release by efforts of their own was impracticable. On looking upwards, the precipice, besides inclining over their heads, presented so smooth a front as to forbid the idea of gaining the summit, for nothing existed by which a cragsman might sway himself up. On the right was the passage by which they entered, corresponding to which was a similar one on the left, beset with dangers no less formidable than those of which they had run the gauntlet. On that side, as well as on the other, the breakers rolled in, as if anxious to encounter each other, but were parted by a pile of blocks, which, heaped up in the centre, constituted a division upon which they vainly wreaked their fury. The strongest arm would have been torn from its hold, had it dared to brave the violence with which each wave was dashed against the sides of the chasm, and hence the expectations of finding egress by these passages were even more slender than those suggested by a look at the wall-like precipices that overhung their heads. In truth, it was not to be denied that on the sagacity and vigilance of those in search rested all their hopes of rescue from their rocky prison. Should that hope fail them! and to Edward, as he surveyed those rocks sternly excluding the



eye that might liberate him, none seemed more precarious; then their portion, he felt, was to count the hours ere death released each frame from the lingering and painful tortures of famine and exhaustion. "But they will not desert us!" he mentally exclaimed, dashing the tear from his eye, and rising from the fragment of rock upon which he had sunk down in his first moments of despondency. "No; there are some who will rest neither day nor night till they bring tidings of our fate. Oh no, they will not return till every corner of the place has been searched."

Somewhat cheered by these thoughts, he resumed his place on the rocky shelf beside his anxious companion, and spoke, in answer to her queries, in such sanguine terms regarding the certainty of being discovered and rescued, as to convince her mind and almost persuade himself that their detention could not possibly be prolonged more than a few hours.

Their position upon this elevated ledge was painfully maintained, owing to its narrowness; yet they were rewarded for the discomforts it caused them, by beholding something more than the dripping rocks bending over their heads, and the waves that broke unceasingly in white foam below. Through the openings at either extremity of the fissure a view was obtained of objects beyond the exterior of the rock, and, although it was but a loophole glance they enjoyed, yet this was the sole channel admitting them to intercourse with their fellow-beings, and as such they returned to watch with an interest heightened to the utmost the course of events it unfolded. Through the opening on the left they caught a glimpse of the French coast, in the far distance; while, on the other, they were separated by a much shorter space from their own island; one of its bold headlands stood out to terminate the view in that direction, and shut out the spots their eyes longed most to behold.

All this was revealed by the morning sun, now rolling upward in its course, to spread light and warmth everywhere but on the dark recess they occupied, into which its beams shot no cheering ray to dispel the damp atmosphere pervading every nook, and clinging tenaciously to their own frames. As yet, while every sense was absorbed in that of vision, they heeded little the discomforts arising from that source, guarded as they were, in some measure, from evil effects by the excitement which each moment flushed their cheeks with the hues of hope.

"Look, look!" cried Elise, grasping tightly the wrist of Edward as she spoke, "there's a boat coming from the bay; and, see, there's another following it!"

In truth, not one, but several boats in succession came into view as she spoke, crossed the vista their position commanded, and passed out of sight at a rapid rate, being urged by sail and oar to a speed which bespoke some event of moment as the cause. That this haste was connected with their own unaccountable disappearance they correctly divined, and their spirits

rose in proportion as they counted the boats in search, whose numbers, added to the alacrity of their movements, multiplied greatly their chances of escape. It detracted, however, a little from their joy, to observe that out of that number not a single sail pursued a course that would lead to their own place of refuge, which, by one consent, seemed avoided, as too unlikely to hold the living within its girdle of bristling rocks and tempestuous surf. Saddened, though not dispirited by the cloud falling thus early upon their dawning hopes, Edward summoned all his patience to await the march of events, whose progress, up to that moment, had been marked by so much waywardness, good and evil being alternately ascendant, as to create the impression that the darkest moment of their troubles was to be that of their liberation. Yet the day dragged on unmarked by incidents bearing upon their destiny; their eyes grew weary from gazing upon the same strip of water, now so still and lonely, since the sudden appearance of the little fleet, as to awaken the thought that all had been but the creation of their imaginations. Noonday came, without a speck to darken its surface shining brightly under the unclouded sky. From time to time a solitary sea-bird would sail slowly over on careless wing, or poise itself on high; but, these interruptions excepted, there was neither life nor motion to fix for an instant their attention. Dazzled at last by the glare of the sea, Edward withdrew his eyes from the direction in which they had been turned for hours, as if spell-bound, and cast an indifferent glance along the fissure, through which the view of the opposite continent was admitted there. The spectacle his eyes beheld was at once animated and inspiring. The coast was dotted for miles with white sails, which his hopes whispered were spread for their sakes; their occupation could not be mistaken, as they crossed and recrossed the field of vision in that random and aimless fashion which characterizes the movements of one who seeks something that is lost. One at length parted company with the throng, and seemed to steer steadily for the rocks. As the distance decreased—and oh! how tardily it moved to the wistful eyes of the twain!—it grew into distinct shape. "I know it!" cried Edward joyfully: "it is old Pierre Legrand's boat; I remember the patch on the mainsail—and, see, there's old Pierre himself," he added, when the boat drew sufficiently near to display several figures below the canvas it carried. Long before that recognition occurred, the voices of the two were raised to their loudest cry, to signify their position to the crew, forgetting, in their eagerness, that no sounds within the compass of human throats could possibly traverse one-third of the wide space that intervened. Yet, to appearance, their signal was heard and responded to; the bows of the boat, pointing towards the outlet from their place of captivity, inclined neither to the right nor the left, till the whitening waves gave intimation of unseen dangers below the surface. At this moment, the features of all

on board were clearly discernible, so close had it approached. It was then that Edward and Elise, with all the force of their lungs, shouted for help; but their cries were swallowed up by the echoes of their prison, and reached not the ears of those to whom they were sent: the boat hovered for a few minutes about the spot, as if instinctively aware how near it had approached to the objects of its search, made one or two short tacks in front of the rocks, paused in its course, as if a consultation was being held regarding its movements, and, then starting into decided action, bore away towards the north. For a long time Elise watched the track left by the receding keel, vainly expecting, at the first, some signs of its return, till every hope waned away to nothing before the cold unconcern displayed, as she thought, by the lengthening wake which mocked her eyes with an imaginary path leading to their rescue, but which it was death to tread. She then sunk down as if stricken by sudden pain, wringing her hands in bitter anguish, and giving way to sobs that nearly choked her by their vehemence. If outwardly less visible, the grief of Edward was not the less deep; but he restrained his emotions by an effort that was surprising for one so youthful, and taxed every resource to soothe the affliction of his heart-broken playmate. He took her hand in his, and, in cheerful tones, made light of their disappointment; he led away her thoughts from their sad burden, by recalling to memory all the tales he had ever heard of wonderful escapes from danger, and showed how far superior their position was, to that of numbers who had undergone worse sufferings, and yet been snatched from the grasp of death and restored to home and friends. In this design he partially succeeded, being aided by the very violence of her sorrow, which subsided into a calm despair, unmarked by tokens of its existence, except a low moan at intervals.

As the day advanced they began to feel the want of sustenance, whose pangs, hitherto stifled by the all-absorbing subject of their liberation, now shot keenly through their frames. Thirst also came, to put the climax to their miseries: each moment increased the craving by which that terrible scourge assails its victims. Edward sought in every cranny of the rock for a drop of water to assuage the sufferings of Elise, who complained incessantly of a burning sensation at her throat; but what he found was bitter as salt could make it; all he could do was to endeavour, by moistening her forehead with the sea-water, to abate the racking pain which she said was constantly dashing from one temple to the other, and which by its violence stretched her on the rock, incapable of motion or exertion. As she thus lay, drawing her breath with pain and gasping for air, although a strong current swept by them in freedom and without stint, the boy bent over her with a passionate earnestness which bespoke how reckless he would have become of his own life could he but ensure her a moment's respite. He redoubled his efforts to mitigate the discom-

fort of her position; spoke soothingly in reply to her fretful complaints—his heart bursting with the thought that words were all the assistance at his command—and these, though tender and hopeful, were silently belied by the tears that coursed fast down his cheeks. To hide these, he wandered to the furthest limits permitted him on the side which overlooked their own island. The receding tide had left bare one or two rocky ledges, upon which he ventured, secure from the hazard of being swept away by the waves. The serene sky had not been without its influence; the waves had given place to a low monotonous surge, which gently washed the spot upon which he took his stand. Alas! the very last ray of hope was now to sink into gloom. The little fleet, whose buoyant advance had so cheered their hearts, were retiring slowly from their fruitless search for the missing pair. "They leave us here to die!" broke from his lips, as they vanished one by one from his sight: "they return home, to rest in peace, and wake to-morrow, happy and careless; but we, by to-morrow's morn, shall know neither care nor sorrow. Oh! this is worse than death!" Sick at heart, he wandered restlessly to and fro about the small space upon which his footing could rest; he could not remain still for an instant; an uncontrollable impulse to move about seemed a necessary part of his being, and the same ground was trodden and retrod over and over again, with the regularity of clockwork. Sometimes he fancied that all was a dream, and in this mood he would stare vacantly at the rocks, or watch the foam floating past, with the impression that he was to awaken from the illusion to find himself once more climbing the steep path to his own home; then the storm and the terrors of the night preceding would rise up before his memory, and establish the reality of his isolation from his fellow-creatures, and the dreadful extremity in which he was placed.

Still pacing within the wall of that narrow tomb—still fleeing from aching thought, but finding no rest—he stopped, almost unconsciously, to look out upon the shores of the opposite continent, having crossed over to the side which commanded that view. Suddenly he started, and fixed his eye upon an object which arrested the current of his thoughts. Another boat was moving homewards—the last of the baffled seekers—but, unlike the others, was shaping a course which brought it into a line almost parallel with the chain of rocks, upon the most southern of which were the castaways. Owing to such a course the boat would be compelled to double the extreme point of the chain in order to steer for the bay, and, in so doing, would approach much nigher to their position than any of its comrades had hitherto done. As he reflected upon this circumstance a sudden determination seized him. Hastening back to the side facing his own isle, he proceeded as far as he could venture upon the rocks, and quickly divested himself of his clothing, with a desperate resolution he intended swimming out to meet the boat while



rounding the rock; or, at all events, he trusted that he might come within hail of it, should the former project be impracticable. It was a forlorn hope, yet he felt it would be easier to die thus, than linger on, bound hand and foot to that fate which awaited him within these rocks. Watching for a favourable moment, when the wave was retiring, he sprang clear of the sharp rocks it concealed, and rose buoyantly beyond their cutting edges. He soon found himself borne along by the tide, which was setting towards the point he had in view, and his progress became proportionably rapid. Happily for him that it happened to be in his favour, for he had not swam far before he became aware how far he had overrated his strength, upon which hunger had preyed with its exhausting effects, while a prisoner on the rocks. Fearful misgivings arose within his breast as he felt his diminished powers and measured with his eye the long distance over which they must bear him. Yet he hoped much, and thought not of turning back. Little more than half of the distance had been passed when the boat appeared sweeping round the end of the rocks, with a decided change in its direction. It was now steered upon such a line as to cross in front of him obliquely towards the island. Some time was lost in shifting the sails, and this was so much gain to the despairing swimmer; but still it was a long way off, and, to his fancy, the distance never diminished. It was the same boat whose advance in the morning had made their hearts bound within them; old Pierre sat as before, controlling its movements. Encouraged by the sight of his old friend, Edward shouted out his name and repeated his cries while urging himself with all the force of his ebbing powers through the water; but the boat glided on steadily, in obedience to the skilful hand which guided it, and took no heed of the young heart that was battling for its life. The moment when that feeble spark was to be extinguished was fast approaching; the boat was now coming up in front, and once past, it would leave him behind, far outstripping the rate at which he could impel himself along. A sinking of the heart came over the boy as he foresaw the too evident prospect of this catastrophe; a choking sensation seized his throat at the same time, and he felt his eyes grow dim; yet he plied his arms mechanically, although sensible that his strokes were each moment becoming more feeble. Once more, as the last hope, he called upon Pierre, in his loudest tones. As the sounds died away his ears caught a faint cry of recognition borne towards him. Raising himself thereupon, with a convulsive effort, above the surface a second time, he gave forth the name of Pierre, and then, clasping his hands wildly over his head, sank beneath the waters.

That last and despairing cry, extorted by the expiring strength of the boy, was not destined to fall unheard. Old Pierre was the first to hear it; and as he brought the boat sharply round, his eye caught a glimpse of an object floating on the surface at no great distance. The oars

were promptly in the water, and so vigorously plied by the crew—now excited to the utmost by the strange nature of the summons which came upon them like a voice from the deep—that but a few moments passed ere the word was given to cease rowing. Pierre then bent over the side, and while the others regarded his movements with mingled looks of fear and wonder as they rested on their oars, succeeded in transferring to the boat the yielding frame of our young hero, whom he found insensible, and displaying no signs of animation. Surprise immediately gave place to joy when they beheld the object of their search; and with one accord they hastily resorted to all those remedies within their reach that are supposed to restore suspended animation. Many anxious moments passed while the cold and pallid clay was shrouded in the semblance of death; but still they persevered. When one arm was wearied with chafing a limb, another took its place; and at length some tokens of reviving life became apparent. A convulsive movement affected the corners of his mouth, and was succeeded, after a brief interval, by a faint sigh; but it was yet long before they beheld him open his eyes and gaze languidly around. He probably believed himself under the influence of a dream; for, after looking vacantly upon the earnest countenances of the party, he passed his hand across his eyes and relapsed into a state of unconsciousness, which might have been mistaken for total insensibility but for a faint flush upon his cheek. Suddenly its colour deepened, and, as if stung by a pang of recollection into perfect command of his remaining strength, he raised himself up, apparently without effort, and, while an expression of apprehension blended with the reviving intelligence that woke up his features, murmured forth some broken words. His hearers vainly tried to unite them into a connected sentence, and pondered over their meaning with a bewildered air which augmented the distress of the boy to a painful degree, since after several fruitless attempts he found that words would not come at his bidding.

He then turned round to the boatman, who steered (or, rather, occupied the place of steersman without discharging that office); for while engrossed with the task of recalling from insensibility their young favourite, he, together with the rest of the crew, had completely overlooked the management of their bark, which had now drifted to a considerable distance from the rocks. Towards these the boy motioned feebly with his hand, seconding the action with a gesture of entreaty that threw their minds into a state of greater perplexity than before, regarding the nature and object of the wish thus mutely expressed.

"Ay, ay, it must be so," at length muttered old Pierre, in a soliloquy, which, while revealing the course of his thoughts, prepared his hearers for the orders that followed. "Where could he have passed the hours from morning till now, but on these rocks, that have crushed the ribs of many a lugger and dashing cutter? His

boat must have been caught among them, somehow. And how he escaped with life is wonderful; but she must be there too. A strong man would have a sore battle for his life among these breakers, and they would be certain death to the child; and yet the poor thing must be there. Come, my lads," he added, in firmer tones, "let us try the rocks, although 'tis getting dark; the little girl must be thereabouts, and 'tis for her the boy wants us to seek."

However clear this fact might have been to the perceptions of Pierre, it was far from being the conviction of his hearers; some audible expressions of dissent escaped them, which might have proved the forerunners of an open resistance to his wishes, had he not, with a degree of astuteness worthy of a Jesuit, carelessly remarked that he was sorry to see they were either too indifferent about the child to save her from the waves, or too faint-hearted to approach the dangerous rocks. At this last remark, one and all ceased to remonstrate, and in silence pulled strongly for them.

When near enough, the old man took the hand of the boy, and requested him to point out the spot which had given him shelter. He was shocked to find that it was burning hot, and that all the symptoms of fever were too plainly indicated by his throbbing pulse, parched lips, and flushed brow. At the same time, as he noticed the wandering of his eye, an exclamation of impatience escaped from him lest the senses of the boy might fail at this moment of their greatest need.

The life of the little girl hung upon a thread. If her prison was to be pointed out, no hand could do this but that which languidly rested within the horny palm of Pierre. And O how rapidly waning away was the light of reason, which was to direct it on that merciful errand! There were times when it seemed no hope remained for her, as he lay supported on the arms of his aged friend, and either closed his eyes, indifferent to everything around, or muttered incoherent sentences referring to past occurrences. But the noise of the waves, as they broke upon the rocks, the shadows of which they had reached, awoke his thoughts as if from a confused dream. His eye rested upon the dark mass whose outlines were melting into indistinctness beneath the dusk of evening, with the fixed gaze of one who beholds, after the interval of years, a once familiar object. The sight acted like a charm upon his fevered fancy. He calmly surveyed the dark pile as they coasted along its indented sides; and evinced neither anxiety as they cautiously proceeded, nor surprise when obstacles compelled them to take a circuitous route, or even retrace their steps, indicating by this even more than by language how fully alive he was to the nature and purport of their search.

"There," he at length cried, as they came abreast of the well-known breach in the cliff. "There," he repeated, directing their eyes to the narrow opening it displayed; and then, as if conscious that his mission was ended, and that his place was to be taken by others, released himself gently from the supporting arms of Pierre, and, with a sigh of great weariness, stretched himself upon the planks at his feet.

What would have been a difficult task by daylight, was rendered doubly so by the deepening gloom. Accustomed, however, to such scenes, the boat was backed by the crew, till one of the men, watching a favourable moment, jumped upon the ledge from which the boy had, as we have related, so boldly cast himself. Partly by wading, and partly by clinging to the face of the rocks, he succeeded in reaching the chasm, the ascent of which gave him no little trouble. Some time passed ere those in the boat heard his shout proceeding from the very centre of the passage, as it seemed to their ears. At this summons another sprung ashore, and disappeared upon his traces; and then the twain returned to view, bearing between them a helpless form, which they carefully conveyed into the boat. It was that of the little girl, who, though faint and languid, needed only sustenance and refreshment to banish her exhaustion. Such means were not wanting in the boat, and being sparingly supplied, sufficed to restore to her the use of the organs of speech, even before they reached the sands of St. Catherine's Bay, where Pierre replaced her in the arms of her anxious and sorrowing father.

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Many years have passed since the events of those two days. Edward, under the joint care of his own family and that of Elise, speedily recovered from his feverish attack. Following the profession to which his adventurous spirit directed him, he is now the commander of a pretty little coasting clipper. He has got a pretty little house, too, in the outskirts of St. Heliers, near the Havre des Pas; and when he returns from his short voyages to Plymouth or St. Malo, there meets him at his gate a loving face, whose features, although time has expanded the tiny bud into a beautiful flower, we can still recognize as those of her who was formerly his child-companion, and is now his cherished wife—the Lily of St. Catherine's.\*

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\* Since the above was written, we grieve to say that much of the beauty of St. Catherine's Bay has departed for ever; for piers and harbours and breakwaters are starting up where formerly there was nothing except the rocks and quiet sands.



## WAYSIDE SKETCHES IN FOREIGN LANDS.

## SALZBURG AND THE TYROL.

At six o'clock on the morning of July 28th, punctual to the minute, we left Ischl, *en route* for Salzburg. Mr. L—— had engaged two large travelling carriages with four capital horses, capable of enduring almost any amount of fatigue.

But here I must pause awhile, for I have arrived at a remarkable point in the events of our tour; and that was no less a circumstance than our introduction to one of our Tyrolese coachmen, the "*Michel*," who was for a fortnight the hero of all our adventures, and the great power on whom our destinies seemed, for the time being, to depend. None of our party will, I am sure, ever forget him; and those among them who may see my account of this journey, would think it most incomplete unless I introduced him to my readers.

Our *Michel*, then, was a man of perhaps thirty years of age, a fine, stalwart, broad-chested fellow, whose vigorous health and high spirits, "like Bob Acre's courage," seemed to ooze out at every pore—he was never still. He was a first-rate teller of stories, had an endless store of jokes, which it was worth going the journey, not only to hear, but to see him tell in his droll and emphatic manner. He was an actor by nature, a wit, a genius, a beau of the first water (in his own rank in life); and, of course, perfectly well pleased with himself! How I wish you could have seen the sort of jaunty style in which he wore his Tyrolese hat, on one side of which he would stick a bunch of wild flowers, and you would not wonder that he was so "irresistible" among the Tyrolese girls who waited at the different hotels at which we stayed. He had a compliment and a "bouquet" for each; and many were the good wishes we had through the fascinations and gaiety of "*Michel*." Certainly he amused us greatly; yet he was (according to Tyrolese ideas) invariably respectful, and so truthful, honest, and obliging, and so well acquainted with the country, that we considered ourselves most fortunate in our selection. His cousin, the other coachman, was far inferior in natural talent, being heavy and dull, and endless were the tricks *Michel* played upon him during our many long days' journeyings through the Tyrol.

The simple, primitive habits of the Tyrolese peasantry render it impossible for one to treat them with the distance that is almost a matter of necessity with English servants; in fact, any attempt at "*hauteur*" or imperiousness on the part of their employers would at once create feelings of resentment and indignation, which, in these lonely valleys, where one is dependent on them every hour for information and assistance, would at the least be unwise.

Making all due allowance, therefore, for the habits and customs of his race, we were not inclined to resent poor *Michel*'s civilities as impertinences; nor to look disdainfully on his efforts to amuse us.

But enough: *Michel* is already on the box; he cracks his long whip, the horses prick up their ears, the other carriage rattles quickly after us, and in a few minutes Ischl is fading away like a "beautiful dream of the past."

Our onward "*route*" lies through one of the loveliest of the Salz Kammergut districts. Presently we see a clear blue lake lying before us, in all the peaceful beauty of a cloudless summer morning: it is St. Wolfgang. Here it was arranged that we should send the carriages round, to meet us in three hours at St. Gilgen.

Boats are alongside: the rowers are, as usual, women, with arms as strong as Hercules, and as red as their cheeks. Mr. L—— strikes a bargain, and we seat ourselves in one of these "fairy skiffs," which is cushioned at the sides, and covered with an awning to protect us from the hot sun. Our female Tritons sing merrily as they push off; and, dressed in the picturesque costume of the country, seem in harmony with the landscape, which is lovely beyond expression. The lake lies clear and still; one can quite believe that "water so bright and beautiful hardly flows elsewhere."

We fully realized Longfellow's exquisite description of these scenes, and as we rowed beneath the precipice of Falkenstein, where, in days of yore, lived St. Wolfgang, and where there is a most singular echo, which repeats every word said with marvellous distinctness, our party did *not* insult it as Berkeley did, by shouting out: "Ho, ho! how are you to-day, St. Wolfgang? You infernal old rascal! How is Frau von Wolfgang, eh?" We, on the contrary, greeted the old saint most respectfully, and then we stopped while our rowers sang some Tyrolese songs, which the echo so distinctly repeated as to give them the effect of duets.

At the little village of St. Wolfgang we breakfasted in a wooden balcony overhanging the lake, and commanding fine views of it. Such balconies appertaining to the principal hotels or inns are general in this district. They are wooden edifices, constructed in the manner of Swiss cottages; are either open, or have windows all round, and are painted white. They are always placed high, and in situations whence the finest views are to be obtained, and at some little distance, commonly the length of the garden, from the hotel or inn to which they belong. Here one may while away long delicious summer days! Here, with the blue sky

above, and the clear smooth blue lake beneath, one can dream away in all the *dolce far niente* of southern climes, forgetful of the strivings and heavings and cares and sorrows of this outer world!

While breakfast was preparing, my friends walked off to see the old gothic church, which contains a remarkable altar-piece, elaborately carved and painted, and considered a great curiosity. But they did not meet with a "brother Bernardus," nor had they any adventure to relate of either priest or friar. Had I gone, I would have left the altar-piece uncriticised, to have found out the little chapel in which, through tears, Paul Henning read, on a marble tablet, these words of consolation:

"Look not mournfully into the Past: it comes not back again. Wisely improve the Present: it is thine. Go forth to meet the shadowy Future without fear, and with a manly heart."

We had rowed over the beautiful lake so leisurely, that, in our intense enjoyment, we had forgotten how time passed; hence it was necessary to expedite breakfast, which, for our party of ten, besides attendants, was, for such a little country inn, a "strong order." It was of no use ringing the bell, and acting the "grande dame" under such circumstances; if we wanted breakfast in a hurry the only alternative was to help to get it; so off we raced down the steps, through the garden among a perfect forest of roses and flowers of every hue, learned the geography of the kitchen, entered, and to the amusement and astonishment of the authorities there, captured and carried off all the spoil we could obtain in the shape of cups and saucers, boiled eggs, fresh butter, hot foamy milk, and fragrant coffee! How good-naturedly the girls laughed at our helping ourselves in this unceremonious fashion! a plan to which, however, we had to resort on several occasions subsequently, when pressed for time, at the clean, primitive little inns in the Tyrol.

At the tiny white village of St. Gilgen, "lying like a swan" on the borders of the lake, we found Michel and his brother impatiently awaiting our arrival; and we lost no time in again setting forward. From this point to Salzburg the road presents a succession of scenes of simple beauty, gentle hills and valleys, with lofty ridges of mountains bounding the view.

On our right we pass the small lake and village of Fuschl. What a picture of exquisite loveliness, I might say holiness! all is so still and calm, the peace of God seems to diffuse itself over the landscape, and to enter our souls; our inner life seems to become more spiritualized and purer as we gaze upon it! Oh! that these impressions were lasting, and that these holier feelings were retained long after the scenes which inspired them had vanished from our sight!

We reached Salzburg early in the evening, putting up at the hotel "The Goldenes Schiff," which Sir John Forbes so highly recommends,

and where Longfellow's hero lay in a raging fever, in all the agony of delirium, over the lost image of the sweet and gentle Mary Ashburton!

Our hotel was in the Residing Platz, a handsome square, with a large and very elegant white marble fountain, forty-five feet high, erected in the centre. On the right-hand side is the palace, which was for a while the abode of Maria Louisa, the little-respected and selfish widow of Napoleon I.; on the left, the post-office, and other public buildings; and opposite, the cathedral, a somewhat heavy-looking structure.

Small drizzling rain had just come on, so we amused ourselves during the time dinner was preparing by looking out at the windows, and listening to the bells of the Archbishop's palace, which were playing that expressive and touching air of Mozart's, "O dolce concerto." Presently several carriages drove up to the palace, and we learned that the Empress Mother (who resides there) had just returned from a short journey.

Our dinner was excellent. When all had been duly discussed, one or two of us, fortified against the rain with umbrellas, cloaks, and goloshes, were enthusiastic enough to set out to see the house in which Mozart was born. It is a singular coincidence that Michel Haydn was born in Vienna and died at Salzburg; and Mozart was born at Salzburg and died in Vienna. There is a fine bronze statue, by Schwanthaler, of the latter great composer, which was erected in 1842.

The house in which the inventor of the philosopher's stone, the celebrated Paracelsus, lived and died, is still pointed out. What strange, supernatural tales his name recalls—tales one used to read with almost breathless interest—of the lonely man pursuing his unearthly science in silence and secrecy; of the mysterious laboratory, and of the fearful compounds and crucibles!

The rain prevented our exploring more of the town, so we made the best of our way back to the hotel. Never was I in a house the geography of which I less understood than this "Goldenes Schiff:" such endless little passages up and down, when once one had left her bedroom, it was a regular voyage of discovery to find it again; and when found, there was again the difficulty of learning how either to communicate with your friends, or with the lower inhabitants, without making all kinds of mistakes: such a queer, odd, irregularly-built place for an inn I never saw.

Precisely at five o'clock next morning I was aroused by Michel, who had volunteered to act as *valet-de-place* to the celebrated castle which overlooks the town, and forms from it a very noble and picturesque object.

Making a somewhat hurried toilet, I joined my friend Mr. L—, and we all then set off for the ascent, which, though occasionally assisted by wooden steps, not even the fine views that break upon us at intervals can prevent our feeling to be a very toilsome walk. However, we mount upwards till we come to a court-yard, around which are the buildings occupied as the barracks. Several soldiers came and directed



us to a woman who, bringing with her a key, and desiring us to follow her, mounted innumerable steps in an angle of the castle, unlocked a door, and we found ourselves standing on a terrace, a sort of giddy balcony, whence we obtained a view of the town and surrounding district, to which it is hardly possible to do justice in a written description. No time, however, now for sketch book and paint brushes, so I must e'en make the best of it, and give you some of the principal features of this noble landscape, leaving it to your own imagination to fill up and colour.

Salzburg, you must know, is allowed to be one of the most beautifully situated towns in Germany; and in position is likened to Edinburgh. It is surrounded by mountains, lakes, and valleys; and the river Salzach winds its way for many miles in bright meanderings. The landscape is encircled by the Salzburg Alps; and far off, tier above tier, rise hilly ridges overtopped by the white snow-clad giants of the main chain of the Alps. Nearer the town lies, spread before us in the hazy morning sunlight, and Michel points out to us Möucheberg and the Capuzinerberg, from the terraces of each of which noble views are to be obtained, surpassing even this one from the castle.

On our way down we recalled some of the scenes that had taken place in this old feudal citidal: how the Archbishops, during the middle ages, used it as a residence, and in after-times as a place of refuge whence they might bid defiance to their foreign foes, or to their own rebellious subjects; for these Archbishops were also temporal sovereigns in ancient times. We thought, too, of the torture chamber, of the terrible *oubliette*, and the fearful dungeon; of the poor Protestants and their merciless persecutors of the seventeenth century!

We managed to get back to our hotel by seven o'clock. All was in readiness for our departure, about which we lost no time, our plan being to make a detour in order to visit Berchtesgaden and the Königssee lake.

The sun shone in all the brilliancy of a July morning; and if you had seen how it danced in and out among the trees, and up the sides of the rich and beautiful valley through which our road lay, you would have loved the "merry merry sunshine," and delighted in it as we did. The chain of mountains that seem to surround the valley are magnificent. Suddenly one stupendous mountain rises grandly into view, "filling the whole sky in front with its black and sterile mass, interspersed with snow." It is the Watzmann, the highest mountain in the district, being 8,500 feet above the sea! By-and-bye, in the distance a high-steeped church, picturesquely situated on a green eminence, is caught sight of; then a sparkling river; and nearer, white houses peeping in and out, and irregularly scattered over the rich and fertile valley; and then, by a sort of *coup de main*, we find ourselves in the little town of Berchtesgaden—one of the loveliest spots in this most beautiful district! No sooner had we

arrived at the hotel and dismounted, than seeing a large garden beyond, we made our way to it. Here we found innumerable arbours containing tables and seats, and parties of travellers drinking coffee or wine. Their *al fresco* entertainment seeming very enjoyable, we follow the example, take possession of one of the above-mentioned little tables, order breakfast, not forgetting the honey (for which this district is celebrated); and thus, with a background of mountain and valley, a foreground of gorgeous flowers (among whose calyces the bees are busily at work), and of trees where the birds are singing merrily, with an Italian sky and a southern air, we feel ourselves in a sort of fairy scene!

Our reverie is soon put a stop to; for here comes the "Kellucrin," tripping through the garden with our breakfast; and no sooner are the new-laid eggs and the steaming hot coffee placed upon the dainty little snow-white tablecloth, than I must in truth confess all "fairy" similitudes cease, our party being quite as *au fait* in the practical as in the *poetical* enjoyment of travelling. Meanwhile, Michel had been busily bargaining for a sort of *char-à-banc*, in which we were to be driven to the Königssee Lake, distant about three miles, while he and his cousin stayed behind to rest and feed the horses. Did you ever have the misfortune to find yourself in a carriage without springs? If so, dear reader, you may form some idea of what we suffered in that drive. Two or three of our party were middle-aged ladies, who till this journey had never "roughed it" more than being transferred from a comfortable wadded private-carriage to an almost equally luxurious public one in their short travellings about England. Fancy these same ladies seated in a springless vehicle, that threatened every moment to come to pieces! How mercilessly the thing jolted and shook, till every bone in our bodies seemed dislocated! How we were obliged to grasp the sides, and to hold each other tightly, to prevent ourselves being thrown out altogether. My friends were very angry: I meanwhile, being more used to the "rough ways" of life than they perhaps, instead of sympathising, was heartily amused at witnessing the imperturbable *sang froid* of our driver. There the fellow sat, singing away and jogging on with the most amusing look of unconcern possible; evidently considering it no part of his bargain, provided his vehicle arrived within the given time, whether the cargo arrived with it or was deposited on the road!

Now we catch a glimpse of water. Thank Heaven, our jolting is at an end for the present; and with every joint out of condition, we spring out of the crazy conveyance.

A party of German ladies and gentlemen are just bargaining for a boat, in which, as it is large enough to accommodate our party in addition, we agree to join. We are quickly seated, and our brawny female rowers push off vigorously. Königssee, the grandest and most impressive lake in the district, is about six miles long. The

great height of the mountains, which rise perpendicularly from the dark green water, leaving no possibility of a footpath, and casting shadows as black and grim as themselves, give a peculiar character of grandeur and sublimity to the scene.

After about half-an-hour's row the women stop, and insist upon our visiting a wonderful waterfall. Duly obedient to our "tourist's doom" we may all have been seen picking our way up a wild and narrow glen to a fall, which, but for the romantic walk leading to it, the young gentlemen of the party would, in slang phrase, have pronounced a "sell;" such as in Switzerland may be seen by scores without ever turning out of one's way. Returning to the boat we were rowed on to St. Bartholoma, where the King of Bavaria has a hunting lodge; the snow-capped ridges and precipices around being the peculiar haunt of the chamois and eagle.

Here we land. Under the shade of some noble trees, at a short distance in front of the inn, is a large table, seated at which are parties enjoying the two great delicacies of the district—chamois venison and salmon-trout. While our luncheon of these same dainties is preparing we enter the quaint-looking inn, and mount up to a spacious landing-place, around the walls of which are arranged the heads of chamois that have been shot by royal personages, together with portraits of enormous fish, of from 20lb. to 30lb., that have been caught here.

Curious as these pictorial reminiscences may be to the scientific angler, our row across the lake had disposed of us to prefer the substantialities of fish and flesh, placed ready for us in the al-fresco dining-rooms, both of which we duly discussed and appreciated, but did not linger over, having no time to lose in returning. And here we found we had committed the error Sir John Forbes fell into, and against which he warns travellers, of tying one's movements to those of another party. Time with our *impromptu* acquaintance was evidently no object; with us it was everything. How provoking it was to see them sitting under the trees puffing out volumes of smoke from their cigars contentedly, while we were impatiently and angrily waiting about, thinking of the long journey yet to be performed before nightfall, with a vision of Michel's anxious face looming in the distance!

In vain we explained, entreated, expostulated—it takes a good deal to move a phlegmatic German! and in truth, it seemed almost selfish on our parts to try to drag them away from such a spot on that delicious afternoon! At length the cigars are put down, and after having delayed us an hour, and caused us to commit the folly of losing our tempers, even in the midst of this impressive scenery, with many apologies the German party follow us to the boat, and we push off, row back across the lake, so enter our torture machine, which was in waiting for us on the shore, and arrive at Berchtesgaden somewhat the worse for our shaking, but with no permanent dislocation, and still able to laugh over our

adventures with those friends who had remained behind. Poor Michel, too, was so amused at our account of the carriage and the coachman he had unwittingly selected for us, that he soon forgave our being so much behind time; and as we were again seated ready for our onward journey, he put his good-tempered face in at the door of the carriage, and presented us with bouquets of some of the rarest and most beautiful wild-flowers of the district, as well as with some little wooden miniature Swiss cottages, in the carving of which the peasantry here excel.

I need not describe the road lined with fruit-trees, through which we drove to Reichenhall; suffice it we arrived there late in the evening. By the time we had taken possession of our bed-rooms, and somewhat refreshed ourselves, supper was ready, the landlord insisting on it being served to us with great dignity in a long, dismal room, that might have served for a town-hall, and which, in fact, was used on occasions of any public ceremony or assembly, which we assumed must be of very rare occurrence, the room smelling in a damp, unwholesome way, as if it had not had any inhabitants for the last twelve months. It was only partially lighted, and the dark, distant corners of this grim apartment made it look anything but cheerful. Greatly should we have preferred a more amusing and less sublime style of entertainment in the general room below, in which as we entered we caught sight of the other travellers, pleasantly and merrily chatting with the inmates of the house, and the stray customers from the town; but, like Gumbo's inflated description of his Master Harry Warrington's wealth and position (in Thackeray's "Virginians"), so we assumed we owed our elevated and dignified isolation to a like talent on the part of our friend Michel, who was here in all his glory, this being his native place, and his friends and acquaintance evidently being legion. Late into the night we could hear him holding forth amidst shouts of laughter from his audience, and in the midst of some song, with wonderful choruses, we fell asleep.

The next morning, as may have been expected, poor Michel was in disgrace. Mr. L., who is the essence of punctuality, stood at the door angrily waiting: one lady after another, ventured out in quest of the missing culprit when, after an hour's waiting, out rushed Michel, with a countenance that bore evidence of the fact that joyous nights make sorrowful days. It was his first and last offence of the kind, so I softened down the lecture I had to translate—much more than my friend would have agreed with had he known.

Reichenhall is a flourishing Bavarian town of about three thousand inhabitants, entirely devoted to works and workers of salt—as, in fact, the prefix to its name denotes; *hall* being an old German word for salt. So the great salt-works of Southern Germany are at Hall, in Tyrol; Reichenhall, in Bavaria; Hallein, in Upper Austria; and Halle, in Prussian Saxony.



We had walked down to the Brunnenhaus the night before, but it was closed. The greatest curiosity was the hydraulic machinery, by which the salt-water is pumped up to the top of a mountain sixteen hundred feet high. By a series of pipes which we saw along the side of the road on the ascent from Reichenhall to Innsbruck, the brine is conveyed from Trumisten (sixty miles distant) through Reichenhall to Berchtesgaden, fuel there being more abundant. Crossing the Salzach, we enter a mountain gorge, in which two striking objects present themselves—the ruins of the ancient Castle of Karlstein and a church, both standing on cliffs of dizzy height. Beyond this we skirt the small lake of Thurnsee; from thence our day's journey consists of rich wild valleys, ravines bounded by magnificent mountains, rivulets at rare intervals, and small towns, in which the church is always the conspicuous object. On the roofs of the cottages we observed large bells fixed in a sort of wooden box, such as I had often copied in watercoloured views of the Tyrol, and the uses of which we now learnt were to summons the distant peasant-labourers to their meals. It was very pleasant to hear these bells, calling the father and his sons up the valley to the simple, peaceful cottage-home, where hausfrau was looking out anxiously for their return.

All the houses on the wayside are painted white, with overhanging roofs like Swiss chalets; and outside every house are fresco paintings by village artists, representing scenes from scripture. Even the signs at the inns are religious subjects; and you bait your horses at one having a representation of the "Dead Christ," *à la* Caracci; at another the "Flight into Egypt;" and at a third, which is in fact the favourite subject, the "Madonna and Child."

As we approached the little village of Elman, the church-bells began to toll mournfully: we inquired the reason, and learnt that it indicated the approach of a storm, at which times the peasants pray to avert injury to their crops; and hardly, in fact, had we arrived at the inn, than a tremendous deluge of rain came down, with thunder and lightning of tropical violence. Louder and louder rolled the thunder, and mountain after mountain re-echoed its peals with awful distinctness. Several ladies of our party were much alarmed; one fainted. I was also somewhat appalled, but I stayed at the window to contemplate the picture, which, in the midst of such wild scenery, and under such circumstances, was fearfully sublime.

In the midst of the storm arrived a carriage full of travellers, alarmed, scared, wet through, and in all the discomfort of such a journey. We had secured all the best rooms; and how they were stowed or to what part of the house they disappeared was a matter of mystery.

These storms, which are both fearful in their character and destructive in their consequences, are of almost daily occurrence at this season in the mountainous districts of the Tyrol. From our own experience, I must confess this was the great drawback on our pleasure; as, no matter

how fine the day began, not a single one passed away without one of these terrible storms of thunder and lightning during our journey through the Tyrol.

In describing the scenery of our route I have so often had to use the words "beautiful," "grand," "sublime," that I fear if I continue thus, no distinct impression will be conveyed to the mind of the reader; yet one particular point of this day's journey must be singled out as combining the whole force of such expressions, and that is the narrow and romantic defile called the Pass of Strub; remarkable, in addition to its impressive scenery, as having been heroically defended by the Tyrolese against the French and Bavarians in 1805.

Here Michel, who was *au fait* in all matters of Tyrolese history, stopped the carriage while he pointed out particular spots, relating, in the meantime, the history of Spechbacher's little son Andrea, only eleven years old. The maddened grief of the father, his desperate attempts to rescue the child, made, in Michel's narrative, quite a *coup de théâtre*.

Friday, 31st.—Nearly all day travelling in the Innthal, which is one of the finest valleys in Europe, at least one hundred miles long, and on an average, three or four miles wide; watered through its whole extent by the Inn, which is, in certain places, a large deep river, flowing between lofty mountains; at others, narrow, gentle, and silvery, meandering among soft green hills.

We pass Soll, Worget, and other picturesque villages, till we reach Schwatz, one of the most singularly and beautifully selected spots on the route. Here we dine, and it is impossible to describe to you the charm of a dinner under such circumstances, and in such a place. Our friend (who, by the bye, is a clergyman, and has especial interest in all ecclesiastical architecture and in antiquarian remains, *par excellence*) goes, of course, to visit the church—an ugly gothic structure, with a fine interior. We prefer a walk to the bridge, and another look up the valley, and to watch the afternoon's sunlight resting on the grassy mounds, and brightening the great stones over which the river below gurgles!

Our dinners, though simple, are generally well cooked; our table-cloths of snowy whiteness; the maids who wait are dressed in Tyrolese costume of gay colours, and are so rosy-cheeked and healthy-looking that it is quite pleasant to have them about us. The mountain air which comes through the open windows is so pure and refreshing, our own appetites and spirits so sharpened to enjoyment, that, combined with the grandeur of the landscape around, a dinner under such circumstances is something to be treasured up in one's memory; and when pent up between four dark walls in one of our close cities or dull provincial towns, shall we not recall with delight the primitive little dinners eaten, in the full vigour of health, among the mountains and valleys of the far-off Tyrol?

Hall, likewise celebrated for its salt works, we reached just before dusk, and hurried off

without loss of time to pay our respects to the memory of the patriot Spechbacher, the friend and companion of Hofer, and the bravest and most prudent leader of the Tyrolese in their struggle for independence.

We found an old man, who purported to belong to the church, outside of which is the grave and a small marble monument erected to the memory of Spechbacher.

Our weazen-faced, weather-beaten guide, whose German we had some difficulty in understanding, insisted that the monument was *inside* the church, and kept us waiting while he limped off for the keys. We groped about, and at last found ourselves before a great monument, ornamented in very bad taste, which he insisted was the one we sought, and in proof, off went Fliberty Gibbet again for a candle. Stranger and more wiry and more supernatural he looked by the light of the thin tallow candle, which he held up to the inscription, and which we found was to the memory of some millionaire, whose name we did not even stay to read; so taking the light into our own hands, we made our way out, and soon came upon the grave of the hero. It is a small monument bearing an urn, and attached to the outer wall of the church. Spechbacher died here, in 1820.

Having paid our guide for what he did *not* show us, and wondering at the ignorance and insensibility that had left him a native of the place and a guide, unacquainted with a name which, humble as it is, all lovers of freedom honour, we returned to our other friends, who were waiting for us, jumped into our seats, and set off again for Innsbruck, which we reached late at night.

### A B A L L A D.

By the light of the moon,  
By the light of the moon,  
Where the meadows stretch down to the whispering stream;

In the happy nights past,  
All too happy to last,  
With my false love I wandered: or is it a dream?

By the light of the moon,  
By the light of the moon,  
With my hand on the heart that was lying to me,  
And my eyes on her eyes  
That spake nothing but lies,  
And my tongue prattling happiness never to be.

In the dusk of the moon,  
In the dusk of the moon,  
Underneath the white willows that dip in the stream,  
Like a coward I lay,  
Watching two lovers stray  
Down the light-flooded meadows: or is it a dream?

From the dusk of the moon,  
From the dusk of the moon,  
Their fond eyes, their fond hands, their fond lips I could see.

—Then, I took steady aim,  
And I brought down my game,  
And he lay at her feet—where a lover should be.

In the light of the moon,  
In the dusk of the moon,  
As I crouch, iron-bound, in my iron-bound cell,  
To and fro, by my side,  
Those two ghost-lovers glide,  
And I suffer, already, the torments of hell.

### B E A U T Y.

I lurk in the cells of the heather bells,  
And dance on the mountain streams,  
I glance in the sight of the stars at night,  
And glow in the noon-day beams;  
I fall in the showers that weaken the flowers,  
I fill them with diamond dew,  
And wherever I go their dear buds grow,  
All crystal, and pink, and blue.  
I glimmer and hide in the forest wide,  
And echo the wild-bird's roundelay,  
Then trippingly pass through the meadow-grass,  
And leave a rose tint on the May.

I kiss the maid's face, and a tender grace  
Looks love from her violet eye;  
One moment I stray by the child at play,  
And leave what never can die.  
All the loves of the Earth from me have birth,  
And I bless them every one,  
And ever I wait on the true and great,  
And the deeds they have nobly done.

I ride on the blast when the leaves are cast  
On the faded autumn grass,  
And to and fro on the glittering snow  
I flicker, and pause and pass.  
I flash through the storm, in a terrible form,  
Like a stream of molten gold,  
I roll on the waves, when the ocean raves,  
And the moonlight is clear and cold;  
Where the mourners weep and the fathers sleep  
And the dark yews hide the sun,  
In the cottage home, and the gilded dome,  
Alike, my will is done.

I crown the poet's rhyme with truth sublime,  
For truth is the soul of my life,  
I dwell with the sage, in his silver age,  
And follow the soldier's strife.  
I linger, unknown, in shell and stone,  
The ever old, the ever young,  
Like a stately bride, in modest pride,  
The dim cathedral aisles among.  
Like a whispered prayer, like the first Spring air,  
Or the flow of an evening song,  
Ever budding, ever ripe, a Heaven-born type  
Of Him, whose world I move along.

The stars and the spars, and the rainbow bars  
Have their light and grace from me,  
And my footprints stand all over the land,  
All over the blue of the sky and sea.  
I work the mysteries of the star histories,  
And haunt the woodland minstrelsy:  
I am the light of each feature, the heart of each creature,  
The fearless soul of the free,  
And the shroud and pall will be over them all  
Whenever I cease to be.



## DAVID THE TRAPPER.

*(A Tale in Six Chapters.)*

BY EMILE SOUVESTRE.

## CHAP. IV.

Peter was aware that after what had occurred he must not remain longer in these parts. The Blackfeet who had escaped had evidently the intention of rejoining their tribe, and would doubtless return with a large force to the Rivière Malade, in the hope of effecting a revenge; but on the other hand, by quitting their present quarters they ran the risk of finding the other hunting territories already occupied, and thus losing the whole trapping season. Peter and his men were yet undecided, when the chief of the Nesy Percés, having been informed of their embarrassment, offered to guide them to a valley watered by the northern branch of the Salmon river, where they would be secure from their enemies, and where beavers were more plentiful than in any other locality.

"My brothers, the Palefaces, will find elks there in abundance," said Wolfseye; "the hills are covered with wild sheep, buffalos frequent the stream, and as to beavers they are as numerous as willow-leaves in spring."

Peter allowed himself to be tempted by this description, and agreed to march with the Nesy Percés to this trapper's paradise. This, after a long but not difficult march, they reached, and to their surprise, found the promises of Wolfseye, far from being exaggerated, were really below the reality.

Here it was that the beaver hunt began to produce really important results.

Our readers are aware that the beavers collect in great numbers in the smaller streams, which they dam up with fallen trees into large pools, in the midst of which they build their huts, thus forming a kind of aquatic village, the inhabitants of which defend it against the invasion of all neighbouring beavers. However, during spring-time, when they cast their skins, the male leaves his hut for a journey of pleasure. He follows the course of the streams that he meets with, nibbles the young buds of the poplar, visits the islands and coasts along the plain for a considerable distance. It is only as summer approaches that he abandons this bachelor's life, and, remembering his duties as the head of a family, returns to his abode and his young ones, to lead them in search of provisions for the winter. It is at this season that beaver hunting commences.

An experienced trapper recognizes the presence of a beaver by the faintest track, and his hut, though hidden under the willows, rarely

remains undiscovered, even at the first glance. He then arranges his snare about two or three inches below the surface of the water, and fastens it with a chain to a post firmly imbedded in the mud. Then, taking a small twig from which the bark has been stripped, he dips one end into an odoriferous mixture which he calls *medicine*, and fixes the other end to the opening of the trap. The beaver, attracted by the appetizing odour, swims towards it, and at the moment that he seizes the twig which lies above the water, his feet are caught in a trap; in his terror he plunges into the water, but the trap upheld by the posts resists; he rises again to the surface, sinks again, and after a struggle, more or less prolonged, is drowned.

David, with Soko's instruction, quickly learned to trace the beavers, and set his traps, and soon became as clever as his companions. The stream near which they had encamped was filled with huts, and Peter's party were at the first eminently successful; but the Kansas warned them that they were too eager, and that the beavers, taught by experience, would not fail in time to avoid the bait; and very soon his prediction was fulfilled. The trappers now ceased to make them *take medicine* (the term long consecrated to this service), and contented themselves with placing their traps in the most frequented parts. In vain Soko told them that if they laid them several times following in the same place the beavers would learn to avoid them: no one listened to him. All went well for the first few days; but each family having lost one or two of its members, the survivors became suspicious—they discovered the traps replaced at the same spot where relations had suffered, and avoided them. They did more: arming themselves with sticks they succeeded in loosening the springs, after which they overturned the traps—some even unfastened them from the posts, and transporting them to their islands, buried them in the mud.

David, however, guided by Soko, had succeeded beyond his hopes; and his number of skins was larger than those of the oldest trapper. The close intimacy on which he lived with the Kansas enabled him to verify what the latter had said of Nehala, and he had discovered that her beauty really was the least of her charms. On becoming more intimate with the young girl her beauty was forgotten in the remembrance of her gentleness, activity, and devotion. Having been informed of all that David had done

for Soko, she sought every opportunity of testifying her gratitude to the young white, and divided her attentions and care between him and her brother. David, on his side, was always near her during their marches, watching over her safety and comfort; for he felt an esteem and protecting affection for Nehala that sought every opportunity for expression.

The young Indian received these tokens of his attachment with modest but visible pleasure; and Soko silently smiled, as if all were going on as he desired.

The fine weather had forsaken them, and winter was fast approaching; Peter, therefore, thought it time to lead his party back to the rendezvous agreed on with Captain Sablette.

The furs were packed with care on the mules. They bade adieu to Wolfseye, with whom the old trapper exchanged rifles as a mark of friendship, and bent their steps towards the *White-clay plain*, where the entire company was to assemble. But, on reaching the mountains, Peter found the valleys already filled with snow, which had drifted to the height of twenty feet, rendering it madness to attempt to penetrate them. After several circuits, in the vain hope of finding some clear outlet, the party halted, strangely embarrassed and very anxious. Each gave his advice, or proposed some expedient, and as quickly discovered its impracticability. Soko alone remained silent, with the reserve peculiar to Indian warriors; till at last Peter turned to him and inquired if he knew of no means of crossing the mountains.

"Cannot my white brothers, by first climbing the lower hills, reach the summit of the chain?" asked the Kansas.

"It is not impossible," replied Peter; "but suppose us there, what would become of us?"

"Does not the other side lead to the plain?"

"Certainly: but how are we to descend with our baggage and horses?"

"My brother has doubtless reflected that the other side is most likely covered with ice."

"And you conceive ice to be a useful commodity in our circumstances?"

"Yes, if my brother wants to use a sledge."

"A sledge!" repeated the astonished Peter: "have you ever seen a sledge used under such circumstances?"

"I have seen it done."

"And if we reach the summit, you undertake to get us down the other side?"

"I do."

"Agreed! Let us proceed," exclaimed Peter: "the Kansas is no Canadian, and does not promise what he cannot perform."

The men began to ascend the mountain, and the next day saw them at the summit.

Soko then chose a spot where the mountain side was terrace by several plateaux, forming so many stages. A kind of sledge was constructed, a mule was fastened on it, and it was then allowed to slide by means of cords to the nearest plateau, where the sledge was relieved of its burden by those who had already descended; and was again drawn up until the whole party had reached this

stage in their downward journey. From thence they proceeded in the same manner to a second, then to a third, and at last arrived in safety at the plain which, three days before, they had feared they should never reach.

The trappers here found the different parties already re-assembled, and celebrating their return at the Beer springs—such being the name given by these adventurers to the gaseous springs of the *White-Clay plain*. The sparkling liquid filled their pewter cups, and the oldest among them was singing, at the top of his voice, the ballad composed in honour of this ale of the desert.

The arrival of Peter and his party added whatever had been wanted to complete the joy of the trappers; and all that remained of the dainties of civilization—as rum, sugar, and biscuit—was brought forth to celebrate this happy reunion.

A few days after appeared the convoys of the Company, which brought, according to custom, ammunition, arms, provisions, and a new assortment of merchandise. These were soon followed by the friendly tribes, who came to exchange their furs for glass trinkets, rifles, powder, or stuffs; and the free trappers, who brought the produce of their hunts for sale.

The *White-Clay plain* assumed the appearance of a large fair. The agents of the company renewed their engagements with the trappers for the next season, and settled the accounts of that which had just closed. Sablette had decided on sending a part of his furs down the Missouri in a buffalo boat, and proposed to David, whose honesty and intelligence he knew, that he should take the charge of this expedition, promising that the men who should accompany him should be those who understood this sort of navigation. This would enable Ramsay to make a profitable journey home to Franklin, where the Company had promised him a small situation, and he accepted it.

When Soko first heard of it, he expressed great surprise, then became gloomy and sad, and at last he drew the young man aside.

"Has my brother decided then on returning to the clearings?" he asked.

"I must," replied David; "I have now been a year absent from my mother."

"And will my brother regret nothing that he leaves in the prairies?"

"I shall regret thee, Soko; for I love thee."

The Indian raised his eyes, and looked fixedly at David.

"Let my brother speak without doubting. Once back among the towns, will he no longer remember Nehala?"

David coloured. "You well know to the contrary," he murmured. "Soko, your sister is, with the exception of my mother, the being I love and respect the most in the world; I would give the half of my life to pass the other by her side!"

"Then why does not my brother remain in the prairie? Does he think Nehala is not fit to be a free trapper's wife?"



"I think nothing of the sort, Soko; but I have promised my mother to return to the town: she expects me, she needs me, and even to attain perfect happiness I would not break my promise."

"Then let my brother take Nehala with him to the clearings."

"Alas, Soko!" replied David, "you do not know half the miseries of our civilization. With the small employment that the company have promised me, I should be too poor to support your sister and my mother. Here, the desert supplies you with all that life requires, and custom allows you to do without the rest; and you are always rich enough to marry the woman you love. But we whites cannot always marry when our hearts tempt us; we must first fight for, and conquer a place in the world large enough for two to set down in it. Did I take Nehala, it would be to make her share all the humiliation and suffering which belong to extreme poverty; and thus I should not prove my affection, but my egoism. Before I contract new duties, I must fulfil those which already exist. My mother has the first right to my services, and since my industry is only sufficient to secure her well-being, all other charges voluntarily accepted would be culpable imprudence. All this is a sore grief to me, Soko, for I shall leave you with a sad and broken heart. Your sister's image will follow me everywhere; and in relinquishing her, I lose perhaps all chance of happiness for the future. But the white man's religion teaches us that life is a trial, not a holiday; and we must endeavour to do right, even though we suffer."

David uttered these last words with humid eyes, and a voice that trembled with emotion. The Kansas remained for some time with his

head bent, and arms folded on his breast, without replying; he seemed to be pondering the young man's words, and endeavouring to understand all their meaning. At last, raising his head—

"Then my brother would be glad to take Nehala if he were rich enough to let her live like other white women, undespised and without privations?"

"Can you doubt it?" exclaimed David.

"It is well," said the Kansas, with a resolute gesture, and he retired.

The same evening the young man learned that he had quitted the encampment, and ridden off alone into the desert. He questioned Nehala, but she was entirely ignorant of the cause of this abrupt departure. Eight days elapsed before the Kansas reappeared. His sister's anxiety had become despair, and David himself shared her fears, when one morning Soko rode into the camp uttering the Kansas cry of victory.

While yet distant he perceived David and his sister, and shouted to them.

"Let my brother take four mules and follow me," he said to the young trapper.

"What for?" asked Ramsay.

"To fetch Nehala's portion."

"What do you mean?" exclaimed the young girl.

"I mean that this time it will not be the husband who enriches the relatives of his chosen wife, as is the custom in our country, but the relation that enriches the husband. And quick," he added: "a delay may lose it; get the four mules ready."

"What have you discovered then?" asked David.

"A cache of furs belonging to the Blackfeet."

## LEAVES FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

### TALE OF A GIANT.

BY MILL.

"Toiling—rejoicing—sorrowing,  
Onward through life he goes;  
Each morning sees some task begin,  
Each evening sees it close:  
Something attempted, something done,  
Has earned a night's repose."

LONGFELLOW.

Once upon a time there was a big giant! His head would have reached to the top of the Town Hall; his arms rather higher than the Peel statue. With three strides he could have gone from one end of New-street to the other,

and it took four butchers and seven bakers to supply him with food enough to support him. Mr. Hyam was not his tailor I believe; but whoever he was, he had to mount a ladder to take his measure. Ah! it would have done your heart good to see such a giant! Now this giant, whose name was Progresso, was a very well-intentioned giant; and he'd a great notion of ameliorating (that is, making better) the people amongst whom he dwelt. He was sorry, in the first place, they were not so tall as himself; but as that could not be helped very well, he abandoned any project of rolling them out or stretching their bodies, which he might have entertained.

"The soul is capable of expansion," said the giant Progresso; "I can work upon that, and I will."

I dare say you know what it is to feel, after doing a great many lessons, how inclined one is towards evening to lie down and have a good nap. Well, the giant had worked his large brain so with the improvement-of-his-species subject, that he began to feel—as you do after a stiff sum—rather muddled. So he set off to the country for a three-leagued-boot walk.

On, and on, and on, and on he strided.

Can't you see him stealing half an acre of ground at every step?

At last, coming to a great chain of mountains, and thinking they would make a pretty comfortable sleeping-apartment, he stretched his huge length upon the heather, and was soon snoring away like five steam-engines. No need to sing the Welsh lullaby, "Hur, Hur," to him, I can assure you.

Not far from this mountain-retreat of the good giant were the summer-residences of two benevolent creatures, the Fairy Pooshem, and the Fairy Leedem. They were not over-troubled with work, poor things (for it is a misfortune); so they spent a good deal of their time *theorising*—a kind of game which often causes work for other people; and one of their favourite pastimes was to go and whisper in the ear of mortals sleeping some of this theorising. No sooner did they find out that their old acquaintance was slumbering—which was easily told by the noise he made (though the people in the valley merely thought it was thundering)—than ordering their coachmen to prepare their carriages, which, I should tell you, were of the newest fashion, made after Queen Mab's, and drawn by little *atomies* (if you know what they are?), they speeded swiftly away, and were soon seated—one on a hare-bell, the other on a daisy (which I need not tell you is a fairy's music-stool), some distance below the vast caverns which formed the ears of the giant Progresso. Their fairy-like music soon penetrated into the dream-land of the giant; but finding it difficult to keep up two distinct ideas at once, he politely growled out, in his sleep, the request—

"One at a time, ladies, if you please!"

The next few minutes were occupied in a silvery contest as to who should speak first; and the Fairy Pooshem (a young lady who generally contrived to be heard, and seldom "wandered unseen," if she could help it) gained the field, or, rather, the ear of the giant, first.

I can't tell you all she whispered there. Much of it was very good; and much, to say the least, very indefinite. She advised him to bestir himself vigorously, and teach the people to be clean, and great, and learned, and brave; lovers of the arts and sciences, &c.; and "you must govern them with a firm hand, these *masses*," as she would keep calling the good people, rather rudely. "You must not let them do this, nor that, nor the other; but be cheerful and animated, and very scientific, be sure, good Giant Progresso."

"Dear me! what a lot I've got to do!" he said, rousing and shaking himself. "But the more need I should set about it at once."

It was early morning, and as he passed through the peaceful valley, the cottagers were giving their little ones their breakfast. Thinking to get his hand in by improving a few aborigines, and, moreover, being one of those who say, "If a good deed's to be done, let's do the deed *to-day*!" he stooped low enough to put his head in at the door-way of a hut—of course darkening it as he did so; and when the six small children, who were eating their porridge, looked up and saw his good-natured but huge face beaming upon them, they uttered a terrified shriek.

"Hush, little ones," he growled, tenderly; "don't be afraid! But where's your table-cloth? And no spoons?—tut-tut-tut!"

"O-o-o-o-o-o-o, mother, here's a giant—O-o-o-o-o!"

"Never you mind, my dears," cried their mammy, running down-stairs from making the beds, and seizing a broom, which she presented as near as she could reach to the intrusive head, "no giants won't come here, take my word. Spoons and table-cloths, too! You mout a bin born'd with a silver'd one in your mouth; but *we* wasn't, nor with wooden ones *neither*—so *now*; Adam and Eve hadn't no spoons, and they reered their family without, and so'll we; so be *hoff*!"

"One must not be disheartened easily," philosophized giant Progresso.

Perhaps you would be tired if I described how he went to the village-school, and asked the boys hard but well-meaning questions, and expected little girls of six to make shirts like their grandmothers, besides bamboozling the poor master to such an extent that he nearly gave up the school and the ghost in despair.

"Ah! Mr. Goldsmith," he sighed, "you little thought what a pass things were coming to when you wrote the 'Deserted Village'; you didn't quite foresee these giants!"

Then when he got to the town, didn't he obey the Fairy Pooshem's advice to the very letter? He built a great place—as large very nearly as the Town Hall, and lectured till he was hoarse on all sorts of improving subjects, as dry and as scientific as he could find. At first, because it was a new thing, the more respectable "*masses*" came in small crowds; but at last, finding he had an audience of about one, the giant Progresso sighed. "Alas!" he said, "to use the expressive, if inelegant, words of England's largest king—'I fear I have not got the right sow by the ear yet!'"

But he preached and lectured away vigorously. He told them they must not do this; they should not do that; it was not wise to do the other.

"Lor'!" said the masses, who had been staring their eyes out of their sockets, "what is we to do then? No *masses* can't do *nothin*."

The giant Progresso scratched his head, mentally. "There is more truth than grammar in the sentiments of these masses!" he pondered.

To promote harmony amongst them, he gave



great concerts, where long oratorios, and dismal organ fugues, and grand master-pieces predominated. The unhappy masses, again dissatisfied, one-third went to sleep, and the rest whispered to one another. A few, indeed, made a great pretence of *understanding* good music; but the giant Progresso was too knowing a person to believe that was forwarding art much.

Even giants may get disheartened; but he bore up bravely until the unpleasant conviction forced itself upon him that the masses (these masses that he'd toiled for, planned for, worked for, unable or unwilling to appreciate his motives) absolutely *hated* him!

Poor Giant; he swallowed the bitter pill as well as he was able, and then determined to take a walk, and recruit health and spirits a little. As luck would have it, he turned into the same road he had once before trodden, and presently found himself on the same mountains he had visited long ago. Delighted with the scent of the fresh heather, and thankful to rest after his toil and turmoil, down he sank, and was, as formerly, soon sound asleep, his deep snoring intimating his arrival to the fairies as decidedly as one of our fashionable rat-a-tat-tat as at the hall-door. And soon they seated themselves in their old places, the Fairy Pooshem in a very forward manner commencing her exhortation in a loud, shrill key. Even in sleep it was unpleasant. And the giant, with a groan, rolled his head round so abruptly, that the lady was precipitated from her music-stool, and alighted on the heather in great wrath and indignation. She desired her coachman to drive home instantly; and he did so with such velocity, that it is wonderful they arrived without broken bones; and indeed, a rather antediluvian Beetle, who was taking an evening stroll, had not time to get out of the way, and, coming in contact with the wheels, was so injured, that he laid an action for damages against Coachman Moth for random driving, at least so the "Fairy Post"—a reliable organ of the press—intimated. However, as Mr. Flea was engaged for counsel (a proverbially slippery fellow), no doubt the damages would not be very heavy even were the offence proved.

But to return to our *muttons*, as our friends across the Channel have it. The Fairy Leedem, now that her rival had departed, began to speak, "in the clear, bell-like tones which are habitual to her," as the newspapers say of Her Gracious Majesty Victoria when she opens the Parliament.

"I grieve to see you, good Giant Progresso, thus dissipated and worn; but I confess I hardly expected your late scheme would be successful. My friend, it is unwise to give babies hard crusts to bite when their teeth are yet young: true, old nurses do it sometimes; but it is more to please the infant than for the nourishment it would extract: they *feed* it with something easily masticated and digested, till it

grows strong and robust; then the crusts are all very well. Now science, and all that you have tried to *cram* the people with—to use a college term—are most excellent and edible crusts, but, not for intellectual babies, or, as my good relative says, 'masses.' You must get down nearer to them—don't let them see you stooping, though; they don't like that: better sit down among them; and be sure don't look too wise and awful, and don't play as if you were condescending: try really to be amused with their games, and gradually get them to like yours. I know there is a certain brown fluid which they are all very fond of—atrocious stuff it is, too. Now, if you could get them to leave off taking it, they would soon find the benefit of being without it, and would desire it no longer; and recollect, when a mother takes a dangerous thing from an unreasoning infant, she holds up something better before its eyes, and straightway it drops the injurious toy. Whereas, if she dragged it away roughly, the result had been an indignant *squall*! Therefore, *mon ami*, I would advise that you don't go into the houses by force, and pull out the plugs from the casks containing the brown fluid; because in the first place the city would most likely be utterly deluged, and no ark at hand; and in the next the enraged masses would not improbably pelt you with the staves and hoops of the void casks, until you, the Giant Progresso, were within 'an inch of your life!' As to the '*main de fer*' and '*gant de velours*,' let me tell you the originator of that motto didn't gain so much by it; it was a mistake—and he paid for it. 'Be wiser, thou instructed, and know' that a warm hand of flesh clasped in yours is more likely to feel the electric touch of *sympathy*, and be easily led by yours, than by all the iron hands and velvet gloves in the world. Do you believe the *masses* are so purblind as not to recognize something stiff and hard and unnatural under the glove? Or do you think the glove would never get holes in it? You're vastly deceived if you do, sir. You are quite right to desire cleanliness and order; but masses, however black, object to be scrubbed by force. And remember, if they've no water provided, they *can't* wash, as rivers don't generally flow through crowded cities; and as to order, don't be in too great a hurry: take the advice of Mr. Longfellow, and 'learn to labour and to wait'—the hardest part of the sentence. Perhaps you've heard of the eccentric old emperor, who, fond of retirement in his later years, tried making a lot of watches tick together. Of course they went 'beautifully one after another,' as the old woman observed of the soldiers firing their guns; and the emperor wondered he'd never found out before how impossible it was to make a number of individuals 'tic' at the same time; in other words, think by rule, act by rule, speak by rule, and all under orders; and one wonders too that it never occurred to him in all his long life. General rules and good ones, on the

whole, you may frame; but so long as this changing world goes round and round, make all people act according to one pattern you never—never—never will—d'ye hear?"

The giant intimated he was ticking (in his sleep).

"Very well," said the fairy; "now don't forget the *Suaviter in modo* is to be your motto. I know you are an enlightened giant, and well-intentioned; and now—as the Duke of Wellington observed to Sir Charles Napier, with military brevity—"If you understand these instructions, go and execute them."

Tramp, tramp, tramp—away again went the obedient giant, fully resolved to do the best he could; and who can do more?

Unhappily, he was not received with the love and respect his good intentions merited. We seldom are, in this sublunary sphere: in short, the reception was warm (in a different sense to what the term is usually applied); and, having no body-guard or lictors to protect his august presence, had he been a craven like Appius Claudius, no doubt he would have taken to his heels; like him shouting, "Home, home, the nearest way." However, by dint of perseverance, good-temper, and forbearance, he was, at last, just tolerated." The little children, to whom he made love assiduously, lost their fear of him, liked his tales and picture-books; the parents left off frowning at what only met their offspring with smiles. The giant, who had crouched and kneeled till his knees were growing stiff, determined to "walk erect;" and it was surprising to see how the children strove to "reach up" to him, poor little things! they knew their friend now, and tried to attain to his altitude: you would have laughed to see some walking on tip-toe, clinging on to his coat-tails; all his ten fingers were tightly grasped, as he strided, kindly striving to accommodate his huge steps to their uncertain, uneven ones. Sometimes, when he unconsciously stepped further than ordinary, unlucky wights losing their hold made acquaintance with the maternal relative of Mr. Brutus rather unexpectedly; but it was surprising how quickly they'd pick themselves up, and rushed on to make up for lost time, a stronger brother often holding out a hand to help; seldom did one who had once followed Giant Progresso voluntarily remain behind, even after tumbling, and covering himself with dirt. Aye, and the grown-up infants—the masses, joined the procession, and held on lustily; only they were rather heavy, and the giant had need of all his strength to keep going with such an incumbrance. As to the old men and women, they sat in the sun, gazing, in amused wonder, at what was going on. "Dear, dear! things were not so in *our* days," they mumbled; "but after all, he seems a good *tidy* sort of a fellow, this giant!"

So changes public opinion, my young friends; but if you'd seen the giant's baths and fountains, your heart would have "sung comic songs" indeed.

Of their own accord, after work, into the water plunged the grimy men and boys, merry, invigorated, and ashamed to put on dirty clothes; so they washed those too.

They had grinned and nudged one another's elbows as the giant made his alterations; now, they grinned too, but with a wondrously improved expression—the "masses" were getting quite beautiful; and when the giant talked and lectured to them, or gave them a cheerful concert of a "miscellaneous character," it pleased and warmed his large heart to notice they grew less like masses, and gained gradually form and order.

But it was a sight for a philanthropist, the fascinating way in which the giant, knowing "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," helped Jack to keep his holidays—the old English games he rummaged out of old English chronicles, supposed to be utterly extinct—the research, the patience of that giant were most praiseworthy; but he'd not forgot their gentle hint in less palmy days, that "*no masses can't do nothin'.*" Therefore they were always employed.

Then he'd have no brown fluid; no, no: beautiful granite or marble fountains of exquisite design were at every turn; not scattered like the wells in an African desert, so far apart that a pilgrim might die of thirst in passing from one to the other, *unless* he met a benevolent householder, whose whole purpose in life it was to dispense as much obnoxious brown fluid as he could. These elegant bubbling fountains gurgled pleasantly and refreshingly right under the discriminating eyes of the masses; and, of course, had Sybil Gray herself been ever repeating "Drink, weary traveller," it had been an unnecessary invitation; though, without doubt, *polite*.

Then the marvellously fair and delicately shaped glass and stone and marble and ware jugs, and other receptacles for pure laughing water, that were to be met with in every shop-window almost! You may certainly say, "One man may take a horse to water, twenty can't make him drink." True; but, if the water's in sight, and he's thirsty, he'll go himself, never fear.

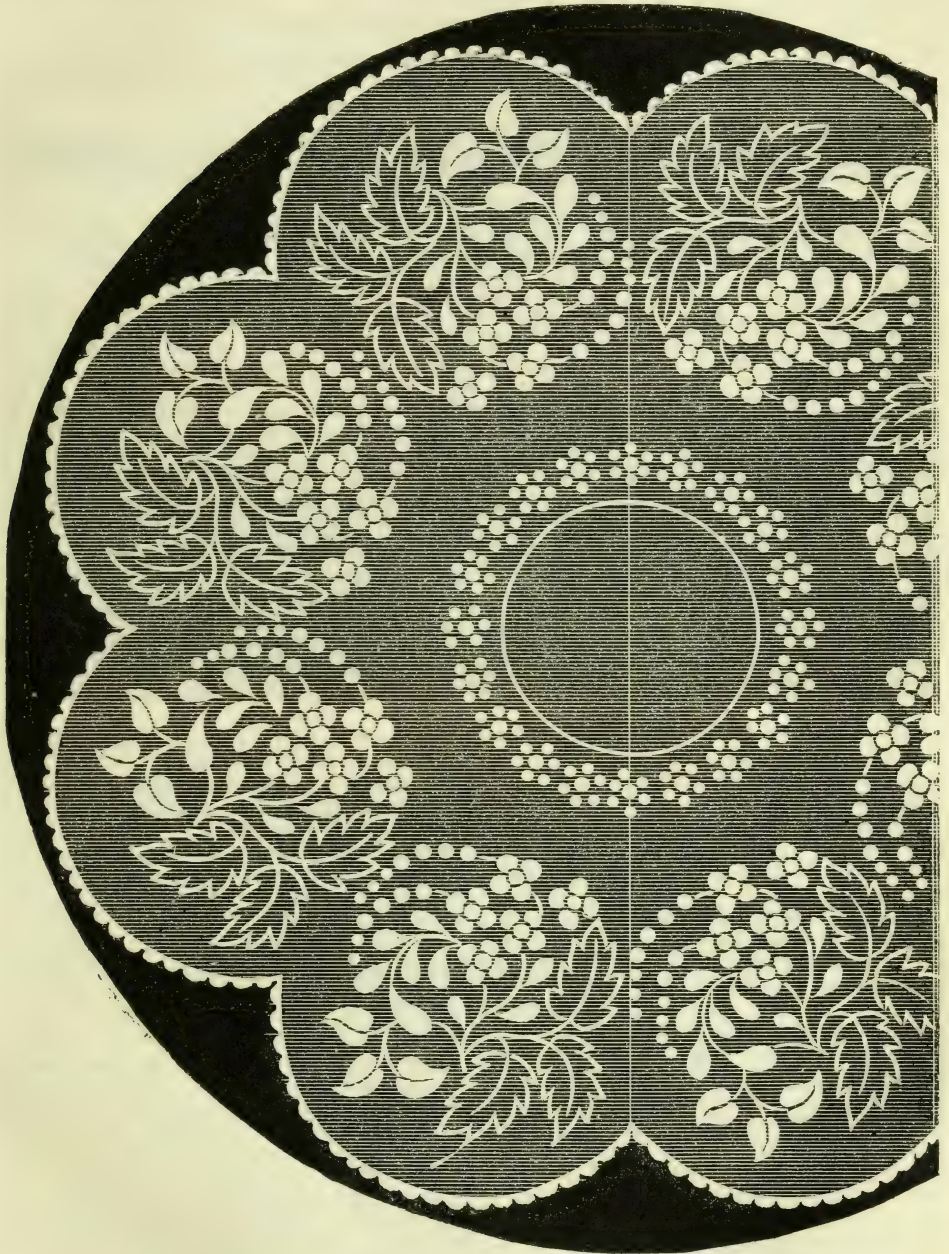
Oh! Giant Progresso! come this way, do; for you don't live in Utopia—you are a *Great Briton*, if we only recognised you. We have not "missed you," because we've not known you in your true "working dress;" but come, only come, and see how you'll be received; and don't delay, for there are many longing to see you, who will not, if you do not make haste.



# THE WORK-TABLE.

## EMBROIDERED DINNER D'OYLEY.

MATERIALS:—Fine Linen, and scarlet Embroidery Cotton (No. 30); also inch-wide Cotton Fringe, for trimming.



We give a section of this D'Oyley of the full size, leaving the remainder to be traced from it. The round in the centre is a simple line of chain-stitch; and the clusters of the spots are formed by working over the same place two or

three times. The leaves and stems are also done in chain-stitch; but the centre of the flowers, and the sprays drooping from them, are to be pierced, and sewed over very finely.

The edge is worked in very tiny scallops on



the large scallops, eight of which form the round.

The D'Oyley is afterwards to be finished with narrow cotton fringe.

The effect of this D'Oyley, from the contrast of the scarlet and white, and the delicate style

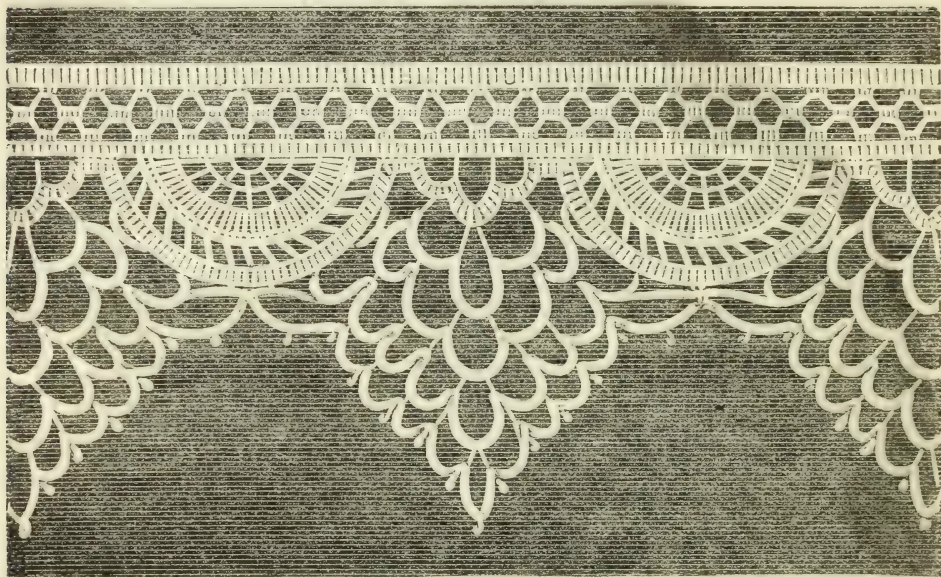
of the design, will be found particularly effective. It also washes well, and is easily and quickly worked.

The design may also be used on cloth, embroidered in silk.

AIGUILLETTE.

### GRAPE PATTERN CROCHET EDGING.

**MATERIALS:**—For Ladies' under Linen, Nos. 10, 12, or 14, Evans's Boar's Head Cotton; for trimming Toilets, Counterpanes, and similar articles, Nos. 6, 8, 10, or 12, Evans' Best Knitting Cotton: with a suitable hook. For such trimming this edging is particularly effective and suitable.



Make a chain of the required length, and, if for a round article, join it to form a round. In this case the stitches must be divided by 43.

1st row.—S c.

2nd row.— $\times$  2 s c., 7 ch., miss 3  $\times$ , repeat to the end.

3rd row.— $\times$  3 s c, on centre 3 of 7, 6 chain,  $\times$  repeat to the end.

4th row (*to be worked loosely*).— $\times$  2 s c on centre 2 of 6, 3 ch.,  $\times$  repeat to the end. Follow this with a row of s c; after which you must work all the half-wheels thus:—

**WHEEL** \* 3 slip, 5 ch., miss 2, 3 slip (these 5 chain form the centre of the wheel). *Turn the work on the wrong side.* 3 ch, d c on the last of the 5 ch, 3 ch, d c on centre of 5; 3 ch, d c on 1st of 5; 3 ch, slip on the 1st slip-stitch, and two more along. *Turn again*, 3 ch, d c on nearest chain of last row, 3 ch, miss 1, 1 d c, 3 ch, miss 1, 1 d c, 3 ch, miss 2, 1 d c, 3 ch, miss 1, 1 d c (this is the centre). 3 ch, miss 1, 1 d c, 3 ch, miss 2, 1 d c, 3 ch, miss 1, 1 d c, 3 ch, miss 2 of the foundation, and slip on the next three stitches. *Turn.* Work a d c stitch on every stitch of last row. Slip along 2 at the end. *Turn*, and do a s c stitch on each, with 2 in one every fourth stitch.

Each wheel must be so far completed before proceeding further with the pattern. Begin the

next wheel at \* on the 30th stitch from the last. When so much is done of all the wheels, you will again work complete rows, thus:—

1st row.—Begin on the 7th stitch before the 1st wheel,  $\times$  5 s c, \* 2 ch, miss 1, 1 d c, \* all round the wheel, ending with 2 ch, miss 2 on the foundation; and do 5 more s c, 7 ch, miss 2, 1 d c, 7 ch, miss 3, 1 d c, 7 ch, miss 2  $\times$ . Repeat along the whole length.

2nd row.— $\times$  s c on centre one of 5 before the wheel, 12 s c on the wheel, 5 ch, withdraw the hook, and insert it in the eighth, missing 4, draw the last chain stitch through; 1 ch, s c under the 5 ch, to cover them, s c on all the wheel but the last 7. 5 ch, take out the hook, and insert in the 5th from it (backward), draw the last chain stitch through, 1 ch, s c under ch of 5, and on the rest of the wheel. 1 s c on 3rd of 5 ch, s c under each of the three following loops to cover them.

You now work on the loops only, leaving the wheel, which is complete. D c on middle of 1st loop; 7 ch, t c on middle of next, 7 ch, t c on the same, 7 ch, d c on centre of next. *Turn*, and cover each ch with s c. *Turn*, 3 slip, 9 ch, s c on centre of this loop, 7 ch, d c on centre of next loop, 9 ch, d c on same, 7 ch, s c on centre of next loop, 9 ch, slip on last but two of the same loop. *Turn*, 1 ch, two slip connecting



with the side of the loop on the wheel; work under all the loops in s c, till the last, when you join, as before, to the small one on the wheel. Turn, slip-stitch over the loop, and along the wheel for six stitches beyond. 10 ch, s c on centre of 1st loop, 10 ch, s c on centre of next, 10 ch, d c just between this loop and the next, 11 ch, d c on centre of next loop *a* (the point), 11 ch, d c on same place; this forms the point. The other half is worked to correspond, from *a* backwards, till you join it to the wheel by a slip-stitch at the centre.

Last row of loops, beginning from the middle of the first wheel, on which you do a slip-stitch. 5 ch, insert the hook in the first loop,

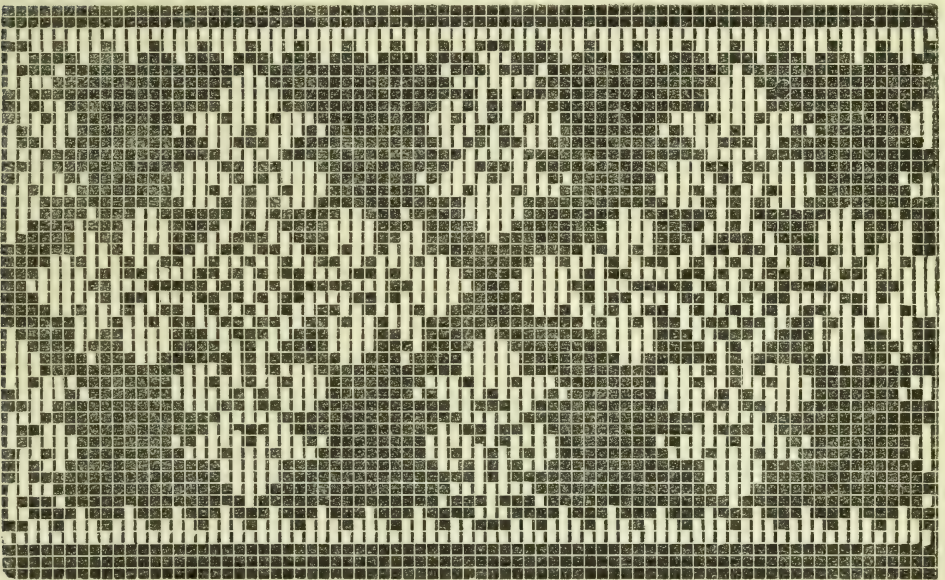
and bring the stitch through, 5 more ch, slip on the centre of the wheel again, 12 ch, s c on centre of next loop, 8 ch, s c on centre of next, 8 ch, s c on centre of next, 8 ch d c between this loop and next, 8 ch; d c on the centre of the loop at the point, 9 ch, another d c on the same place. This last loop is the point. Work the other half to correspond, ending with the centre of the next wheel, from which you work as before, till you come to the end.

Last row.—Cover every loop with s c, with a picot of 4 ch over every s c or d c stitch, as well as at the point, and on the 7th of the 12 ch.

AIGUILLETTE.

### BEAD BORDER FOR ANTI-MACASSARS.

MATERIALS:—Turquoise, Emerald, or Ruby Beads, No. 2.  $\frac{1}{2}$  Evans's Boar's Head Crochet Cotton, No. 8.



This border is especially designed for the anti-macassar given in our number for May. The pattern is so arranged that by placing a star in each corner the design will be repeated in exactly the same manner at the ends as at the sides, the narrow border being carried round to correspond. Of course it is necessary that there be sufficient stitches at the sides and ends to make the patterns complete. Each one requires 40 stitches—3 between the two stars, and 37 for the star itself. There must therefore be, at each side, so many *forties*, and one 37, as the three stitches between will be wanted at the corner pattern, and not on the side.

In working a bead border on a macassar in square crochet, it must be remembered that it will look much smaller than the relative sizes of the engravings warrant—a square in the one being equivalent to 3 in the other. This border will, therefore, not look at all too large for the purpose.

A narrow edging, such as we have previously given for the anti-macassar, should be added, and a handsome fringe be knotted in as a finish.

AIGUILLETTE.

## THE SECRET MINISTER.

(From the unpublished Journal of an American.)

In the year 1778, Mr. Silas Deane, our first Minister to the Court of France, returned home; and among many conversations I had with him, he related the following facts:—

That when he was *first* sent to France, he was to go in the character of a Bermudian merchant; and the better to cover his design, he did not take any considerable sum of money or bills of exchange with him for his support; but the Secret Committee were to send them after him by the way of London, to arrive in Paris nearly as soon as he could himself, lest a capture should betray his secret. He arrived at Paris in safety, and made application to Count de Vergennes to be heard on the subject of the American dispute; but the Count took no notice of him. He repeated his applications in vain. His remittances were all taken or lost, and he soon expended what cash he had brought with him.

He became exceedingly distressed, and knew not what to do. His landlady became uneasy, and he found that he should be soon turned into the street. He repeated his applications to the Count with earnestness, but could not gain an interview. Which way to turn he knew not; he walked out into the fields in despair. In his walk, he met with a citizen who lived in the suburbs, with whom he fell into conversation, and finally told him his distress, as a merchant whose remittances had failed, and who in consequence knew not where to get a meal. This man generously took him to his house, and agreed to board him till he should get a remittance from his friends. After waiting some time longer, and finding no hope of seeing Count de Vergennes, he determined on returning to America.

He had actually packed up his light wardrobe, and was preparing to embark, when, in the afternoon, he received letters announcing the Declaration of Independence by Congress, and the action of General Arnold on Lake Champlain with the British fleet. Within two hours after, he received a card from Count de Vergennes requesting his company immediately on business of importance. Mr. Deane, being exceedingly chagrined with the treatment he had received, refused to go. The next morning, just as he had got up from bed, the *Sieur Gerard* called upon him from the Count de Vergennes, insisting on his calling and breakfasting with him. He again refused; but on Mr. Gerard pressing it with warmth, he agreed to go. When he arrived at the Count's, he was received as an old acquaintance, and treated with as much familiarity and friendship as if there had been a long acquaintance between them. A long conversation took place on the American contest, when Mr. Deane acquainted him with his mission and his wants. The Count made the most positive declinations of doing anything to promote the disaffection of her colonies with

Great Britain; that France should support her faith with her good ally, Great Britain, and could not hearken to any proposition inconsistent with her treaty with that power. And so they parted, with some assurances, however, that his personal wants should be supplied.

The next morning, a man under the name of Mons. Beaumarchais (whom Mr. Deane considered as sent by Count de Vergennes) called upon him, and told him that he had heard that he (Mr. Deane) was a Bermudian merchant, and that he was desirous of contracting with some person for a quantity of merchandise; that he (Beaumarchais) had been a courtier, and had been banished on some affront given at Court; that, lately, he had permission to return; that he was just entering into mercantile speculations, and, if they could agree, he should be glad to serve him. Mr. Deane took the hint, told him that he wanted warlike stores, from a flint to a thirty-six pound great gun; that he could only purchase on a long credit, to be paid in instalments; and that he must also be supplied with a vessel or vessels to carry them to America. Beaumarchais answered that it would take a long time to manufacture so large a demand. Deane said they must be provided immediately, as his wants admitted of no delay. He replied that he was acquainted with the *king's armorer*, and perhaps he might be prevailed upon to lend him what was wanted, and he would restore them as they were manufactured. In fine, an old frigate was immediately laden with everything that was wanted. But just before she was ready to sail the British minister found it out, and made a spirited memorial to the king. A violent proclamation was the consequence, threatening death and destruction to all concerned in so wicked an attempt, and ordering the frigate to be immediately unloaded. She was accordingly unloaded in the day, and the loading put on board three merchantmen at night; and they sailed in a few days, two of them arriving safe in America, to the great relief of the American army. All this was a profound secret, but was well understood by Congress to be a present from the King of France, but could not be entered on their minutes. After this, the famous Thomas Paine, being then secretary to the Secret Committee, and under oath of secrecy, or some writer in the public papers, divulged the whole business in one of his publications. This brought the French minister forward by a warm memorial to Congress, who found themselves obliged to deny the King of France having anything to do with the transaction, declaring it to have been a common mercantile contract with Beaumarchais. He or his heirs have since taken advantage of this acknowledgment, and have called on Congress to pay the whole purchase-money, with interest.



## STRONGER THAN DEATH.

## CHAP. III.

Monday came: on Tuesday our party was to break up. Twelve months at least must pass before I could hope to see Edith Lyne again, for she was to be quite that time away on the continent. I longed to talk to Edith about myself, my hopes of success, my plans for the future.

Frank announced, as we sat at breakfast, his purpose of riding over to the next town for the day.

"There is nothing in the world I hate half as much," he said, "as a house turned upside down by packing."

My picture was finished, but I made it an excuse for staying at home. I loitered about, impatiently enough, half the day, hoping for some chance of seeing Edith. In vain. Mrs. Fairbank was in her room, unfitted by nervous headache for any exertion. The task of superintending the preparations, and lending a helping hand, fell entirely on her niece. Still, some time or other, it must surely come to an end. I wrote directions, and helped Grey officiously with the boxes down from the landing into the hell. Trunk after trunk, package after package, it seemed as if the last would never come. This diversion to my restlessness coming to an end somewhat late in the afternoon, I went into the sitting-room and took up a book, almost without knowing that I did so. In a few minutes she came in.

"I want to put up the last number of Bentley," she said; "I fancy we left it here."

"Let me look for it." I sprang up, and began hunting about the room.

"Why, Mr. Margesson!" cried Edith, with some astonishment, after two or three minutes of unsuccessful search; "surely—yes, it is; you are holding it in your hand!"

There it certainly was, turned upside down, just as I had held it before my face on her entrance. I looked rather foolish, tried to laugh and apologise for my stupidity.

She was going away with the book, when I spoke: it was my last chance.

"Shall you be too tired, Miss Lyne, for one more walk; just to say good-bye to the cliffs?"

She stood hesitating, her hand on the door. "She is going to refuse," I thought, in an agony.

"If I can find time," she said, after a pause, "there is nothing I should enjoy more, after all this packing."

To my great delight, in about half-an-hour she reappeared with her bonnet on.

The cliffs at this point, where the Dorset joins the Devon coast, are not, as is the fashion of cliffs in general, hard and cruel to pedestrians. They neither cut your feet with flint stones, nor put out your eyes with eternal chalk, or red and yellow sand-stone. On the contrary, these were imagined by nature in the most generous and happiest of her moods. She has carpeted them

with grass, with thyme, and elastic moss; she has planted thickets as shelter to rare ferns, and support to the tangled masses of woodbine and clamatis, through which the foxglove stands up boldly for light and air; she has made a labyrinth of green pathways, and set up knolls and mounds in plenty as resting-places, where you may dream at your will, with the sea stretched out below you, and its music in your ears.

Straight across the cliffs, at some distance from the town of Lymrex, a wall has been thrown. Here, for a long way, they are enclosed. A narrow pathway is left, which ends in an outlet down to the beach. Beyond this point the cliffs are again open; the shore is wild and solitary. A touching story is connected with "Smuggler's Point," as it is called. Very, very many years back, a woman waited there for her husband all through two stormy nights and days. He was a sailor; had been summoned to his ship when their honeymoon was only just passed. The time for his return was close at hand, when his wife dreamed three nights running that he came and bade her watch at Smuggler's Point; for there he should land. The story runs that she believed the vision, and obeyed it; though every means, even force, was tried by her friends to keep her from the spot. At the dawn of the third day, as if some cruel demon mocked the vigil of love, a corpse, lashed to a piece of wreck, was thrown ashore at her feet. Thus she received her husband back, and thence his body was carried through the cliffs to the churchyard at Lymrex. The story grew old; it was well-nigh forgotten, when, a few years back, the Lord of the Manor claimed a right to build this wall across the cliffs, and make them strictly private. The towns-people resisted what they looked upon as an infringement on their privileges; records were examined, ancient precedents searched for a counter claim. On this occasion the old tale of that funeral passage was revived. Two or three eye-witnesses were still living; their testimony proved conclusive, and judgment was given that where that corpse had passed, it made a right of way for ever—a legacy to her native town, from that faithful heart, which then had been long at rest.

Down this pathway of the dead we went. I followed Edith—for it was too narrow to walk by her side—with a heavy, dreary feeling—the sense of that long absence from her, now so near at hand; sometimes I steadied her feet, as the stones slipped from them, or rescued her dress from brambles, which stretched out their long arms on either side.

At length, coming out on the sea-shore, we rested on a huge slab of rock, and watched the tide as it flowed in. Then I took courage to tell her of my life—hitherto so aimless, so miserably wasted; of my art, and my new hopes of excellence. Still I kept back the words which threatened, in spite of myself, to rush from my lips, and lay all my heart bare before her. If I could

hardly keep them down while I spoke, it was a hundred-fold more difficult as she replied. But I shut my lips resolutely; I drove the rebels back. She bade me hope for the future; she promised me success, and made my heart leap up by saying it would be her joy to witness it. One thought possessed me as I listened: "Here is my good angel at my side. O God! might she be ever there—through life—at death!"

"Give me a subject!" I cried; "only give me a subject; I could paint *that* better than anything else in the world!"

Her eye kindled. "Look up," she said; "look before us!" and she touched my arm lightly.

As, "with vision purged with euphrasy and rue," I turned from her fair face to that of nature. And a glorious scene it was! A magnificent sea ran high up on the beach, so that the rock where we sat was every now and then dashed with spray. The clouds, which had gathered heavily towards noon, were now breaking up and drifting off; while the western sun filled air, sea, and sky with an ineffable light: rock, cliff, and promontory—all stood transfigured in that fervid, passionate glow. Nor was a touch of life wanting—homely, even rude in itself, but it harmonised well with the whole scene. In the foreground to the right, the sturdy Devon coast-men were piling up huge masses of stone into a wagon, drawn by powerful horses. And over all, the strong sea, lifting up its voice, said to my heart: "*laborare est orare! laborare est orare!*" and my soul answered with a vow that my work should be no less than worship.

We watched in silence as the picture slowly changed. That intense light died away, save where it quivered on the topmost crag, or burnt on the distant horizon. The sea hushed its great unrest; rose-coloured clouds came floating up into a softer blue, and all the tender influences of evening gathered round us.

As Edith rose to return, I began some indifferent remark; but the strife was useless, those words must come, they would not be gained.

"One thing I have kept back till now," I said abruptly, trying hard to keep my voice steady as I spoke. "I would still, but my love is stronger than my will, Edith!" and I took her hand. "All my work must be built on *one* hope; without that, success is worthless. Tell me at once: is that hope vain?"

This appeal, so suddenly made, startled her. Only for one moment before they fell did those true eyes meet mine. I saw her heart speak for me. All the woman flushed up in her face. I caught her in my arms: that dream had come to pass!

"Oh! Edith, Edith!" I said at last; "and all this time I have tormented myself, thinking you indifferent, cold—a thousand unjust things I have thought. Forgive me, dearest: tell me how it really was?"

"I dared not love," she replied. "How

could I tell you cared for me? but it has seemed as if I never could love any one else."

Oh! how often the memory of that answer was to come like music on my solitude!

In the midst of that great joy a fear crept: "What if I should fail?" I whispered. "If I should never earn a right to ask your hand of Frank?"

Edith raised her head from my shoulder; she looked straight into my eyes.

"You will; I feel you will," she said; "but you shall not be measured by your success. Only work patiently, that will satisfy me, and *shall* satisfy my friends."

I began to plead for a correspondence, but to this she would not consent while her brother was ignorant of what had passed. I felt she was right; of course it was quite out of the question to ask his sanction of any engagement between his sister and me at present.

"Let us wait patiently," she said, with her beautiful smile; "I trust to you; you may trust to me. I am glad," she added, blushing and hiding her face again on my shoulder, as she called me by my Christian name, "I am *so* glad that we have known each other's mind before this long separation."

Up that pathway of the dead we two came back together. Not at all too narrow now for me to walk by her side. I held her hand in mine; I supported her on the slippery stones. Oh! with what joy I whispered to her that this was an earnest and a token of our way through life!

Only for one minute I saw Edith alone next morning before they left, though I tried hard for a chance of a longer meeting, and I thought she tried to give me one. However, that minute sufficed for her to draw a ring from her finger and put it on mine.

"It was my mother's," she said; "I know you will not disappoint me."

So they left me. I took lodgings at Lymrex, and stayed there till the spring, working with all my might. Frank sent me one letter from Paris: it was full of Edith's delight at her birthday present. I tried hard to entrap him into a correspondence; but he never wrote a letter if he could help it, and after writing a good many times and getting no reply, I had to give up the attempt from sheer ignorance of his address.

However, I found plenty to take up my time and thoughts. The days went as if they had found wings. That picture on which I was working must find a place in the Royal Academy. I had sent half-a-dozen there in different years; of these, two had been in the Exhibition; the other four came back to me decorated with that white cross at the back which we painters do *not* rejoice in as the badge of the Legion of Honour.

On this occasion I never gave way to despondency; I felt inspired to achieve success. I laboured as those did in ancient time, who, in lofty tower and cathedral dome, built up their noble thoughts of Faith and Love—as those old religious painters, whose visions changed to life upon their canvasses. How infinitely far my work



fell below such, I knew as well as any one could tell me; but my aim, my spirit was akin to theirs. And thus my picture slowly grew into life.

That black shadow on the waters had darkened the painter's soul; his fears drifted away with those slow receding masses of sullen cloud. The western sunshine, which clothed peak and crag with glory, while falling on the distant billows, touched those specks of sail on the horizon, and, lo! they shone as wings of heavenly messengers. Ah! what did not *that* interpret? Had I not imagined it well upon the canvass? With *my* endeavour those strong horses dragged their burden; *my* strength and sinews nerved those men who piled up the huge stones on the beach. Many, standing before that painting, have said they could almost hear the voice of those breakers on the rocky shore. It was the echo of the legend they had rung in my ears: *Laborare est orare!* Truly my work had been worship—"worship" in that fine old sense which the church gives the word when she puts it into our mouths in the marriage service.

At last came May, and with it the Exhibition of the Royal Academy. I knew my painting had been accepted, and well hung, and that was all. On the day itself, though connoisseurs lingered by it, and more than one purchaser offered a price far beyond any hopes I had indulged, I lay unconscious of success. Not mine was the triumph: it was claimed by the fever which had swooped down on its victim, and held me, burning and panting, in its deadly grasp. Three weeks of pain and delirium passed; they left me, the fever gone, but sick and faint even unto death. My strength—no doubt it had been overtaken—was utterly gone. I felt powerless to rally, even to wish for life. Only one desire possessed me: it was to see Edith, tell her how I had done my best, and then—die. With great exertion I wrote her a few lines, under cover to Frank. I had my letter sent to Mrs. Fairbank, who had remained in England, with a request that she would post it to Frank's address.

With what strange vividness early recollections come to a sick man! I recall one which haunted me as I lay there, my life ebbing out day by day—a fine old German engraving which used to hang in my mother's room; a lady bent over a knight armed *cap-à-pie*, who was expiring at her feet. Underneath stood these words: "*Num mag ich sterben; ich habe gelebt.*" The dying glance of the warrior; the mournful look on the sweet serious German face bent over him, struck my childish fancy. My first work of art—at seven years old—was an attempt to copy that picture. My mother—that mother too early lost—used to sing one little song about it. Egbert was a brave knight, Brenhilda a beautiful lady. They were betrothed, but before the wedding-day he would perform some great exploit in her honour. He won much glory; but returned to his lady-love only to die. Still Brenhilda must take comfort, he told her; had he not fought and conquered?—that was life; it was no grief to die, the battle bravely won.

And I—had I not done my devoir like the

good knight Egbert? only I too must say to herself that I could die, because I had lived, through her, that real life I had never known before. Oh! might this breath but hold till her return! Might I once see her, and then close my eyes for ever!

My kind friend, Dr. Allen, came to see me early; he looked grave, evidently he thought me sinking.

Oh! how hard I found it to die that day Mrs. Fairbank had written word that she had forwarded my letter to Frank, at Lucca; and I had calculated, with the most minute accuracy, the hour, nay, the minute, when I might hope to see Edith; for I knew she would come as soon as she read my letter. Alas! some days must still pass before she could be at my bedside—then she must stand by my grave!

It was of no avail: the strife to live only a few hours longer was powerless; the time had come, I must die. I read this in Dr. Allen's face, guarded though the expression was; more openly in the real sorrow of my good-hearted landlady, and in the mock tears the nurse squeezed out of her eye, wiping them on a handkerchief of mine she had appropriated—she knew it would be her lawful prey in a few hours. This roused me to a last effort; I remembered Edith's ring upon my finger; *that* should not fall into her clutches. As I best could, I told Dr. Allen; I begged him to promise not to leave me till all was over, then to take the ring himself from my hand, and return it to Edith.

He caught at my words. "Would you not like to see her?" he whispered. "Where does she live? I will go for her myself."

For answer I gave him Mrs. Fairbank's note. He looked at it and said no more.

As that day of death wore on, I felt myself being removed, carried away, as it were, from this world. The forms of those about my bed grew indistinct; a wide and increasing distance seemed to lie between me and them. The light appeared far off, uncertain, as to a man lying in the depths of a cavern a few rays might show from some distant outlet. Duller, still more muffled, grew the voices in the room—another hour, I heard them no longer. There was a surging in my ears—the billows of that untried ocean to which the spirit was drifting fast. The last syncope had come on; from life and the living I had already departed.

How long I remained in this unconscious state I know not. Who can ever tell how long he lies, utterly exhausted, at that portal before it closes upon him? On a sudden I perceived in myself a dreamy fluttering consciousness; there was a slight stir about me; some presence was there, before whom my heart, resigned to be for ever silent, faintly beat again. I tried to open my eyes; the lids seemed leaden, they would not stir. My ears took feebly in the words: "Dearest, for my sake, try."

I knew whose hand held the cordial to my lips. I swallowed a few drops, with an agonising effort; again and once more it was repeated. A few minutes' rest, and I could just open those

heavy eyes. A natural feeling had taught the others to withdraw from the bed. Edith alone knelt by me.

"Let me die now, for I have lived"——

I tried hard to say it, but so much was denied me. "Let me die now," was all I could bring out, in a hollow murmur; only the ear of love would have caught the words.

"You must not die," she whispered; "live for me."

Dr. Allen came to the bedside.

"He must not try to speak. Raise his head slightly, my dear young lady. Not you, nurse," as she bustled forward officiously. "Go down and make us some beef tea; it must be as strong as possible. Can he take a little more? Ah! this is better than we could hope. There, that must do for the present. Try to sleep now, my dear Margesson, it will do you good; you will feel better when you wake."

I did sleep, while that dear hand held mine. It was broad daylight, all the shadows gone, next morning when I woke. The kind old doctor felt my pulse and smiled.

"Come," he said, "you will live and be strong again; only no talking at present remember."

My eyes, following Edith as she went to the dressing-table for the medicine, fell on a good omen of my recovery: nurse had thought fit to restore my pocket-handkerchief.

Here my story is at an end. I know not if others will find interest in it; for myself, I have written out of the fulness of my heart: it is the dearest memory there!

It was some time before I was able to see Frank, for my recovery was very slow at first. When I did see him, he told me they had not received my letter.

"I saw your name in a stray newspaper," he said. "There was a good deal about your picture at the Academy. They praised it in fine style: original—first-rate—masterly, all that sort of thing. Well, I put the paper in my pocket to read to Edith; I knew it would please her, and she understands more about these matters than I do, you know. Unluckily, I forgot it for a day or two; but I felt the paper in my pocket just as I was going out one morning, took it back, and read it to her. At the end of all I stumbled on a paragraph that said you were dangerously ill—in fact, hinted pretty plainly that you might never touch brush again. I was grieved, shocked; but I little thought how she would take it. I never saw such a look on her face as I saw then. She told me all, everything." And here Frank pressed my hand. "Any one else would have gone off into a fainting fit, or no end of hysterics, with half what she felt. She managed things better; she arranged everything so that in two-hours' time we were on the way for England, as fast as post-horses could take us. Dr. Allen says she was just in time to rouse you; save your life, in fact. Thank God it was so!"

My "amen" was fervent.

Edith and I were married as soon as I could leave my room; then we travelled by easy stages

down to Lymrex, where we spent the week of my happy convalescence.

Let no critic blame henceforward, as critics have blamed me, that I too frequently choose the subject of my paintings from this neighbourhood. In the splendours of that sea and sky, of rock and royal crag, I find an inspiration awakened nowhere else. These, one and all, were witnesses to the dawn of an affection destined to make me happy through long years. Love, before whose light the Shadow vanished from the couch where he had taken his stand; flying from a Presence even more mighty than his own—a love most potent as most sweet, most dear, as life itself—"Stronger than Death!"

## G R A V E S .

In the world's great field of burial  
There are graves of love,  
Tales of angels, records telling  
Of the souls above.

There our little birds are lying  
Underneath the flowers—  
Bonnie birds, whose nests were folded  
In these hearts of ours.

There they lie, who faded from us,  
And so calmly died,  
That we scarcely felt their angels  
Standing by our side.

There the spring of laughing boyhood  
Sleeps with manhood's prime;  
There they lie, whose brows were whitened  
With the snows of time.

And they died, and passed, in silence,  
To the souls above,  
Leaving in the fields of burial  
Monuments of Love.

In the world's great field of burial  
There are graves unknown,  
Graves unheeded and untokened  
By a flower or stone.

There they lie, who walked the highways  
Of this world in pain,  
Hero-hearts, perchance, that fainted  
Under serfdom's chain.

In the world's great field of burial,  
There are graves of fame,  
Graves of men, who lived, and doing,  
Left the world a name;

Men who walked, beneath the banners  
Of a mighty love,  
Brows encircled with the glory  
Of the saints above.

Soldiers, 'neath whose mailed right hand,  
Evil crouched in fear;  
Singers, chanting hymns that angels  
Might have stooped to hear.

In the world's great field of burial,  
With a care-worn face,  
Time for our heart-joys is digging  
Some new resting-place;

Lending household names a holier  
Mystery of love,  
Till the Earth-life grows a record  
Of the soul above.



## A VISIT TO NOTTINGHAM.

BY MARY EYRE.

"Come and see us: change of air and scene will do you good; and we will show you all that is worth seeing in Nottingham," wrote some old friends to me. The invitation came when I was out of spirits and out of health, and pining for a little variety to break the monotony of a student's life, I eagerly accepted it.

I went to visit old friends: so far I expected pleasure. I had, moreover, a wish to see the old town so often mentioned by Lucy Hutchinson in her delightful "Memoirs;" and which held such fierce contests with its Cavalier neighbour, Newark. It is strange how, to this day, hereditary predilections maintain their sway in families. Once upon a time I used to read aloud in the evenings to an old uncle, and I generally chose the book for our evening readings; but, when one night I commenced Mrs. Hutchinson's "Memoirs," I was stopped with, "Nay! I can't listen to that; I believe she was a very good woman; I know the book is well spoken of by critics; but Colonel Hutchinson fought against Charles the First, and one does not like to hear of him."

I, however, although a descendant of one of his chief opponents, had a wish to see the old town she has rendered famous by her memoir of the noble and excellent man who long commanded it.

It has many other poetical and historical associations too. Who does not know that it was the birth-place of Kirke White? and remember that Newstead and Annesly are within a short distance of it? or forgets Sherwood Forest and Robin Hood?

There is always a peculiar pleasure in treading on the ground where noble deeds have been performed; or where those, whose genius has shed a glory over English literature, passed a part of their lives; and thus Nottingham had many sources of interest for me, ugly, flat, and dull as I expected it to be. I believe it was Moore who had prepared me to fancy the country about it so unattractive; for in a note on that well-known passage in "The Dream," beginning

"I saw two beings in the hues of youth  
Standing upon a hill, a gentle hill,  
Green, and of mild declivity"—

he says, "The picture which Lord Byron has here drawn of his youthful love shows how genius can elevate the realities of this life, and give to the commonest events and objects an undying lustre. The old Hall at Annesly, under the name of the 'Antique Oratory,' will long call up to fancy 'the maiden and the

youth' who once stood in it; while the image of the lover's steed, though suggested by the *unromantic race-ground of Nottingham*, will not the less conduce to the general charm of the scene, and share a portion of that light which genius only could shed over it."

However, the poet, with true poetic-feeling, selected a most beautiful site for the scene of his poem. The Nottingham race-course lies in a very lovely and diversified country.

"There!" said my friend, with very natural exultation, "do you call that the *flat and unromantic race-ground of Nottingham*?"

We saw it from the new Church of England Cemetery, one of the most curious places I ever beheld.

The whole town of Nottingham stands upon a sand-stone hill—if stone it can be called. To the eye it has the appearance of hard, firm granite; take the point of a stick to it, and it crumbles away to coarse sand. But that there seem to be no remains of shells in it, and that it is so far inland, one would imagine it to be a vast deposit of sea-sand, it so exactly resembles that on the sea-shores.

During the depression of trade in Nottingham, in 1857-8, the poor were employed in excavating a sort of catacombs or caves, intended as places of sepulture. From time immemorial there had been large caves in the hill side, over-looking the race-course, of which the origin was uncertain; some maintaining they were mere excavations made by sand-diggers; others that they were, undoubtedly, burial-places as early as the time of the Ancient Britons, in support of which latter theory it was said a quantity of human and other bones had been found in them. The question remains open; but be it as it may, the new Church of England Cemetery is well worth a visit; and were it in some foreign land, people would travel hundreds of miles to view it. The hill side is honeycombed into a series of irregular-shaped caverns; some supported by rough natural pillars of sand-stone, others by blocks of wood. Many of the caves are newly-formed, in others the original ones have been made deeper and wider; and the effect of the whole, especially of the elder ones, whose sides are clothed with a minute, velvety green moss, and small grey-black lichen, that contrast harmoniously with the deep red sand, is very striking. One could fancy Shakspeare's three witches holding their sabbath in these gloomy vaults; or prosecuted Royalists sheltering there; anything, in short, except their being a Christian burial-ground. After you pass the first caves, you enter a long, winding, narrow passage,

open at top, to let in light and air, cut through the solid rock and sand. Water oozing from the side, in long continuous lines of slender drops, marks how full of springs the place is. On one side the pit was deep enough to have held twenty coffins, one upon the other. I look down, it was full of black-beetles—I should not like to be buried there. From this, through a long subterranean passage, we emerged on the upper part of the cemetery, nearer to Nottingham. I only noticed one grave-stone in the whole place. A lady, to whom I spoke of it, said, "It ought all to be levelled, and made into a proper burial-ground." I think that would be a pity; few towns can boast such weird, awe-inspiring places as these caverns. They would well repay an artist for a visit.

I went also to the general cemetery for all denominations of Christians. I like the practice of burying the dead among shrubs and flowers; but I do not like to see fruit trees growing among graves. I noticed a great many pear-trees in the Nottingham cemetery. There was something very touching in the innumerable little statuettes of angels or infant Samuels, placed by the very poor over their children's graves, among the flowers. One small grave had its inmate's name and age stitched on to a piece of leather, *in buttons*, and pegged down flat on the grave. It brought tears to my eyes, as I thought of the poor button-makers thus endeavouring to perpetuate the memory of their child, and how many tears had probably fallen while the buttons were sewing on, that composed that humble epitaph.

Beyond the Cemetery lies the Arboretum. When it was maintained by public subscription, and only open to the public in general two days in the week, it was, they tell me, a very pleasant place of recreation to both high and low in Nottingham. Then there were *fêtes* there, and concerts, and flower shows, and I know not what gay doings; but King Mob got in, and a revolution came, and he said it was *his property*, and he should have it. So he had, and it was thrown open to all the world, and is now chiefly the resort of children, who seem vastly to enjoy rolling down its grassy slopes—an exercise which is peculiarly beneficial to the figure, but not to the garments; and nurse-girls with perambulators full of babies: and King Mob wishes he had let well alone.

From the Arboretum, Nottingham, with its many-gabled red-brick houses, princely factories, and churches, looks very well; and the view will be still more beautiful when the trees planted in the field opposite grow up. Indeed, the chief defect of the scenery all around is a want of fine timber. One could fancy that, as abroad, it had all been cut down in the revolutionary days, and not had time to grow up again.

We went one day to Hucknall, and into the little church where George Gordon Lord Byron is buried in the chancel, in the vault of some of his progenitors. There was but one monument to the Byron family, that of a remote ancestor; and there seemed nothing else to connect him

with the place. Surely, either Harrow churchyard or the old burial-ground at Newstead Abbey would have been a fitter resting-place. Strange feelings came over me, as I stood with my feet upon the grave of him "who made the wide earth echo with his song," and who was dust and ashes now. A plain white marble slab, erected to his memory by his sister, the Hon. Augusta Leigh, on the wall above, marks out the spot where he lies. It is well-known that his corpse was refused interment in Westminster Abbey; there was something as mournful about his burial as his life—rejected, alike in life and death, from those among whom he ought to be. It was a natural yearning which made him desire to be buried in England, yet I could not but think his grave should have been in that Greece for which he sacrificed his life; not here, in this little village church, among distant ancestors.

The road from Nottingham to Hucknall lies through part of the famous Sherwood Forest. Alas! there is no forest now, scarcely a few trees. I wished I could see it, for a few minutes, as it was in Robin Hood's time.

"I suspect," said my friend, "you would soon wish yourself back again in the present time, and to have it all as it is now."

The Nottingham folk are not a little proud of Kirke White; and a very staring likeness of him is just stuck up over the house where he was born—perhaps only a device of the present proprietors to attract custom to his shop. We called, one Sunday, on an old gentleman who had been his schoolfellow and intimate friend in boyhood. He spoke of him as "*rather a dull bird* then, chiefly distinguished by his eager love of play, and showing no signs of the talent he afterwards evinced, and, therefore, no favourite with his masters."

Thence the conversation turned on Anglo-Saxon, and Mr. I— shewed his brother-in-law Dr. Bosworth's magnificent edition of King Alfred's Works, and the Anglo-Saxon dictionary, which was the result of seven years' close labour.

We crossed the ferry one day to Wilford, and went towards "Clifton Grove," the scene of one of Kirke White's longest poems. I was not strong enough to walk there and back, and we were to have had a fly and gone there some future day; but, alas! the weather changed, and Clifton Grove remained unseen, and I had to console myself by remembering Wordsworth's poem:

"Be Yarrow's stream unseen, unknown:  
It must, or we shall rue it;  
We have a vision of our own,  
Why, why should we undo it?"

The Cliftons are an ancient Nottinghamshire family, but not very memorable for their virtues. One of them is given by Gwillim, in his "Display of Heraldry," as an example "how a man shall quarter the arms of seven wives."

The rich alluvial meadows on each side the Trent are alone a curiosity worth going to Not-



tingham to see. In the early spring and autumn they are one sheet of brilliant lilac, being covered with the purple crocus flowers. This year they flowered three weeks earlier than usual, and I did not see them. The species is not the meadow saffron, but the common spring crocus.

The town of Nottingham cresting the hill side, the steep precipitous rock on which the Castle stands, and the meadow-lands below, through which wind the Trent and Lene, and a canal, look very beautiful from the trees behind the little village of Wilford; where there is a lovely shady walk along the side of the Trent, leading towards Clifton Grove, that reminded me of the pleasant New Walk beside the Ouse at York.

The castle itself, being a square modern erection on the site of the old one, does not look well from a distance; and I was surprised, on ascending to it, to find it really had been a very handsome house of palatial dimensions, with a splendid façade. It also is a ruin, having been burnt down by rioters in 1831, and the outer shell only remains. The view from the terrace or platform on which it stands is very fine. It was what painters call "a grey day," with occasional glimpses of bright sunshine breaking out, and resting lovingly upon the green meadows, through which wound the silver Trent, and on the citizens' gardens below. The air was sweet with self-sown wall-flowers. I leaned over the parapet and looked down, and the side of the rock was golden with their flowers. Close underneath, skirting the little Lene and the canal, are hundreds of small enclosures, called the Fish-pond Gardens, because they occupy the site of the old castle's fish-ponds. Here, they tell me, the citizens of Nottingham delight to resort in family parties to take tea, and the men to smoke and read the newspaper afterwards in their arbour. The copse of trees that partially clothes the castle-hill is thickly overgrown beneath with wild angelica; and its bright glossy green leaves and umbels are very beautiful. Candied angelica-stalks figure greatly in old receipt books; and probably these plants, which now literally cover the hill-side on these parts, are the offspring of some set there when few vegetables were known in England. As I was gathering some specimens, the gate-keeper came up and advised us to go down "Mortimer's Hole," and we went winding through a cavernous passage cut in the sand-stone rock, and which anciently emerged in the town below. It was by this secret way that, in 1330, Edward III. and some faithful followers ascended by night from Nottingham into the castle, and seizing the guilty Mortimer, in spite of the queen's cries and entreaties that they would "spare the gentil Mortimer," bore him off, and brought him some days after to trial and execution for his share in countenancing or commanding the cruel murder of Edward II. so richly deserved. The glimpses of the surrounding scenery, where the sandy wall of this subterranean passage has broken in, or where

artificial openings have been made to admit light and air, are very lovely; and "Mortimer's Hole" was well worth seeing, even though I did fall in scrambling down, to the great entertainment, not only of my own party, but of a merry troop of young people who came fearlessly running down the loose shifting sand of its steep declivity.

I often wish I was a painter. What a grand subject for an historical painting the emerging of the armed king and his adherents from the dark depths of this subterranean passage, lit up only by the glare of their torches, into the very heart of the castle, startling and scaring the terrified inmates who might be near its unsuspected entrance, would be!

The gate-keeper told us there were a great many similar passages, extending from the castle far beyond the town, to the meadows; but they were all closed now. Mortimer's Hole has recently been excavated afresh, as the sand had fallen in and made it impassable. There were many curious caves in the rock also, which are now partially destroyed.

I had heard and read so much of the distress among the stocking-weavers that I was glad to see the air of well-to-do-ishness that prevails in the town. I was visiting in a medical man's family. He had a dispensary, and consequently saw a good deal of the actual condition of the poor. He told me that, except temporarily, in consequence of depression in trade, there was not much poverty in Nottingham. Individual cases of distress there must always be, in populous towns; but on the whole, the people had sufficient work and good wages. The clergyman of a neighbouring village said his parishioners were chiefly stocking or cotton glove-makers. He never could get to know their precise wages, though he had lived among them all his life; but they lived well, always had meat for dinner, and were well dressed, except when some great commercial distress came. Even young children earned two or three shillings a week by stocking wetting, or sewing up gloves; so that, taking a man, his wife, and their children's earnings together, each family of from four to five persons earned about a guinea or twenty-five shillings a week. Every one I questioned told me the same tale; and the general healthy, well-fed appearance, and decent clothing of the children and working people I met in the streets, corroborated the report. We went to see some of the poorest of the doctor's patients. In one house the married sister had recently died of consumption, and a little girl of thirteen had to wash, and cook, and mend, and do all for father, brother-in-law, and two big brothers. They were all very poor, and on Christmas-day "*clammed*,"\* "except some tea at night." But even here there was a clean, tidily-furnished cottage, and a large bright fire burning in the grate. Coals are cheap in these inland counties, and the working-classes are spared one terrible item in the sufferings of our

\* To "*clam*" is a local word signifying to starve.

metropolitan poor. Now father and brothers were in work, and the little girl could earn three shillings a week by wetting stockings; and my friend had nearly new clothed her, so they were comparatively well-off again. Next we mounted up a winding rickety stairs, to a miserable garret, and here we saw wretchedness enough. The family consisted of the man, his wife, two boys—mere boys—and a little girl about six. The parish allows them two shillings a week, and they eke it out as they can. They were rightly named "*Pyne*." The wife was evidently dying of dropsy; but anything so utterly emaciated, famine-struck, and broken down, as the man, I never saw, even in London, except once, and those two poor wretched beings were stockingers on the tramp. He *whispered* to me, for he could not speak, his windpipe having been slit for a quinsy some years ago, "that he was no longer able to work at his trade." His present occupation was sewing blond edging on to net: he could do twelve dozen yards a day, for which he received threepence a dozen, finding his own thread; but so much of this work was done by machinery that he was rarely employed. He was obliged *always to stand at work*, which brought on pain in the side. The furniture of the one garret consisted of a low bedstead, without head or curtains, and scarcely any bed or bedding, a tiny three-legged deal table, two or three rickety broken chairs, a saucepan, kettle, and a few dilapidated plates, tea-cups, and saucers. How the man's clothes hung on him was a marvel, they were so thread-bare, darned, and patched; yet both he and his wife were as clean as they could be amid such poverty. The poor woman apologised for the untidiness of her room with gasping breath; she could not do much at cleaning now, and her husband was working hard to gain a trifle; none of their three children were able to earn anything. Considering all this, I wondered it was so clean. My friend gave them some small present help, and promised more, and put on the table a few apples she had brought with her for a poor sick woman, who having changed her residence, we could not find. Soon after, a rosy, healthy little girl about six—*Pyne's* youngest child—ran in, and stealing up to the table, took one of the apples, and having munched it, was stretching out her hand for another:

"Eh," said her mother, "ye mustn't do a soa; whare's yer manners when the laady's here?"

But the reproof was so gently given, one could see the child was the household pet, the *one comfort* the poor parents had. She at least had never *clammed*, whatever they had done. The gaunt, famine-stricken father laid down his long needle for an instant, and selecting the largest and best apple from the table, gave it to her, while a smile of ineffable love lit up for a moment that pale, care-worn, sunken face into absolute beauty. Extraordinary is the power the soul possesses of casting a dim shadow of its own heaven-born glory over the frail, wretched, dying tenements it inhabits. For an instant that poor man's face was that of an angel. It was evi-

dent nothing my friend had said or done had given him so much pleasure as those few apples—they enabled him to bestow a treat on his child.

I wished to see some of the manufactories in Nottingham. Various things rendered this impossible; but we asked and obtained leave to go over Mr. Adam's lace warehouses, one of the largest establishments in the town. Here we were courteously requested to enter our names in the visitors' book, and then a youth was sent round to show and explain everything to us.

We first went through the sale rooms, where the counters were covered with laces of every description, both black and white, from the narrowest edging to broad lace flouncing; and I marvelled at the richness and delicacy of their patterns, and their extreme low price. Flounces, that in London would have been ten or twelve shillings the yard, was here to be purchased for three or four. On tiers of shelves all round the room were web nets and blondes of every description, and graceful-patterned Nottingham lace curtains were festooned here and there between the shelves and counters, while, from drawers in the latter, our guide exhibited to us cards of costly foreign laces, for Mr. Adams buys largely in the foreign markets.

Mr. Adams is not a manufacturer, but purchases lace as it comes from the looms, unbleached, having undergone no process but the curious one termed "*gaping*," *i.e.* being rapidly passed through a flame of gas to burn off the fibres. After bleaching and stiffening it is folded smooth, and put under hydraulic presses. What is termed "*quilling net*" is woven in wide pieces, divided into the requisite dimensions by stripes that are thinner than the rest of the web; it is then torn by the hand into the requisite width. The most delicate blond undergoes this tearing process. We went through room after room where girls were dividing net thus, and folding it on to cards, or sewing blond edging to it by the aid of sewing machines, or repairing flaws in web nets and curtains. In one, a boy was cutting out caps, a dozen or two at a time, from tin patterns; and in the next, twenty or thirty girls were employed in making them up. One girl told us she could make two dozen a day.\* Web net is made of immense width, and, after bleaching, stiffening, and pressing, *cut* to the required size. The cutting requires strength, and is performed by men.

The rapidity and precision with which all these various operations are performed is something marvellous. From constant practice, the hands of both men and women move with the unflagging regularity of machines. I asked one of the girls what wages she earned, but got no answer; however, all whom I saw, except one sickly-looking child employed in mending unbleached net, looked so well-dressed and cheer-

\* No exaggeration, to judge from her nearly completing a cap during the very few minutes we stood looking at her work.



ful, that there could be no distress among the hands.

Lastly, we saw a neat little chapel, where all the work-people are expected to attend prayers at eight o'clock every morning; and then having seen every thing, our obliging guide directed us to place ourselves on what I believe is technically termed "the lift"—a square piece of flooring, which is hoisted up and down from storey to storey by machinery, and saves the workpeople the labour of ascent and descent; and not without a little nervous trepidation, and tight clutching of the suspending ropes, we obeyed, and found ourselves on the ground-floor. Here our guide showed us a warehouse full of unbleached net and lace of all kinds, the very finest blond resembling more the well-known lace bark, than the dainty fabric in which our belles delight to array themselves; and having thanked our civil young conductor, we returned home.

I went to most of the churches in Nottingham. St. Mary's is a magnificent old church, but its dilapidated state reflects no credit on Nottingham. It consists of a clere-storied nave, divided by massive stone pillars from two side aisles, and from the centre rises a large square tower. The windows in the aisles, and at the east end, are so large as to give the building a singularly light appearance. A stone gallery over the entrance door facing the altar has also a glass screen, dividing it from the ante-church, which is a very fine one. Were this church properly repaired, and its beautiful windows again filled with painted glass, as before the spoliation in Cromwell's time, or perhaps even earlier, in Henry VIII., St. Mary's would be the *pride*, as it is now the *shame* of the people of Nottingham, who, not long ago, even wished to pull it down, rather than incur expense in repairing it.

It is not gratifying to members of the Church of England to contrast the dilapidated state of St. Mary's with the beauty and magnificence of the Roman-Catholic cathedral. I am not sure cathedral is the right term, but the splendour of its decorations and its graceful architecture warrant it. It is most gorgeously adorned with painting and gilding, reminding me involuntarily, differing as it did in structure, of St. Denis, in Paris, and the Temple Church at home. One side of the chapel, entirely ornamented by an inhabitant of Nottingham, as a memorial of the late Earl of Shrewsbury, is said to have cost seven thousand pounds alone. The organ is also a very fine one; the organist comes down from London every week, and both the music and the service is very fine.

The Nottingham citizens, however, who are a very independent race, do not like church-rates, or anything that savours of compulsion, and would rather see every church in the place go to ruin, than make a rate for repairing them. Also, when it snows, they refuse to obey the police regulations enacting that every householder shall sweep away the snow from the pavement in front of his dwelling, alleging

that "it is an infringement on the liberty of the subject," and preferring the chance of falls and broken limbs.

I heard that in winter the town is subject to dense fogs, arising from the low grounds about the river; but, seeing it as I did, in the month of April, it struck me as a clean, bright, *foreign-looking* town, with its many churches, its handsome, palatial-like, red-brick warehouses, its quaint, steep, narrow winds and *impasses*, where gable towers above gable, and roof above roof, and cords full of clothes hanging athwart to to dry, after the manner of Prout's sketches; its Mechanics' Institute and Peoples' College, up-hill streets, and terraces. The same independence, however, which prevents the snow being swept away, spoils its uniformity; thus one-half of Regent-street is beautiful, with its Elizabethan houses of red brick, while the effect of the whole is marred by a large ugly house of quite another kind of architecture. Many of the houses skirting the park and castle, below what is called "The Terraces," are built in a kind of terraced Italian style, and are several storeys high, with richly ornamented red-brick walls that serve to support the crumbling sandstone on which they are erected, and have a good effect. The brick almost-triangular market-place, with its many-gabled houses, most of whose upper storeys project over the shops below, and are supported by pillars, and all blazoned with the owner's name and trade in huge golden letters that glitter in the sun—its "Long Row" overarching thus, where you may walk secure from rain on the wettest day; and the ascending steep street, closed by a church, which seems to form the apex of the triangle, and its busy cobble-paved market, had to me an eminently foreign aspect.

Then, twice a week, on Wednesdays and Saturdays, you may buy anything and everything, from furniture for a house, books and crockery, meat, fish, vegetables, and flowers; remnants of ribbon, artificial flowers, sunshades, caps, and bonnets, down to rusty iron and old shoes. On the curb-stone around, and in the adjacent streets, sit innumerable men and women with cages of poultry, live rabbits, pigeons, game, and gallinies, and baskets of all sorts of herbs and simples, all reminding me more of foreign lands than my own.

The Nottingham folk are as fond of herb medicines as the French; and their pharmacopœia seemed to me to include half the common plants indigenous to England. There were fir boughs, and broom-tops, and nettles, and dandelions, and coltsfoot, which, they assured me, made excellent wine—and so said the doctor, who had tasted it—and peppermint, and more things than I can call to mind or enumerate.

The people too, seem to me more lively and foreign in their habits than in most English towns. They are fond of amusement, and in summer resort to Clifton Grove, and other country places near, to dance; and in winter they have rooms for dancing in; and actors, lectures on amusing subjects, and public singers

meet a warm welcome. It is, too, an improving town: on every side building is going on; house rent is high, yet every dwelling is inhabited as soon as erected—an empty house or a “lodging to let” is a rare sight. There are schools of all sorts for the children, a handsome People’s College, and a School of Design, now held in an uninhabited old hall, but for which an appropriate building is to be erected on a site near the Arboretum.

I saw much that was worth seeing in Notting-ham, and was to have seen more; but weather,

and a death in my friends’ family defeated our plans; and I came away rather wondering that people should spend so much money in going to foreign lands, and seeing foreign cities, when there were so many of our own towns, and this for one, quite as well worth visiting. I quitted it on a bright, sunshiny day, with health and spirits renewed by change of scene and friendly intercourse; but before I left it, Mrs. Pyne came to the Doctor’s to ask for assistance: the poor man’s child lay dying.

## OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

### “WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?”

—  
 “As a skein, crossed and tangled, when the last knot is loosened slips suddenly free, so this long bewildering mystery now became clear as a commonplace.”—BULWER LYTTON.

—  
 We have just read (at rather a late period, it must be confessed) this last novel of *Peisistratos* Caxton. A novel four volumes long, in these days of multitudinous books, is a thing not to be undertaken on the spur of the moment. However much respect one may feel for the genius of Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, yet there are the daily papers to read, and the veracious statements of “own correspondents” to balance against each other; and there are the monthly magazines and the quarterly reviews. More than sufficient for the day are the journals thereof; more than sufficient for the month, the magazines; more than sufficient for the quarter, the quarterlies. Thus it happens that, when it becomes necessary to read a novel, one picks out a single-volume novel, with a less name on the title-page, in preference to the four tomes of *Peisistratos* Caxton; and the four tomes remain on the library table until their prolific author has probably half-written another immortal work.

Some remembrance of Gentleman Waife and Sophy, of Jasper Losely the *Strong Man*, and grim Arabella Crane, of Colonel Morley and the prodigious Darrel, we brought to our undertaking from the pages of Blackwood. Of the plot we had not the remotest idea. The serial form (bad at the best) is suicidal to that class of writing, at the head of which stands Bulwer Lytton. Thackeray and Dickens succeed mainly because they have *no* plot. Each monthly number, yellow or blue-green, presents its vivid pictures of character and life, amusing in themselves, apart from their connection with the number past and the number to come. Their

fiction is like moving panoramas, intended to be seen bit by bit, with a striking effect of sunset or moonlight or storm at regular intervals; while Bulwer’s are grand high-art pictures most elaborately arranged, and coloured with consummate learning of contrasts and harmonies and chiaro-scuro. “What will he do with it?” cut up into lengths for the pages of Blackwood is not unlike what one of poor Haydon’s pictures would be if divided into square feet.

However, the book, as a whole, retains no scars of the Blackwood dismemberment. The author has kept himself singularly guiltless of the melo-dramatic vices of the current number. We scarcely need the publisher’s advertisement to tell us that the “entire manuscript” was “ready for the press” long before the story was serially completed. The fact is, the monthly readers of Blackwood were not at all considered in the composition of the novel. It was written as a whole. Passages of dreary back-ground, regarding which we said, “*Peisistratos* is flagging;” passages of startling fore-ground, regarding which we said, “*Peisistratos* indited this after dinner,” now take their due places, and show in their due proportions. The picture was painted by successive washings and glazings, each part kept in uniform progression; not stippled in bit by bit. The consequence is that a work of art has been produced, very elaborate, very perfect of its kind. The question arises: Is this kind the right kind?

The speciality of the modern novel is that it professes to represent real every-day life. The characters and the incidents are such as we meet with continually in our intercourse with the world. The only departure from strictest realism is, that in the novel there is more compression, and more arrangement of character and incident than is to be found in ordinary life. Compressed into the orthodox time-before-marriage of the novel is a series of incidents, each incident probable enough by itself, but improbable in its addition to others, all of which happen to the same personages in the course of a few years. In like manner each character is



true enough in itself, but it is impossible that all these specific characters should be found together in the small section of society which the novel represents. There is the same improbability in the arrangement; incident dovetails into incident, character acts on character, with a precision never perceptible in real life.

Still, although their realism is thus only partial and relative, the novel-writers of this day do actually draw from nature. Their incidents, taken singly, are verisimilar; their characters, taken singly, are verisimilar. Their novels, it may be supposed, will take colour from their manner of seeing nature. At all events, there are two distinct classes of novels; the peculiarities of which are both deducible from different observation of every-day life. The one class makes incident or circumstance its chief point; the other, character. The one author starts with definite series of events, and thereto fits his characters; the other starts with a definite character, or characters, and thereto fits his incidents. In the working-out, the clever incident-maker will introduce true and striking characters, and the clever character-maker, skilfully-contrived incidents. But none the less for this, there is scarcely a modern novel which may not easily be attributed to one class or the other.

No better type of the incident-maker could be adduced than Bulwer Lytton; no better example of the incident-maker's manner of working than the book under consideration. The beauties and the defects of this class of writing are both fully instanced here. The unity of the plot is perfect, but it is so elaborated as to become unnatural. Many of the characters are mere abstractions; and some of those who have individuality are made to do things repugnant to them because the necessities of the plot so required it. Those who have read this book, and who have a little spare time on their hands, we would advise to analyze it, beginning at the last page of the fourth volume. They will find this process much more amusing than the first reading of the novel. The wires which move the puppets become visible, the mechanism of the mysteries displays itself. The Gordian knot, seen in the making, twist by twist, is discovered to be but a very easy slip-knot to those who know the trick of it. They will find occasion to admire many little artifices of construction which they did not perceive before.

The characters (which are of secondary and separate interest to the plot) are, for the most part, natural in inverse ratio to their consequence in the story. The sketch of Mrs. Lyndsay is really admirable, and Gabrielle Desmarets is a horror which manages to enfix itself on the imagination. As regards the contrast of the two schools of writing, comparison may be profitably made between Colonel Morley and the inimitable Major Pendennis; and, perhaps, between the little wandering Sophy of the first part and Dickens's Little Nell. The grand failure of the book is Darrell. We hope this

monster will not embitter the life of *Peisistratos*, as did another self-begotten monster that of Frankenstein. Pity would it be that the dreams of him who has dreamed such a pleasant, genial character as Gentleman Waife should be disturbed by this "granite" ghost.

In Jasper Losely, emphatically styled by the author "the Strong Man," we are glad to find a strong man not necessarily canonized by his strength. It is really comforting, by way of change, to light upon a handsome stalwart personage who is not "God-fearing." There is a moral pertaining to this reprobate, never so much needed as at the present time. The six-feet-two and salvation school has turned the heads of half the boys, whose trowsers are too short for them, and whose appetites are healthy. What will the next generation come to, if priests continue to preach up muscles and to preach down brains, and statesmen to indite "immortal truths" anent the futility of spelling, and the all-importance of gentleman-like demeanour?

It is rather difficult to determine the position which this book holds in relation to those which have preceded it. Most authors have a definite talent for one precise thing, which talent they continue to cultivate as long as they continue to write. We can tell exactly the amount of progression or retrogression in a given book. Sometimes the talent continues steadily to unfold itself to the last, growing in health and strength; sometimes it exhausts itself in sudden efflorescence, and thereafter fades away, dying out gradually. But of Bulwer Lytton nothing of this sort can be predicated. He has tried most things in the way of writing. When he has written two or three novels in one vein, and we we begin to say, "That talent of his is exhausted," he is sure to break new ground in his next, and we find a new talent unearthed which we never dreamed of his possessing. It has been said that it would have been better for his fame had he been content to pursue one course to the end. Such slow steadiness of aim is, however, simply impossible to his versatile genius. He does pursue each course, as far as he can trace it; but he meets with "no thoroughfares" where more patient men would begin to discover only the commencement of the road. He has never penetrated to the heart of any thing. He has travelled in as many different directions as Shakspeare or Goethe; but his horizon is of no great dimensions, and it does not widen before him as he approaches it. Shakspeare never conceived or stole such harmonious plots as his are; Goethe never attempted to pourtray so many diverse characters under so many diverse circumstances; but all his plots together are not worth one story moulded by the touch of Shakspeare, all his characters not worth one impersonation into which Goethe has breathed the breath of life.

The freshness and geniality of the "Caxtons" took people by surprise. Not a critic had ventured to attribute to the author that quiet humour so favourably displayed in the opening of

the novel. It was difficult to believe that those early portions were written by Bulwer Lytton, though a turn of thought, or a trick of expression here and there betrayed him to the observant reader. Here was fresh ground opened, here was a new talent unearthed; and we can remember prophecies from some that this at last was the great special talent which was to work out the novelist's future fame. Towards the close of the book, however, the style relapsed towards the writer's earliest manner, plainly claiming close kindred with "Pelham," "The Disowned," and "Devereux." "My Novel" had among its ingredients a yet larger proportion of that juvenile sentimentality. "What will he do with it?" takes another step in that same direction. If we assume these two latter books to be intended as legitimate offspring of the principles on which the "Caxtons" was commenced, then we must affirm that *Peisistratos*, for the first time in his literary life, has failed utterly to accomplish his aim. It may be, however, that he has described his self-appointed circle; and, like a young gentleman coming home from his travels, returns to his private estates, to enrich them with the wisdom and the polish which he has gained during his wanderings. His sojournings in the regions of psychology, of history, of alchemy, of poetry, of statecraft, of satire, of humour, cannot but be beneficial to this Ulysses. Many a tale of those foreign lands will he tell from the old chimney corner, many a curiosity will he have stored in the corner-cupboard, many a gem will he hang about the neck of Penelope, to whom he has been true through those long years of absence. The returned Ulysses will be a pleasant companion.

In "What will he do with it?" we find not a few traces of this travel-gathered wisdom. Especially we find some vague ghost of an abstract under-plot, which recalls vividly Ernest Maltravers (and "the German People"). The *Preacher*, the *Strong Man*, and the rest of these typical abstractions, no doubt work out a philosophical problem quite distinct from the concrete action of the story. It requires the highest order of genius to unite these idealisms with realities. Goethe has succeeded in his "Wilhelm Meister" as none other can succeed; but the story of "Wilhelm Meister" remains a fragment, and who will pretend to interpret the whole meaning of its wondrous allegory? Perhaps Hawthorne, the American, is the one man of this time who might hope not to fail in such footsteps of the great German.

The pleasant humour of the "Caxtons" recedes in "What will he do with it?" from the narrative, and finds resting-place in the headings of the chapters—humour and poetry and sentiment, sometimes bathetic enough, though, on the whole, pleasant. These chapter-headings, however, in their general style, challenge comparison too much for their own well-being with the "Notes" of Jean Paul.

One word, before we finish, on the con-

versations. Here is a specimen from vol. ii., p. 317:

*Darrel*.—Give me your arm, my dear Lionel; I am tired out. What a lovely night! What sweet scorn in the eyes of those stars that we have neglected for yon flaring lights!

*Lionel*.—Is it scorn?—is it pity? Is it but serene indifference?

*Darrel*.—As we ourselves interpret; if scorn be present in our own hearts, it will be seen in the disc of Jupiter. Man, egotist though he be, exacts sympathy from all the universe. Joyous, he says to the sun: "Life-giver, rejoice with me!" Grieving, he says to the moon: "Pensive one, thou sharest my sorrow!" Hope for fame; a star is its promise! Mourn for the dead; a star is the land of reunion! Say to earth: "I have done with thee!" To time: "Thou hast nought to bestow." And all space cries aloud: "The earth is a speck, thine inheritance infinity. Time melts while thou sighest. The discontent of a mortal is the instinct that proves thee immortal!" Thus construing nature, nature is our companion, our consoler, &c., &c., &c.

Thus do the middle-aged statesman and the fashionable young man confer together. Two questions arise: "Did anybody ever talk so?" in the first place; secondly: "Should fictitious conversations imitate real conversations, and fictitious personages be made to talk as they might have talked in real life?"

Finally, with all Bulwer Lytton's glaring vices, there is no other writer who can come near him for consummate and perfect mastery of the *art* of fiction. One touch of nature!—one touch of nature! and we bow to him as by far the greatest of living novelists.

#### PERIODICAL

THE ENGLISHWOMAN'S JOURNAL.  
(London: 14A, Princes-street, Cavendish-square; Piper, Stephenson, and Spence, Paternoster-row.)  
—The June number of our contemporary contains an interesting paper on "Rahel, the Jewess," a not very brilliant one on "Things in general," a subject which allows of wide scope and free handling, and may eventually be made an interesting feature of the work. By the way, what does the writer mean by the scarlet flowers of the Virginian creeper, making the desolate autumn bright? The flowers of the Virginian creeper are green and insignificant: it is the leaves that glow scarlet in autumn. "Woman's Work in Sanitary Reform" is excellent in purpose, though heavily written; and it is like coming out of a sombre lane into a sunny field, with hedge-rows of wild-roses, to turn the page and meet the editor's "Minerva Medica," which breaks the space between it and "Right and Wrong," a story; of which, as it is not concluded, we shall repress our opinion. A long *resumé* of Mrs. Jameson's letter to Lord John Russell, and other matters, fill up the part.



## AMUSEMENTS OF THE MONTH.

## ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

One begins to count the passing performances at this house with an absolute sense of pained regret. The curtain has fallen for the last time under the present management on the admirable revival of "Henry V.," and once more, but for a few nights only, the grand play of "Henry VIII." has been restored, in all its pristine magnificence. Once more Mrs. Kean moves all hearts with her simulation of the grandly-borne wrongs of the queenly *Katherine*. Forsaken, yet loyal to her own true affection; wronged, but forgiving; and grander in her suffering and physical weakness than the baby-faced, small-hearted beauty, queening it for a time only to undergo the utmost acerbity of human anguish in the brief thereafter. Once more Mr. Kean's impersonation of *Wolsey* has called forth real sighs for the fall of the lordly prelate. There has always been a something in the boldness, the magnificence, the states-craft of the Ipswich butcher's son, that has kept a firm hold on the regards of his countrymen. We forget his reported ostentation in the reality of his benefactions to his country; and in our pity for his fallen greatness, forget the prior failings of the man. Then the pathos of his ending!—a pathos into which Charles Kean throws all the power of poetical appreciation, and manly unaffected feeling. No wonder that nightly crowds have testified to their admiration of the actor, and their respect for the man. At

## THE ADELPHI.

Mr. Byron has produced a new burlesque, sufficiently amusing—if not quite so brilliant in dialogue as some of his productions—to repay the audience for sitting in the closely-packed pit, and closer boxes through the fore-part of these midsummer evenings with the thermometer at 90. The new piece figures under the well-used title of "The Babes in the Wood," and is indeed (for what can escape the touch of comicality in these days?) a travestie of that pathetic story; only the hard-hearted uncle is a modern fop, dressed by Miss Woolgar, and would not be so very bad but for the wicked counsels of his wife (Mrs. Billington) who represents a tragedy-comedy counterpart of *Lady Macbeth*. As for the *Babes* (Miss K. Kelly and Mr. J. L. Toole), all we say is that if the originals had in any way approached them in flippant pertness and unnatural precocity—had they given but half as much trouble to the rustic *Lady Superior* of the village dame-school (which no doubt they duly attended) as their graceless representatives inflict on their distressed *Governess* (Miss Arden) and their guardian and executor—we by no means wonder at the result. Nothing can be more comical than the make-up

of these children, or more amusing than their sprightly naughtiness. Once we remember, in the course of pantomime, to have seen the lost babes hovered over by a red-breast of the Paul Bedford species, largely benevolent, with a leaf in his beak that must have fallen from the Madagascar Roffia palm; but here there is no such desecration of the time-honoured sentimentality of the nursery poem. These ill-conditioned children do not die—that sting is taken from the plot; but, wandering in the Adelphi woods, they commit themselves to a surfeit of blackberries, and the usual consequences ensue. A band of good-natured fairies take the place of the robins, and all aches are ended, when the compunctious villain Paul Bedford is found to be the father of the infants he has saved. The ballet relieves the more grotesque parts of the piece, which abounds in puns and comic humour. Another novelty at this house is the engagement of the Spanish Dancers, who have migrated hither from St. James's, with the graceful Petra Camare at their head. At

## THE HAYMARKET.

The play has not been the *only* thing at this house during the past month. Mr. Buckstone's benefit, on the 6th ult., gave occasion to his annual address—a special attraction—in addition to Mr. Tom Taylor's "Contested Election," "How to make Home Happy" (from a farcical point of view), and a new ballet, "All-Hallows Eve," in which the Leclercq family exhibit their grace, cleverness, and dexterity. Mr. Buckstone was, as usual, felicitously witty; and, in spite of the drawbacks to the comforts and mental peace of a manager's life so amusingly described, we are glad to find that in his case this purgatorial state of existence is not without its equivalent, and that the seasons—and the seasons at the Haymarket do not come under Dr. Johnson's definition, "a time not very long"—have been profitable. Mr. Buckstone reminded his audience—and with reason, and not without that modest twinkle, and falling of the eyelids, peculiar to him—of his anxieties and ceaseless efforts for their amusement, and of the variety of new pieces produced during the year. He especially particularized "The World and the Stage," "Everybody's Friend," the Christmas pantomime, the Easter extravaganza, and the latest novelty, the "Contested Election."

## VOCAL ASSOCIATION,

## ST. JAMES'S HALL.

The third season of this association, under the conduct of M. Benedict, was brought to a

successful close on the 29th ult., when a programme of a very varied and well-contrasted character gave even more than ordinary interest to the last subscription concert of the season. Moreover the proceeds were devoted to the projected Handel College, the intention of which we noticed, under the head of, "Passing Events," in our last number. It is almost needless to say that on this occasion the members of the association showed themselves as much in earnest as the great master himself had been on those occasions when he gave the best services of his divine art and grand conceptions to the cause of the needy and the fatherless, and surpassed their accustomed excellence in their performance of the various part-songs and glees, by Haydn, Webbe, Bishop, Mendelssohn, and Benedict. Webbe's glee, "When winds breathe soft," was given with charming effect, and Mendelssohn's "Wandering Minstrel," an established favourite, received, as did Benedict's own exquisite composition, "The Thoughts of Home," the warmest applause. This latter was sung by twelve ladies of the choir, whose well-selected voices did much justice to the sweetness and originality of the melody. We have frequently noted the rapid progress of this choir, which has already earned a first-rate reputation, and the smoothness, precision, and finished care with which the part-songs were sung on this occasion admitted of comparison with the performances of much longer established associations, and was equally creditable to the members and their indefatigable leader. The chief vocalists on this occasion were Madame Lemmen Sherrington, who delighted and surprised her audience in the pretty and vivacious air, "Ombre légère," from Mayerbeer's new opera, "Le Pardon de Plöermel, which, if this piquant *morceau* be a safe criterion, must be charmingly original. Mdlle. Artot sang "Una voce poco fa," in a manner not less delicious than wonderful; and Mdlle. Roedar Schlumberger, with no great power, exhibited dexterity, in the use of her voice, of an extraordinary character, giving Hummel's Tyrolen (variations) with flageolet-like effect. Miss Messent, Miss Stabbach, and Miss Clara Frazer sang very charmingly the songs allotted to them, and Madame Enderssohn's fine soprano tones did due justice to her own pleasing composition, "The Laurel," one of the several *encores* of the evening. Herr Joichim's wonderful violin performance, and M. Mollier de Fontaine's brilliant exhibition on the piano, were among the gems of the evening.

#### HANOVER-SQUARE ROOMS.—MISS

##### ELIZABETH PHILP'S MORNING CONCERT.

Amongst the almost countless concerts of the just dead season we have pleasure in noticing Miss E. Philp's *Matinée Musicale*, which, if

numbers on such occasions represent receipts, must have been as successful as her best friends could desire—and as indeed it deserved to be, if the efforts of the *bénéficiaire* to deserve well at the hands of her audience be considered. Mademoiselle Artot, Miss Dolby, and Miss Philp (hitherto known as a composer of some very sweet melodies) were the only lady-vocalists, Mdlle. Finoli (whose name was in the programme) not appearing. Herr Mengis, Mr. Patey (a singer of considerable promise), and Mons. Jules Lefort supplied the male voices; and Herr Wieniawski, Herr Engel, and Herr Derffel the instrumental portion of the entertainment. M. Benedict conducted. A duet—"Los Toreros"—by Mdlle. Artot and M. Jules Lefort, was very charmingly given; but the gems in this lady's *rolle* were Verdi's aria, "D'amor sùll ali rose," and Rode's exquisite air, with variations, "Il dolce incanto." It is not only the wonderful quality of this *artiste's* voice, its power, sweetness, and flexibility, but to these must be added the grace of manner, and the true feeling which she infuses into her songs. Now she appears with calm, almost statuesque looks, a graceful instrument of sweet sound; and anon warming under its spell into the facile exponent of passionate feeling, or almost tearful sensibility—a true *artiste*, with power and imagination to interpret the most varied sentiments. Miss Dolby's grand voice—firm, sonorous, and full—did infinite justice to Engel's "Ave Maria," the ecclesiastical character of which was very effectually seconded by the harmonium-accompaniment of the composer, whose performance on this instrument is really wonderful. Herr Wieniawski's violin exerted its usual witchery, and called forth repeated applause. During the concert several of Miss Philp's own compositions were sung; and a very sweet duet, "It was the time of roses," by Miss Dolby and the talented composer, received, as it deserved to do, a unanimous encore. The programme in its fulness and variety was characteristic of every musical feast at which M. Benedict presides.

#### LONDON AND MIDDLESEX ARCHÆOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

The meeting projected to take place at Harrow, on the 27th ult., has been postponed to the 6th October next, when it will be held at the same place. We are glad to see that several of the members have subscribed to the 50s. fund towards defraying the expenses of bringing out and illustrating Part III. of the Society's Transactions; the two first parts of which are so interesting and valuable, preserving, as they do, descriptions and representations of various relics of old London, which, but for the efforts of the Society, would be wholly lost to us.



# ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.

We are glad to learn that the breaking up of this establishment will by no means affect the welfare and continuance of Mr. Twining's Economic Museum. On the contrary, this gentleman, having determined to erect a building on his own grounds at Twickenham for its reception, we may hope to see his idea worked out in all its integrity, under his own direction and arrangements. That portion of Mr.

Twining's plan, the food department—so beautifully developed at South Kensington, under the management of Dr. Lyon Playfair, and subsequently of Dr. Lancaster—gives a fair promise of the capabilities of such a collection to interest and instruct. And we may hope to find the Twickenham Museum the centre, from which many such institutions will have their rise. The educational effects of such collections can scarcely be too highly appreciated.

## T H E T O I L E T .

(Especially from Paris.)

FIRST FIGURE.—White muslin dress, with a double skirt, the second forming an open tunic: both are trimmed with puffings of the same, with a sky-blue ribbon run through them, and are edged on each side with lace. *Corsage* round, close-fitting, and ornamented with a puffing set on to represent braces. A similar puffing runs round the neck and down the front. Sleeves long and open, trimmed like the rest of the dress, and finished at the bend of the arm with a bow of blue ribbon. White crape bonnet, trimmed with blond, and sky-blue *gras de Naples*. Inside the front a *bandeau* consisting of *ruche* of black blond; on the right a tuft of Bengal roses.

SECOND FIGURE.—Robe of mallow silk, trimmed with narrow flounces; body high, with round waist. Sleeves wide, with two puffings at the top. Lace collar. Very large puffed under-sleeves of embroidered *tulle*. Shawl *mantelet*, embroidered with jet and bordered with *guipure* flounces. Bonnet of *Azoff* green crape, on the left side of which falls a sort of crape scarf, edged with black lace, and confined at intervals by jet *agraffes*; inside a *ruche* of crape and black blond. Glazed gloves. Green marquise parasol, having a flounce and a lining of white silk.

THIRD FIGURE.—A little girl of about five years old, in a green and white *foulard* frock, with a double skirt, bordered with black velvet. Body straight across at top, and trimmed with velvet. Sleeves with two flounces edged with velvet. Muslin chemisette; embroidered under-sleeves. Short trousers, richly embroidered like the skirt which accompanies them. Straw hat, trimmed with black velvet and roses.

Rice-straw bonnets are just now very much in fa-

vour; some are ornamented with roses, some with corn-flowers (bluets), and others with Parma violets, which are just now known as the flowers of independence—where will not politics niche themselves? White plumes are also much in favour, and there is certainly no form of ornament so light, supple, and elegant as feathers.

Numbers of robes are made with narrow flounces, placed three by three, each rank at an equal distance; but three deep flounces still prevail. Double skirts are also worn, and tunic-robes of two colours in English *piqué*, illustrated with *point d'Hongrie*; while many silk robes are made with perfectly plain skirts.

Field-flowers are greatly in vogue for head-dresses, and ornaments for ball-dress. All the robes of *tulle bouillonnée* are ornamented with them. A great many white *tarlatane* robes are made with double skirts, trimmed with *ruches* and *montants*. The *corsages* are simply foundations for drapery; upon these are placed *berthes de fantasia*, often with the long ends turned behind. Every caprice is tolerated. The Bois de Boulogne is just now exquisitely beautiful, with its flowers and greensward, its lake furrowed with gondolas and swans; its individual trees, the freshness and perfume of a thousand plants, all blending softly under the dome of heaven, and glowing in the brightness of splendid sunshine. Here, in the grand avenue, one sees the most brilliant equipages, the finest cavaliers, and the most beautiful Amazons. Elegance, coquetry, pride, each has its rendezvous in this bowery shade; and in fine, it is the review-ground of rank and fashion, and the most imposing exposition of all the novelties and graces of the toilet.

## P A S S I N G E V E N T S R E - E D I T E D .

Mr. Tom Taylor is paying the "price of fame," or of success, or both, in the attacks that have recently been made upon him for the possession of suspected material. Scarcely has he turned round to assure Mr. Davies, of Warrington, that he has no warrant whatever for his suspicions touching the piracy of portions of the "Contested Election" from his locally successful little drama, "Our Town," than another

cry is raised, and the originality of "Payable on Demand," brought into question by the theatrical critic of the *Literary Gazette*. Three lines from the clever dramatist dismisses the matter in the directest way. Mr. Tom Taylor asserts that the drama is, to all intents, original; and disclaims the remotest hint from the repertoire of the Porte St. Martin or the Ambigu Comique.

A new hypothesis has been started in literary circles touching the authorship of "Adam Bede," which is suggested to be the joint production of William and Mary Howitt, we confess on what seems to us very insufficient evidence. A likeness is discovered to certain features in W. Howitt's novel of "Madame Dorrington of the Dene," in which we are reminded that the name of Hetty occurs; and it is rather arbitrarily observed that no one who is acquainted with "Rural Life in England," the "Book of the Seasons," and the "Year-Book of the Country," can mistake whose hand sketched those natural descriptions of country life, country scenery, the seasons, and their flowers. Singularly enough, one passage relating to the latter affords us almost convincing proof that "Adam Bede" is not the work of the Howitts. It happens in one delicious little bit, descriptive of "the season and its flowers," that the author, whoever he may be—for we do not incline to the belief that it is written by a woman—describes the lilac and syringa, with other spring blossoms, blooming at the same period as the hollyhock. This is a mistake that no practical botanist could make, and Mr. and Mrs. Howitt are botanists.

A lady has just died at Darmstadt full of years and honours, whose life affords a strong argument in favour of the appliance of women to the science of midwifery. Frau Dr. Heidenreich *née* Siebold, was born in 1792; and having studied at the Universities of Gottingen and Giessen, took her Doctor's degree in 1817, not, says our authority, *honoris causa*, by favour of the faculty, but like any other German student, by writing the customary Latin dissertation, as well as by bravely defending in public disputation a number of medical theses. After that she took up her permanent abode at Darmstadt, indefatigable in the exercise, and universally honoured as one of the first living authorities of her special branch of science.

During the past month Mr. Charles Kean has been honoured with a public banquet, and a magnificent testimonial from a number of gentlemen, a select section of his many friends and numberless admirers—a deserved compliment to the actor, the scholar, and the gentleman.

Our own appreciation of the illustrator of

Shakespeare's text in living pictures—of the impersonator of Hamlet, Richard II., and Macbeth—has been too frequently expressed in these pages to need repetition; but besides all that the stage owes to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean, they have, in their own persons, worked a silent revolution in the social standing and moral code of the profession—they have shown that conduct is superior to prejudice, and, while honoured themselves in the most notable society, they have stood by their own order, and have worked with and for it; and nobler charities have come to our ears of Mrs. Chas. Kean's than any amount of wealth can enable us to bestow; and of generous liberality on the part of her husband; acts which will insure them yet higher testimonials—the subscriptions of gratitude and thankful prayer, on the part of many a struggling and tempted actress and poor actor.

We are sorry to find Mr. Buckstone sounding—very unnecessarily it seems to us—an alarm touching any attempt at the opening of the theatres on Sunday, and very properly denouncing any such act from the moral altitude of the stage of the Haymarket, and repudiating it on the part of the profession. No thought, we are told, can be farther from the minds of the great and good men, who advocate the opening of the Museum, the Crystal Palace, and the National Gallery, after service on Sundays—those grand schools of mental culture, of moral elevation, which shame us with closed doors on the only day when working men and women are really able to avail themselves of them, or possess the unanxious leisure, the rest of spirit, essential to the healthy contemplation of their contents; and this in the face of Cremorne, and other similar places of amusement, standing invitingly open after certain hours of the day, while every public-house enjoys the same privilege, and offers manifold temptations for the obliteration of intellect and of all that is good and pure and holy in human nature. Faugh! these discrepancies and contrarieties are flagrant! Do the privileged shareholders find themselves less inclined to thank God for his goodness after a Sunday evening's visit to the Crystal Palace? or the members of the Zoological or Botanical Societies feel themselves worse Christians for airing their spirits amidst the fair flowers, or in the epitomized Eden of animals?

C. A. W.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

POETRY accepted with thanks:—"Bird Minstrelsy;" "Withered Violets;" "My Day;" "The Departed."

Declined: "Hannah's Prayer at Shiloh."

PROSE: "Rahel." This subject has been anticipated in the pages of a contemporary journal.

"Cyril's Holiday" accepted. The author will find the returned MS. at the office.

ALTO.—Much below our standard. The MS. will be returned on receipt of stamps for the purpose.

"MISS T.—, Newton Bromswold." The acceptance of a tale must depend upon its excellence and suitability; if sent to us, the manuscript shall receive our best attention.

"G. P., Barr Hill," will please to accept the above reply.

"Sunderland."—We must be honest, and confess our distance to "A Dreadful Accident."

"O. P. Q."—Not lost sight of; only put aside for want of space.



## MY ADVENTURE AT SHINGLETOWN.

BY WALLER BYRNE.

I think it is Washington Irving who lays it down as an axiom that superstition enters into every man's composition. Now, with all respect for the great transatlantic's knowledge of his species, this proposition I beg humbly to deny. Up to the 1st of April, 1858, I was devoid of all superstition whatever. Understand me—*superstition*, not *fear*. There are certain things from which I have ever carefully abstained, owing to a smart appreciation of the consequences therefrom accruing. As a boy, for instance, I divided my school-fellows into two classes. First: those who could thrash me—second: those who couldn't. I never *sauced* the former. I never liked orchard-robbing; I preferred purchasing the fruit at a reduced rate from those who did. On breaking-up eve, when pillow-fights raged in the bed-rooms, I placed my countenance likewise beneath the clothes. In fact, I instinctively avoided everything that had the remotest chance of bringing me blows. The consequence was I passed through my curriculum without any experience of the cane, and each succeeding half obtained a prize, whose glory amply compensated for its being the only one I got—the reward of good conduct.

Without entering into any further details—details which might possibly be thought contemptible by those who do not understand my peculiar constitution—I would only add that this timidity, this fear of things *actual*, has accompanied me through life. But, as I before observed, with regard to things *imaginary* I have ever been bold as brass, and this by reason of sheer infidelity. I perfectly remember the day on which doubts of "Aladdin and his Lamp" entered my yet unbreeched understanding. I can trace minutely the progress of thought from this point to that on which I shocked the nursery by proclaiming my entire unbelief in its classics, from "Jack the Giant Killer" down to "Puss in Boots." Since then, tales of the wondrous and the wild have been my favourite provocatives of mirth. On a dull night, for instance, sitting up by myself and depressed in spirits, I wouldn't give a downright real ghost-story for the best things in "Joe Miller," or the most side-splitting facetiæ of the *Family Herald*. I have strolled comfortably through churchyards

at the hour when "graves give up their dead," and never saw anything whiter than an owl. I have slept luxuriously in a chamber across whose threshold not one of the family would have stepped for love or money. I don't believe in ghosts.

That is, I didn't—till the 1st of April, 1858. On the 1st of April, 1858, I went down to Shingletown a sceptic and a scoffer. On the 2nd of April, 1858, I returned from Shingletown a sadder but a wiser man.

Shingletown is a falsehood; there is nothing of a town about it. A cleaner, snugger little hamlet, on a wilder, rockier coast cannot be found in our sea-girt isle. A pretty wide bay gives shelter from the storms of the German ocean, and terminates in a steep valley running up into the hills. A single street of thatched cottages stretches about half-a-mile up the valley—and this is Shingletown.

I had never been in Shingletown before, and need not now enlarge on the business which took me there then. Suffice it to say that the coach running on the coast road deposited me at the door of the "Jolly Trawlers" at half-past nine, a.m., and covenanted to take me up again at six, p.m. I had thus determined to stay in Shingletown nine-and-a-half hours—but *l'homme propose, &c., &c.*

Mr. Wutts was not at home. Mr. Wutts had left word with Mrs. Wutts that he would not be at home till to-morrow.

Now, I do not like the country; I rather hate it. One can knock about for a week in a provincial town if the theatre is open, the cricket ground good, and the society sufficiently snobbish to render it amusing to an on-looker.

But Shingletown! ugh! A whole day to be passed in Shingletown—a whole night in the "Jolly Trawlers!" I mentally wished sore ill to Mr. Wutts. It was very clear, however, that all the ill-wishing in the world wouldn't bring Mr. Wutts back in time for me to catch the six coach. It was palpable, too, that the further and more unpleasant the locality to which my angry feelings consigned him, the less chance was there of Mr. Wutts coming back at all. I had two days and a night before me in the wilderness of Shingletown—how to spend them?

I began by refusing an invitation on the spot, voluntarily depriving myself of a source of excitement. I refused Mrs. Wutts's invitation to a farmer's dinner. I resisted the lady; I resisted the savoury perfume of the coming banquet. True, the former was of forbidding aspect, her grey eyes glaring over a beard and moustache far past the downy stage of infancy. But the latter—ah! Had it been the civic feast itself, however, I cannot dine at half-past twelve.

I therefore made my excuses, and giving the address of the "Jolly Trawlers," set off to investigate the larder of that hostel. No necessity exists here to describe the "Jolly Trawlers" further than by saying that it was a two-storied building with an ivied porch, an immense horse-trough, and a swinging sign, on which some Tinto of by-gone days had depicted three fishermen in an advanced state of intoxication. As I approached it, I tried vainly to conceive the landlord making his daily bread by the speculation. The edifice was full thirty miles from a railway station, and the diurnal profit accruing from the two stoppages of the coach might, I calculated, amount to eighteenpence. No one ever got down to stay at Shingletown. Old Jim (who held the horses' heads, and who was enveloped in what had once been an ostler's jacket) had looked faint and scared when I bade the coachman good-bye. There swung the sign in the sun and the sea-breeze; but nobody was there to look at it. The water in the trough slept still and placid, undisturbed by even the muzzle of a solitary cur. Yet, under these most disadvantageous circumstances, the "Jolly Trawlers" were, in the memory of the oldest inhabitant, coeval with Shingletown itself; and the buxom landlady met me at the door with such a smile in her bright eye, and such a general look of smartness about her, that I felt sure that if the "Jolly Trawlers" didn't get business in one way, it did in another.

Presently my misgivings were strengthened. I was astonished to find that I could get a first-rate dinner, the which I ordered to be on the table at four precisely. Now, I frankly own that if I have a weakness at all, it is a good dinner, and with the good dinner a pint of good port, neither more nor less. Whatever may be my state of mind, whatever crosses and vexations the morning may have brought, after such a dinner I view everything *couleur de rose*, and my bosom glows with charity to all men. When, therefore, the before-mentioned Jim removed the covers at four o'clock, I felt my vexation rapidly on the thaw, assisted, doubtless, by the beaming smiles of Mrs. Trawlers. The smiles emboldened me.

"Mrs. Trawlers," I said, with, I am afraid, a slight dash of hopeless scorn in my accents; "Mrs. Trawlers, have you a good glass of wine in the house?"

"Well, sir," she answered, not a bit put out, "we have some port; and it ought to be good, for a deal it cost."

"My good Madam, bring me a bottle immediately."

It was brought and decanted with the hand of a mistress. I tasted it; I finished the glass. I tasted and finished another. I tasted and finished a third. I set it down and looked at the landlady, who put in the stopper and looked at me. To the slight interrogative raising of my eyebrows a smile of intelligence was the response.

"This is . . . Mrs. Trawlers?" I asked.

"Yes, sir, it *is*; and its vintage of '15, sir?"

I decline stating how long that bottle lasted. The cloth being drawn, I settled myself comfortably in my easy chair, and pointing to the empty decanter, addressed Jim in these words:

"Jim, another of the same."

"Aye, sure, this is wine," soliloquised Jim, decanting it with a tender and loving hand; and nodding mysteriously, "I reckon ee dunna git sich stuff as that Lunnon ways for nought?"

"Try a glass, Jim."

The rascal drained a mighty bumper, winked his eyes, nodded again, and left me to my reflections. Alas! for the fleeting nature of all mundane things! there are dregs even to a bottle of port of the vintage of '15! and those dregs I speedily became aware of. I don't smoke; most men at that juncture would have lighted a cigar. Shall I order another? No. It is a glorious spring evening; I feel the sharp sea-breeze through the ivied window; I'll take a walk and see Shingletown.

There was something to be got out of Shingletown after all. There was vintage of '15; there was incident and excitement; smuggling in the nineteenth century; perhaps every man in the place was a smuggler. As I strode over the cliffs, on which the sea-breeze blew strong and fresh, a sort of feeling came over me—half Will Watch, half Dirk Hatteraick. Countless stories flashed through my mind of deadly boat-fights by dark midnight, of runnels of brandy mysteriously left at trustworthy thresholds, of caves full of ruin puncheons and powder barrels, with smugglers sitting pistol-in-hand ready to blow the place to shivers at a moment's notice. And, as if in consonance with my thoughts, at every step the scene grew wilder and wilder. Black boulders and masses of rock, round which the path wound with increased difficulty, shot up perpendicular, over-hanging. Past the sheltered point of the bay, too, the wind came in with a loud sonorous murmur; and the waves, dashing about their white manes, rattled in almost to my feet through the shiny sea-weed and tangle.

Lost in thought I wandered on and on, without taking any note of how the time was speeding. At length, coming to where a pretty wide fissure divided the path, it struck me, from the gloom, that it must be getting late, and pulling out my watch, I was astonished to find it already eight o'clock, and that I had come some miles from the town. That was not the worst, however. On turning my face homewards, the first thing I saw was a heavy bank of black cloud covering the whole easterly horizon. The wind, after a sort of suppressed sigh, fell in a moment. A strange whispering



stillness succeeded; the sea grew darker and darker; and scarcely had I made a dozen steps to return, when the whole sky below the cloud was lighted up, thick large drops fell pattering on the rocks, and a peal of thunder, truly deafening, hurtled over where I stood. Other three minutes and I had been drenched. Looking hurriedly round, my eye caught a small aperture in the rocks beyond the chasm already mentioned. To leap this last was the work of a moment: the next I had crept into shelter.

I am minute in noting down these trivial circumstances, in order that there may be not a shadow of doubt as to the veracity of my narrative. The impertinent sneers and incredulous smiles of my acquaintance are unwarranted by the slightest confusion in the events of that terrible day. My memory loses no point of it, from the moment when I alighted at the "Jolly Trawlers" to that on which—. But let me proceed regularly.

The hole into which I had crept was somewhat in the similitude of a cavern, for it increased in size as it penetrated the rock. For half-an-hour, however, I let this pass unobserved, being entirely engrossed with the grandeur of the storm. I never saw such lightning or heard such thunder before or since. The solid adamant under me shook tremblingly; the entire sea appeared covered with blue flame, and I can give no better idea of the rain than by saying that it literally *roared* on the rocks and the sea-weed.

As near as I can calculate, at the expiration of the above time a blinding flash drove me backwards, and some minutes elapsed ere I recovered my sight. When I did, I sat down on a boulder, and with a feeling of awe mingled with deep vexation looked round the place which (there was every reason to think) might be my habitation for the night. As my eye began to penetrate its gloom, a new sensation rose in my breast—one of interest, which rapidly gave place to curiosity. As I have stated, the place grew larger as it penetrated the rock, so that at about eight feet from the entrance I could stand upright. As far as I could see anything the height appeared to have reached about twenty feet. There, however, the darkness became impenetrable, and how far the cave extended was left to conjecture. Certain fissures in the walls, too methodical to be natural, next attracted my attention; and I fairly started to my feet on seeing what appeared to be a ring-bolt, yellow with rust, imbedded in the roof above me. That the place had once been used for some purpose or another I felt sure, and this conviction was strengthened by discovering, from evident tool marks, that the orifice through which I had entered was the work of man.

My whole nature was now excited. Where was I? In some old hole known to every clown in Shingletown? or had I made a discovery? What if I had found a hidden cave?—perhaps a smuggler's haunt of old times?—a storehouse for treasure?—a magazine of costly stuffs—real Cognac, vintage of '15, chests of dollars and

Spanish doubloons, rolls of the Virginian leaf! Peugh! I fairly sank down, my pulse beating ninety to the minute, and wiped the perspiration from my brow. I was in a terrible state. With unabated fierceness the storm roared outside. My watch told me it was nearly nine, and my conscience that Mrs. T. would be looking anxiously from the door of the Jolly Trawlers. What was that to me now? O for a light! Bitterly did I regret not being a smoker. Eagerly did I search the floor for a flint, a piece of rotten wood—anything from which a flame might be drawn. In vain. I would have to wait till to-morrow. To-morrow? How many people might find it out by to-morrow?

With a heavy heart I was thinking of casting myself down for the night, when it struck me that the light in the cave had increased; and fixing my eye steadily on the black distance, I was conscious of a faint glow in its centre. To this I immediately advanced, groping through, for all around was blank darkness. The light was no Will-o'-the-wisp at all events, for the nearer I got the larger and brighter it became. At last I saw what it was. It was no daylight: it was the glare of a flame shed on the ground through an aperture in the wall. I stood still. Perhaps few who glance over this page would not have done the same.

I will not describe here the conflict of my mind during the half-hour that ensued. Several times I was on the point of silently retracing my steps: as often I went forward. During all this time the light burned steadily and brightly; but the stillness of the grave was there. My ear—intent even to pain—caught nothing but the beating of my own heart. At length I made a convulsive step forwards. Would to Heaven I had not! for no sooner did the dreadful scene open upon me than I felt powerless to speak, move hand or foot, almost to breathe. The light came from a large quaint horn lantern, suspended from the roof of a cavern to which the one I had just traversed was a mere passage. In the momentary glance I cast around, I perceived that this cave was literally loaded with spoil. Immense boxes, bales, and barrels were piled high on the walls round and round it. Within these again were countless casks of a smaller size; while, stacked carefully in stands between them, shone a complete armoury of flint firelocks, and here and there my eye caught the gleam of cutlasses and pistols, all of the same old fashion.

I have said that to see this was the work of a moment; for instantly my gaze was riveted on an object in the centre of the cavern. Half leaning on a mass of rock on which he rested a night-glass, with the rays of the lantern full on him, stood a man. Such a man! Even in his bent posture he measured full six feet, and his dress would only have passed unheeded in a Surrey melodrama. Ponderous boots, reaching to mid-thigh, were topped by a sort of kilt of coarse canvass; and over his rough jacket was slung a broad belt, from which hung a short heavy cutlass, Other weapons he had none;

but a pair of enormous flint pistols lay on the rock beside him. Apparently keenly intent on making out some object to seaward, he moved the glass slowly along from right to left. His face was thus hidden from me; and all I could see of his head was a mass of thick grizzled locks curling over his jacket collar. At length, after an unusually prolonged peal, came a flash that lighted up the entire place as with a million jets. Suddenly, with a suppressed exclamation, the man shut the glass, drew him up to his full height, and stepped forward. Another flash and I saw him standing at the mouth of the cave, gazing at the lurid waters. A faint whistle came in, to which he instantly responded; and then, splash—splash—I could hear with increasing distinctness the regular dip of oars. A boat, seemingly full of men, passed between me and the shining tops of the waves; and the next moment her crew had leapt from her, and lifted her bodily into the cavern.

I cannot express myself better than by saying that they all seemed to turn towards me at once; and, by the strong rays of the lantern, I saw their faces—of a bluish white; the lips parted horribly; the eyes staring open, but without a particle of expression or life: they were the faces of corpses! I think—I am not sure, but I think—among my emotions at that instant was a fear of their coming upon me; for they strode without a word to within ten paces of the aperture. There, however, they paused. The man whom I had first seen sat down on the rock beside his pistols, and the rest stood round him in attitudes of respectful attention. They were all dressed alike, and armed to the teeth; yet not a footstep, not the click of a weapon was audible, as they took up their positions. Not a word was uttered, not a sound could I hear, but, as before, the pulsation of my heart like the piston of an engine.

The man on the rock lifted up his head!

"You know our rules," he said, in a voice there is no describing: "Before liquor passes our lips—is it right or not?"

A smallish man, with shoulders of monstrous breadth and a beard that covered his chest, stepped forward, and replied:

"Right, Cap'en."

"Beef and biscuit stowed, and topsails bent?"

"Yes, Cap'en."

"Cutter off the Devil's Edge?"

"Yes, Cap'en."

"Good! And that sucking Admiral?"

"We took him, gagged, under the thwarts, with a sail over him. Off the Edge I took off the sail. I told him. He made signal he wanted to speak."

"You took out the gag?"

"Yes, Cap'en."

"You were a fool!—Go on."

"He said he was but twenty-four, and the only son of an old widow. He said he was to be spliced in a week. He swore on his soul to be secret, and offered us a hundred pound each to let him go. We sank him with a couple of round shot."

"Good! We'll weigh with the ebb at five, men. That will do, Goliah!"

A general breaking-up of the council ensued, the men sitting or throwing themselves down on the rocks. From the background advanced a small mis-shapen boy, who proceeded to a niche in the wall, and returned immediately with a huge leather cup in each hand, which he set before the man on the rock and the man with the beard. This was repeated till each had been provided, when, standing up together and joining in a simultaneous shout, they drained the vessels to the dregs, and again delivered them to Goliah. Then quaint pipes of every conceivable size and shape were stuck in their grinning mouths; the lantern shone dimly through a haze of smoke; and song, jest, and laughter rang free and unrestrained.

How long the ghastly revel continued—how often the pipes were re-lighted and the leather bowls refilled—how many frightful sallies, garnished with more frightful oaths, obtained an applauding roar—I have no definite recollection. Reason and memory both fail me in trying even to guess. It was a time of horrid *sameness*—of agony unutterable. There they were, gesticulating, shouting, clinking their cups; and yet, save the sound of their voices, nothing could be heard; not a muscle of their white faces relaxed, not an eye moved—it was terrible, terrible.

"Now, men all, a toast! And drink it standing!"

The captain was on his feet; his goblet held aloft.

"Success to our flag, and death to traitors!"

With frantic cheers the toast was drunk, the man with the beard positively leaping with enthusiasm; till on a sudden his leader bent on him a look that seemed to pierce his soul, and produced a stillness as deep as it was lasting.

"What think you of the toast, men?" said the giant. "What think *you* of the toast, Ralph Hennet?"

The bearded man made a motion forward, and then stopped as if shot.

"Death to traitors!" resumed the chief. "Ralph Hennet, do traitors deserve death, or do they not?"

The bearded man flung himself miserably on his knees.

"Ralph Hennet, have you betrayed us or have you not?"

"Mercy!—mercy!"

"Ralph Hennet, rise up!"

He got on his feet with a sob. Quick as thought the chief raised one of the ponderous pistols, and the report echoed through the cavern. When the smoke cleared away, I saw the bearded man stretched out on his back, his forehead shattered to atoms!

I have a remembrance of giving a scream, and then all consciousness departs. It is a time of utter blankness. Then a sort of indistinct light, and I saw shapes flitting around me. Suddenly I became aware of two things: first, that I was on a sofa, with my collar loosened;



and second, that I was in the dining-room of the Jolly Trawlers.

"He's all right, now, Jem," said one of the shapes; "bide wi' un a minute, though, while I see what them men wants. Poor gentleman! such a yowl was never heerd in this house afore."

And just as the shape was sailing from the room, I recognized in it Mrs. Trawlers. Wondrous! Inexplicable! How had I come there?

I rushed upon Jem.—"Jem! what is this? How was it done? Who found me in the cave, with the ghosts, and the pistols, and the man with his brains blown out?"

Before I had reached the last word something very like a grin was over the entire vacant countenance of the stolid clown. He walked slowly to the table, subverted a decanter with each hand, so as to let the last drops fall out, put them under his arm, coughed, made a scrape, and withdrew.

Such was all the enlightenment I ever received with regard to this impenetrable mystery. How I was taken from the cavern I am to this day utterly ignorant. But when conversation turns on the invisible world, I become quiet and grave; my jibe and jeer are heard no more. And if any coxcomb, vain and conceited as I once was, attempts to scoff at its mysteries, I invariably silence him (often at the earnest request of my friends) by relating my terrible adventure at Shingletown.

## THE SILENT POETS.

"Wanting the accomplishment of verse."—  
Wordsworth.

Have ye heard the poets singing  
Songs of love and songs of mirth?  
Heard their pleasant voices ringing,  
Through the gay green fields of earth?

'Tis not the builders only  
Of the world's majestic themes;  
Nor the bards who wander lonely  
Through the kingdom of their dreams;

That sing the songs of glory,  
The dear old tales of love;  
That chant the great rhymed story  
Of the Poet-World above.

No, there is quiet singing  
By wayside and by hearth;  
And sweet heart-voices ringing  
Through the gay green fields of earth;

And poets in our dwelling—  
In the toiling work-worn throng,  
Men and maids whose lives are swelling  
Into grand heroic song.

Their hearts, amid the chorus  
Of bards, chant loud and high;  
But their lips are sealed, and o'er us  
Their words float silently.

For loud our earth is ringing  
With the clamour, with the strife;  
And we cannot hear the singing  
Of the quiet bards of life.

But, they walk among the nations  
With a poet's mighty love,  
In their hearts the sweet vibrations  
Of the hymns men sing above.

Then, weep not, O ye singers!  
Though your brethren hear ye not,  
God's benediction lingers  
On the music-haunted spot?

Think not your hearts are pealing  
With melody in vain;  
Is not a poet's feeling  
More than a poet's strain?

Oh friends! beneath our sadness,  
Beneath our human wrong,  
It flows in God-sent gladness,  
The undertone of song!

P.

## BIRD MINSTRELSY.

BY ADA TREVANION.

'Twas in radiant summer weather,  
Far beyond the smoky town,  
Weary with a walk together,  
Side by side we sat us down.  
Giant trees hung high above us,  
Ever looking grandly rude;  
But the wild flowers seemed to love us  
In that living solitude.

Sunbeams shining, green leaves dancing,  
Charmed the heart, and filled the eye;  
That which was our souls entrancing  
Was the sweet birds' minstrelsy.  
One by one, then all together,  
They broke out on every side;  
O'er the fern and purple heather  
Flowed their music like a tide.

'Twas as spirit-tones of gladness  
Threw a spell upon us there,  
Banishing each thought of sadness,  
Wafting whispers on the air.  
Hope and memory with their dreaming  
Seemed to have usurped our will:  
When the sunset hues were gleaming,  
Hand in hand we lingered still.

What a host of strange sweet fancies  
Came upon us then unsought!  
Visions wild as old romances,  
Lasting as a tender thought.  
Till eve closed, we sat and listened,  
With a joy too deep for words,  
While the dew around us glistened,  
To the music of the birds.

Ramsgate, 1859.

## THE VILLAGE PLAYERS.

## CHAP. I.

When I used to come home from school at the Midsummer vacation, one of the greatest sources of pleasure to me was always the presence of the players. These players were a strolling company, who travelled from village to village within a circuit of some thirty or forty miles; and who generally managed to complete their round of visits within the year, so that their appearance at any given place was periodical. To us they came towards the close of June, and stayed till the last week in July; taking up their quarters and giving their performances at the "Red Lion," which was a larger building than most village inns, and had moreover a long room over its stables, which served admirably for theatrical purposes. They generally arrived before I did, and in my last letters from school I always made particular enquiries about their advent, and my first visit after I reached home was sure to be to them. So at that Midsummer when I left school for good, commencing no six-weeks' vacation but an indefinite period of holiday, passing on to a higher dignity than that of school-boy—at that Midsummer, even though I was turned fifteen, and piqued myself on being a man and a gentleman, it is not to be wondered at that I took an undiminished interest in my old friends. I asked my mother many questions about them on the night of my arrival—whether Mr. Owen's deafness was better; whether Robert made one laugh as much as ever; whether Mrs. Fitzjames sang any new songs; and, above all, how was little Lucy? Little Lucy, my mother told me, had grown into quite a woman. These actors took precedence in my inquiries of the Wilsons at the Vicarage—even of Clara Wilson, who was about twice my age, and with whom, towards the end of every vacation, I became secretly in love. In like manner, the morning after, before I thought of going to see the Wilsons, I set off for the "Red Lion," leaving our plantation surreptitiously by the little iron gate, for my mother thought it scarcely proper for me to go to the inn so often as I had been accustomed, and had told me as much at breakfast.

While I am on my road, I may as well tell you what sort of people these players were. The company consisted of one family. They were, what every body called, very respectable people. In every village where they came the clergyman and the gentry of the place patronized them, and made much of them. They bore an irreproachable character: the plays which they played, and the songs which they sang, were always scrupulously weeded: the men were honest and upright, the daughters modest and good. The family consisted of seven members. Mr. Owen, the father, was deaf. This did

not, however, prevent his taking part in the performances. I remember I used to think his deafness made him act more naturally, because in conversations he was obliged to watch the motion of the other actor's lips, and this attention gave him the appearance of really listening and conversing, while the rest directed their words obviously enough to the audience. When the performance was over, he would always be at the door, with his horn in his ear, thanking his patrons for their attendance, and hoping they had been amused. Mr. Owen had three sons and two daughters. The daughters were the eldest and the youngest of the five. Mary, the eldest, was married. Her husband was named Fitzjames (I think his real name was James, but Fitzjames was the theatrical rendering of it), and he was looked upon in some measure as the star of the company, because he had long ago acted for a few weeks in London at one of the small theatres on the Surrey side of the Thames. His manner of acting was indeed remarkable; he had a prodigious stage stride, and a prodigious stage voice. As the villain of a piece he was terrible: I have been to many theatres since I sat amongst his audience, many theatres in England and out of England, but I never heard anything to equal his gasps and his stampings and his prolongations of the letter R. As the gay young nobleman of a piece, also, he was very seductive; the way in which he swung his cane, drew off his gloves, and chucked Lucy, as pretty village-girl, under the chin, exceeded nature by many degrees. Personally he was a short man, almost deformed, having a very broad, strongly-made body on little legs. Mary, his wife, believed in him intensely, and was convinced in her own mind that he was the best of actors and the best of husbands. In the latter respect, at all events, she was right; the villain and the gay Lothario of the stage was in private life tender and true. Mary was tall and statuesque (a little too thin, however), and had a sweet, plaintive voice, which stood her in good stead in melancholy parts. Her favourite character was Mary Queen of Scots, which she enacted regally in thread-bare black velvet and a crumpled ruff. The three brothers were all tall fine young men, of whom I need only specify Robert. Robert did the comic business, and comic he was irresistibly. He alone of the company had real dramatic talent, which, in the end, made its way—but with that I have nothing to do. Lastly, there was Lucy. When I had seen Lucy the previous year she was still quite a girl; but her youth did not at all prevent her from taking her place upon the stage among the rest. Even when she was a mere child she had regularly had her rôle assigned her in each play; and the very fact of a child performing women's parts, leaving out of the question the



pretty manner in which she performed them, always called forth special interest and special applause. Lucy was pretty and saucy and gay, and could sing like any little bird. This family, then, were well received throughout their small circuit; and the vicars and rectors of the villages where they periodically stayed patronized them and their performances. In return they were to be seen every Sunday at church, all seven decently dressed and decently behaved, listening devoutly to the clergyman, who had listened good-humouredly to them during the week.

Just as I had turned out of the gate I met Tom Wilson, the vicar's son. We both asked the same question: "When did you come home?" and both received the same answer: "Yesterday."

Tom Wilson was much older than I was. He had been my schoolfellow, but had left school years ago, and was now studying at the Royal Academy in London. I may mention, by the way, that the Wilsons hardly liked his choice of painting as a profession. They were of good family, and would have preferred his going to college, and being bred a clergyman, as had been his father and his grandfather before him; but nature was too strong for them. I can remember that at school Tom used to illustrate his Latin grammars, and had drawn a picture of the Furies (from *Æschylus*), which no one could look at without shuddering.

Well, Tom had come from London the night before, and I was glad to see him; but I half-wished that he had not met me on my road to the inn, as I should have preferred making my visit to the Owens alone. Still I felt some little pride in strolling arm-in-arm with him. He was a fine dashing fellow; he had grown a neat little brown moustache since I saw him last, which suited his short lip admirably; and, altogether, he looked well in his artistic *get-up*, to wit, a loose black-velvet lounging coat, a high-peaked felt hat, and loose neckerchief and collar. Tom was of a temperament very different to mine: he was quick and jovial and passionate, while I was shy and quiet. He had taken my part, and done me a thousand good turns when I was a small timid boy at school, and he still continued to patronize me, though my new sense of manhood a little rebelled against it. He asked about the old masters, and I told him of the changes that had taken place, and all the latest scandal of the school. Then I inquired after Clara and the rest; and by this time we were drawing near to the "Red Lion."

"Where are you bound for?" he said.

"I was going to see the actors, Tom. Do you know the actors are here?"

"No; by Jove, that will be some fun," he answered; and went on to talk about them. He mimicked the manner in which Fitzjames dropped his h's, alluded to the "scragginess" of his wife and her everlasting crumpled ruff, and began to imitate the slow grand enunciation of the old man, who had a pompous humility in his way of address to gentry, which could well enough be ludicrously turned.

"Your servant, gentlemen," he mimicked; "your servant, gentlemen." Why, the old man says 'your servant' with the air of a prince-of-the-blood, and, whenever he bows you out of his shabby little room, condescends to it like a king dismissing you from his presence-chamber."

We entered the inn door laughing, received the welcomes of the landlord, and looked at the local paper while he went to announce us to the actors, who, he said, were "rursing" he believed, which we concluded to mean rehearsing. He returned in a moment, and said that Mr. Owen would be very glad to see us in the theatre. Thither we went, and were met at the door by the old gentleman, horn in ear.

"Your servant, gentlemen," was his salutation; whereat we smiled. "I am proud and happy to see you again. Here we are, you see, at our work—not work to you, play to you. Only a little farce, but we get it up in character."

All the actors were in character, as he said; and as they crowded round us their dresses looked tawdry in the daylight. Mrs. Fitzjames was in a tinselled riding-habit much too large for her spare form. Almost her first observation was that she wished Mr. Fitzjames was at home: he was going round distributing bills, but would soon be back. She always thought no one could get on without her husband—that all the rest put together could not sufficiently represent the dignity of the company without him.

Robert was dressed as a facetious ostler. We shook hands with him very heartily, and were glad to see his funny face again. The other two brothers represented travelling gentlemen; one being booted and spurred and drab-coated, the other in a military fancy dress of red and blue. They looked foolish and awkward. Lucy hung behind—Lucy suddenly transformed from a child into as buxom, blushing, smiling a little woman as you could wish to see.

"Why, is that Lucy—my old friend, little Lucy?" cried Wilson in surprise.

The newness of her womanhood made Lucy shy. She half came forward, and then stopping took refuge from her woman-nature in her actress-art.

"Your servant, sir," she said, dropping the most impertinent of curtsies. She was dressed as some theatrical waiting-maid: a tiny cap on her smooth-braided hair, a tiny apron round her waist. In the pockets of this apron she put her hands, and tossed her head till the cap fluttered, as she said, "Your servant, sir."

The effect was comical and pretty. Wilson laughed, strode forward, took her right hand from the pocket, and held it, saying: "I can remember the time when I used to kiss you, Lucy; but I suppose I must not do so now?"

"No, no," broke in her father gravely (he was listening through his horn), and Robert shook his head.

I shook hands with Lucy too, and in a moment her shyness was over, and she was chattering away to us in her old manner. She told me I had grown very much; was changed much

more than she was, she was sure: asked me whether I had done with school, supposed I was going to stay at home now, and play the country squire; opined that it must be delightful to throw aside the Greek and Latin books; and then she turned to Wilson, and asked about his pictures. There was a shade of reserve, with a little touch of respect, I observed, in her way of addressing him.

"Do you remember, sir, the scene you painted for us years ago?" she said.

She stepped on to the little stage, which was scarcely raised above the level of the floor, and going to the back drew down a sheet of canvas roughly painted with a perspective view of a mediæval street.

He stepped over the foot-lamps after her. "What, still in being?" he said. "Ah! a sad daub; I could do better now, Lucy. What other scenes have you?"

One after another she drew them down. They were wretched things; but he found something to say in praise of each. He always had this happy knack of pleasing people: it was not deceit in him, but merely a wish to save pain.

Meanwhile Mr. Owen was talking to me. Robert joined Wilson and Lucy on the stage. The two other brothers went out. Mrs. Fitzjames, who was always quiet, took up a piece of work and began to mend certain fractures therein. It was the ruff—that everlasting ruff.

What we talked about would not be very interesting in the reading, so I may as well take this opportunity of describing the "theatre," though there is little to describe. It was a long room, narrow for its length, which, when not used by the actors, was partitioned into three. Thus it happened that the papering on the walls was of three kinds; also there were three doors. This trine arrangement was very fortunate for theatrical purposes. The stage occupied one division, and had its separate door for entrances and exits; the front seats or boxes occupied the next division, and had its door; the third division (having its door too) contained the back seats or gallery. The roof was not ceiled. The room was lighted at night by sconces on the walls. Altogether we rather prided ourselves on our theatre; and the players themselves confessed that it was the best throughout their circuit, which might well be, since generally their performances took place in barns.

Lucy came tripping from the stage, and petitioned with another mock curtsy: "You will come to my benefit?"

"Of course," I answered (I was a little afraid to call her Lucy now). "When is it to be?"

"On my birth-day."

"And when is your birth-day?"

"You don't remember?" She gave an indignant pout. "This day fortnight, to be sure. You will come? And do persuade them all at home to come. Do, there's a dear boy."

Lucy and I, as children, had been very close friends.

"What is that about birth-days?" asked Tom, advancing.

"My birth-day and my benefit night, sir," said Lucy. "Will you come?" she asked timidly. I should like a full house: I shall be seventeen."

"To the birth-day or the benefit night? Come? Of course; to both if you like, or to whichever you like. Why should not we two," he continued, turning to me, "take this said night under our patronage? Let us take all the trouble off Lucy's hands, engage the front seats, and distribute them magnificently ourselves? What do you say? What glorious bills we would get printed. 'Miss Owen's Benefit,' in large letters at the top. Then—'Under the patronage of Thomas Wilson, Esq.,—'"

Lucy looked pleased. I hesitated: the fact was, my ready money at that moment amounted to just two shillings and threepence-halfpenny.

"Thank you very much," interrupted the old man, reddening slightly; "thank you very much indeed, gentlemen; but it is better not so. If your father, Mr. Wilson, would honour the poor players with his patronage, we should feel very grateful. We would do our best—we would do our best."

Tom was silent for a moment, and then said abruptly, "What pieces are you going to play?"

"That is not arranged yet," answered Mrs. Fitzjames, looking up from the ruff.

"Of course, Mrs. Fitzjames," he said, with his usual urbanity, "we shall have Mary Queen of Scots. You know we can never do without that."

She was pleased, and murmured, "You are very kind, sir."

"Oh, I petition for that, certainly. What scenery have you?"

He strode across again to the back of the stage, where Robert was rolling up the sheets of canvas.

"It's not much, sir," said Robert; and he pulled down again a view of a castle with water in the foreground and hills behind. "This, you see, is Lochleven; and it's the only proper scene we have. Interiors we can manage indiscriminately. Here's one, and there's another; and yonder are plenty of side-scenes against the wall."

"Oh, this will not do," Wilson said, thinking. "Let me see. There's the escape. We must have an ancient gateway for that; platform in front; steps leading down to water behind. Then, a distant view of Lochleven by all means—something better than that thing. You are executed on the stage, Mrs. Fitzjames, are you not?"

"The curtain falls on it, sir."

"Exactly. Then we shall want a baronial hall—but that we can perhaps piece together."

He strode back again. "I'll daub you off a scene or two if you'll let me, Mr. Owen," he said, in the old man's ear trumpet. "I shall have an idle month at home, and shall want something to do. We painters, like you actors, are never happy unless we are at work."

Mr. Owen was profuse in his thanks. They



were all delighted and most grateful. Lucy began almost to dance with pleasure.

"And you think," she asked eagerly, "you really can get them done by my benefit?"

"I am afraid," he replied, watching the shadow falling over her upturned face—"I am afraid: there is only a fortnight, but I must try, Lucy."

Some more arrangements about the further choice of plays, and about the painting of the scenes were made, and then we took our leave.

"I am so sorry," said Mary the Queen, "that Mr. Fitzjames" (she always called him *Mr. Fitzjames*) "is absent this morning. I hope he will be at home when you come next time."

"Come and lunch with us, old boy," said Tom, as we descended the inn steps. I demurred, and then acceded. Tom went on talking about the players and his promised scene painting, breaking off more than once to exclaim: "What a pretty little girl Lucy is!"

I sat by Clara at luncheon, and she was very kind, and I was very happy.

## CHAP. II.

Lucy, as I said before, had a very pleasant voice. There was a little air which at this time she was continually humming—of what country or by what composer I cannot tell. She had picked up the tune by ear, and knew no words to it. From her the rest of the company had caught it, and from them Wilson and I; so that in one place or another I continually came across this merry little air. Now, as I recall it, the events of that period come back to me more vividly, seeming to be set to its music.

The scene painting progressed rapidly. Every morning after breakfast Tom betook himself to the "Red Lion;" and, when I looked in there later in the day, I used to find him hard at work, now one and now another of the Owens helping him in colour-mixing and canvas-stretching. His rapidity made me wonder. He first painted a distant view of Lochleven. Whether it was like the castle or not I do not know, but it certainly was very effective, standing out darkly from the white water, and a distant range of soft purple hills, and the light sunny sky. From the other end of the room, when the footlights were lighted, it looked like reality. The stage was so small that he stretched and painted the canvas as it hung, not on the floor, as, I believe, they usually paint scenes, so that we could watch his progress; and Lucy and I used to look on for the hour together, Lucy every now and then trilling out her little air, or twirling round in pirouettes expressive of delight. He sat on his steps, or stood with his back to us, chatting merrily as he painted, keeping us in continual laughter. We three were perfectly happy together, and looked on it as a nuisance when any of the other actors came in. Tom and I liked Fitzjames least of

any of them. Tom called him "a snob," and could scarcely forbear showing his dislike when he was present, though he generally managed to evaporate it by mimicking him to his face, which Fitzjames never discovered. Lucy observed this mimicry, and was at first inclined to resent it, but soon learned to laugh at it, and even to take part in the same when Fitzjames was away. He did drop his h's terribly, and was conceited and fussy; but he had been thought so much of, for so long, by his wife and the rest, that it was only natural he should think a good deal of himself. It was strange how blind they all were to his inferiority. Lucy, from Tom's ridicule, began to see it. I remember one day when her sister had been remonstrating with her for a childish freak, Lucy, in sudden petulance, made some depreciatory allusion to Mr. Fitzjames and his dropped h's. I never saw such a change in any woman as came over the wife. She was taken by surprise at first; but as the sneer became clear to her, she burst forth into such shrill reproach and anger as I could never have supposed her capable of. I have observed since that these statuesque, quiet women, when they are roused into excitement, break all bounds; the low voice and quiet temper, raised beyond a certain pitch, seem to crack and become wildly discordant. Lucy burst into tears, and fell upon her sister's neck. The quarrel was made up, but it was a sad quarrel—the first, I verily believe, that had disturbed the peace of that happy family.

The vicarage people scarcely liked Tom's scene-painting crotchet. No actual protest was made against it, but little hints were dropped, to all which Tom was supremely indifferent. Clara was the most hostile; at lunch she would declare that Tom smelled so of paint and tobacco that she could not sit by him; she spoke rather spitefully of the players and of the charms which Tom found in their society, and deplored his artist profession, which had given him such tastes and predilections. He only laughed at her: "You can't paint like me, Clara," he used to say, "and you can't act like little Lucy and so you think both the one and the other improper. Shall I come and do wool-work with you? Will you teach me how to use a crochet needle?"

Nevertheless, Clara and the rest were interested in the progress of Tom's work; and one day it was arranged that they should pay a visit of inspection to the theatre. He was not in the secret. I was pressed into their service as escort, whereat I felt proud. Mrs. Wilson and Clara called for my sister, and so we four went together.

Wilson was smoking his short pipe, and flourishing his brush vigorously; the two actresses and Fitzjames were looking on. Mr. Owen had met us at the inn door, and preceded us, walking crab-fashion in his politeness.

Tom turned about and stared for a moment with a look of grotesque surprise; then, recognizing my sister, jumped from the steps, put his pipe aside, and came forward. He was in his

shirt sleeves, and apologised for that and the smoke. He looked very handsome as he shook his long brown hair from his eyes. His voice was soft and sweet: he had another voice for women to what he had for men; cooing and vibrating and verging towards falsetto. His manner to women was peculiarly devoted. As he stood talking to my sister and bending over her, I observed that Lucy watched him uneasily.

Of course great admiration was expressed. The scene on which he was now employed was a gateway, through which Mary was to escape. This was by necessity *practicable*, and he showed how the door was really to open, and explained further how the Queen was to go off seemingly in a real boat, which boat would be merely a canvas structure placed upon the wheels of an old truck, which lay in the stables underneath. My sister lavished so many adjectives on this scene, that when it was removed to exhibit the distant view of Lochleven, she could think of no new ones, and so was obliged to go through the same over again.

Fitzjames was very obtrusive in offering seats, in helping explanations, in praising the paintings, and in all ways, much to the admiration of his wife and to the disgust of Tom. Clara was condescending, particularly to Lucy, and managed somehow to say pleasant things unpleasantly. Mrs. Wilson's simple and abounding kindness, however, made amends for everything.

Poor Lucy appeared at a discount. She looked shabby in her stuff dress beside the ladies. Her round face and rosy cheeks seemed of a commoner clay than Clara's well-preserved small features. Her hands, slightly hot and red, looked large beside the delicate kid gloves. She had rusty over-worn shoes, while Clara's brodequins were the prettiest in the world. Lucy felt herself altogether at a disadvantage; she lost her self-possession, behaved shyly and awkwardly, and looked foolish. I knew something of that bitter inward mortification, and was very sorry for her. Her hot eyes strayed consciously to Tom and my sister.

When they left, we all in a body saw them to the door. Returning to the theatre, we found Lucy gazing from a window. She did not turn as we entered. Tom looked at her with a smile I did not like—it was cruel and triumphant.

"Lucy," he said at length, with an exaggeration of his sweetest tone—"Lucy."

She half-turned unwillingly. His face expressed as plainly as face could express, "What, you are jealous, are you?" He kept his eyes on her till she pettishly swung round to the window again; then he murmured mockingly, "Poor little girl!"

The tears were in her eyes; she darted by him to the door; and as she disappeared he began to sing triumphantly her favourite tune.

It must not be supposed that the scene-painting interfered with the performances of the little company. Three times a week they continued to play as usual; and they had large audiences, and must have made a good deal of money. It was stipulated that none of the new

scenery was to be used before Lucy's benefit night, and, also, that the plays chosen for that event should not be performed in the interim. The choice of plays had been settled. What were the other pieces I cannot remember, but they were selected because they contained favourite characters of Lucy's.

Wilson had been wise in his choice of "Mary, Queen of Scots," as chief piece. It was no perfect work of art, nor was it historically correct; but, on the whole, it was the best tragic piece in their *répertoire*. Beyond this, it was an old friend; we knew it by heart, and so could applaud in the right place, and be affected in the right place, and tell each other what was coming next—all which is desirable as regards a village audience. There were innumerable tableaux in it: it was an epitome of the telling points of that unfortunate princess's life, with fictitious incidents of thrilling interest added thereto. Further, it embraced the resources of the whole strength of the company; Lucy did an attendant, answering to *Catherine Seaton*; Fitzjames enacted more than one harsh jailer besides the executioner; Robert was a facetious and faithful Scotch retainer; Mr. Owen was in turn a devoted Scotch noble and a pitying English noble. Of course *Mary* throughout was injured and innocent; which is a view still taken by some historians of authority, and so perhaps was correct.

The players took it in turn to distribute the bills, which were printed at a neighbouring town. Mr. Owen used to compose them himself, and, you may be sure, they were pompous enough. One morning, when Lucy brought the bills to our house, my mother was in the garden. She began to talk to Lucy, and they walked up and down the lawn together for some time. I watched them from the library window, and wondered what they could be talking about. From a word I heard now and then I concluded that she was giving the little actress some advice.

"You are seventeen," I heard her say—"not a child now—you must be circumspect. I have always had a great regard for you, my dear—you must take care."

They walked to the extremity of the lawn and stood there, my mother still speaking. Suddenly Lucy took my mother's hand, and kissed it three or four times; and as she raised her voice, moved by some emotion, I could hear her say: "You are very kind to me, ma'am; you are very kind to me. I have no mother, and I am a poor weak little girl. God bless you, ma'am, for all your kindness—but I am not deserving of it." Then Lucy went.

I do not quite know why I connected this conversation with my friend Tom Wilson—but connect it with him I did. His manner to Lucy was much the same as ever, though more familiar, as was likely from their constant intercourse; but her manner to him was changed. Indeed, her whole manner was changed. I do not think that I then conjectured, boy as I was, that Lucy was fond of the artist—had (what they call) fallen in love with him; but I afterwards discovered



pretty clearly what those signs had meant. Her spirits were flighty, always a key too high or a key too low for natural harmony. She was timid in his presence, and yet lingered about him; her voice had a singular sweetness when she spoke to him; she seemed to drink in his words with eyes and ears; she blushed at the sound of his name, and listened when he was talked of. In her general manner an indescribable charm had developed itself—there was a languid lustre in her eyes, a sweeter smile hung about her lips, richer blood mantled on her cheeks, deeper breaths heaved her bosom, her every motion was softened by a delicious languor.

\* \* \* \* \*

On the day before the birthday, Tom stood giving the finishing touches to a pastoral scene he had painted for one of the after-pieces. Lucy and I stood behind him, and Lucy was humming unconsciously her favourite little air.

"We must have that tune of yours to-morrow night, Lucy," said Tom suddenly.

"But there are no words to it, sir," she answered.

"Then we must find words, little girl."

"I should like to sing it, if you wish," she said timidly. "You have been so kind, sir, that I am sure I would do anything you asked me."

"Anything?" he repeated, raising his eyebrows.

"Almost anything," Lucy said. "But there are no words to it."

The end of it was that I (who had a weakness for writing boyish verses) promised to try what I could do; and that evening I wrote some doggerel verses which went fairly to the tune, and that was all that was wanted.

\* \* \* \* \*

Never did a brighter summer-day dawn than Lucy's birthday. She was in the best of spirits. I gathered some flowers and made a little bouquet, which I took to her directly after breakfast. Wilson was already at the theatre. All were busy arranging for night. They had borrowed the flags belonging to the village club, and were wreathing over the walls laurel and green boughs, a cart load of which the vicar himself had expressly sent. She liked my flowers. She pressed them to her breast like some prima donna, and swept the ground with her white gala dress.

"You brought me no flowers," she said, with mock reproach to Wilson.

"No, little queen; I brought you myself, which you like far better."

"I do," she said earnestly. "You have been very good to me. I do like you."

The new scenes looked perfect. What little machinery there was worked admirably. The practicable door opened and shut without creaking; the boat, though it was small, behaved like a boat, and was drawn off the stage through the stage doorway as easily as could be. Lucy was

in the wildest spirits—she danced, she sang, she would not be quiet for a moment.

"This will not do, madcap," said Tom. He had fallen into a habit of talking to her as if she were again a child. "If you go on in this way, you will tire yourself out before night, and then we shall break down and make a little fool of ourself."

All the village seemed to join in trying to give pleasure to the young actress on this day. Presents came pouring in. Mrs. Wilson sent a grand sugared birthday cake; ribbons and flowers and little remembrances of all kinds came from every quarter of the village. Tears of gratitude and pride rolled down Mr. Owen's cheeks. He had honestly earned the respect and consideration which such kindness betokened.

At night the theatre was full to overflowing; the inn itself was full. The country people paid their sixpences for standing-room in the passages, whence not a glimpse of the stage could be seen; or took seats turn by turn. The patronage of the vicar, the new scenery, the general liking for Lucy—all had their influence in filling the house. Tom made it a matter of request that the box company would come in evening dress—"full dress" was even printed in the bills. So, all the farmer's daughters who at all pretended to gentility wore low bodies and short sleeves, and such large thick white kid gloves as I never saw before. The young farmers put on their most gorgeous waistcoats and cravats, which was their idea of evening dress. However, the two front seats were filled by the vicar's own party, and the effect from the stage must have been very aristocratic and splendid. I can remember with what pride I inducted myself into my tail-coat (my first) that evening, and how manly I felt as I sat beside Clara Wilson. Tom was on my other side, and beside him my sister.

When the curtain drew up, and discovered *Mary*, black velvet, ruff, and all, with *Catherine Seaton* on a stool at her feet, the applause was deafening. Lucy was not in the least shy: she had wound herself up to a high pitch of excitement, and acted capitally. Separated by the footlamps, she felt at no disadvantage before the ladies in the front row.

Three musicians had been engaged from the neighbouring town, who played well, and whose music was inspiring. About the engagement of these musicians we had had some trouble. An old man with an old-fashioned fiddle served on ordinary occasions for orchestra. He could play nothing but country-dance tunes, and those only by ear. His wife always sat by his side, and the admiring manner in which she watched him was good to see. Our difficulty had been to get rid of the old man for this evening. Give up his office he would not. We compromised matters at last thus: he was to sit in his usual place at one side of the space before the stage, with the other musicians—was to have his fiddle and was to pretend to play, but was to make no sound. To this he consented, but to prevent

any mistake, Tom cut all his fiddle-strings just before the performance began. There he sat, moving his soundless bow, a sheet of music before him, which his wife (who had accompanied him against our express orders) continued to turn over every minute, with a smile of unbounded pride and satisfaction on her withered old face.

If this pantomime enacting in the orchestra somewhat diverted our attention from the melodrama enacting on the stage, it only served to increase the evening's amusement. There is generally as much to attract us before the foot-lights as behind them. If the whole audience were taken into consideration, I think the balance of interest would be found to be in favour of the real drama, not of the fictitious. For my own part, the chief happiness of that night for me was in being seated by Clara Wilson—in being suffered to look over the same play-bill with her, in picking up her handkerchief when she dropped it, in discussing with her the flowers in her bouquet. I have before said that Clara was nearly twice my age: what blessings to boys are such first-loves! They perform for us the office of a second mother: they lick the young cubs into shape—a consummation which human maternity (inferior to ursine) can seldom accomplish.

The play went on to perfection. The scenery really looked very well indeed. When the escape scene arrived, when the great oaken door swung on its hinges, and Mary, supported by Lucy, and followed by Robert the facetious Scotchman, and one of the other brothers as an amatory *Douglas*, stepped through it on to the stage, the applause came down immensely. The boat was a little small for three; but Mary, Lucy, and Robert managed to squeeze themselves into it; and when, after resisting for a moment, it shot away along the edge of the quay and out of sight, the effect was magical. The *Douglas* remained waving his cap frantically, and kissing his hand towards the quarter where it had disappeared.

Between the acts Tom went behind the scenes, and we could hear his voice there, directing and encouraging, and distinguish his firm, rapid stride behind the curtain. After the tragedy came a comic song, and then a farce in which Lucy acted a little rustic coquette—very prettily as I thought; but Clara did nothing but find fault, and exclaim, "What a stupid child she is! Did you ever see anybody so awkward?" and the like.

After the farce Lucy came on to sing the air which we all liked so much. She was in her white dress, and had the flowers I had given her in her hand. The words which I had written to the tune ran in something like this fashion:

"All the world's a stage!"—

So they say.

Lusty Knight and stripling Page,  
Countess gay, Duenna sage;

Joy and Sorrow, Youth and Age,  
All, upon that larger stage,  
Their strange vagaries play.

Each plays, in his time,  
Many parts:

Love grows cold; the Prince sublime  
Staves in rags, and Beggars climb  
To his throne; and hoary rime  
Gold-hair silvers: church-bells chime  
For joined or severed hearts.

We wear wigs and masks;  
Do not *You*?

—Towards under warriors' casques,  
Loving duties done as tasks;  
Sun-smiles where a snake-thought basks;  
New wine put in cobwebbed flasks—  
Is not this all true?

Do not be offended,  
I implore.

Other masks with such are blended;  
Kindness lurks 'neath brows frown-bended,  
Love 'neath carelessness pretended.

What is more—  
Though my song might well be mended,  
You will praise me now 'tis ended,  
As you from the first intended.

—*Au revoir!*

The air was in itself so pretty, and was sung so sweetly and archly, that there was an universal cry of "Encore!" The bouquets of the two first rows were showered on to the stage. I threw Clara's. Lucy had much ado to pick them all up. One of them she left—my sister's, which Wilson had thrown, and out of which, earlier in the evening, he had received a white rose-bud, which was still in his button-hole. As Lucy retired, bowing, he stepped from his seat, and reaching across the lamps picked it up, and held it towards her. However, she did not come forward to receive it. The drop-scene was lowered; again the cry of "Encore!" was raised tumultuously.

"A better rhyme than yours, young one," said Tom to me.

The curtain went up again: again the pretty air commenced. Lucy had not finished the first verse, when, coming too near to the foot-lights, her white dress caught fire. In a moment she was in a blaze: she shrieked—the most piteous, despairing sound I ever heard. Tom seized his over-coat from the back of the seat, jumped upon the stage; and directly the coat was wrapped round Lucy, and she was lying on the floor. The flames were out: it was all the work of a single instant. There was a cry of horror from the audience. The women shrieked; the men made a rush towards the stage, many getting over the barrier from the back seats. The whole theatre was in confusion. Clara threw herself into my arms; my sister clung to me with a face as pale as death. The actors had rushed from the wings, and were surrounding Lucy.



I cannot describe this scene : it seems impossible to detail slowly, and circumstance by circumstance, what took place like a flash of lightning. The singing, the shriek, the flames, and the extinguishing of them—the confusion of the theatre, all mingled together, all occurred in one moment.

"She is not hurt : sit down !" cried Tom, from the stage : "keep your seats, all of you !"

They carried Lucy out of sight, still wrapped in the coat. Robert returned a minute after, and with a trembling voice confirmed Wilson's statement — Lucy was hurt very slightly, if at all.

We began to resume our seats ; Clara seemed inclined to faint, but I consigned her to my sister, and with the vicar went to learn more particularly about the little actress. We had difficulty in gaining admittance to the room where she was. There was a crowd up the passage and round the door. Through these we made our way, and when the actors recognized the vicar's voice they let us in.

Lucy, supported by Tom's arm, was in a chair ; and, kneeling by her, administering some restorative, was Mr. Sutton the doctor, who had been present at the performance that evening. She had a wild, unearthly expression of face, but was talking fast and excitedly between the sips of the liquid. "Oh, sir, I am not hurt at all !" she said to the vicar, as he entered. "He saved me—he saved me !" and she nestled closer to Tom.

"God in heaven bless you !" sobbed Mr. Owen.

"Young one," Tom said to me a little after, "go and get those people away, there's a good fellow. There will be no more play-acting to-night. See the women-folks home, will you ? And some of you," he continued, "tell them from the stage the performance is all over. We don't want them here. There's a mob round the door already."

By degrees we got the theatre empty : I saw Clara and my sister home. Clara was still faint and frightened : she seemed to think herself the heroine of the accident, and made out Lucy in some sort a culprit for having so frightened her.

I ran back to the inn as soon as I could : Tom was in the bar-parlour with some of the players : "It is all right," he said, as I entered : "thank heaven she has escaped with scarcely a burn !"

Lucy had escaped miraculously. A scar or two about her hands and arms were the only tokens of the accident : for many days, however, she was ill. The shock to the nerves was not to be surmounted immediately. I do not think she appeared again upon our little stage before the actors left ; and, as they never after that performed in the village, that birth-day exhibition was her last theatrical appearance there.

(To be continued.)

## THE DEPARTED.

BY JAMES EDMESTON.

May not fancy fondly paint  
That the souls of those we love,  
Each one now a perfect saint,  
Yet remember us above ?  
Nay—that o'er our path they tend,  
And our every step befriend ?

Hearts which beat for us while here,  
Still for us affection bear ;  
Living in a purer sphere,  
Yet they make our good their care :  
Hands which once averted ill,  
Though unseen may shield us still.

Deathless as the immortal soul  
Is affection's sacred flame ;  
Space may part and years may roll,  
Yet this, changeless, is the same :  
Heaven may make the love more pure,  
But it ever will endure.

Homerton.

## SUNSET.

———"Evening  
Singers in Heaven."  
Southey.

Dim grows the landscape, grey the sky,  
Homeward the winged songsters fly ;  
The sun now sinks into the west,  
To some fair island of the blest ;  
And to that distant happy shore,  
Onward my spirit longs to soar,  
Where the blest immortals dwell  
In the fields of Asphodel ;  
Where those who here their course have run,  
Their journey toiled, their labour done,  
Loosed from labour, freed from strife,  
Live an everlasting life.

But now the sun is sun no more,  
My dream is done, my vision o'er,  
How hard to turn to earth again !  
How hard to cool my fevered brain !  
If time is e'er to mortals given,  
For looking up from earth to heaven—  
For looking forward to that day,  
When our flesh crumbling into clay,  
Onward, right upward, soars the soul,  
Upward to the starry pole—  
It is a summer's evening bright,  
Gilded by the sunset's light :

The dark night, emblem fit of death's cold stream ;  
The morrow's dawn, of heaven's pure dazzling beam,

## SOME OF THE FIR AND PINE-TREE TRIBE.

BY GOLDTHORN HILL.

Amongst the multitudinous sylvan tribes that in so many varied ways conduce to the beauty, health, variety, and resources of our planet, not one exceeds in value and utility to man the broadcast Coniferæ, or cone-bearing family. Some one or other of which is found in every region that human enterprise has penetrated; from the mountains of Norway to the Himalaya; from the swamps of North America to the valleys of Japan; on the hot savannahs of India, and amidst unthawing Arctic snows; clinging to the dreadful precipices, disrupted rocks, and loose masses of lava amidst the terrific desolation of Teneriffe, or towering eleven thousand feet above the level of the sea, on the bleak elevated tracks of the Mexican mountain Orizaba.

These are special situations; but, in brief, from the shores of the Pacific to the Polar regions, where Franklin found the white Spruce forming the extreme boundary of arboreal life, some branch or other of the tribe have their habitat.

Everywhere the cone-bearers are striking objects, whether rising with a savage ruggedness of outline, like the storm-beat pines of Salvator Rosa, amidst the wildest scenes, Alpine solitudes, or giving beauty to richer or more graceful ones, like the drooping *Pinus excelsa*, which the Hindoos, in their admiration, call *Raesula* (or "King of Firs"), and the lofty and elegant *Deodar*, which they distinguish as *Devadara* (the "Tree of God"), and regard as of the Divinity's especial planting; or, to come nearer home (for it may now be seen in every English arboretum), the fair *Araucaria excelsa*, whose fringed and plume-like softly-tinted branches attests to the beauty of Paradise amidst the penal miseries of Norfolk Island.

Under the general name of Coniferæ are ranged the different species of fir-trees (*abies*), the pines (or *pinus*), the cedars (*cupressus*), the juniper (*juniperus*), &c.; which, however dissimilar in habit or appearance, are alike in many points of their organization, and possess in common the valuable quality of secreting a resinous sap. The fir was formerly considered a part of the genus *Pinus*; from which, however, it is readily distinguished by its more pyramidal form, by the leaves rising singly around the stem, instead of springing out of a shrivelled sheath by twos or threes, or in greater numbers, and by the character of the fruit, the scales of the cones being round and thin.

The fir genus forms four very natural groups; of the first of which the Norway spruce (*abies excelsa*), may be taken as the representative. In this section the leaves grow singly round the stem, all spreading equally. In the second sec-

tion, which bears the generic name *Picea*, and is represented by the silver-fir *Abies picea*, the cones are mostly long, and generally cylindrical, and the leaves, like the last, are evergreen, two-ranked, and all turned to one side. In the third group, of which the larch (*larix*) is the type, the leaves grow in clusters and are deciduous. The fourth division, *Cedrus*, which is represented by the cedar of Lebanon, has the leaves also in clusters, but evergreen, and bears erect cones. In these groups are included some of the most valuable and important of the coniferæ.

The firs are the offspring of cold climates, and it is worth noting how admirably the pointed or pyramidal outline of these trees adapts them to bear unharmed the severe snows of the Alpine and extreme Northern regions, to which they are indigenous, and which is so distinct from the more compact or spreading form of the pines. Did their branches, instead of tapering to a spire, expand at the top, they would break under the superincumbent weight. As it is, there is no resting-place for the snow, and it falls from them, or nearly so, as soon as it descends.

Another proof of prescience and arrangement is apparent in the distribution of the most valuable of this useful tribe. Just as coal is found in the greatest quantity in those countries where the mechanical arts are most in use, and where its existence is requisite to develop them; so the *Abies excelsa*, or Norway spruce-fir (the most generally important of the coniferæ to the wants of civilized man), is the species which Nature has chosen to scatter broadcast in the most picturesque places of Northern Europe. All through the mountainous parts of Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Switzerland, France, Russia, and Siberia, it forms great forests, and clothes the valleys and the slopes of hills; sometimes lifting its lofty stem one hundred and fifty feet in height, feathered from the top to the bottom with long, drooping, fan-like branches, of a deep grassy green.

It is this tree which supplies the white deal, or Memel log of commerce, upon the purchase of which a very recent report informs us that the Ordnance department alone expends £50,000 per annum; and the Admiralty not less than £1,000,000: these monies being for the most part disbursed in Russia and Prussia, although in our own colonies of Canada East and West immense forests of *Abies nigra* abound—a fact which I recommend to the attention of political economists, for the benefit of our own dependencies. The great rafts, which astonish the tourists on the Rhine, and which resemble villages afloat, with all their dwellings and in-



habitants, are composed for the most part of the *Abies excelsa*, which having in a growing state afforded shelter to the villages and chalets scattered on the mountains, and the fertile vine-bearing fruitly vallies lying amongst them, and employment to the wood-cutters and charcoal-burners, who with the herdsmen from the sparse communities of these upland regions, is thus transported to serve the arts and appliances of a more advanced civilization, after a mode ancient as the Hebrew records, where we find King Hiram replying to the demand of Solomon for cedar and timber of fir, to be used in the building of the Temple: "My servants shall bring them down from Lebanon unto the sea, and I will convey them by sea in floats unto the place that thou shalt appoint me."

In its natural state, the fir supplies materials for the rude huts of the foresters; it feeds their fires through the inclement winter months, and its branches, full of resinous sap, affords brands, by the light of which the soft wood itself is carved into the thousand toy-shapes that find their way to the bazaars and shops of London and Paris, and the provinces, the work of simple untaught peasant hands. With the return of spring, the moisture which has been received from the earth through the spongelets of the roots, is thence transmitted through the cells of the stem and branches in the shape of a resinous juice to every portion of the tree; even to the extremities of the countless needle-shaped leaves, forming its evergreen foliage; undergoing in its passage those chemical changes the cause of which no human analysis has yet accounted for. This juice oozes forth as the heat advances in clear terebinthine tears, signalling to the woodmen that the trees are suffering from a plethora of viscous sap, and that the time to relieve them by incision has arrived. The bark is then cut, and the sap flows forth, at first clear as water, but of a yellow-white colour, which gradually deepens to a citron shade, and becomes thicker the longer it runs. In the south of France, where large forests of larch exist, the turpentine harvest, when Pomet wrote, took place twice a year—in spring-time and autumn; when the country-people brought it in casks and goat-skins to sell to the merchants of Lyons, who disposed of it under the name of Venice turpentine, which it retains to this day.

The common turpentine of commerce exudes chiefly from the *Pinus sylvestris* and its varieties. A large proportion of that which we import comes from America, where there are gigantic forests of pine. The bark is pierced in March, and continues to flow till October. The balsamic odour of these forests may be perceived, freshening and giving vitality to the air for a considerable distance; and the sighing of the winds, "making religious music at night-fall in the pines," as Theodore Parker has it, is one of the grandest anthems that nature lifts up to the God who made it.

When the wandering Osteaks, Kamtchatdales, and other nomadic races of Asiatic Russia, observe the fresh and silvery foliage of the *Abies alba*,

or white spruce fir, they know that springs are near, and raise their twig huts, or pitch their tents in the neighbourhood, which promises a supply of the two great necessities of their rude existence, fuel and water.

In Canada, we read, the boatmen use the thread-like filaments of the root of this tree to sew the bark of which their light canoes are made, while its resin is employed to make them water-tight. Unlike its congener and frequent neighbour, *Abies nigra*, the timber of the white spruce is inferior, and of comparatively stunted growth. The black spruce, on the contrary, is very valuable, and is extensively used in America for ship building, though in this country its principal and comparatively insignificant employment is for making packing-cases for our manufactures. It is the young shoots of this species which supplies the valuable anti-scorbutic extract known as essence of spruce—an important article of commerce, concentrating the fresh healthful juices of the ever-green forests and the vigorous earth, for the wanderers on the aced ocean, and preserving their frames from the physical sufferings which the want of vegetables and fresh provisions formerly added to the perils of the old navigators. Besides this use, the essence of spruce has other preventive and remedial qualities, and holds in modern pharmacy the reputation which Shakspeare's courtier lord has bestowed on *parmacite*: it is "the sovereignest thing on earth for an inward bruise." Nor are the other members of *Abies* less valuable contributors to medicine, manufactures, and the arts. The inspissated leaves of one kind affords the gum in chemistry known as Frankincense; and for those valuable products, Burgundy pitch, Canada balsam, the resin of commerce, and various varnishes, we are indebted to the same useful family.

In Louis the Fourteenth's reign, all the processes by which the terebinthiate extract became converted to these commercial substances took place in bye places for fear of fire, usually within the precincts of the pine woods themselves; thus the forest of Cuges, about four leagues from Marseilles, was in those days famous for the manufacture of the oil of turpentine, of colophony, and zopissa, by which euphonious names the king's druggist distinguishes resin and black pitch.

Here the liquid dripping from the trees was taken straight to the alembic, and gave up its oily particles in distillation. Here, where they had carpetted the earth with fir needles from season to season, and ripened their cones for many a year, the green branches passed through slow combustion into charred billets for lamp black, exuding their resinous juices in thick pitch, passing away into new forms and a new element, or entering into other combinations totally distinct from their primary condition.

In the kingdom of Naples, and in other mountainous parts of southern Europe, the silver fir (*Abies picea*), beloved by poets and painters, sung in the undying verse of Ovid,

Horace, and Virgil, and still bearing, in the Latin land, the name *pulcherrima* (most beautiful), by which the latter designated it, is found growing to the magnificent height of one hundred and thirty, or a hundred and fifty feet. The woods in the south of France are chiefly of larch—another important variety, which lifts its tapering stem and pyramidally-placed branches on the coldest and hardest ridges of the Jura and other mountains of the middle and north of Europe, where it forms dense forests, and defends, with its tough but supple limbs, the valleys nestling between them; and even the ever-green firs of a less pliant and elastic nature, which soften and beautify the stern features of these pitiless regions. Unlike the other species of *Abies*, the larch is deciduous; but no sooner does the spring approach, to warm the fiery sap in its green veins, than its gracefully formed branches push forth their delicate pencils of fair leaves, and crown the sterile heights with a summer garniture of softest verdure.

The highly resinous nature of the larch renders the wood exceedingly durable. It was probably on this account that the old masters of painting made use of pannels of this wood prior to the introduction of canvas; and it is undoubtedly due to this circumstance that so many of their pictures have descended to modern times. It is the same preservative principle that renders the various extracts of the tree so important, and, in the shape of pitch and tar and varnish, leaves them this conservative property to the last.

Many of Raphael's pictures are executed on this wood. It resists the effects of cold and heat better than other timber; and, to pass from the fine arts to everyday uses, would be found of important service to the hop growers of this country, if substituted for the rapidly decaying ash poles of their gardens, which every few years require renewing.

Delicately graceful in appearance, the fair fresh green of its foliage renders the larch as ornamental as it is useful; and, while almost indifferent to soil, its falling leaves have the property of fertilizing and enriching the earth, so that the most sterile waste-land, planted with larch, in a short time becomes prolific.

We have already noticed that it yields, on preparation, the so-called turpentine of Venice. The leaves also exude in spring a white flocculent substance, which, in a concrete state, is known as Briançon mamma, being chiefly brought from the hills of Dauphiny, and especially the neighbourhood of Briançon. The bark is found as valuable as that of the oak to tanners; and in the Tyrol and elsewhere slips of the wood are used as candles, and a leaven is produced by boiling the inner bark mixed with rye-flour, and afterwards burying it in the snow for a few hours, with which the Siberian hunters replace the common leaven when destroyed, as it frequently is by the intense cold. The only member of the *coniferæ* (with the exception of the yew and juniper) native to Great Britain is

the Scotch fir, *Pinus sylvestris*, one of the most useful, if not the most useful of the family. It grows naturally in Scotland, where it attains a great height, and lives to a great age, forming extensive forests, filling the air with sounds, and scenting it with the pungent odour of its resinous exhalations for a wide distance around. It represents a distinct division of the cone-bearers from those I have been dealing with, having the leaves in pairs starting from a sheath—a characteristic of *Pinus*. With that omniscient bounty that has scattered the grasses everywhere, and produced in almost every latitude some one or other of the cereals, we find, as I have already observed, this truly valuable division of *coniferæ* enjoying a wide geographical range—common to Europe, Asia, and America; and in each of these continents adapting themselves to the most diversified soils and situations. It is this beautiful aptitude for adoption that renders this class of plants so importantly beneficial to man, and seconds so divinely the intention of their utility.

It is worthy of note that the most valuable, both for their timber and terebinthinal extracts, are the ones most easily acclimatized in temperate climates. Whether introduced from the forests of North America, or the mountainous districts of the tropics, they take for the most part kindly to the soil, growing freely, and holding out a rich promise of profit to those land-owners and arboriculturists who, like the late Sir Fowell Buxton, are at the trouble of ascertaining the best mode of reconciling new species to our climate, and encourage the planting of *coniferæ*. In many parts of Norfolk the example of this gentleman and his success has led to the planting of pines instead of hawthorn hedges by the main roads; and many hundred acres of poor lands are now thriving plantations, in which several of the rarest and most expensive species of *coniferæ* are thriving almost as well as those already acclimatized. It would seem that if the subsoil be thoroughly loosened, the poorness of the ground is of little importance to the pine tribe. On the sides of barest mountains, on clayey swamps, or barren, sandy tracts, even on the bleak skirts of the sea coast, where the salt dews and the sour brackish soil seem to place a boundary to a sheltering sylvia, both the white and black spruce are found to thrive; and, if only to protect the neighbouring fields in such exposed and storm-swept situations, how great a boon would be the presence of their evergreen forms!

In brief, whether as a highway tree, an ornamental one, or to improve and render valuable large plots of waste land, no sylvan tribe enjoys so universal a claim to preferment as this extensive one. Majestic in height—and many of them exquisite in form as well as in the arrangement of their branches, and the hues of their fadeless foliage—these characteristics render them most valuable as road-side trees. Think of their perpetual greenness, and the cool fresh shade from the summer sun, less



broken with lights and shadows than the glorious old elms and ash boughs that over-reach them now, but less pervious to heat, and offering a no less generous protection against the force of the bitter winds and drifting rains and snows of the hibernal season.

The true utility of pine planting, however, will be found in the value of the timber for commercial purposes — ship building, house building, agricultural and domestic carpentry; in fact, scarcely a branch of trade but is in some way indebted to the coniferæ. Of late years the construction of railways has greatly increased the consumption of pine wood for sleepers and other purposes; and when it is borne in mind that the first have to be renewed every seven years, and new ones laid down over the thousands of miles of lines that reticulate the surface of Great Britain, this single use opens a successional demand for the timber, which had better be supplied by the home market than from those of neighbouring nations; while the extended propagation and culture of the trees would afford additional occupation in our rural districts.

The genus most valued for the purposes enumerated is the one which nature has herself bestowed on us — the hardy, tall-growing, picturesque Scotch fir (*Pinus sylvestris*), proper to the storm-swept, solitary heights of Abernethy and Cairngorm, as the cedars to Lebanon; and, like them, holding arborary dominion there in an unbroken succession from the Flood. But the species, like the people of the north, has the tendency to take root and flourish in every variety of soil — neither sand, gravel, peat, nor clay forms any impediment to its thriving. A chalky soil, or one bedded on red sand or iron-stone, stunts its growth for a timber tree, but everywhere else it is at home. Its favourite situation when transferred from its hardy mountain home, or the substratum of rocks and sandy places in which it naturally grows, to the luxury of cultivated life, is the valley or the open slope of a hill side, where there is a good depth of subsoil and plenty of room for the feeding of its enterprising spongelets. In such situations it attains perfection in fifty years, so that the individual who has planted the seed may himself reap the golden profits of his prudent sowing, and bequeath a similar benefit to his children at half that age.

In the meanwhile other profits are derivable from pine plantations in the shape of fire wood, turpentine, tar, and pitch; even the cones are gathered by the Norfolk children, and sold for fuel; and the fir needles themselves replenish the strength of the soil, and make the best top-dressing for the growing trees.

Unfortunately for the introduction of new species, the cheapness, hardihood, and utility of the Scotch fir have hitherto prevented arboriculturists from experimentalizing to any great purpose with other varieties which unite those qualities with others equally valuable; for the uses of the various species seem almost as diversified as the species themselves. Hardy as

is the Scotch fir, the *Pinus pinaster* (or Cluster pine) is still more so, and it possesses in an equal degree the fertilizing properties of the larch; so that in France large tracts of barren land have been reclaimed by means of this pine, and many hundreds of acres of heath-land on the estate of Mr. Peters, of Norfolk, on which *Pinus sylvestris* perished, is now covered with plantations of this valuable and beautiful tree, many of which at thirty years old were upwards of eighty feet in height, and estimated to yield five loads of timber each; one (the Swiss Stone pine) also hardy, with very fine wood, and more fragrant than any of the species, retaining its odour for many years, is so offensive to moths, bugs, &c., that they are not to be found in the rooms where it is.

The cones of the *Pinus Cembra* yields an edible kernel, which is said to afford an excellent oil; this is also a hardy kind, and Douglas, the discoverer of the *Pinus Lambertiana* (an enormous tree rising up two hundred feet in height on the sandy plains of New Albion, where no other vegetation exists), tells us that the resin which exudes from it when partly burned loses its usual flavour, and becomes of a sweet taste, and is then used by the natives as a substitute for sugar. The seeds are also eaten by the natives, both raw and roasted, and even the resident Spaniards have them served up as a dessert.

Fine specimens of this vegetable giant exist in England, but it does not appear to have been tried out of arboretums and gardens, though in its natural state it is found scattered through sandy valleys and plains, which would appear incapable of supporting vegetation of any kind.

Looking at what has already been done by individual enterprise in the way of introducing new species into Great Britain, and the promising aspect of plantations and pinetums in various parts of the country, an imaginative person might conceive of Hindostan, and other tropical regions, as the hot-beds of our supplies in the hereafter, when a more rapid transit not only of seeds but of seedlings will enable us rather to transplant than to import them.

It is certain that to many kinds this change of climate will prove beneficial. Few of the coniferæ of hot countries are good timber-trees; the oily spirituous viscous juices to which so much of the excellence of the wood is attributable passes away by evaporation, and leaves it loose and dry. In these moist, cool regions, another habit might ensue, and the virtue of a close firm texture and durability be added to height and beauty of foliage and outline.

It is a law of vegetable life that the necessities of man shall be substitutes to them for hands and feet and power of locomotion; he seeks them out for the help they afford him, gathers them from all parts of creation, and, acting on the hints that Nature gives, of the soil and situation adapted for their several requirements, brings the best of them within his grasp, and, generally, to the advantage of both. Under the natural arrangement of the coniferæ, the most practically valuable of them are those within

the temperate zone. There is no part of the European members of the tribe that is not of use and profit to man. From the roots of the *Abies Alba* to the green tops of the Spruce—from the dry cones to the bark, that epidermis, which in the kingdom of flowers and trees, as in the animal world, while apparently devoid of the vital principle itself, serves as a fragile but essential barrier between life and death, and binds up the cells and vessels turbid with terebinthine sap, not much less valuable than the timber itself, which, by a natural affinity, and under all its metamorphoses it combines with, consolidates and conserves. Even this bark is found to be for the tanner's purposes as useful as the cuticle of the oak.

In brief: the fir and pine tribe are to civilized man what the palm is to the natives of the tropics. They afford us timber for the building of our ships, and houses, and furniture, and various implements. They supply us, in their purest exudations and balsamic gums, with valuable medicaments, and with turpentine and resins essential to various arts and handicrafts; and though we do not, like the Canadian boatmen, sew our wherries together with the pliant filaments of the roots, nor use the young shoots for fodder for our cattle, as is common in Norway and other northern countries, nor make bread of its inner bark, nor, out of the Highlands, use splints of the inflammable wood instead of candles, we still periodically recognize its illuminative power in the "torch of pitch" which the link-boys carry in our London fogs; which links, by the way, before the days of the prototypes of "Day and Martin," were employed (as we learn from "Pomet") to black shoes. Shakespeare, in the "Taming of the Shrew," alludes to its serving the same purpose at the other extremity of the toilet, and makes *Grumio* exclaim that there was no link to colour *Peter's* hat.

In ship-building, from Scriptural times to

those of the "Leviathan," no substitute has been found to replace the pitch with which the ark was rendered water-tight, and which, according to Berosus the Chaldean (whom Josephus quotes), must have mainly assisted in preserving the venerable wreck amongst the Cordycean mountains in Armenia, whence the people of his day carried off pieces to use chiefly as amulets for the averting of evil-mischief; so that faith in relics must have been as strong amongst the ancients as it subsequently became in Roman Catholic times; and in this instance the existence of the relic itself must have been wholly owing to the preservative properties of pitch. A learned commentator at my elbow suggests that bitumen was the substance used by Noah to pitch the ark; but I do not see because the walls of Babylon were built with this substance instead of mortar, that we should accept the Scriptural use of the word pitch for anything but itself; besides there is no analogy in their uses, and it rarely happens that a cement effective in consolidating stone is also so for binding and closing timber. Moreover, cedar and fir-trees abounded, and wood fires being in constant use for domestic and sacred purposes, what was to prevent, from the earliest period, the discovery of this particular product of the coniferous family? It was precisely the wood that, under the circumstances, would be most commonly used for fuel; and the action of fire upon it, under certain circumstances, would naturally reveal the existence of pitch: therefore, if the flood-rocked, storm-shaken timbers of the quaint craft in which the antediluvians rode out the Deluge, survived to be carried off piecemeal two thousand years afterwards, I have no hesitation in believing that the relic-hunters owed their treasures to the fact of the ark having been pitched within and without with true pitch—the resinous extract of some one or other of the fir-pine tribe.

## DAVID THE TRAPPER.

(A Tale in Six Chapters.)

### CHAP. V.

David and Soko departed, followed by the mules, and returned three days after with a load of beaver-skins to the value of several thousand dollars. The Kansas sold them to the agents of the company, and forced David to receive the price. "My brother would not raise an obstacle to Nehalas's happiness," he said: "the girl has a white heart; a desert life is too rude for her: her proper place is in a pale face's wigwam, and she has chosen thine."

The young girl confirmed her brother's words and David had no objections to offer against a union which would crown his life with happiness. Meanwhile the season was advancing. The company's agents had finished their barter, and were now preparing to send forward the greater part of the peltries by the Missouri, and for this purpose were constructing about a dozen boats of skin. These boats (eighteen feet by five) were made of three buffalo-skins, stretched on a very light frame. A thick coating of suet and ashes was laid over the seams to



render them water-tight, and the boat was loaded in such a manner that it did not draw more than two feet of water. A crew of three men belonged to each boat: the moment of departure arrived, and David embarked with Nehala. Soko, who accompanied them to the bank, seemed as if he could not part from his sister. At last, after a long embrace, he seated her in the bottom of the boat, and holding out his hand to David, said, in a voice whose gravity ill hid his emotion, "Her heart has always throbbed in unison with other hearts; her hand has ever been pressed by friendly hands. Perhaps my brother may find that as a wife she is proud and exacting; but Soko had only one sister, and he made himself her slave. I entreat my brother to be lenient to her faults; and I know that the pale faces treat their women and children gently; that they require nothing of them that overtasks their strength; and this it has been that has made me so desirous Nehala should marry a white. May you both be happy: for myself, I return alone to the desert."

Here Nehala's sobs burst forth, and she extended her arms to her brother.

"Why not follow us?" said Ramsay, who was much moved. "Cannot my brother, like Nehala, find happiness among the pale faces?"

Soko shook his head: "A woman's country is that of the husband she has chosen," he said; "but the Kansas' country is where he hunts the buffalo and for the scalps of the Blackfeet. Nehala only needs my brother's glance and smile to live; but Soko must have the air of the prairies."

"May we never hope to see you again?" inquired David, in an agitated tone.

"No," murmured the Kansas; "this is the parting death-struggle for us all!" Then seeing that the other boats were beginning to move, he added rapidly, "Farewell! farewell! love each other always!"

Nehala attempted to throw herself into his arms, but with a touch of his foot he pushed the light boat off, and it began to glide down the stream. The poor girl gave a cry of despair, while David took her in his arms and tried to soothe her grief.

"May my brother make her happy," was repeated by Soko's voice in the distance.

The young colonist attempted to speak, but his emotion choked him: he could only place his hand upon Nehala's head, to show that he understood and would fulfil the wish.

By this time the boats had all entered the current, and were being borne rapidly away. The Kansas remained standing in the same place as long as he could see the boats; at last, when the rearmost had disappeared behind the fringes of ash and cotton-trees, he slowly turned away, mounted his horse, and buried himself in the desert.

Meanwhile the flotilla of boats continued to descend the Missouri; Nehala's grief began to subside, and if David's attentions could not make her forget her brother, they at least as-

sisted her in supporting a separation that was inevitable. Besides, the vigilance required in the navigation of the river, and the thousand dangers to which they were exposed, prevented her, as well as David, from dwelling on this sorrow. Constant attention and clever management were necessary to avoid the rapids, rocks, and sandbanks; and more than all, the parties of Crow Indians which infested both banks of the river, and from whose cruelty our travellers had everything to fear. The first two or three days, however, passed off without any serious accident. One or two boats which ran aground were soon got off; and others which were torn by the pointed rocks, were drawn up dry and repaired. But towards the evening of the third day, David, who was in advance of the other boats, perceived a volume of smoke rising from one of the banks. He immediately made the signals agreed on to the other boats, which soon gained the opposite shore, and hid themselves among the overshadowing foliage of the willows and ash trees. Continuing to advance with precaution, he ere long discovered on his right an encampment of Crow warriors. Profiting by a small island which would conceal his boat, he was preparing to coast along the left bank, when he perceived about a hundred horsemen of the same tribe advancing on that side. He had scarcely time to push his boat into the bushes which overhung the water, when the whole troop arrived on the banks. The two parties recognized, and saluted each other with loud cries. Several of the new arrivals dashed, with their horses, into the river, to join those encamped on the right bank, and passed within a few feet of the boat, which, however, remained undiscovered. The greater number contented themselves with encamping on the left bank, where they lit enormous fires.

Placed thus between two enemies, David's position was rendered still more dangerous from his being unable to communicate with the other boats. The night, which was coming on, did not promise to lessen his embarrassment, as the slightest noise would be heard on both banks, and the smallest movement be perceptible by the light of the stars. Ramsay resolved to wait till the savages should be asleep. He waited patiently till the middle of the night, when the last murmurs having ceased, he cautiously quitted his retreat. At the same moment he heard a gentle splash behind him, and perceived the other boats silently gliding towards him: they had watched his motions, and now came to join him.

The entire flotilla had soon doubled the island, and now lay exposed between the two camps. David, at the head, kept a sharp lookout on both sides, and was just passing the last fire when he was startled by a voice close by him. He darted to the forepart of the vessel, and found under the prow an Indian who was crossing the river, just in the act of uttering another cry to alarm the camp; but before it had time to leave his throat, Ramsay had seized his head and forced him under water. A dumb,

but fearful struggle followed; in his efforts to disengage himself, the savage had grappled the young man's arm, and was dragging him down.

"Let him go," said Peter, who happened to be in the same boat.

"No," replied David, "we should be lost.

As he spoke the Indian made a last effort; the boat heeled to one side, and the young colonist disappeared in the water. Nehala screamed, and the other trapper stopped the boat. The agitation of the water had shown where Ramsay had disappeared, and proved that the struggle was being continued under water. All at once the Indian's two arms rose above the surface, and fell almost as suddenly, and then a head appeared.

"David!" cried the distracted Nehala.

"Here I am!" he replied.

"And the savage?" inquired Peter.

"Food for the fishes!" was the answer.

The two trappers assisted him to re-enter the boat, where the young girl threw herself into his arms.

"Quick! get into the current!" said the young man; they must have heard us in the camps.

A confused murmur was distinguishable on the two shores, and several shadows rose; but it was only for a few instants, and silence again reigned around. The rest of night passed without any fresh accident, and the next day the flotilla reached Fort Cass—the most advanced post on the Missouri.

The greatest dangers were now over, and the rest of their journey was without incident.

## CHAP. VI.

Our readers have not, we hope, forgotten our first chapter, where we found Jonathan and David chatting in one of the streets of Franklin, and preparing, the one for a life of toil, and the other for an idle existence. A single year had elapsed since this conversation, and the two friends stood again in the same place: but their position and thoughts were now widely different. Every feature of David's face breathed of peace

and happiness; whilst Jonathan, with his arms folded and head bent, looked the picture of despair.

"So your poor aunt's illness obliged her to shut up her shop?" said Ramsay, continuing the conversation.

"And when her affairs came to be settled it was found that she owed all she possessed; so that we are left penniless, and without resources."

"Cannot you work?" gently inquired Ramsay.

"Work! and at what? Have I any trade?" replied Jonathan, bitterly. It is all very easy for you to talk of other people's misery, you who are employed by the company and have money in the funds. You have everything that you can want. Your mother is happy; you have married the handsomest Indian girl that has ever been seen here: everybody likes you, and everything prospers with you.

"It is true I have much to thank God for," was David's gentle answer; but at least I have so acted that this prosperity is no reproach to me. The ease that I enjoy I have earned; Nehala is mine only, because I acted the part of a brother-man to Soko: and if my mother is happy, it is because I have always held her comfort and happiness before my own. Believe me, Jonathan, industry and loving-kindness are the surest roads—

"To the devil with your sermons!" exclaimed the young man!

"I have offered you my assistance," observed David.

"Keep it till I ask you for it," was Jonathan's sulky reply. "I wish to have nothing more to do with you!"

With these words he abruptly turned away, and Ramsay learned the same evening that he had quitted Franklin, abandoning his poor infirm aunt. He had not the courage to work for two, and to undertake the charge of one who had for so long supported him.

When David heard this news he hastened to the old woman. "My mother needs a companion and friend of her own age," he said: "come, then, and live with her, and I will be your adopted son and watch over your declining years.

## I D L E S S E.

BY JOVEN.

When the *dolce far niente* is exalted into a principle or stiffened into a custom, it ceases to be delightful. Indeed, it is only the industrious who can thoroughly enjoy the luxury of being lazy. Carlo, the *lazzarone*, may lie down in his rags on the marble steps of a palace; he may bask in the Italian sunshine, or look out drowsily over that glorious Bay of Naples; but, depend upon it, one of the old Danish sea-kings had a deeper enjoyment when, after a voyage

over the fierce sea, and after a wild raid against the Saxons, he stretched out his huge limbs on the fresh turf, and lay there, with the wind that swept down from the hill just moving his yellow locks. For Carlo, speaking soberly, does not live at all. Despite a throat that can swallow maccheroni, and despite a tongue that can utter Neapolitan slang, Carlo is a nonentity—a poor, blind, vacant worthless animal. Ulf, son of Sweyn (let us so call him) was a man: a man



who could wield two spears at once, who could strike fearfully with a battle-axe, who could swim like a salmon, and run like an elk; a man, too, who could sing the *sagu* of his fathers with a wild poetic force, very refreshing just now. He could fight terribly and he could rest immensely; whilst Carlo can only drone and drowse. Similarly, we doubt whether the *dolce far niente* is not more enjoyed by the tough, stirring English than by Turk, Italian, or Greek. With them it may be the normal state; with us it is a luxury, rarely to be indulged in, and all the sweeter from its rarity. Nothing palls so soon as pleasure; no, not hard work. A man shall work for days and months, and then for months and years, yet never tire; but the lazy somnolent *poco curante* must soon find his existence a sad bore. Now, the English are born workers. Some of us who read second-rate newspapers may be familiar with diatribes against the lazy and effeminate aristocrats; but we know very well that such diatribes are scarcely worth the penny for which they are sold. If the "aristocrat" is not in public life—if he does not devour blue-books, or read out his eyes over parliamentary papers, you will find him pulling at Oxford in an eight-oar (which is not idleness, I beg to observe!) or forcing his way, gun in hand, through thick cover. Again, my own love for the manufacturers is not peculiarly passionate—but how they work, these men!

The rarest animal in England is a sluggard. With us, what we call rest is often but a change of labour. If the literary man has worn out his brains, for awhile, with the production of incessant *feuilletons*, he tries to recover the tone of his brains by exhausting the strength of his muscles—happy, if he has even the chance of *that*; too often his rest is but a new study. Are there not men who, after overworking themselves with Greek, seek a refuge in the consoling arms of Mathematics? Nay, there is one illustrious living man—a man amongst the *toughest*, if not the *strongest*, ever born—who, his heart terribly torn by a sore, domestic bereavement, devoted himself immediately to the study of Optics! And, for such men as these, just imagine the ecstasy, the deep concentrated enjoyment of utter laziness! It cannot last long; by-and-bye, they must again be up and doing; but while it *does* last! O *lazzarone*, poor creature that you are, basking in the sunshine, if you were an English man of letters, an English country clergyman, or an English lawyer, you would then begin to understand the glory of indolence! At present—pardon the severity of the term—you are a pig. Your thoughts—when you have any—turn only in the direction of provender: yes, a decided pig, Carlo, though you have the loveliest land in Europe for a sty.

On such terms have I answered a friend of mine, who (having previously conceived rather a good opinion of me—a proof that his own powers of discernment are limited) expressed some surprise at finding me in my present po-

sition. Answering him thus, I soon had the pleasure of watching his gradual disappearance through the corn-field. Let me confess that my position *is* peculiar—under a tree, with my coat off. Not reading, if you please; not smoking; not sketching. *Idlesse*, perfect *idlesse*. Why should he be astonished? Is the coat sacred, that not even on this blazing summer day I may cast it from me? Was shadow intended only for silly sheep? But then, he thought I was an active kind of person. So I am: I have been working hard; and now I am resting ditto. But then, I might be studying, and "improving my mind;" reading Ricardo *On Rent*, or Mill *On Liberty*. At any rate a little amusing light literature could do me no harm—say Alison's *History of Europe*, or that hilarious production Mr. M. F. Tupper's *Proverbial Philosophy*. Go to, thou friend of mine! As you walk through yonder corn-field, count, if you will, how many bushels it will yield per acre, and then meditate on the price per bushel. Nay, pursue the subject even further—price per bushel being so much, what will the quarter loaf cost next February? Every one to his taste; *mine* is for taking off my coat and lying down. I have been thus engaged for a considerable time; I cannot say exactly *how* long, for I took the precaution to leave my watch behind me. I have a vague idea as to the time of day by the position of the sun, but nothing more. Introduce the definite into *idlesse*, and *idlesse* is destroyed. You should be utterly removed from the region of dates, and nobly independent of accuracy. If anyone else turns aside from the path into this shady covert, he will still find me in a gracefully horizontal position, and occupied in being free from any occupation. Shall it be said that I am a drone? I repudiate the term; I am an active Briton, but when I *do* rest I like to do it thoroughly. A friend or a book would spoil the luxurious gusto of this summer-day's *idlesse*.

I cannot say whether this word will be considered affected: I hope not, for it is a word which I love. Now, *idleness* does not half so well express my meaning. *Idleness*, you think of work neglected or postponed. *Idlesse*, you think of summer ease, of Spenser's Faëry Queen, of the Morte d'Arthur, of Sir Tristram, of pal-freys prancing over greensward, of the distant sound of a fairy horn, of Acrasiâ's bower, of the whole beautiful world of romance and fiction. One moment, please: there is so much *new* poetry that it is worth while to quote the old; only a few lines, about the Bower of Bliss. You know them, no doubt; but you will not object to hear them again.

"The joyous birds, shrouded in cheerful shade,  
Their notes unto the voice attempered sweet;  
The angelical soft trembling voices made  
To the instrument divine respondent meet;  
The silver-sounding instruments did meet  
With the bass murmur of the water's fall;  
The water's fall, with difference discreet,  
Now soft, now loud, unto the wind did call;  
The gentle warbling wind low answered to all."

Were it not that, when I purpose a day of *idlesse*, I resolutely determine to bring no book with me, Edmund Spenser, and no other should be my constant companion. He is the very poet for such dreamy moods. It is very true that you cannot read very much of him at a time, but *that* is just another testimony to his genius. He satiates you so quickly because he is so wonderfully rich, so luscious, so sweet. Lay down the "Faery Queen," and you seem still to move in an enchanted land. You see vast, wild plains, with one knight, no more, riding slowly on—a knight in battered armour and in sore estate, but cheerful still of heart, nervous still of hand; you see, upon an open meadow that lies beside a wood a hundred nymphs dancing to the shepherd's pipe; wandering on, you reach the margin of a lake; a battered boat is on the water; you enter, and drift, drift lazily over the lake, till you see the purple shores of a mysterious island; land upon the glistening shore, let the boat again drift lazily away, walk on, and a music sweet as that of the first nightingale in Eden bursts upon your ear; the Power of bliss is before you, but you dare not stay; mysteriously you leave the island Mysterious; there are monsters and dragons to fight, there are maidens to succour, adventures to seek. The rich, pure, lavish poet! how his pictures sweep past you, gorgeous, exuberant! and how, as they pass, a music springs up which may well seem to come from the warm heart of the deep, generous Earth herself—so natural is it, so varied, and so deep! Music and colour, the man who loves these will never really tire of Edmund Spenser.

I have not the "Faery Queen" with me. As already stated, I have no books at all, and I want none; but some echoes from the old song fill my brain. If I were resting in some places that I know, real *idlesse* would be impossible. The very beauty of the spot would be too intensely felt. Here, I have but a quiet bit of English earth, a tree to shade me, moss to rest upon, and the tiniest of rivulets singing its soft monotone to lull me to sleep. Is not this enough? The old sea—varied, restless inscrutable—would not perplex me: nay, that never-ceasing roll, that eternal ebb and flow, must needs be almost pathetic if you listen long; must sound almost like the moan of a mighty creature, in pain that shall know no end, and weariness that shall endure for evermore. But this murmur of the rivulet—it is like a mother's lullaby to her child, as soft and as soothing. And why must I leave it? Surely, I am better here—purer in heart and action—than ever I can be in city or town! Why cannot I just rest here, with my head upon the moss, and watch the dragon-fly glittering through the air, or hearken to "the murmur of innumerable bees"? God knows I am free enough from ambition, political or financial, and care little about "getting on"; a sadly unpractical fellow, I grant it freely, and make the confession without blushing. "Methinks it is good to be here:" *here*, where the sunshine is tempered and broken by

the boughs, but glows upon the stream beneath, golden and delicate—where "waves of shadow go over the wheat," and through the wheat burns the red poppy, and waves its scarlet banner with the waving of the ripening ears. O passionate old world, stirring old mother, that will not let a child play truant in a place like this, but will needs have him back to his work; will not let him carol his songs in peace, but will needs summon him home with a hoarse, harsh voice. Home? Is not *this* home? Do I not perchance leave home—leave the place where alone I can naturally live—whenever I go from such a place into the region of houses! Am I not nearer the *other* home—that home which is mysterious as the wind, but certain as the sunshine—nearer to it *here* than when "with blinded eyesight poring over miserable books"? It is the old argument of Locksley Hall, and must end in the old way. Not we, but one wiser than we fixes our home; and we may not leave the task which has been set us.

We may rest from it, as I do now; as I have been doing for some hours. It was very early when I set out, and the dew was yet upon the grass. The air was fresh and keen, and the birds were singing, each his own song, in the trees. Now they are hushed; the air is hot; and, glancing out over the country round, every thing seems asleep. Asleep seems the old church far off—asleep in the long nave, asleep in the little chancel. The red-roofed houses of the village asleep; the out-lying farms asleep; the corn-fields, the meadows, the hedges asleep—nay, even the rivulet flows drowsily. If for a moment there is a stir in the air, the long pyramidal willows drowsily nod their heads, and the very bees seem to doze amid the flowers. And yet, were all things drowsier than they are, I could not fill up the whole measure of my longed-for idlesse. Thought and passion—hungry followers—pursue one even into these natural temples. If the flower is beautiful, you must needs think of the friend with whom you have so often enjoyed its beauty—a friend, perhaps, from whom you are now estranged, or who is a thousand miles away. The ripple of the stream shall bring with it thoughts of the beautiful Past—the dear, adorable, irrecoverable Past! Where is it, with its beautiful young enthusiasms? its ardent and generous illusions? Will they never return, those dreams—not of mere happiness, but of noble effort and philanthropy? Is the wisdom that we gain worth the price that we pay? We grow more modest, more humble: more justly we estimate our powers, more tolerantly we regard our opponent's. Much that in the old days seemed heroic to us, now seems childish. Need we rejoice very much at making the discovery? Years hence, when *other* illusions are gone, shall we, looking back, find them as beautiful as the first ones? Hardly, I fear; but so it is, that he who would once again be a prophet, becomes "a good fellow;" and he whose whole thought was of reform, lies cozily upon the ground and reads the "Idylls of the King."



This at least we do gain, and it is much—we gain a healthy catholicity. We see that human nobleness can exist without our sect as within it. We grow ashamed of many an invective which once, honestly enough, we launched at those with whom we differed; and the Liberal grows to understand the Conservative, the Conservative the Liberal. Of history, also, we judge more wisely, because more widely. I suppose most of us have had that admiration for the old Puritans which many great writers have made so popular. As the first heat of our enthusiasm cools, we begin to be just to the Cavaliers. The loyal, cheerful, faithful gentlemen! What matters it that their king, being a Stuart, was one whose word no man could trust? What matter that Stafford, doomed to death, cried out, "Put not your faith in princes"? The country squires did not think of this; they thought of the beautiful word "loyalty," and they mounted. One can fully admire the Puritans, can reverence their passionate earnestness and their indomitable will, and yet be just to the Cavaliers, who fought for a sentiment rather than for a principle. Aye, and in the long run, that memory will be the sweetest of the two. It was quite right to resist "ship money," and quite right to guard lest the "prerogative" should be over-strained. Yes; but it was also right that the gentlemen of England, knowing little about "constitutional" questions, should take horse for the king, "God bless him!" The achievements which have been inspired by sentiment, be it said, will always have a firmer hold upon the hearts of men than those which have proceeded from mere conviction; and the men who will always be dearest to us are those Highlanders who rose at the call of Charles Edward, and followed him, blindly but bravely, from Preston Pans to Culloden; and those Vendéans who, under La Rochejaquelein the noble, and Cathelineau the peasant, held out, amid their natural fortresses of hedge and wood, against the disciplined regiments of the Republic.

Ah me! what have I to do here with Lochiel and Keppock, with Stofflet and Charet? Well, I might do worse than think of brave men; and as I think of these the old school-days come back. The barbarian builders have destroyed the beauty of the little nook to which on half-holidays I was wont to steal, book in hand; and going there *now* is like making a pilgrimage to a shrine that has been turned into a shop. Yet often I go there, and call up the old days. I should have been wiser, doubtless, had my hand oftener held a cricket-bat, and seldom a book; but then, as always, I delighted to be for a while alone—alone with thoughts and hopes and dreams. May I never be alone with regrets! I suppose that, for want of a better term, I may class myself amongst the artists; and the artist has a world of his own, peopled with his own phantoms, and made sacred with his own feelings. To *others* are destined the crown and the palace; *others* are fit for the battle and the work. Happy *insouciance* of the artist! Where

the strong energetic man would grow weary, the artist has a perpetual fund of joy—of joy the cheapest and the purest. There are many who cannot be happy unless they are fighting or labouring; but for the artist, give him a gleam of light on the bark of a willow, and a ripple of shadow on the corn, and he is in paradise for an hour. The strong man, by-and-bye, will weary of the conflict, will be glad to steal away from the heat of the *mêlée*, and will come to seek consolation from the careless, child-like soul of the artist. Miserable the artist who is not always half a child! whose heart is not always receptive of innocent delights! Come, then, over-wrought labourer, come and rest under the shade for a while! Tell us of your triumphs, tell us of your struggles, and we will tell you of our fancies and our dreams. Yes, you have stood up in a crowded hall, and the hall has been hushed as you rose. Robust, fearless, stalwart, you have fronted the people; you have mastered them with your eye, and then, lifting up that grand voice that rings like a mighty bell, you have played upon their hearts with a mastery as absolute as Ernst could show upon the violin—smiles or tears, courage or anger, words from your lips could excite; and when at length you sat down, there have been passionate plaudits ringing through the room. And *we*? At the time when you rose to speak, under the glaring gas-lights, to the heated crowd, *we* were resting on a country stile. You heard cheers and responsive laughter; *we* heard the young lambs bleat and the cattle low. We saw the twilight creeping over the valley; later we saw the lights in many a cottage window, and we saw the stars rise one after one; and as we saw all this our hearts were full. Of what? How can we tell you? Do you *know* the feeling if we name it?—a vague indescribable rapture that seemed to *float* within us—a rapture that we cannot analyze for your behoof, but which is stronger—take our word for it—than that produced by "tremendous cheers, amidst which the hon. gentleman resumed his seat." Happier is the hon. Bohemian when he resumes his pipe! Woe to the world if all men and women were artists; greater woe still if *none* were; for they keep fresh and green all the purities of pleasure. Aye, that pleasure of theirs is marvellously unalloyed. No egotism need enter into it, no feverish vanity. The soul *drinks* in heaven at every pore, and one feels, with Emerson, that the greatest worldly misfortunes are as nothing, so that we keep our eyes. Add, so that we keep the skill to use them, and keep our hearts in such repose, that what the eyes see the heart can quietly interpret.

The hours go on slowly—let them go. Shall I leave this glorious little sanctuary, and go back to exchange remarks about the weather, the funds, the Sicilian Vespers, and the pilgrimage of Ploërmal? Let Verdi be as noisy as he likes; let Meyerbeer be as skilful and yet romantic as he alone can be; but for me, though I love music almost as much as I love books, though often when no book could much affect me, a

violin could move me to tears, and though I know that the really great composer can sway the soul even as he lists, yet I will lie here, as before, quietly dreaming. The heat of the day is over, and, as the evening approaches, the blackbird, who has long been mute, suddenly leaps again into song, and the quick pure whistle vibrates in the air. There is much chattering, much twittering from the minor minstrels, each firmly convinced, perchance, that *his* particular twitter is the perfection of vocal skill; and how can we blame the twitterer for so believing? We have generally a pretty good opinion of *our own* twitters, we lords of the creation! High and clear above the sparrows whistles the blackbird. Verdi, in the shape of a very big Cochinchina, excels his own *Il Balen* by the most portentous crow—a crow as of the crack of doom—that ever appealed to the heart of a hen. *Bravissimo, Verdi!* Let him be called forward, this Cochinchina; let him “proudly strut his dames before,” What energy, what dramatic power he does possess! As for the Mozart or Rossini or Mendelssohn of a blackbird, he would probably decline to accept an ovation, and would find in his own music his own “exceeding great reward.” But what this generation likes is “energy” and “passion;” wherefore let the Cochinchinese school of music be rewarded liberally! Another crow—somewhat too much of this, Signor; eat and hush.

Even idlesse must end. The shadows of the trees cease to be plain and distinguishable; they blend into the general darkness that creeps on. The stream, indeed, seems waking up with fresh life. Quiet and drowsy at high noon, it seems at present to gain speed and vigour as the time goes by. The wind rises again, and I can hear the sigh of the boughs as they sway before it. My couch will soon be wet with the falling dew, and a *night's* idlesse is more than I have bargained for. I rise, and leaving my covert, stroll homewards by the little path through the fields. Once, indeed, I must rest for yet a few moments, for the moon is up, and the square tower of the church yonder looms beneath it. Past the “God’s Acre” goes the stream—the living waters by the graves of the dead; and it needs no strong effort of fancy to believe that the murmur of the rivulet is rising into a requiem. For they sleep quietly in the churchyard, the by-gone men who, in life, bathed in this very stream, under the shadow of these very trees; who lived their sober life in the village here, and at last were borne soberly through the lich-gate to the little spot of earth where their bones were to be laid. Can we not fancy the village stream chanting its low solemn hymn over them as it passes their graves? Be that as it may, we rest here thoughtfully; and soon feel something almost like remorse for our idle day. They laboured, these clowns; they tilled the earth and cut the ripe grain, wielded the sickle and the flail, worked honestly, and made at least *one* little field richer and more productive than it

was before—shall we dreamers do as much? A deep steady *beating* sound comes on; a minute, and the train, the long smoke-clouds floating behind it, tears past the bridge, past the church, through the fields—over miles and miles of Kentish ground it will rush on; and at the little stations, men, weary with the day’s work, will alight and walk quietly home. Good farmers, who have been up to the corn market; sleek, portly merchants returning to those villas where, the hat laid aside, the merchant forgets ‘Change, and thinks about his daughters and his dahlias—homewards they go after a day’s work well done.

I have done *my* day’s work honestly enough. I came out to lie down. I have done so; and now I have had as much idlesse as I want, and quite as much as is good for me. If to-morrow were at my free disposal, I should assuredly not desire to pass it in the same way. I should wish for a long, long walk, past many mile-stones; or for much pen, ink, and paper. Carlo, the lazzarone, is not my model for *every* day; but it can do none of us harm to leave the scene of our labour now and then, to penetrate into the bright fields, and there, lulled by the rustling of the leaves, rest happily, giving ourselves up to the quiet of the place, vexing our hearts no longer with thoughts of our work and our trouble, but piously listening to the breathings of nature, and lovingly beholding her graces and her charms. For the rest, I know that this must not be done too exclusively; and I trust that I can feel the truth of those lines of William Allingham:

“Man must not spare to learn with care,  
And *work out* God’s intent;  
For, know, thou wilt be charged with guilt,  
Who art but innocent!”

## A DAY IN JULY, 1859.

BY MRS. ABDY.

Oh! summer day—fair, exquisite, and glowing!  
The birds sing sweetly in thy leafy bowers;  
Soft, as in southern climes, thy gales are blowing,  
Fresh are the blossoms of thy fragrant flowers:  
Yet thy rich roses, and thy wild-birds’ singing,  
Are transient gifts, that soon shall fade and cease;  
This is thy better praise, that thou art bringing  
To our glad ears the joyous news of peace.

The clouds that o’er our country seemed impending  
Are scattered by a gracious Hand above;  
The nations lately warring and contending  
Are meeting now in unity and love.  
Our dark forebodings, and our spirit sadness,  
Lo! they depart—we welcome the release;  
Long shall our hearts recall in grateful gladness  
The summer day that brought us news of peace!



## HOW THE LADIES LIVE IN BRAZIL.\*

The city-home is not an attractive place; for the carriage-house and stable are upon the first floor, while the parlour, the alcoves, and the kitchen are in the second storey. Not unfrequently a small area or court-yard occupies the space between the coach-house and the stable, and this space separates, on the second floor, the kitchen from the dining-room.

The access to the staircase is through the great door whence the carriage thunders out on festas and holidays. At night it is shut by iron bars of prison-like dimensions. Every lock, bolt, or mechanical contrivance, seem as if they might have come from the Pompeian department of the Museo Borbonico at Naples. The walls, composed of broken bits of stone cemented by common mortar, are as thick as those of a fortress.

In the daytime you enter the great door and stand at the bottom of the staircase; but neither knocker nor bell announces your presence. You clap your hands rapidly together; and, unless the family is of the highest class, you are sure to be saluted by a slave from the top of the stairs with "*Quem é?*" ("Who is there?") If you should behold your friends in the balcony, you not only, if intimate, salute by removing the hat, but move quickly the fingers of your hand, as if you were beckoning to some one.

The furniture of the parlour varies in costliness according to the degree of style maintained; but what you may always expect to find is a cane-bottomed sofa at one extremity, and three or four chairs arranged in precise parallel rows, extending from each end of it toward the middle of the room. In company the ladies are expected to occupy the sofa, and the gentlemen the chairs.

The town-residences in the old city always seemed to me gloomy beyond description. But the same cannot be said of the new houses, and of the lovely suburban villas, with their surroundings of embowering foliage, profusion of flowers, and overhanging fruits. Some portions of the Santa Theresa, Larangeiras, Botafogo, Catumby, Engenho Velho, Praia Grande, and San Domingo, cannot be surpassed for their beautiful and picturesque houses in the Brazilian style.

There are various classes of society in Brazil as well as elsewhere, and the description of one would not hold good for another; but, having sketched the house, I shall next endeavour to trace the inmates from infancy to adult life.

The Brazilian mother almost invariably gives her infant to a black to be nursed. As soon as

the children become too troublesome for the comfort of the *senhora*, they are despatched to school; and woe betide the poor teachers who have to break in those vivacious specimens of humanity! Accustomed to control their black nurses, and to unlimited indulgence from their parents, they set their minds to work to contrive every method of baffling the efforts made to reduce them to order. This does not arise from malice, but from want of parental discipline. They are affectionate and placable, though impatient and passionate—full of intelligence, though extremely idle, and incapable of prolonged attention. They readily catch a smattering of knowledge: French and Italian are easy to them, as cognate tongues with their own. Music, singing, and dancing suit their volatile temperaments; and I have rarely heard better amateur Italian singing than in Rio de Janeiro and Bahia. Pianos abound in every street, and both sexes become adept performers. The opera is maintained by the government, as it is in Europe; and the first musicians go to Brazil. Thalberg triumphed in Rio de Janeiro before he came to New York. The manners and address of Brazilian ladies are good, and their carriage is graceful. It is true that they have no fund of varied knowledge to make a conversation agreeable and instructive; but they chatter nothings in a pleasant way, always excepting a rather high tone of voice, which I suppose comes from frequent commands given to Congo or Mozambique. Their literary stores consist mostly of the novels of Balzac, Eugène Sue, Dumas *père et fils*, George Sand, the gossiping *pacotilhas* and the *folhetim* of the newspapers. Thus they fit themselves to become wives and mothers.

Dr. P. da S——, a gentleman who takes a deep interest in all matters of education, and whose ideas are practically and successfully applied to his own children, who possess solid acquirements as well as graceful accomplishments, once said to me: "I desire, with all my heart, to see the day when our schools for girls will be of such a character that a Brazilian daughter can be prepared, by her moral and intellectual training, to become a worthy mother, capable of teaching her own children the elements of education, and the duties which they owe to God and man: to this end, sir, I am toiling." Such schools are increasing, and some are very excellent; but, in eight cases out of ten, the Brazilian father thinks that he has done his duty when he has sent his daughter for a few years to a fashionable school, kept by some foreigner. At thirteen or fourteen he withdraws her, believing that her education is finished. If wealthy, she is already arranged for life; and in a little time the father presents to his daughter some friend of his own, with the soothing remark, "*Minha filha*, this is your future husband." A view of diamonds, laces, and

\* From "Brazil and the Brazilians, portrayed in Historical and Descriptive Sketches." By Rev. D. P. Kidder, D.D., and Rev. J. C. Fletcher, for many years missionaries in Brazil. Illustrated with one hundred and fifty engravings. Published by Messrs. Childs and Peterson of Philadelphia.

carriages dazzles her mental vision; she stifles the small portion of heart that may be left her, and quietly acquiesces in her father's arrangement, probably consoling herself with the reflection that it will not be requisite to give her undivided affections to the affianced companion—that near resemblance of her grandfather. Now the parents are at ease. The care of watching that ambitious young lady devolves on her husband, and thenceforth he alone is responsible. He, poor man, having a just sense of his own unfitness for such a task, places some antique relative as a duenna to the young bride, and then goes to his counting-house in happy security. At night he returns and takes her to the opera, there to exhibit the prize that his *contos*\* have gained; and to receive the congratulations of his friends on the lovely young wife that he has bought. "Tis an old tale; and Brazil has not a monopoly of such marriages.

Then the same round of errors recommences; her children feel the effects of the very system that has rendered the mother a frivolous and outward being. She sallies forth on Sundays and festas, arm-in-arm with her husband or brother, the children preceding, according to their age, all dressed in black silk, with neck and arms generally bare, or at most a light scarf or cape thrown over them, their luxuriant hair beautifully arranged and ornamented, and sometimes covered with a black-lace veil. Prayer-book in hand, they thus proceed to church. Mass being duly gone through, and a contribution dropped into the poor-box, they return home in the same order as before.

It is often matter of surprise to northerners how the Brazilian ladies can support the rays of that unclouded sun. Europeans glide along under the shade of bonnets and umbrellas; but these church-going groups pass on without appearing to suffer, seldom using even a small parasol.

You remark, in these black-robed, small-waisted young ladies, a contrast to the ample dame who follows them. A Brazilian matron generally waxes wondrously broad in a few years—probably owing to the absence of outdoor exercise, of which the national habits deprive her. It cannot be attributed to any want of temperance; for we must always remember that Brazilian ladies rarely take wine or any stimulant. On "state occasions," when healths are drunk, they only touch it for form's sake. During many years of residence, I cannot recall a single instance of a lady being even suspected of such a vice, which, in their eyes, is the most horrible reproach that can be cast upon the character. *Está bebido* (he is drunk)—pronounced in the high and almost scolding pitch of a Brazilian woman—is one of the severest and most withering reproaches. In some parts

\* A *conto* of *reis* is one thousand milreis—equal to five hundred dollars. The Brazilian never reckons a man's wealth by saying, "He is worth so many thousand *milreis*," but, "He has so many *contos*."

of the country the expression for a dram is *um baieta Inglez* (an English overcoat); and the term for an intoxicated fellow, in the northern provinces, is *Elle está bem Inglez* (he is very English). The contrast between the general sobriety of all classes of Brazilians, and the steady drinking of some foreigners, and the regular "blow out" of others, is painful in the extreme.

Wives in Brazil do not suffer from drunken husbands; but many of the old Moorish prejudices make them the objects of much jealousy. There is, however, an advance in this respect; and, far more frequently than formerly, women are seen out of the church, the ballroom, and the theatre.

Nevertheless—owing to the prevailing opinion that ladies ought not to appear in the streets unless under the protection of a male relative—the lives of the Brazilian women are dull and monotonous to a degree that would render melancholy a European or an American lady.

At early dawn all the household is astir, and the principal work is performed before nine o'clock. Then the ladies betake themselves to the balconies for a few hours, to "loll about generally," to gossip with their neighbours, and to look out for the milkman and for the *quitandeiras*. The former brings the milk in a cart of novel construction to the foreigner—or at least he has never seen such a vehicle used for this purpose before going to Brazil. The cow is the milk-cart! Before the sun has looked over the mountains, the *vacca*, accompanied by her calf, is led from door to door by a Portuguese peasant. A little tinkling bell announces her presence. A slave descends with a bottle, and receives an allotted portion of the refreshing fluid, for which he pays about sixpence English. One would suppose that all adulteration is thus avoided. The inimitable *Punch* says, if in the human world the "child is father to the man," in the London world the pump is father to the cow—judging from the results (*i.e.* the milk sold in that vast metropolis). Alas! mankind is the same in Brazil that it is in London. Milk may be obtained pure from the cow if you stand in the balcony and watch the operation; otherwise your bottle is filled from the tin can carried by the Oportoense, and which can has oftentimes a due proportion of the water that started from the top of Corcovado, and has gurgled down the aqueduct and through the fountain at the corner of the street.

The *quitandeiras* are the vendors of vegetables, oranges, guavas, maracujas (fruits of the "passion-flower"), mangoes, *doces*, sugar-cane, toys, &c. They shout out their stock in a lusty voice, and the different cries that attract attention remind one of those of Dublin or Edinburgh. The same nasal tone and high key may be noticed in all. Children are charmed when their favourite old black tramps down the street

\* Had the Messrs. Kidder and Fletcher visited the suburbs of London, this mode of bringing milk to the door would not have appeared unique.—ED.



with toys or doces. Here she comes, with her little African tied to her back, and her tray on her head. She sings—

"Cry meninas, cry meninos,  
Papa has money in plenty,  
Come buy, *ninha*, *ninha*, come buy!"—

and, complying with the invitation, down run the little *meninos* and *meninas* to buy doces doubly sugared, to the evident destruction of their gastric juices and teeth. Be it remarked, *en passant*, that no profession has more patronage in Rio than that of dentistry.

At length there appears at the head of the street that charm of a Brazilian lady's day, the pedlar of silks and muslins. He announces his approach with the click of his *covado* (measuring-stick), and is followed by one or more blacks bearing tin cases on their heads. He walks up-stairs, sure of a welcome; for, if they need nothing of his wares, the ladies have need of the amusement of looking them over. The negroes deposit the boxes on the floor, and retire. Then the skilful Italian or Portuguese displays one thing after another; and he manages very badly if he cannot prevail on the economical lady to become the possessor of at least one cheap bargain. As to payment, there is no need of haste: he will call again next week, or take it by instalments—just as the *senhora* finds best; only he should like *senhora* to have *that* dress—it suits her complexion so well; he thought of the *senhora* as soon as he saw it; and the price—a mere *nada*. Then, too, he has a box of lace, some just made—a new pattern for the ends of towels—insertion for pillow-cases, and trimmings for under-garments.

Some families have negresses who are taught to manufacture this lace—the thread for which is brought from Portugal—and their fair owners make considerable profit by exchanging the products of their lace-cushions for articles of clothing. One kind of needle-work in which they excel is called *crivo*. It is made by drawing out the threads of fine linen and darning in a pattern. The towels that are presented to guests after dinner are of the most elaborate workmanship, consisting of a broad band of *crivo*, finished by a trimming of wide Brazilian thread-lace.

These Italian and Portuguese pedlars sell the most expensive and beautiful articles. A Brazilian lady's wardrobe is almost wholly purchased at home. Even if she do not buy from the *moscato*, she despatches a black to the Rua do Ouvidor or Rua da Quitanda, and orders an assortment to be sent up, from which she selects what is needed. The more modern ladies begin to wear bonnets, but these are always removed in church. Almost every lady makes her own dresses; or, at least cuts them out and arranges them for the slaves to sew, with the last patterns from Paris near her. She sits in the midst of a circle of negresses, for she well knows that "as the eye of the master maketh the horse fat," so the eye of the mistress maketh the needle to move. She answers to the description of the

good woman in the last chapter of Proverbs: "She riseth up while it is yet night, and giveth a portion to her maidens; she maketh fine linen [*crivo* and lace] and selleth it;" and, though her hands do not exactly lay hold on the spindle and distaff, yet "she looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness," always excepting that taken on the balcony.

We may infer that the habits of servants were the same in Solomon's time as in Brazil at the present day, judging by the amount of trouble they have always given their mistresses. A lady of high rank in Brazil declared that she had entirely lost her health in the interesting occupation of scolding negresses, of whom she possessed some scores, and knew not what occupation to give them in order to keep them out of mischief. A lady of noble family one day asked a friend of mine if she knew any one who desired to give out washing, as she (the *senhora*) had nine lazy servants at home for whom there was no employment.

One of the trials of a Brazilian lady's life is the surveillance of the slaves who are sent into the streets for the purpose of marketing and carrying water.

The markets in Rio are abundantly supplied with all kinds of fish and vegetables. Of the former there are many delicate species unknown in the north. Large prices are given for the finer kinds. One called the *garopa* is much sought for as a *pièce de résistance* for the supper table on a ball night. Fifty milreis (about twenty-five cents) are given on such occasions. A fish is always the sign of a *casa de pasto*, or common restaurant, at Rio.

The market near the Palace Square is a pleasant sight in the cool of the morning. Fresh bouquets shed a fragrance around, and the green vegetables and bright fruits contrast well with the dark faces of the stately *Mina* negresses who sell them. "What is the price of this?" "What will the *senhor* give?" is the common reply; and woe betide the first efforts of a poor innocent ship's steward in his early attempts at negotiations with these queenly damsels, whose air seems to indicate that with them to sell or not to sell is equally indifferent and beneath their notice.

The indigenous fruits of the country are exceedingly rich and various. Besides oranges, limes, cocoanuts, and pineapples, which are well-known amongst us, there are mangoes, bananas, *frutas da conda*, *maracuja*, pomegranates, *mammoons*, *goyabas*, *jambos*, *araças*, *cambocas*, *cajus*, *cajas*, *mangabas*, and many other species whose names are Hebrew to northern ears, but which quickly convey to a Brazilian the idea of rich, refreshing, and delicate fruits, each of which has a peculiar and a delicious flavour.

With such a variety to supply whatever is to be desired, in view of either the necessities or luxuries of life, none need complain. These articles are found in profusion in the markets, and also hawked about through the town and

suburbs by slaves and free negroes, who generally carry them in baskets upon the head. Persons who wish to purchase have only to call them by a suppressed whistle (something like pronouncing imperfectly the word *tissue*), which they universally understand as an invitation to walk in and display their stock.

In an outer circle of the market mentioned you find small shops filled with birds and animals. Here gay macaws and screaming parrots keep up a perpetual concert with chattering apes and diminutive monkeys. At a little distance outside are huge piles of oranges, panniers of other fruits ready to be sold to the retailer and the *quitandeiras*, wicker-baskets filled with chickens and bundles of palmito for cooking. It makes one sad to think that the procuring of these palmito-sticks has destroyed a graceful palm (*Euterpe edulis*); but what is there that we are not ready to sacrifice to that Maelstrom, the stomach? One of those beautiful trees I sketched at Constancia, fifty miles from Rio. It was not straight, as we usually find it, but gracefully curved; and, as it lifted its slender form and tufted summit above the tropic forest, it presented a picture of such uncommon loveliness, that, day after day, I visited the spot to drink my fill of beauty.

Here comes the black cook, José, or Cæsar, basket on arm, counting with his fingers, and bent on beating down to the lowest price the white-teethed Ethiopian who presides, in order that he may have a few vintems, filched from his master, to spend, as he returns home, in the purchase of a little *cachaça*, "*para matar o bixo*" (to kill the beast). What this much-feared animal is has never been ascertained; but certainly, judging from the protracted effort that is required to kill him, he must be possessed of remarkable tenacity of life—a sort of phoenix among animals! The fish, vegetables, fruit, and indispensable chickens being purchased to his satisfaction, he next goes to the street appropriated to the butchers. Here he buys some beef, lean, but not ill-flavoured, an apology for mutton, easily mistaken for patriarchal goat, or a soft, pulpy substance, considered a great delicacy (appropriately termed, by the Emerald Islanders, "staggering Bob")—the flesh of an unfortunate calf that had scarcely time to look at the blue sky ere it was consigned to the butcher's knife. Then he proceeds to the *venda* to purchase the little dose for his *bixo*, and wends home, in high good humour, to prepare breakfast.

In many families a cup of strong coffee is taken at sunrise, and then a substantial meal later in the morning. Dinner is usually served about one or two o'clock—at least where the hours of foreigners have not been adopted. Soup is generally presented, and afterwards meat, fish, and pastry at the same time. Except at dinners of ceremony, an excellent dish, much relished by foreigners, always finds a place on a Brazilian table. It is compounded of the *feijão*, or black beans of the country, mingled with some *carne secca* (jerked beef) and fat

pork. *Ferinha*, or mandioca-flour, is sprinkled over it, and it is worked into a stiff paste. This *farinha* is the bread for the million, and is the principal food of the blacks throughout the country, who would consider it much deteriorated by being eaten in any other manner than with the fingers. It is an excellent and nutritious diet, and with it they can endure the hardest labour. Coffee or maté is often taken after dinner, and the use of tea is becoming more common. The "*cha nacional*" bids fair to rival that of China; but the maté, though not generally used in the middle and northern provinces, is considered more wholesome than tea, being less exciting to the nerves. Some families have supper frequently of fish; but in others nothing substantial is taken after dinner, and they retire very early to rest. Rio is as quiet at ten o'clock p.m. as European cities at two in the morning. Even the theatre-goers make but little noise, as they are generally on foot—at least if they reside in the city. So much do the places of public amusement depend on the pedestrians, that if the evening is decidedly rainy it is usual to postpone the performance until another night. It must be remembered that half-an-hour's rain transforms the streets of Rio into rushing canals, all the drainage being on the surface. On a drenching day, the *pretos de ganho*, or porters, who lounge at the corner of every street, make a good harvest by carrying people on their backs across these impromptu streams. Sales are often announced with this condition, "The weather permitting."

One of the greatest delights for the black population of Rio is the necessity of carrying water from the *chafariz* or public fountain, or from the water-pipe which is at the corner of almost every street. Blackey lazily lounges out with his *barril* under his arm, and happy is Congo if he spies a long *queue* of his compatriots awaiting their turn at the stopcock. Here the news of their little world is told amid bursts of Ethiopian laughter; or a small flirtation is carried on with Rosa or Joaquinha from the next street; or perhaps there is an upbraiding lecture administered by some jetty damsel from Angola, whose voice, to his consternation, is by no means *pianissimo*. There is another out-door affair much more congenial: *i.e.* many a sly attempt to kill the *bixo* is made at the adjoining *venda* while the water pours into the *barrils* of the earlier comers.

Some mistresses, however, who find that their cooks have *always* to wait for the water, make arrangements with the water-carriers, who perambulate the streets with an immense hogshead mounted on wheels and drawn by a mule. This vehicle, during a fire (not a frequent occurrence), is required to supply the fire-engines. These men are generally natives of Portugal or the Azores, and seem eminently qualified by nature to be hewers of wood and drawers of water. They carry the water up-stairs and pour it into large earthen jars, which bring to mind the waterpots at the marriage of Cana in Galilee. The huge earthen vases are arranged on stands



in places where there is a current of air, and the liquid element in them thus acquires a coolness which, though not equal to the iced water of the United States, possesses a delightful frigidity. Ice is in Brazil an expensive luxury, brought solely from North America, and not in general use even in Rio, and, of course, unknown in the country. Boston apples and ice are both in the highest esteem; but the latter was rejected, as altogether unwholesome, upon its introduction in 1833, and the first cargo was a total loss to the adventurers. At the present time both command a good price; and in the month of January the quitadeiras may be heard crying out lustily, "Maçãs Americanas" (American apples), which they sell for five or six vintems each.

The Fluminense lady has occasionally some respite from slave-watching and household cares, when the *senhor* takes her to Petropolis or Tijuca, or perhaps gives her a few weeks of fresh air at Constantia or Nova Fribourgo. Such visits are not, however, so frequent as one would wish; and the *senhora* must content herself with *festas*, the opera, and a ball, as a relief from her usual round of duties. An evening-party in Rio generally means a ball. Familiar intercourse with the higher families is difficult of attainment by foreigners; but when the stranger is admitted he is received *en famille*, and all ceremony is laid aside. In such home-circles the evenings are often spent in music, dancing,

and games of romps. Here men of highest position are sometimes seen unbending their stiff exteriors, and joining heartily in innocent mirth. A game called "*pilha tres*" is a favourite, and is quite as wild and noisy as "pussy wants a corner." An American gentleman informed me that on one occasion he joined in this play with a Minister of the Empire, the Viscountess (his wife), two Senators, an ex-Minister-plenipotentiary, three foreign *Chargés d'Affairs*, and the ladies and children of the family. No one feared any loss of dignity by thus laying aside, for the moment, his ordinary gravity, and all seemed to enjoy themselves in the highest degree.

The Brazilians have large families, and it is not an uncommon thing to find ten, twelve, or fifteen children to a single mother. I saw a gentleman—a planter—in the province of Minas-Geraes, who was one of twenty-four children by the same mother. I afterward was presented to this worthy matron at Rio de Janeiro.

I am persuaded that there is much of the home element among the Brazilians. Family fête-days and birthdays are celebrated with enthusiasm. Though the standard of general morality is very much lower than that of the United States and England, I believe it to be above that of France; and there is a *home-feeling* diffused among all classes, which tends to render the Brazilian a more order-loving man than the Gaul.

## MARGARET CONWAY.

(*A Tale in Three Chapters.*)

### CHAP. I.

It was a dismal evening. A keen north-east wind was blowing, although it had been misting sufficiently long in the earlier part of the day to render the streets very filthy, covering the pathways with a sort of thick sticky mud, said by uncomplimentary tourists to be peculiar to the city of C—, as a woman turned quickly, yet with a sort of hesitation, out of P— Street into one of the obscure alleys which branch from it. Her dress was much unsuited to the season—early January—being of some light material which clung so closely to her somewhat tall figure as to seem nearly its only garment. A scanty shawl was drawn closely round her shoulders, and a bonnet of light blue silk, now much soiled and faded, hid her face as much as she could possibly contrive it to do, while a pair of thin boots, so broken as to be scarcely capable of keeping her feet from the mud into which she sank at every step, completed her miserable costume. After proceeding a little way up the narrow lane, a pause before a brilliantly lit window told her wretched errand. It was the window of a pawn-office—a place

which she had (God help her!) often visited for some time back—a place which (alas! still greater misery) she feared she should not visit much longer: almost *all* was gone; and yet a place which the degradation and shame of visiting even "custom could not stale for her."

Some poor are born poor, struggling from their very birth with all this world's coarse realities. Loudly, and with "*unbated breath*," they speak of their many wants; neither do they blush when seen among the abject haunts of the poor; if they do not absolutely parade their rags, neither do they feel shame for them. They stand together in the public thoroughfares, or at the doors of their dwellings, gossiping with each other of their domestic affairs; and whose husband is idle, whose child is ill, or who it is has played some shabby trick upon another, is fully and freely discussed; and without in the least underrating their many miseries and privations, or their great—all but miraculous—patience under them, there can be no hesitation in asserting that they do not suffer as another class of poor do—that most unhappy section of society who hide their poverty as though it were a crime; who shrink

from its many meannesses with involuntary disgust; who would fain veil their distresses from even the kind eyes of Sympathy—those poor who have seen better days.

To this latter unhappy class the woman evidently belonged, as she stood shivering in her thin garments, and yet perhaps trembling as much from excitement as from cold, looking in through the window, anxious, yet shrinking from mingling with the rough, noisy crowd which filled the shop; till at length a coarse-looking woman, the most boisterous of them all, having concluded her business and left the place, she entered, and gliding as quickly as possible to the end of the counter, was soon attended to by one of the assistants. A young man who seemed to know her, and observing that she held something grasped closely in her hand, said, sharply:

"Come, come, let us see what you have. We are about to close: it is late."

As he spoke, she lifted her head, displaying as she did so a very peculiar countenance. It was that of a woman two or three-and-thirty years old. Perhaps not so much; but if not Time, penury and suffering had, indeed, "worn it to the bone;" for the skin, of a wax-like yellow, was strained over features nearly entirely fleshless. The eyes were sunken and very dark, as were the brows and hair, which, rough and neglected-looking, was pushed back from a low, broad brow, as she laid on the counter what she had grasped so firmly—it was a silver cross, such as usually hangs from the beads used by Roman Catholics in performing some of the devotions peculiar to their creed. Her colourless lips remained apart, in her eagerness to know his decision, as she muttered (she could not speak aloud):

"As much as you can—as much as you can."

He took it up, and with the slow, mechanical caution of trade, proceeded to test its quality, while she stood watching him with a kind of hungry eagerness. Yet so accustomed had she been, for some time back, to disappointment, that it would have scarcely surprised her if, returning it, he had said it was of no value. But such a thing did not occur; for after a few minutes (which to her seemed hours), he came to her, and said in so many words:

"Three and six."

"Oh no—no!" she answered, as her lean fingers grasped the edge of the counter, convulsively. "Oh no—no; it would be of no use to me. I thought you would give seven shillings, at least; it is worth much more." And forgetting everything but the sick-longing which was to be gratified by a part of the price of its sacrifice, she was going on to speak of the purity of the silver, when the man cut her short by saying:

"We can't give more than I say. We are about to close, take or leave it as you like."

"Oh give me five shillings—give me five!" she exclaimed, in tones of such anguish as pierced even his "dull, cold ear" and heart; for, going up to a man who seemed to be the pro-

prietor of the establishment, after a brief consultation with him he returned and placed the sum demanded, together with its ticket, in her hand. She looked at the latter for a moment, as if about to tear it, but did not; and then, drawing her poor covering round her, she passed quickly out into the bleak cold street once more.

Retracing her steps, in P— Street she again entered another shop. This time it was a very different establishment, being a fashionable fruit-store. Many porters without the counter were busy packing hampers, or opening boxes of fruit or foreign nuts, or preserves; while many young girls inside were attending to people awaiting the different things they required. Less bashful, this time, she entered without hesitation, and, though still timid, did not seem altogether to shrink with shame, until, observing the supercilious eyes of a young girl. Alas that, so young, she should be so unfeeling—so unwomanly! Glancing over her poor garments, a deep blush passed over her wan face, so deep that one wondered how the poor body could furnish blood enough for the dye. And then, with the tone and accent of a lady, she asked what their grapes were a pound. A sneer curled the lip of the girl as she answered, "Half-a-guinea," and passed on to attend another customer; as if there could be no necessity to wait any longer with one so meanly, not to say so strangely, garbed. The poor woman hesitated, counted over again the few coins in her hand. Her lips moved, as making some calculation, and then mildly asked if she could give her a quarter of a pound, as they were for one who was very ill and longing for them. It was in vain: they could not make less than a pound. With a deep sigh, she then selected three large oranges, for which she paid sixpence, and went away. Out again into the crowded thoroughfare, meeting hundreds of persons of whom not one looked on her with interest or pity; of whom not one cared where she came from, or to what place she went; until again, her way led her to a bye-street, almost in the suburbs, and on entering the open door of a mean-looking house, she was met in the hall by a woman, who seemed watching for her. She placed three of the remaining shillings in her hand.

The woman nodded, and remarked "All right—a month's rent."

And then silently ascending the dirty staircase, on opening a door at the very top of the house, she stood in the wretched garret that made her miserable home. As she entered, a voice—it was the voice of a man—exclaimed—

"How long you were—where are they? give me the grapes."

"I have beautiful oranges," she said, gently; "but I could not get the grapes."

"Oranges! I will not taste them. Not get grapes? Why, they are plentiful as blackberries. I will not eat or drink anything at all to-night," he continued, as, after lighting the candle with a match, she proceeded to kindle a



few sticks in the fire-place. "But, I forgot," he added, "you must have your tea, of course; you can buy that because I can't drink it; but you could not get a few grapes for me—even if you tried."

"I did try, Marmaduke," said the woman, "but they were too dear—half-a-guinea a pound."

"Who wanted a pound?" he answered; "a few would have satisfied me. How much did you get for the cross?"

"Five shillings," she said.

"Five shillings!" he exclaimed, triumphantly. "There, I knew it—five shillings—and she could not get me a few grapes."

"I tried to get a quarter of a pound—I would have given all I had, even at all risks, for a half-pound, but they would not make less than a pound; then I had to give three shillings rent as I came up-stairs, and, after giving sixpence for the oranges, I have only one shilling and sixpence left, without knowing, God knows, where to look for another penny when that is gone: how, then, *could* I get the fruit you long for? As for tea, I hav'n't tasted it since you gave it up."

"Pshaw!" he said, "how I hate your mock humility and wisdom. Pity your sense didn't purchase something better for you than it has done."

An expression passed over the woman's face, as if the temptation to make a bitter reply was almost irresistible; but she conquered it and remained silent.

By this time the candle and the now blazing fire showed the whole extent of the place: it consisted of two rooms, one used as a kitchen or house-place, in a recess of which, near the fire-place, was her bed: it was a little straw, without any covering; a small ricketty table, a chair, an old stool, and some wretched-looking articles in the way of cooking utensils and ware were all else it contained. Within this was a closet in which was a bedstead, a tolerably comfortable bed, and, in short, everything of comfort to be found in the place was there. It was from the inner room the voice came, in which the conversation had been carried on; and now, as she entered it with the lighting candle, the person to whom it belonged became visible. A man, looking still young, though he was nearly six years older than his sister—for in that relationship did they stand towards each other—who was evidently, to even the most casual observer, far advanced in consumption. He had lashed himself into a fury, and was now lying back, panting and exhausted, on the pillow; his face, unlike his sister's, was fair—fair as a woman's; every blue vein could be traced beneath the transparent skin; but the eyes were of a cold, light blue, and the lips slightly drawn back from the white, glistening teeth, gave an almost cruel expression to an otherwise handsomely shaped mouth. He was very near death, nearer even than his sister—though she knew his course was nearly ended—imagined; for the fair brown hair, of which he had a pro-

fusion, clung closely and damply to a brow already beaded with the death-sweat. It was pitiable to see her as she stood there looking at him, the divided oranges on a small plate in her hand, longing to moisten his parched lips with the cool juicy fruit, yet dreading to excite him more by approaching to offer it to one who seemed equally irritated by her speech or by her silence; at last he found breath to say "Take away that light, go where I can't see you, take those d——d things away."

She did as he had desired, without speaking; extinguishing the candle, she laid the plate on a little stand within his reach, knowing that before long he would be only too glad to have them near him. She then went out into the other room, and, sitting down on the low stool, hid her face in her hands, not weeping—her trouble was far beyond that—but rocking herself to and fro, and muttering, brokenly, "So near the end, I will not fail. My mother's cross—my mother's cross! Fallen to the uttermost depth, I cannot fall lower but through crime. I *must* have patience with him, he is dying."

And yet this destitute, suffering woman, sitting there in her sorrow, with darkness and poverty and death for her companions—this dweller in the unwholesome byways of a city, was born in a pleasant country place, among many dear relatives and friends; that wan, pinched face had been dimpled and blooming in its young beauty; that hair, now rough and neglected, had fallen upon her shoulders in curls like dark silk, and loitering by the shore of the summer sea, or along the banks of merry inland streams, she had listened to the voice of one who told her of her loveliness, yet who loved her for something far beyond it—for her good, pure heart and mind, and she had sat for hours weaving sweet dreams of what was never to be, under the cool, green shadows of the leafy summer boughs.

## CHAP. II.

Margaret Conway, Miss Conway, of Slumber Hill—that used to be her style and title—was the only sister of the only brother who now lay dying in the little inner chamber. Their father, in his lifetime, had moved in the rank of a country gentleman, though strictly speaking he had no claim to such a position, as he merely rented a large farm on cheap terms, but having married into a family of very ancient descent, but reduced fortune, he was received into society which he could not otherwise dream of entering. His wife, a kind-hearted, indolent woman, somewhat silly in her ideas of the habits of a lady, never knew anything of his affairs; and, provided she had everything she asked for—which she always did—never troubled herself about them. Housekeeping and its details she considered entirely beneath her notice, and immediately after her marriage launched into a style of living ill-suited to her means; while her husband himself, too pettily vain, and anxious

for show, strained his resources to the utmost to supply the many drains she managed to establish on his not very well-filled purse. He was a man at once weak and violent, obstinately attached to his own opinion, and having a perfect horror of being thought poor: and so well did he keep up appearances, that most persons were induced to believe Mr. Conway a wealthy man. In fact, it was quite a settled belief that Marmaduke at his father's death would inherit a good property; and that Margaret's fortune at her marriage would not be less than three thousand pounds. True, some shrewd persons could be found to smile at this; but what matter? the generality of people believed it; and for the present at least all went smoothly.

Mrs. Conway loved both her children fondly, but the son seemed of the two her favourite. He resembled her own aristocratic family in features and person, and had all her own desire for outward show and high acquaintances. While Margaret, with her clear, dark skin, black hair and eyes, and far more robust frame, resembled the plebeian relatives of her father. Yet, when sometimes accused of this partiality, the mother always said she loved them both equally, but Duke being more delicate, he required more care and petting. It probably was so, for Margaret's life up to her eighteenth year was a very happy one. She was much attached to her brother, who was a young man of refined taste in literature. An excellent musician and linguist, and of very pleasing, gentlemanlike manners, he gave in a great degree a similar tone of refinement, and taste for reading, to his sister; though she was not possessed of any accomplishments, for with something of her mother's indolence of character, she disliked the trouble of acquiring them, and had never been compelled to do so by others. So that afterwards, when fortune turned, she found herself a clever rather than an educated woman, possessed of an odd assortment of information—the product of much desultory reading, of little use to herself, and entirely incapable of being communicated to others. In her eighteenth year she happened to accompany some gay friends of hers to the pretty little sea-bathing town of Q—, and there first met with one whom she was destined never again to forget. He was a young merchant of C—, with a prosperous business, and with a handsome establishment. He loved her almost as soon as he saw her; and she soon loved him with all the deep affection of her deep, strong nature. Honest, honourable, and manly, he made no secret of his feelings; but whether, in the privacy of the domestic circle to which she belonged, or in the public ball-room or walks of the gay little town, he was ever by her side, the open display of his affection making her bright eyes brighter, and her glad heart more glad when he joined her. In constant intercourse three delicious months stole over, and then came the time for her return home. They parted; but though her tears were falling, they parted less in sorrow than in hope. She

was to tell her mother everything: he was to follow in a few days, when he would lay such a statement before her friends as he had no doubt would satisfy them fully, and ensure their speedy union—not that she cared to hasten it; but it was so sweet to be with him; to raise her eyes and meet his gazing on her with such love; to feel the soft pressure of his hands on hers, or his fingers running fondly through her glossy hair! She wanted, too, to show him her own home; to walk with him to all her favourite places, to show him her flower-garden and her books, her pet greyhound and her bay-mare; then she hoped he would like them all at home: and oh! she knew they would so like him!

Poor girl! let her enjoy her imaginings: it will be long before she is so happy again. For a few days after her return home she could not assume courage to tell her story; but, at length, with a thousand "simple wiles" to introduce his name, a thousand "innocent shames," dyeing her cheeks with blushes at the sound of it, the indulgent ear of her mother received the tale, heard it with that affectionate interest that only a mother can feel in the welfare of her child, and long before it was over was prepared to receive and love as a son him who had so won the heart of her young daughter. She confirmed her hopes, too, of there being no difficulty in the way of her attachment, and promised to speak of it to her father, that he might be prepared to receive a visit from her lover, now any day to be expected; and Margaret, in her girlish shyness, proposed, and had her mother's consent to the proposal, to go for a few days to the house of an intimate friend until all should be arranged, when *he* should go and bring her home. She went, with her young hopes bearing the fairest blossoms—went, with all her bright day-dreams of the glad future, her young cheek covered with love's soft blushes, and the light of her gentle joy shining in her sweet dark eyes. Ah! how soon it was all over! The second day after, her brother, *not* her lover, came to take her back: there was to be no marriage. He came, and was gone, never to return. She got no explanation of why it was so: indeed, in her first dumb amazement and maiden shame—for her father rebuked her sternly for what he was pleased to term her forward conduct on the occasion—and afterwards, in her listless misery, she asked for none. It was when years were passed she was enabled to guess the paltry, contemptible motives which had come between her and her happiness; then it was too late to remedy her wrongs. Her mother could tell her nothing, but that her father was altogether opposed to *anything* of the kind; and that she feared that the terms of the young man's rejection were of so offensive a nature as to preclude all hopes of his ever renewing his offer. Oh God! her misery, her obstinate unbelief that all could be over; her wild desire to know why it should be so; though still her awe of her father's fearful temper, and her dread of causing suffering to her mother, who sympathized with and tried to console her, kept her silent. Then



for a long time she had a vague hope that something would occur to make all right again; but, at length, as day after day passed, and she heard nothing more, all human interest died away within her bosom: her dull, listless apathy made her being a mere lifeless routine. Her brother's manner, too, was changed towards her: always affectionate, he was now more so than ever—as if, she thought (when she gave it a thought) that he sought to atone to her for some secret wrong. Atone to her! Could he give her back her life, if she lay dead? Could he make that happiness once more quick within her, which in some mysterious way had been destroyed? Could he bring her back the kind, fond heart, now lost to her for ever? yes, for ever! for, five years after their separation, she saw his marriage in a newspaper. She had no other way of hearing it, as her mother was now very delicate, and they lived quietly. Then she blamed him—blamed his inconstancy—unreasonably blamed it, in her own mind though, for with “a proud caution,” she never spoke his name. She forgot that, while she was brooding over his memory in her comparative solitude, making it, as it were, “the tyrant spirit of her thought,” he was out in the world, meeting many fascinating women, and gazing on many fair faces, with the admiring eyes of man. Yet she wronged him: he had not forgotten her, and he loved her still; and though fond of the wife he married, nay, though he married her because he was fond of her, there was an inner chamber in his heart which she could never enter—an inner sanctuary which she could never reach—it was that sacred place where the memory of his first-love lay enshrined. It was the news of this marriage which first aroused her from her moral torpor; and then, startled and stung with self-reproach, she looked upon her mother's fading face, and saw that she was dying—dying of the disease common to her family—consumption. Knew it, and blamed herself, even to anguish, that she had not known it long ago. Then, communing with her own soul, the truth of the lesson first came home to her, that “it is not good for man to be alone”—that it is not good to live but for ourselves. Her mother lingered for two years, during which time she was scarcely ever one hour at a time from her side. Before her death she exacted a promise from Margaret that she would never leave her brother, as she had a presentiment that he would die of the same complaint she was now dying of herself, and would need all a sister's care. The promise was freely given, as, indeed, what promise could be refused at such a time, or what inducement had she to refuse it? Strangely enough, whether it was caused by her own altered manner, or for some other reason, she had never received a second offer of marriage, nor would she have accepted it if she had; consequently she had no intention of leaving him unless he married, or wished her to do so, which did not seem in the least likely.

And so, at last, her mother died; and, oh! how she grieved for her, no one could

ever know how much; how she exaggerated every slight annoyance she fancied she had ever given her; how she remembered all her love and care, and, above all, how she remembered her sympathy, kind and sincere, in the story of her affections, in its happiness and its disappointment; how lonely she was without her. Never again could she meet with such a friend—never again.

Little more than a year after, her father died also, suddenly; and then she knew, for the first time, what her brother had known long, that his affairs were hopelessly involved, and had been so for years: the farm was mortgaged to its full value, and the mortgagee—a grasping man, eager to obtain his own—seized the first opportunity of foreclosing, and so they lost possession of their early home, and were thrown upon the world with scarcely a hundred pounds in their possession.

Then began the usual story. Many remained aloof from whom they had expected kindness. Some were kind from whom they had expected nothing, and, after a short time, and some consultation between themselves, they resolved to remove into C—, where Marmaduke hoped to turn his accomplishments to some account, and where, perhaps, something would also turn up for Margaret. But it is easier to send advertisements to the newspapers, than to obtain either pupils or situations through them; and, when at last a few of the former came to Marmaduke, the remuneration proved a mere pittance. Then his health gave way, and, after struggling long against the necessity they were obliged to be given up; and as, in their proud humility, they had broken off all intercourse with the place they had left—indeed none were left there who cared for them now—they were lost sight of by all; until, sinking gradually lower and lower, we find them, this bleak January night, the inmates of a garret, one dying, the other almost envying the death which was to release him from so much suffering. Marmaduke was naturally sweet tempered; but sickness and sorrow had rendered him exacting, and unreasonable; and he felt this himself; for, after saying many wounding, bitter things to his sister, he would recall her, and apologize. He knew, too, that he had once grievously injured her, though she knew it not, and the recollection of it preyed upon him now. He would sometimes say, too, knowing he was speaking falsely, that she was tired of him and anxious for his death; and though her silence under the accusation irritated him at the time, softened by her patience, he would call her back to him gently, as he did now:—

“Margaret.”

She arose instantly, and went to him.

“Shall I bring a light, Marmaduke?” she asked, as if nothing unkind had been so lately said to her.

“Yes, I should like a light,” he answered, “bring it in.”

And she did so: this time he was sitting up—

right in the bed, his face much flushed and animated; he had eaten some of the oranges, and was breathing easily.

"You are too patient with me," said Marmaduke: "sit down. I was very wrong awhile ago."

"Do not speak of it, Duke," she answered, as she took her seat on the side of the bed; "you know I do not mind it."

"I like you to call me Duke," he said; "you always used to call me so when you were a child. Do you remember when we hid the apples in the grass?"

"I think I do," she said, humouring his desire to talk; "it was near the pool, in the castle meadow."

It was mournful to look up, and listen to them speaking of the times so long ago—the dying man and the sad, troubled woman—when they first hid the apples in the grass?

"I am sorry," he went on, musingly—"I am sorry you ever went that summer to Q——: we were never happy since, and I think you never really liked me either: you never called me Duke until to-night, since then."

"My dear Duke, you know that is only fancy," said his sister. "I loved you always; never more than now."

"Ah! yes," he answered, querulously, "perhaps so; but, at any rate, it is only because you don't know."

"Don't know what?" she asked.

"Did you never hear why it was you were not permitted to marry?" he demanded.

"No," said Margaret; "but I think I have guessed correctly, from my knowledge of my father's character, and what has since happened: I know it was because he would not admit he had no fortune to offer with me, and preferred sacrificing my happiness to confessing that he was a poor, not to say an involved man."

"You have guessed correctly, as far as my father was concerned," said Marmaduke. "Now I will tell you my share in the business. I have long wished to do so."

"It would merely excite you," replied Margaret, "and I have no desire to know, all these things occurred long ago; let them rest."

"No, no, I must tell," said he, "I prefer it."

So she contradicted him no more, and he went on:

"The day your lover arrived to see my father," he said, "I happened to be out, about the ground in the high field—it was where the men were stacking corn—and on entering the hall on my return I met him coming out, looking very excited. I guessed at once who he was, though I had never seen him; and he seemed to do the same by me, for he came up to me at once, and said: 'Mr. Conway, your father has insulted me grossly.' I was amazed, but said it was probably a misunderstanding, and asked what the offence was. 'He has refused his sanction to my marriage with your sister, now or at any time,' he said, 'and will give me no reason for his doing so; now, without wishing

to be guilty of the absurdity of speaking well of myself, I will say that my position is fully equal to his; I have shown him that I possess the means of keeping his daughter in the sphere in which she has been accustomed to move. I have assured myself that, all unworthy as I am, she has given me her affections. What then can I call it but an insult to be rejected in so summary a manner, and without any cause assigned?' After a moment's thought, I said, 'If you wait for a short time I will speak to my father again. I do not understand this at all.' And he did wait in the little breakfast-room. You remember, Mag, it looked out on my mother's little garden. I wonder what use they make of it now. The sun used to be always on one spot on the carpet near the work-table at noon. I marked it myself with ink when a boy. Well, no matter, he waited there until I came. There was a large geranium in the lower window, and when I came back he had, without being in the least conscious of what he was doing, stripped it of nearly every leaf: they were all scattered about the floor. And when I did come I had no comfort to give him. On pressing my father to the utmost for an explanation, he at length, in a violent burst of rage, let me into the secret of his involvements, stunning me with the suddenness of the blow. Ah! Margaret, it was not alone your young hopes which were that day blighted. I had long loved one gentle and good—too good for me—who was poor. I had been a great deal with her, telling her, in fact, that I loved her, in all but words. But from that day I considered myself bound in honour to withdraw. Why should I, a beggar, seek to bring her to my own distress? Yet it has often pierced my heart to see the puzzled look upon her sad, sweet face, as though she were seeking in herself for some cause of the change, shrinking from blaming me."

Margaret spoke abruptly here: "You should have told her all. There is no love without trust, and you would have spared a gentle heart much sorrow if, confiding in her, you had said, 'I love you, though we cannot wed, as we are both so poor!' But it is terrible to be left without any explanation. However," she continued, "that was *her* 'lesson of life.' She is happy-looking enough now. I saw her the other day in the street, in the dress of a Sister of Mercy."

"You knew, then, that I loved Annie Welstead?" said her brother.

"Yes, it was plain enough once," said Margaret; "but you tire yourself speaking. Lie down now and rest."

"Not until I tell you the rest," he said. "You know, like both our parents, how I was the slave of appearances; and so my first impulse was concealment. I returned then merely to tell him—so anxiously awaiting me—that, without meaning the slightest offence to him, and though much flattered by his proposal, my father had succeeded in making it clear to me that it could not be entertained. 'He left me, deeply wounded in his pride as well as in his



love—telling me frankly he would endeavour to see yourself, if possible. He knew you were not at home, and that failing that, he would write to you; and that his future acts should be guided by your reply. I frustrated both intentions by bringing you home at once, and, intercepting his letter to you, I burned it—of course without breaking the seal. He was naturally much hurt by your apparent neglect of his appeal, and you equally hurt at his apparent readiness in taking his dismissal; but, as a woman, not in a position to take any step in the matter as it stood, the affair ended—as I foresaw it would—in a total estrangement. I see now (when it is too late) how wrong we all were. But at any rate, Margaret, say that you forgive me; for our mother's sake, if not for mine, who loved us both so well!"

She could not say it; no, not for the salvation of her soul. She could not say it *then*; for his words had brought back past times to her, and their events stirring up once more within her heart feelings which she believed had been destroyed, glad she felt even now to hear she had not been given up as calmly as she thought she had been. Love she felt for him even still, the husband of another; angry contempt, too, arose within her at the paltry vanity which had ruined her; and yet a strange feeling of pity, for him who by this confession—late as it was—restored her to her self-respect; for she had often suffered keenly in despising herself for clinging, through change of time and fortune, to the memory of one who had so lightly forgotten her. But though *then* she could not speak the forgiveness he asked for, with the silent kiss, her pale lips pressed upon his up-raised brow, she sealed a covenant with herself that she would try to forgive him in his grave. He seemed to take the silent caress for what he demanded, and was satisfied. And after a pause, Margaret said to him:

"Now, brother, let me again speak about what you know I am so anxious; for surely you are not one of those who think the presence of a clergyman will hasten death! Do let me send for one."

"Bring a priest into this den?" he exclaimed. "No, I will not."

"Dear Marmaduke," persisted his sister, "then I must bring one without your leave. You know he will notice the place little in his anxiety about yourself; and once he comes I am sure you will like it yourself and be much easier."

"I tell you," he said, "I am much better as it is—much better! I shall be about again soon, and then I promise faithfully, Mag, I will go to a priest—if only to please you!"

Even as he spoke, a strange grey shadow passed over his face, although he called out, in a clear loud voice, "Help me! I am fainting—I am fainting!" But, near as she was, before her hastening arms could reach her brother, to lay him gently down, he had fallen back upon the pillow stone dead!

### CHAP. III.

It was a merchant's store—a provision store. Quantities of meat, in various stages of preparation, lay around. Many men were actively employed about it—some making it up in large bales, while others were packing it into barrels or casks of various sizes. Coarse voices called aloud to each other concerning the work on which they were employed, and there was a constant din of hammering: in fact, there was all the busy hum of hurried occupation consequent on the making up of a government contract—perhaps not the less marked just now that the master's eyes were upon them, as he passed through the large concern before entering his office. He was a tall, handsome man, in deep mourning, of erect bearing, and energetic, intelligent countenance. His glance, as it passed rapidly round, seemed to take in everything; and yet, though keen, it was kindly; for the expression of the clear blue eye and well-shaped mouth, at once firm and good-natured, told that though a quick and not easily deceived master, he was also a considerate—nay, if occasion required it, an indulgent one.

As he next entered the outer office, where a number of clerks were busily employed, one of the workmen, touching his bare forehead with his hand (by way of salute) passed out from it, holding in his hand a small paper; while inside a young lad, who occupied a stool at a desk near the door, was laughing with boyish fun.

"What has amused you?" said the merchant, smilingly.

"Dillon, sir," said the boy, rising, "who was puzzled about a name. I had to write it down for him while he remembered it—Marmaduke Conway."

"Eh? what?" said the merchant, quickly, "Marmaduke Conway? Was he any relative of his?"

"I believe not, sir," said the boy; "only a lodger of his. The man is dead; the name was to be put on his coffin."

"To be put on his coffin? Where is Dillon? Send him to my own office; I wish to speak to him."

A minute more and the man was standing—still holding the paper in his hand—before his strangely-curious master, who asked him quickly what he knew of this lodger of his, Marmaduke Conway? What sort of man was he? Had he any friends?

"Why, sir," said the man, in his roundabout way, "I pay rent for all the house to the landlord, and I make as much as I can of it myself; but though they lived in the garret these three months, I never see him at all until he was dead."

"Well, well," said the merchant, with slight impatience of manner "but you did see him then, you say; and who were *they*?—he and his wife, I suppose?"

"No, sir; his sister. They were in great distress: indeed, 'twas well he died; for they

soon would have nothing left. She had everything pawned for their support, and had nothing to bury him when she sent for me this morning. He died last night. I never saw such a look in anyone's face before. She was not crying, as women do; but she was more ghastly-looking than the corps, and her eyes looked as if they were burning, there was such a light like in them. But her lips were dry and cracked, and they were bleeding, though she did not seem to know it."

The lips of the strong man whitened as he listened, and in the gust of emotion which shook his whole frame, the hand lying on the desk before him trembled like a leaf in the autumn wind.

"She said," said Dillon, "she would go away immediately after the funeral; and, after hesitating a good deal, asked me if I would undertake to get him buried, she didn't care how poorly; and that she would give me everything in his room—there was nothing in her own—for payment. My wife helped to settle him after he was dead, and she told me the bed was a good one; so I consented, and am going now to see about a coffin. God help her!" added the man, "I wouldn't like to see one like her again. I don't know where she means to go, or what she means to do."

His master raised his head, and said, "I will see to this myself. Don't go anywhere just now; I shall want you again almost immediately."

After the man withdrew, he remained for some time with his face buried in his hands; then, starting up, he drew a sheet of paper towards him, and wrote a letter. Next, opening his cheque-book, he filled a cheque; and selecting some notes from the cash-box, finally enclosed them all in an envelope, sealing and directing it. He then summoned a confidential clerk, to whom, with some directions, he gave the packet.

After listening to what he said in silent attention, the man at once left the place, in company with Dillon, who had been the unwitting cause of all these proceedings.

Half-an-hour after, Margaret, breaking the seal of that same envelope, opened the letter, and read as follows:

"MARGARET,—The most trivial accident in the world has led me to a knowledge of your situation. I am aware many people would consider it more delicate of me to render you assistance without permitting you to know from whence it came; but I was never very clever at contrivances, and years ago, when I first knew and loved you, had no better way of letting you into the secret than to go frankly and tell you so. I acted in the same way to your friends; yet why it was I was so ignominiously rejected remains a secret to me to this day. Then I had a letter conveyed privately to you. It was the only time I had ever departed from an open course of conduct, and I was properly punished for it by your silent contempt—though I confess I did not expect to find you so unbending. I speak of these things now merely to show you that it is not want of delicacy makes me act thus openly; but that it has never been either my nature or my

practice to deceive. Besides, there is another reason which renders concealment impossible. Two months back I lost my wife: did she live, it is through her I would communicate with you. She knew the history of our brief engagement; yet, ever kind and good herself, it would have given her pleasure to know and be of use to you, did you so permit. I felt her loss deeply—feel it still. She has left me three young children, the eldest scarce seven years old—girls, too, who have no near female-relative to take charge of them; and indispensable business requires my absence in London and on the continent for a year. My commercial affairs are nearly all arranged, but up to this time I have in vain sought for some one to whom I could give my little ones in care: Margaret, will you reside with them while I am away, and so ensure my peace of mind? I am aware how strange the request must seem from me to you; but the world is full of changes—of changes, indeed, between us. I will not believe you can refuse me this favour, therefore I enclose (you know I am a business-man) the first half-year's money—I mean your allowance as the children's guardian; it is only what I would do to any one who accepted the trust. I do not leave for six weeks, during which time you can make your preparations. I do not ask to see you—do not even desire it just now. I will let you know the day fixed for my departure: it can be made, also, the day of your arrival at my house. Let me know your decision, if only by a single line. But in any case,

"Believe me your firm friend,

"GEORGE ANDERSON."

The wealthy merchant was not niggardly in his bounty—for what was it but bounty, after all?—the enclosed cheque was for one hundred pounds; with five pounds, in notes, for present emergencies.

She had been told by the clerk that everything connected with the funeral would be arranged by him—she was to take no trouble about it. The letter had fallen from her hand, and as she sat by the bedside of her dead brother, she thought how strange it was that Marmaduke, who had taken so large a part in their separation, should have also been the means of bringing them together again; for she had learned how it had occurred. She thought now there was nothing in his letter beyond the desire of a bereaved husband to secure the comfort of his children as much as possible; perhaps also a desire to serve an old friend in her distress—nothing more. She was hurt, too, poor woman; hurt, as if she was still the young inexperienced girl, at his mention of his wife; and smiled bitterly at this ending to her early romance—going as a sort of paid head-nurse to his children—the children of another woman, whom he had loved and married, while she was starving and degraded by all the petty miseries felt so keenly by the refined poor. It is probable that if she had had any other resources in the wide world, she would have declined the offer made to her. But she had not; for though she said truly she intended leaving her present abode after the funeral, beyond a vague idea of seeking out a distant cousin of her father's (to whose place she could travel on foot, but where her reception would be very doubtful), she knew



not what to do. It may sound well in romances to tell of high spirit and scornful indignation; but in real life, and for one who has suffered real want and hunger, it will not do. So "her pride fell with her fortunes," and that evening Mr. Anderson received a note, containing simply the words:

"I will come and take charge of your children whenever you give the notice.

"MARGARET."

Her dead "buried out of her sight," the cheque cashed, and Margaret (removed to good lodgings) held in her hand the redeemed cross of her mother's beads; the rosary itself was gone, long ago. How glad she felt that she had not yielded to her first impulse and destroyed the ticket on the night of its being pawned; it was now the only relic she possessed of what, to her, seemed almost like another state of existence. She had sacrificed many things more necessary to her to preserve it, and it was only because she had nothing else—literally nothing—to raise sixpence on, that she had parted with it at all.

To "live at ease, and not be bound to think" is, certainly, a great means of recovering good looks; and speak as people will of "dross," the "yellow slave," &c., money is a great miracle-worker. It purchases all this world's goods—this world's pleasures: nay, with it may be purchased this world's wisdom; for when people become wealthy, their opinion becomes of great value: indeed, on this occasion it enacted the part of fairy godmother to Margaret, changing her from a miserable odd-looking creature, into a very elegant woman.

With her dark hair smoothed into glossy bands at each side of an already fuller but still very pale face, and dressed in deep mourning, on the night of her entrance into George Anderson's house she looked—what she was—a perfect lady. She entered it, resolved to do her duty by his children, but with little love for them in her heart; she was jealous of them—jealous as she was of their dead mother in the grave. She was unused to children, too; and knew nothing of their wilful, merry, mischievous ways. Neither, at first, did they like her; but by degrees the feeling on both sides wore off, and before six months they loved each other dearly. She was in constant intercourse with their father, too. In the note announcing his departure he had begged that she would let him know how all went on at home; and in time the formal letters, and their formal answers, softened into confidence and affection.

At length the year was passed over; the traveller was to be home on the following day. Margaret had seen the children in bed, and, returning to the drawing-room fire, sat by it for some time. It was January again. The snow lay thick on the ground: it was snowing even then. They lived in a pretty suburban villa, and the place was very still. But in any case she was thinking too deeply to observe any sound, when the hurried entrance of a servant effectually aroused her. He said,

"The master is come!" and went off instantly to attend to something elsewhere.

She arose, much affected, as a tall figure, well wrapped up, entered; and, extending her hand, said something about "Mr. Conway" and "Welcome home;" but a moment after, she knew not how it was, the dry snow which she had seen as in a dream on his coat when he came in, was melting on her black dress, for his arms were around her, and she was weeping on his breast—weeping the same glad tears which she had wept years ago, when they parted at Q—, believing it was only for a short time.

Well, no matter for all that; now they were together again: and though there was no word spoken on the subject, each felt they were to part no more. And so, the first eager delight over, they sat together by the cheerful fire, and she told him of all she had suffered since she last saw him. Passing over her father's cruelty, she dwelt upon her mother's gentleness and affection; for Margaret loved to have her memory mingle with her joy. She told him also of Marmaduke's confession, dwelling much on his too late sorrow for his deception, and regretting deeply the awful manner of his death.

The upright, honourable man, though he condemned the offence, soon learned to speak kindly of the offender; and Margaret, thinking of all things in a happier and more softened spirit, felt that at length she had indeed forgiven him in his grave.

Then he told her how he had hastened home, remembering her old superstition of not liking going on, or arriving from, a journey on a Friday. And she confessed, laughing, that she had been thinking of that very thing when he arrived.

They talked on of many things, he charming away all Margaret's jealousy of his wife, from the way in which he spoke of her—always gratefully and with esteem; but always assuring her she had never been to him what she used to be and was about to become again, telling her how amiable she was and fair; confessing at the same time that he had married her chiefly because he saw how much she loved him, and he believed Margaret had cast him off for ever; and then she was the mother of his children, and otherwise it was impossible to be careless of one so gentle and so fond. They spoke of the summer spent together thirteen years ago, in Q—, and planned many other such even now; the busy man of the world forgetting his enterprizes and his speculations—the much-tried woman her sufferings and disappointments—in the recollections of past, and anticipations of future, happiness. And they were all fulfilled.

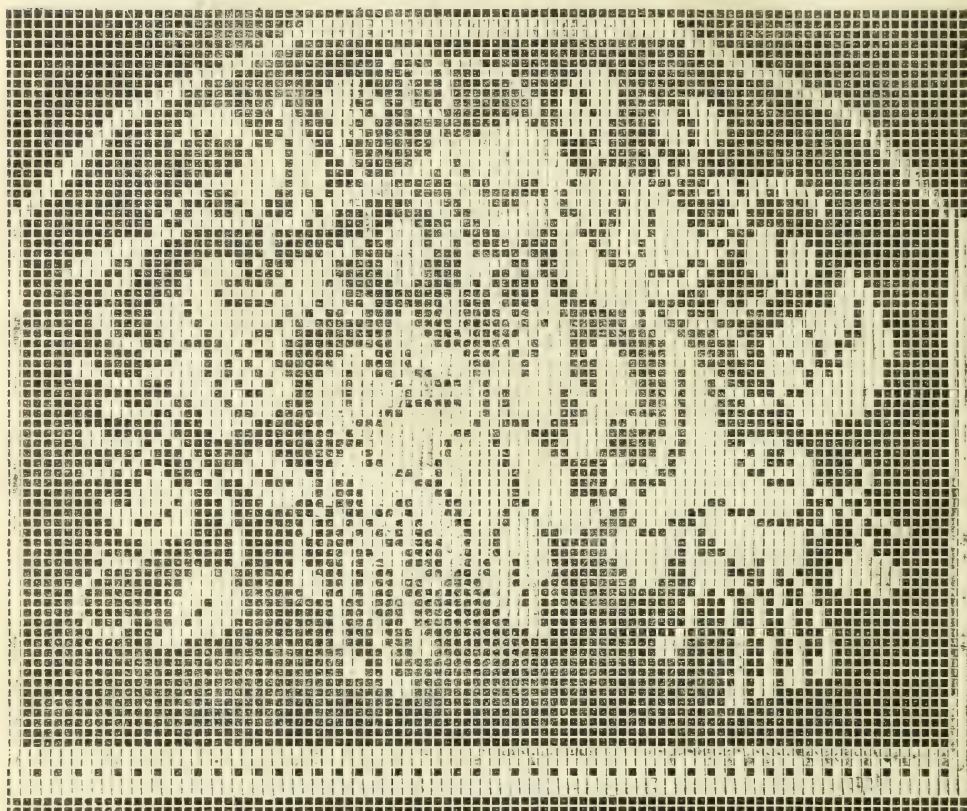
Little more than a year after, Margaret—a happy, smiling wife and mother—was the centre of a group of delighted little girls, who were peeping curiously, but fondly, at the new little brother, who was laid sleeping on her knee; while her husband, bending over her, whispered affectionately: "Margaret, we will call him Marmaduke."

ELIZABETH TOWNBRIDGE.

## THE WORK-TABLE.

## ANTIMACASSAR FOR A LOUNGING CHAIR (IN CROCHET).

MATERIALS :—Nos. 10, 12, or 14 of Messrs. Walter Evans and Co.'s Boar's Head Crochet Cotton.



This design is of ample, but not extravagant size; and by using a coarser or finer cotton, according to the dimensions of the chair for which it is intended, it may be made to fit any one in ordinary use. The foundation chain is 295 stitches, and the greater part is done without any decrease. A small piece of crochet, somewhat deeper than the sloped part of this, and done in a set pattern, should be made for the back of the chair, and to keep this in its place. They should be joined together, by working on both a row of *s c*; then, along the sides and tops, do a narrow edge, thus :

1st row.  $\times$  2 d c in 2 stitches, 4 ch, 1 d c in same stitch as the last, 1 d c in next; miss 4 in the straight parts, but only 3, or even 2 sometimes, in the curves, to make it set perfectly flat  $\times$ ; repeat to the end.

2nd row.  $\times$  1 s c, 1 d c, 1 t c, 1 d c, 1 s c,  $\times$  under every chain. Along the foundation a handsome bead border is to be worked; and this edging may be carried round it, also, if agreeable, a fringe being afterwards knotted over every set of missed stitches.

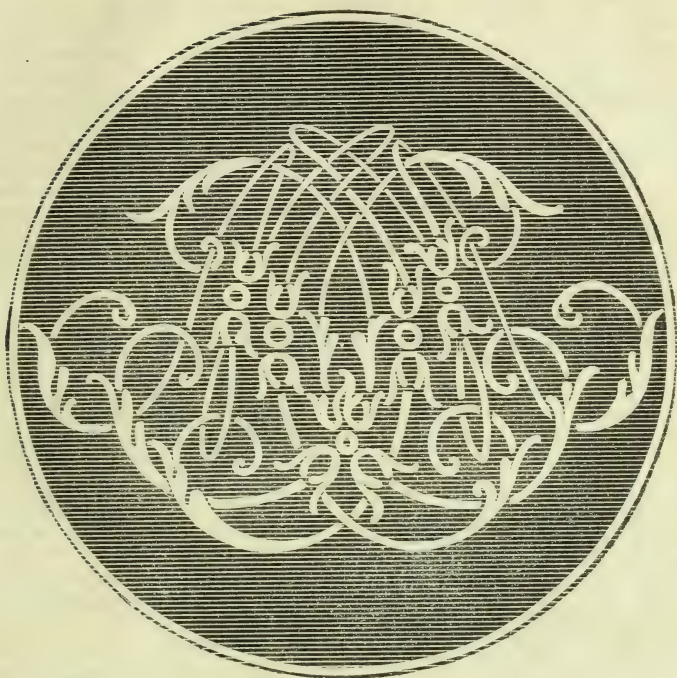
AIGUILLETTE.

## M. C. MONOGRAM.

The pretty monogram of these very common initials, being so well adapted for a handkerchief, is likely, we think, to be very useful to

our readers. Nos. 50 to No. 80 Evan's Perfectionnée Cotton must be used, according to the quality of the cambric. AIGUILLETTE.

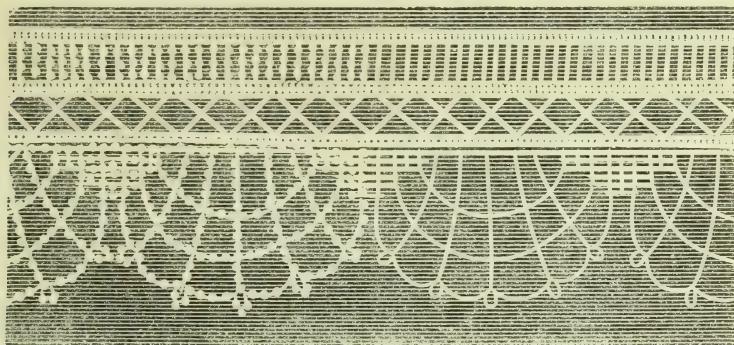




## JEWELLED BORDER, IN CROCHET,

(FOR THE STRAWBERRY AND CURRANT BRANCH D'OYLIES.)

MATERIALS :—Evan's Boar's Head Crochet Cotton, with Beads to match those of the d'oyley.



Work 1 row of s c, all round the d'oyley, doing the stitches in one round the corners.

2nd round.—(With the green beads) s c, with a bead on every stitch.

3rd.—Same beads, × 1 d c, leaving 2 beads on it, 1 ch with bead, miss 1 × all round. Do not miss any at the corners.

4th.—S c without beads.

5th.—Open diamond crochet all round, missing one stitch instead of two at the corners.

6th.—(This and the following rows are done with the ruby beads; with a bead on every single crochet, or chain stitch, 2 on a d c, 3 on a t c, 4 on a long treble crochet) s c.

7th.—× 9 s c, 2 ch, miss 1, 1 d c, 2 ch, miss

1, 1 t c, 2 ch, miss 1, 1 long t c, 2 ch, miss 1, 1 t c, 2 ch, miss 1, 1 d c, 2 ch, miss 1, × all round. This pattern requires just 20 stitches: when beginning it, manage that the long treble stitch shall come at the extreme point of each corner, so that there will be a perfect design then. In the corner patterns, none must be *missed*; and the number of stitches at the sides are to be so divided and increased, if necessary, that the design may go *just round*, neither more nor less. The corner patterns want 14 stitches only, instead of 20. You will reckon, then, that on each side you want so many twenties, and 14 over.

8th row.—× begin over the 2nd of the 9 s c,

7 sc, 3 ch, 1 dc over dc, 3 ch, dc on tc, 3 ch, dc on long tc, 3 ch, dc on tc, 3 ch, dc on dc, 3 ch, × all round.

9th.—× 3 sc, on centre 3 of 7. 4 ch, dc on dc, 3 ch (of course with a bead on each), form them into a picot; 4 ch, dc on dc, picot, 4 ch, dc on dc, picot, 4 ch, dc on dc, picot, 4 ch, dc on dc, picot, 4 ch, dc on dc, × all round.

AIGUILLETTE.

We have before given directions for that very pretty stitch, *diamond open-hem*, but will repeat it for the benefit of new subscribers. Begin as for long tc, work half the stitch; put the thread twice over again, miss 2, and work in the third a long tc, but drawing the needle through *three* the second time. You have now a forked stitch, 2 ch, to correspond with the two missed stitches, and a dc stitch on that part where the *fork* begins. This completes it.

## LEAVES FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

### THE DEAD BIRD.

BY CORA LYNN.

Yes, it was quite dead! Its pretty feathers all torn and ruffled; its bright eyes fixed and glassy. I had so loved that little birdie! It was so tame, feeding often out of my hand; and once, when I was recovering from a long illness, it lived in my room, singing merrily every morning—as though trying to cheer me with its dear, sweet music! And now it was quite dead, and would never sing any more! I did not cry; I was far too angry for that. I stormed, and stamped, and spoke harsh, passionate words to my little frightened brother. He was a small, delicate child of seven, just two years younger than myself. Now he stood holding poor dead Dicky in his trembling hands, the tears rolling down his pale, sorrowful face.

"O, Sissy! I am so sorry—so very, very sorry! Please forgive me?"

"You naughty, bad boy!" I cried, in greater anger than before, "you killed my bird! I told you not to let it out!" And I raised my hand.

Some one caught my arm, and my mother stood by me. Her gentle eyes were sad, and she looked very grave.

"Helen, my dear child, will you *never* conquer this fearful, wicked passion?"

But I was too angry to heed her words. "He has killed my bird!" I screamed, struggling to free myself from her hold.

"O Mamma, I didn't kill it!" sobbed Harry. "I am so sorry I was naughty, and let it out, and Pussy came! And O, Mamma, what shall I do? Poor Dicky lies *quite* dead!"

And Harry clung round his mother, sobbing as if his heart would break:

"You should not have let it out: it was Sissy's bird; but your fault has brought its own punishment, my boy; and now you must ask Sissy to forgive you."

Holding the dead bird tenderly in his arms, Harry came to me, and looking up at me, with his tearful blue eyes, sobbed out, "I am so sorry! Sissy, do forgive me!"

But my wicked temper was unconquered, and I only turned pouting away.

"Sissy, will you kiss me?"

He got hold of my dress, and tried to make me turn to him; but I would not.

"Harry, darling," said my mother, taking him by the hand, "come away: Sissy must be left alone. She is being very wicked, and I cannot allow you to stay with her!"

But the child went reluctantly, running back from the door, to say once more, "Sissy! Sissy! won't you kiss me?"

*And I would not!*

I \* had no sisters, and \* only \* that one little brother. Poor Harry! from his birth he was a delicate, fragile thing, and had grown to be a gentle, loving child—very beautiful to look upon, with soft blue eyes, that had sometimes a strange look in them. On a Sunday evening, when Papa and Mamma, and Harry and I sang our hymns together, the child would sit upon his father's knee, resting his golden curls upon his shoulder; and then that look, that was not of this earth, always came into his face. I often saw my mother watch him till the large tears gathered ready to fall; and then she would turn away, and my father's hand would pass tenderly over the little golden head, as he, too, sighed heavily.

We lived in the outskirts of a large town, in a tall brick house, not very pretty to look at; but there Harry and I had a large airy nursery, full of nice toys and picture-books. Of a winter's evening old nurse would tell us stories about other little boys and girls, and sometimes about fairies—and these Harry liked best.

I loved my little brother—O, how dearly I loved him! And I loved the others too; but for all that I often made them very unhappy, by giving way to my wicked, passionate temper. I was always very sorry afterwards, but my sorrow did not prevent the fault from being repeated.

On my ninth birthday Nurse had given me a canary, in a pretty painted cage. This was a source of intense delight to me. The little creature soon got to know me quite well, and would hop upon my finger and feed from my lips.

And now poor Birdie was dead! I never permitted Harry to open the cage-door; but one



unlucky afternoon the temptation was too strong for him, and as Master Dicky popped gaily about on the nursery-floor, picking up some crumbs that Harry had strewn for him, Pussy, who had been lurking in some dark corner, sprang forward and seized the little songster!

Harry's piercing shriek made Pussy drop her prey, and brought me to the nursery. We lifted poor Dicky up tenderly, but alas! he was quite dead! And then I was very wicked, and gave free way to all my naughty passion; and I would not forgive him—poor child!

When Mamma left me I began to cry—tears of anger, not of sorrow. Nobody came near the nursery for some time; but at last Nurse, leading Harry by the hand, came silently in, and without taking any notice of me, went to the wardrobe where our walking-things were kept.

Poor little Harry looked very sad, and cast many a wistful glance at me as I stood sobbing by the window. As Nurse was getting his hat from its box, he crept softly to me, and stroking my dress, whispered, "Don't cry, Sissy; don't cry!"

"Master Harry!" said Nurse, sharply, "didn't your Mamma forbid you to speak to Miss Helen?"

And poor Harry had to go back. As soon as he was dressed to go out, Nurse led him away, and again I was left alone.

Our nursery-window looked into the high-road, and I watched the two set off, taking the way towards town. I could see Harry was speaking very earnestly, and smiling up at Nurse, as if something pleased him very much.

I began to feel wretched: I knew I had done wrong, and longed to go down and tell Mamma so; but I dare not leave the nursery. Mamma came at last. "Helen," she said, sitting down by me, and taking both my hands—"Helen, you have grieved me—sadly, and you have been very unkind to your little brother. He did not do it on purpose. He loved poor Dicky as much as you did; and when he was so sorry, how *could* you refuse to kiss him?"

I hung down my head, silent and ashamed.

"I hope, Helen, you are sorry, and see how wicked you have been."

"O, Mamma!" I cried, bursting again into tears, "I have been very naughty; please forgive me!"

How kindly, how lovingly she spoke to me! warning me of the trouble I should bring upon myself by yielding to such passion.

"And now," she continued, "I must tell you, that Harry has begged for Nurse to take him into town that he may buy you another canary—with all the little savings out of his money-box. He thought he should be able to get one."

I wept more bitterly at this. Mamma took me on her knee, and we sat there together, and had a long talk.

That dear, good Mamma! She is gone from me now, and I shall never hear her voice on earth again! But every word of gentle warning

that she ever spoke, comes back to me with sorrowful distinctness!

"Here they are at last!" I cried, as Nurse and her charge appeared in sight. Nurse carried in her hand a very tiny cage—such as they use to carry birds from one place to another. Harry's face was radiant.

"Kiss your hand to him!" said Mamma; but I ran off down-stairs, and opened the front door myself. They were on the opposite side of the road, and Harry, eager to come to me, suddenly broke from Nurse, and ran to cross the road. A coach, laden with luggage, was passing quickly by: there was a shout, and then Harry's little delicate form turned and writhed under the cruel, crushing wheels!

I heard a heart-rending cry, and knew that my mother had seen all. The coach had passed, and Harry lay there, still—quite still!

People came, running and shouting, from all directions; and I saw Nurse run to the fatal spot. Another moment, and my mother rushed past me as I stood, paralyzed with horror! And O, her face! it haunted me for years after! I followed, and found her kneeling on the ground beside her boy. She looked quite calm, and even assisted to raise him. He looked as if he were dead: his eyes closed, and the golden hair falling heavily back from his face.

O, my brother! my brother! Thou wast more of heaven than earth; and so God took thee!

Some one—I do not know who—went to fetch Papa; and three or four doctors came. They laid him on the bed, in his own little room, and Nurse told me he would never be with Sissy again!

Child as I was, such was the intensity of my suffering at that time, that I shudder to think of it even now!

Towards night, Papa came and led me into Harry's room. I took one look at the tiny form, stretched upon the bed, and then, trembling and weeping, crouched down in a distant corner of the room. My Mother sat by the bed-side, holding Harry's hand in hers.

"Papa!" said a soft, low voice—"Papa! will Sissy kiss me?"

I sprang forward, and in a moment Harry's arms were about my neck. I shook from head to foot, with the effort of restraining my sobs; for they had told me to be very quiet.

"Where's poor dead Dicky?" said Harry, opening his eyes, and looking in my face.

Birdie was lying on the table, in a little basket, just where Harry had laid it before he went out. I took it up, and gave it to the child, who put it on the pillow beside him, murmuring softly, "Poor birdie! poor little birdie!"

I kissed Harry very gently, and Papa was just taking me away, when he said, eagerly, "Papa, tell her there's another Dicky come!"

I went back again, and kissed my brother, once and once again. I saw my mother's face,

still and calm, but with such a fearful look upon it! And then Papa took me away.

When I was left alone, I knelt down and prayed to God that he would let my little brother live; but in the morning Papa came to me—the tears were running down his face, and he told me that Harry was dead!

\* \* \* \* \*

Mamma was very ill—so ill that they thought she would leave us, and go to her boy: but God was good, and left us dear Mamma for many years after that.

They put Harry in a little coffin; I saw him

lying there, and Papa let me put some sweet white rose-buds in his tiny cold hands; and then they took him away. The next day was Sunday, and Nurse told me that Harry was with the angels in heaven, and that he was quite happy, and would never know sorrow or pain any more. But I mourned for my little brother, and often felt very sad and lonesome without him!

\* \* \* \* \*

O, children! beware of giving way to wicked passion! Stop when an unkind little word is on your lip, and think of what I have told you.

## SINGING FOR DRAWING-ROOM SINGERS.

*(Dedicated to Young Ladies who are subject to colds.)*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A FEW OUT OF THOUSANDS."

It is expected, in these days, that every person possessing the least pretensions to education should be able to sing. Now, singing is an accomplishment more than any other calculated to exercise an agreeable and even powerful influence on society, yet even at a period when it is regarded almost as an indispensable passport into agreeable and refined company, how few can sing in a way to really please and amuse their friends! It is purposed in these pages to show those who would cultivate this pleasing and natural gift—bestowed, with very few exceptions, on most human beings—the best and surest means to attain such a proficiency as may cheer and enliven, not only the domestic circle, but give the power to confer pleasure among strangers, and to win the regards of even the most indifferent observers.

What immense influence a sweet voice has over the human soul. Let a woman be plain, unattractive in person, reserved in manner, and otherwise even unaccomplished, and if nature has given her a good voice, and her mind can throw into that voice the expression of the poet, how instantaneously her imperfections are overlooked! her society is sought, and her ability courted. She has in perfection one *grand talent de société*. She can sing, and moreover she is willing to sing, and as anxious to impart the pleasure she has in singing, as her hearers are to gain it. Yet many causes interfere with the free dispensation of this charming talent. Fear, affectation, self-love, all in turn arise to whisper hesitation and objections; but worst of all, is the want of sound preliminary training, which alone can inspire the singer, who is perhaps by nature of a nervous and timid disposition, with the modest confidence which can enable him or her to make any public display of talent,—for it

must here be remarked, that the audience of an evening party, or a social gathering, frequently includes more ill-natured criticism than from the assembled hundreds of the concert hall and the theatre.

Let us now proceed to enquire how, when we feel an inclination to sing, we should endeavour to cultivate the art. It must be perfectly understood that these directions are for the use only of the amateur vocalist and the private singer, and are intended to convey a few hints on subjects which, however young ladies and gentlemen may endeavour to persuade themselves and friends they do not require, the experience of several years, as a teacher of vocal music, has convinced the writer are still very imperfectly comprehended by amateurs in singing.

The aspirant will, of course, first of all endeavour to ascertain if he or she possesses that great natural requisite—a voice. Now, delusions are extremely apt to prevail in various individuals respecting this possession of a "voice." Those who, phrenologically speaking, have a preponderance of the organ "self esteem," are prone to believe a very indifferent capability of producing musical sounds from the larynx to be first-rate in tone and quality. Nature is herself the best corrector of this not unnatural vanity. Observe the effect your voice has on the ears of your friends, especially, too, on birds and animals,—the former of which have an acute sense of natural harmony. There are persons, teachers, who will persuade you that if you have no voice—that is, no power to produce musical tones from the throat—that you or the teacher can make one; which assertion, I tell you at once, is utterly untrue. You *must* have, to sing agreeably, a good voice. A thin feeble organ may, with great care and perseverance, be



increased in compass and volume. A coarse harsh one may be softened and elevated by art and refinement, but to have *no* power of producing spontaneous melody, in short, no voice, puts it beyond the power of any teacher in the world to produce what is not there. We may cultivate, train, exercise and discipline any singer's "wood notes wild;" but, gentle reader, if the notes are not there, we can no more change them than we can go to the Old Lady in Thread-needle Street and demand current coin in change for a blank piece of tissue paper.

If you have no voice, depend on it singing for you is, and ever will be, a blank. You must make up your mind to listen instead of charm—to admire instead of being applauded. Great masters of the art will not accept pupils who have not already achieved considerable progress. They know how wearing and fagging the preliminary efforts are, in training the voice. Thus pupils are obliged to gain the "premier pas" in singing, by too often inferior methods, and worse than inferior teachers. They thus acquire wrong notions, bad habits, false style, and seldom achieve any results from singing, save to make their hearers devoutly wish them hundreds of miles away. How many teachers of singing exist, who themselves have either discordant voices, or who in fact can hardly sing at all! To teach singing really well, the teacher must be able to convey the idea of how a piece should be sung by his or her own voice. Imitation is one of the great achievements of singing. A great original singer does not exist, one in a thousand. The young canary is placed near the two-year-old bird to acquire those gushes of melody and prolonged trills which enchant the fancier; and one great human method to learn to sing well is constantly to hear the best singing.

Well, let us admit the student has become satisfied that there is the indispensable condition existing of a voice. It must then be found out that there is another requisite, too often, alas! totally ignored altogether in vocal practice—I mean, an ear. Alas! alas! for tortured nerves, for irascible brains, for susceptibilities of all kinds, daily and hourly in the routine of vocal tuition, tortured by this oblivion of young ladies, as to the necessity of having a musical ear, that delicate gift of nature, rarely indeed gained by art when denied by her. That such a possession as an harmonious ear *is* rare, will be acknowledged by all who have heard much of young ladies' singing. Many are gifted indeed with tolerable vocal organs, who might sing charmingly but for this fatal want of ear, which totally incapacitates them from knowing when they sing out of tune or in tune—to whom the distinctions of flat singing and sharp singing are quite incomprehensible, and who every time they volunteer to entertain friends who *have* sensitive nerves, administer along with the song or ballad, a description of torture akin to the rack and thumb-screw of olden times.

There is also to my mind a third condition equally indispensable in creating a really good and interesting vocalist; although the want of

this latter gift may not produce such sensations as I have above described, its *absence* simply sufficing to create fatigue and ennui in the hearers—I mean a refined taste, a poetical appreciation of sentiment; in short, mind, heart and soul, which united give emission to the quality we call taste. Such singing goes straight to the heart; without this requisite, it falls on the ear of the listener dead, cold, and unprofitable. It is indeed this quality above all others which distinguishes the professional singer. Many private singers have voices as naturally good; but lacking this quality of mind or taste, they are incapable of creating any effect whatever, and they listen to Miss — or Madame —, and wonder why, having voice and ear quite as good, they cannot sing as well. The cultivation of good singing, then, is the cultivation of tone, tune, and taste. Now, how to set about it practically, after all this theory?

People may do a *great* deal by self-culture in singing; indeed this art requires more self-teaching by energy and application than almost any other I know; but to admit that it can be acquired entirely by self-effort, would be simply affirming an untruth. The method of eliciting the voice; of training it to be firm and well sustained; of correcting the error of singing out of tune, which, even when ears are good and voices pleasing, *will* occur among nine out of every ten pupils, as every singing-teacher knows; the management of the breath—all these things tax knowledge and experience to be acquired only by the efforts and experiments of years. To unite the registers of the voice is one effect of the art, to which, at the risk of being considered deprecatory, I must affirm the efforts of the teacher are too seldom directed. It is of little use here to describe the mechanism of the human voice. Not one of you for whose use and reflection these observations are compiled, will *sing* one bit\* the better for understanding that the "lungs are highly elastic spongy masses which occupy each side of the chest, and follow its movements." Nor would it enable the amateur lady to sing the "Power of Love" like Miss Louisa Pyne, if she knew and understood that "the portions which compose the larynx are cartilaginous, and four in number, viz., the thyroid, the crycoid, and the two arythenoids."

With all due deference to the charming public singer above named, it may fairly be doubted if she knows anything at all technical or surgical of the construction of her own throat, yet who questions her capability to enchant her hearers? But there are certain conditions, without understanding which, no one *can* sing—at least, in the way they ought. If the student be curious indeed about the anatomical condition of the vocal organs, any elementary work on singing will satisfy them; but they will toil in the dark, if they think to proceed entirely without the suggestions and advice which long practice only can give. When the voice has been exercised for a certain time in sustaining the notes of the diatonic and chromatic scale, when a certain facility and power have therein been attained,



then if the registers of the voice are not naturally united and blended, such a result must be diligently pursued and sought, to give the ease and freedom without which singing is painful equally to the singer and the hearer.

We will suppose the voice in training to be a female soprano, or mezzo-soprano,—the latter the commonest order of female voices, and the most interesting in quality and useful in compass. It must be trained very cautiously in regard to the practice of sustained notes. Ten minutes at a time is quite sufficient. It thus increases imperceptibly in strength and fulness. If the student after this preliminary practice tries to run a scale of an octave and a half quickly, there will mostly occur in the middle part of the voice from F first space treble to C third space, an impediment or obstruction, which makes the voice rough and unequal in tone. To remedy this defect, which very generally exists, should be equally the care of the master and pupil. Nor can it be done at once; it will require patience and perseverance, showing no results of improvement, perhaps, for a long time. The student must bear in mind that from C below the stave, or Do, to F or Fa (first space), forms one register; from G or Sol (second line), to C or Re (third space), the chest voice; and from D or Re (fourth line), to Sol and La above, the head or acute voice. A great error is often committed by teachers forcing their pupils to sing high shrill notes of the head register, which are not really belonging to the student's voice. One more fatal cannot be committed; it has indeed ruined innumerable voices. Extent of compass can only be acquired in cultivating the medium notes of the voice. The pupil for the first three months should never attempt a note higher than F or Fa, fifth line on the treble stave; many should sing only the E or Mi, on the fourth space.

To join the registers when they are very disunited, let the pupil practise by octaves, beginning on the Do below the line, singing the note short and repeatedly, and then without taking breath change it to the Do above (third space), repeating this several times till the notes are equal in strength and purity; this course should be pursued with all the notes up to Fa (first space), with their octaves, by which means the head voice and medium, or chest voice, become in time united. Practising intervals serve to unite the voice and form the mouth, and should be practised in ten-minute periods several times in the day. It is the modern method to practise exercises on the vowel A, which must be broadly and fully pronounced as the letter R. This sound is mostly metamorphosed in aw-i-oo; anything, in short, but the vowel wanted.

To render the emission of the voice perfect, and articulation of words distinct, it is above all things requisite that singers should open their mouths,—not certainly in grimace or violent contortions, but so as to render words plain and sounds unmingled. But to most young ladies this is a grievous obligation. To enforce this necessary condition is one of the greatest diffi-

culties teachers of singing have to encounter; yet the rebellious pupil would freely criticise any public singer who should presume to vocalize with closed teeth and half-opened lips. No wonder we so rarely hear the words of a song; who could read with their mouths shut? Singing under such circumstances is a still greater impossibility. Let them consider, that however ridiculous it may seem, to their apprehensive sensitiveness, to sing with an open mouth, it is infinitely more so to attempt a song with one closed.

The *porta mento*, or carriage of the voice from one note to another, is an essential consideration, particularly for ballad singing—a branch of vocal music better fitted for amateurs and private performers than Italian bravuras, which, however charming when executed by skilled *cantatrices*, are execrable only when executed in a different meaning—that is, murdered by drawing-room singers, who are frequently in total ignorance of the Italian language or Italian science. Ballad singing is an order of vocal effort, which generally pleases the most unscientific hearer, and which can yet fully display the voice, taste, and judgment of the singer. Music which reaches the heart invariably pleases better than that which merely satisfies the critical judgment, but it is precisely in ballad singing that private singers are so deficient. There is generally a mere mechanical delivery of charming music and charming words; there is no soul thrown into the composition—no appreciation, in short, of the talent which composed the melody, or conceived the poem. Is mind and intelligence so rare, then, among our amateur young lady singers? Indeed it is to be feared so. They remind one of female Cymons, on whom only some awakening intelligence can act. A case comes to the writer's mind of the truth of this illustration. A young lady, fair, youthful, and lively enough, learned to sing; but no effort of her teacher could imbue her with the taste and intelligence requisite to feel a song. She sang every thing in the most lifeless manner possible, and with the same cold indifference. Whether it was the impassioned adieu of Dermot to his Kathleen, or the tender address of Yario to her lover—that exquisite song of Himmel's, little known in England—it was all sung in the same tun-ti-tum style, from which nothing could rouse her. In a few months, just as her teacher despaired of making any improvement in the pupil, a wondrous change seemed to come over the latter's vocal spirit. The most plaintive ballads were chosen, and sung with a grace and tenderness of feeling no less wondrous than pleasing and surprising. The pupil was congratulated and praised; and privately, the teacher sought the reason of this sudden progress. He soon found it out. The young student had reached the crisis of woman's moral life; in a word, to use that commonest of all common phrases, she had fallen in love. An ardent romantic attachment it was, and the deep feeling of her heart embued all she undertook, even as the purple light of stained glass shadows



all beneath it. Her love threw into her voice the deep sentiment and strong feeling, in which previously it was so lamentably deficient. Poor girl! The course of her true love was not destined to run smoothly; her lover died. I never heard her sing but once afterwards, but I shall never forget that song or the singer. Her heart's grief was in the voice, and the effect it produced on her hearers was something terrible. I have merely adduced this example to show the effect which true feeling only can produce in singing. In ballad singing its loss cannot be compensated by voice or skill, and it is indeed doubtful if in any style of music its absence can be really atoned for by any amount of execution or power. In the rudimentary practice of singing I freely confess that Solfeggi appear to me of little service. By Solfeggi I mean the habit of singing airs without words, or at least only the Do, Re, Mi, belonging to the notes. Scales, intervals, and exercises are indispensable, though not perhaps agreeable; but as soon as a pupil can sing a connected air, by all means let it be a song whose words interest the mind, aiding in giving scope to intelligent vocalization.

I hope I have sufficiently demonstrated the necessity of singing with the mind and heart, as well as the voice. To confer such gifts are beyond any teacher's power. They can be simply suggested, not enforced. It is a good plan to read the words of a song over before studying the air, to see how it is phrased, which observation leads me to the last and not least important item in the acquirement of vocal power, which is, the management of the breath.

I suppose the merest child would at once perceive that to sing without breath would be as impracticable as to use a bellows which had lost the power of taking in air. Yet you will find people sing who no more know how to manage the breath they inhale and emit than they would to guide a balloon. On this management, however, mainly rests the difference, allowing there is voice, ear, and taste even, between a good singer and a bad one. It is not enough that you take your breath before a note; you must not let that breath depart directly; you must learn to attain the power of keeping it in the chest ready for use—to dispose of it in sustaining notes, in swelling them, or diminishing; and if the breath is not felt in the chest, it is wrongly taken. It is not so very easy a matter to gain this power of sustaining; moreover the emotions of the mind are apt to overthrow it entirely. Nervous fear and agitation will prevent singers from doing anything with the air they breathe, but gasp. Musical knowledge, harmonious voices, all succumb to this overwhelming fear. Nothing but steady practice will bestow a power which is the soul of vocal effort. To take breath in songs properly, the singer must learn to phrase,—that is, to take breath in the music as we regard stops in read-

ing, always, if practicable, at the end of a bar in the composition, never at the beginning of one, or in the middle of a word.

Having thus pointed out the principal things to be studied by non-professional singers, it only remains to be said, that these remarks are not intended to supersede the necessity of being taught, but to aid reflection and effort in the pursuit of a pleasing and attractive art, which serves to make home happier, and to furnish the recreation which, so often wanting in our own circle, we seek abroad. To sing so well, that a father or husband would rather as a rule stay at home than lounge in a theatre or concert hall, can be no mean or unworthy inducement to young Englishwomen to cultivate an art at once inspiring and elevating to the heart and the intellect; added to which, it must not be forgotten that singing is regarded by medical men to be as conducive to health as it is to innocent happiness.

## THE JOYS OF MEETING.

(Stanzas.)

BY F. LOUIS JAQUEROD.

Oh! who can paint the blest emotion, when  
Again we greet the form of one beloved  
Long lost to us, through sadden'd years, and then  
Retrace the scenes where oft, erewhile, we've rovd?  
It is a joy which only truth can feel,  
But has no equal pow'r, no language to reveal—

Again to press the hand which gave the flow'r  
Whose guarded fragrance still in secret dwells,  
And sweetly tells of that remembered hour  
O'er which affection shed its holiest spells,  
When timid lips the soft confusion breath'd,  
And seem'd our yielding hearts with incense-fire  
enwreathed.

Yes—'tis a bliss known only to the soul  
That from the crowd apart hath lov'd to stray;  
That ne'er hath bow'd to dark deceit's control,  
But owns of blameless faith the cheering ray  
O'er which nor time nor absence aught can show'r  
To blight of love the gift—life's all-endearing  
flow'r.

Oh! moments dear! when sigh responds to sigh;  
When through each pulse returns the treasure'd  
flame,  
Whose light, in silence, fills the gladden'd eye,  
And more than speaks, as in times past, the same:  
Such "joy past joy" true hearts alone can feel,  
But have no equal power, no language to reveal!

London, July 1859.



## ON THE DOURO.

There are few countries of Southern Europe so little visited as Portugal, and of which so much might be said in praise. Tourists either do not like to deviate from the beaten track, or they are ignorant of the beauties of which Lusitania can justly boast; or they are actually forgetful that such a country exists. Be this as it may, certain it is that few English travellers visit this land of the olive and the vine.

It was my good fortune, some few years ago, to spend many months in Spain and Portugal; and amongst the many scenes there witnessed, new to me, none interested me more than a visit to the wine districts of Alto-Douro, which I made in company with three friends during the time of the vintage.

We were staying in Oporto, in September, 185—, and hearing of several persons who were going to the "wine country," and being often asked if we also did not intend going "up the Douro"? we at length decided to engage a large wine-boat, and start off to see port wine in its earliest as in its latest stage.

Many friends warned us of the danger we ran of getting an attack of ague, and being troubled with returns of the malady for some years after; but this we hoped to escape—and we did so entirely. One friend gravely said, "You must not drink a drop of water when you are up the Douro, or you are sure to have the ague!" Another advised us to drink freely of the fermented juice of the grape, and to abstain from much fruit. All that we can say is, that we did drink more than our average quantity of port-wine; we took no more water than we required; we ate a most unusual quantity of fruit—but fruit which was fully ripe, be it understood—and we escaped the threatened ague.

We engaged a large flat-bottomed boat, used for the conveyance of either passengers or wine-pipes; and upon it a rude wooden house was placed, in which we lived entirely for ten days; and most thoroughly did we enjoy our trip. Our house was made of boards roughly fastened together, and consisted of two rooms; in one of which my sister and myself slept; in the other, my father and brother! Wooden shutters, seldom *shut*, did very well instead of windows! And the mattresses in the day-time were corded together tightly and stowed away. My father contrived a table, which could be fixed when required for meals, and when not wanted was hoisted up to the roof, and there suspended, to give us more space in which to move about. In so delicious a climate, we had no cause to fear "draughts" and sudden "chills," as in dear, damp, old England.

For the cooking we absolutely required, a fire-place was contrived between our end of the boat and that occupied by the crew; we had eight men; the "arrais" (or captain) was a

most civil fellow, and his sailors never gave us the slightest annoyance, being a quiet, orderly set of men. They were a very hard-working set: indeed, we often said, "When do they sleep?" for at all hours of the night, they were on the alert to take advantage of the wind being favourable, to get a few miles further. When we were unable to use the sail, our progress was very slow, as the boat was either impelled by long poles, with which the men pushed it along, or, where the shore allowed them to walk, they tracked the boat up with ropes.

When ascending a "fall," or "rapid" (with which the Douro abounds), oxen had to be used to get us up; and these quiet, patient creatures are invaluable in places where horses, I should imagine, would be almost useless, the ground being so rough and broken. Some of these "falls" are exceedingly abrupt, and the boat, on one or two occasions, seemed fast approaching a perpendicular position.

The scenery of the Douro is singularly picturesque, and the river winds amidst high and richly-wooded banks, and in so perfect a climate is seen to the greatest advantage. Had we braved the dangers of the ocean merely to visit the Douro, we should have considered ourselves well repaid. The heat, in the middle of the day, was often excessive; but the evenings were cool and refreshing, and this has often struck me as being the one charming difference between hot weather in Portugal and England, where the nights are so oppressively hot that they fail to refresh the sleepers after the heat and fatigue of the day.

In the "Alto," or Upper Douro, where the vines are most cultivated, the hill-sides present a peculiar appearance from the river. The vines are planted on terraces, and grow very near the ground; so that, at a distance, they have a good deal the appearance of gooseberry-bushes. We took care to have our trip when the moon was at the full; and such night as well as day scenes can never be forgotten. The climate so genial, the atmosphere so pure, the river so placid, the banks so romantic and varied, and the whole so novel, with the sounds of the village church-bells, and the girls singing their "aves," cold indeed would be any heart that was unmoved by such loveliness. Then the *dolce far niente* mode of life had charms, for a short time.

Near the river Tamega, which flows into the Douro, we were much amused by the primitive appearance of some poor little children, who skipped from rock to rock, with the agility, and something the appearance too, of young monkeys; as our boat passed them they were soliciting alms, as does every poor Portuguese, if ever an opportunity occurs. Some coins of small value thrown from the boat seemed to de-



light these poor little children. They were as free from clothing as the monkeys they so resembled, and their skins of the darkest shade of brown.

Beggars certainly may be said to be a peculiar feature in Portugal. In every town are sad objects to be seen, who for years take their daily post in one particular street. The more revolting they can look the more they seem secure of getting relief. On my return to England, I one day casually mentioned one very disagreeable Oporto beggar to a friend, who had resided there many years before my visit, when she suddenly exclaimed "I remember the man quite well, he was in the Ceda Feta!" mentioning the exact street where I had seen him. This man was, or I suspect pretended to be, of weak intellect, but he was shrewd enough to know those parties who *never* gave him anything. I was one, and of them he did not take the trouble to beg, but would make grimaces, and laugh at them, when they had passed him. When a lady is choosing some required purchase in a shop, it is no unusual thing to have the attention most unpleasantly distracted by the stump of an arm being suddenly thrust into notice. Some of the shopmen keep a small whip on the counter, with which they frighten away the juvenile beggars, but they seldom strike them; indeed to draw blood is, in Portugal, a serious offence, and may cause much personal trouble to the offender, as the inside of a Portuguese prison is a place to try the nerves of any one to whom extreme filthiness is unpleasant. I was once struck with the national habit of begging in visiting a madhouse, for even there the poor creatures crowded round the visitors, imploring a trifle "*por p' amor de Deus*"—for the love of God. But were I to dwell more on Portuguese beggars I should shock any fair reader, so I will return rather to the lovely Rio Douro. The further we ascended the river the more grandly beautiful the country became. Huge masses of granite are piled, in apparently wild confusion, on the luxuriantly-wooded banks. We passed, on the second evening, the ruins of the old monastery of Alpendurada, where, as is generally the case, we were struck with the well-chosen situation of the convent. The old monks had oft a keen eye for satisfying creature comforts.

The quiet of our third day was broken by having to ascend some considerable falls, as well as some rapids; these are long reaches of the river, where the water rushes swiftly along, but in what are properly termed "falls," the river does fall abruptly down, in some cases some feet at a time; and down goes the boat headlong, and for a few seconds seems at the mercy of the boiling, dashing torrent all around it; but, guided by the skilful steersman, still water is generally reached in perfect safety. Sad accidents, however, do sometimes occur, even with a practised hand, and, in rare cases, result in a sad loss of life; but happily the catastrophe generally affects the wine-casks only.

In ascending a fall the boat is not only drag-

ged up by oxen, but other ropes are fastened, before entering the falls, to holes in the rocks, as an additional security in case those attached to the oxen should break. The falls are more dangerous in autumn than at other seasons, from the water being so low. We saw some Indian corn growing in what, in winter, was the bed of the river.

The first regular vineyard we passed was at a place called Cadão. At one fall, which was very steep, if such a word may apply to a watery ascent we had two yoke of oxen, and, in consequence of the boy not guiding them properly, and thereby causing the boat to swerve, and rather endangering our party, our "*arraís*" did really "dance with rage." The Portuguese boatmen are particularly noisy when any danger threatens, and not only call on the holy name of Jesus, but cry loudly to every saint in the calendar, in a manner which speaks for their earnestness, whatever amount of faith they may have in the saints whose saving powers they so noisily invoke. The loud shouts for aid to St. José, St. Antonio, and a legion of the same fraternity, rather tend to alarm an unaccustomed ear; but I believe, at the actual moment, when real danger has to be met, all are then silent. Such, at least, I found to be the case when, on one occasion, we landed at Oporto, in a stormy sea, when the bar of Oporto could not with safety be crossed, and we were landed outside it, at a place called "the huts." On nearing the shore we saw an unbroken line of white foam all along the coast, through which we were told our landing was to be effected. At length the pilot stood on a seat at the end of the boat, and his men, eight in number, all rested on their oars. They were waiting till the coming of a peculiar wave enabled the attempt of getting through the surf to be made. Suddenly the pilot shouts, "*Agora, meus filhos*" (now, my children), when every man bends to his oar, all shouting, "Oh, St. José," "Oh, St. Miguel," and so forth. Every nerve is strained to the utmost to get into calm water before another wave breaks, which would swamp the boat; and singular is the change to calm water close to the shore, from the roaring foaming surf through which we had just dashed. In our passage up the Douro, if any other boat happened to bump against ours, as in a "rapid" did sometimes happen, our men set up an unearthly howl, expressive of their displeasure. Our ascent of the Douro terminated at a place called Pinhão, and there we turned our attention to seeing all we could of the works of the vintage.

The grapes from which port wine is made are very small, and so close together, it would be hardly possible to insert a pin's head amongst them without crushing some, and they are excessively sweet. Both men and women are employed in the vineyards, and they carry the grapes in baskets on their shoulders to the large stone tanks in which they are trodden, called "*lagars*." A large lagar will contain grapes for twenty pipes of wine. We were told that a man will frequently carry a hundred pounds weight

of grapes on his back. These poor men are generally natives of Galicia, in Spain, and by these "Gallicos" most of the hard work in Portugal is performed. In the towns, they are house servants, porters, water carriers, &c., and they are proverbially steady and honest. When they have thus worked for a few years, they return with their hard-earned savings to their native country, where, in many cases, they had left a wife and family. It would almost be questioned how the workers in the vineyards can save money, when it is known that the daily wages of a man is from 7d. to 9d., that of a woman only about 3d. We were told that about ten thousand persons came yearly to the wine districts to work. Of course their food is simple and cheap in the extreme. The dark Indian corn bread is their main support. If a little lard can be obtained, this is put into a jar filled with water, and as much green vegetable added as the pot will hold, and flavoured with salt, and an excellent meal is secured to the poor contented creatures.

The process of treading the grapes is quite unfit for ladies' eyes. Ten or twelve men, whose only dress is a coarse linen shirt, are sent into each lagar, who crush the grapes and plunge amidst the rosy fluid for six hours, when another set take their places for six hours more. The lagar is then left undisturbed for some days, when a crust of skins, stones, &c., forms on the top several inches thick, and the pure juice below is drawn away into smaller tanks, and from these it again runs into huge casks called "toneis." The crust left in the lagar, when all the juice is drawn off, is then broken up, and water put on it, and from this the "vinho verde," or "green wine," used by the poor people, is made. This stuff is sourer than the commonest English cider, and yet some people seem to like it. The heat was very great, and as we were anxious to visit a friend's house, he kindly sent his carriage for us. How can I describe it? It was one of the rude carts of the country, drawn by a yoke of oxen. Our friend, in consideration for our comfort over a very rough road, had ordered a

mattress to be placed on the cart, and on this my sister and I reclined under a calico awning; there was not room for any one else, even though the age of crinoline had not then begun.

The further treatment of the port wine I am unable to give, as that forms the main business in the wine "lodges" in Oporto, or rather in Villa Nova, a suburb of that city, on the opposite side of the river. Our return was only different to our ascent in being much more speedily performed, as, instead of being dragged slowly and with difficulty up the falls, we shot down them with fearful rapidity. In our descent of the Cadão fall, one of the largest, we providentially escaped a very serious accident. We entered the boiling rushing torrent, the steersman guiding the boat with almost painful anxiety. We seemed to be tumbling madly down head foremost, when suddenly a most unpleasant grating sound was heard, and on we dashed into quiet water. We had struck a rock, but for a few moments were ignorant of any injury, until my sister, who was in the inner room, called out, "Oh, the boat is filling with water; the carpet is swimming, and so are my shoes!" Most happily we were close upon a sand bank in the middle of the river, and the boat was run aground, and thus we were spared a terrible ducking, and perchance more serious injury. Though feeling deeply thankful for the danger escaped, we could not help laughing at the absurdity of our position. Boatwrecked on a sand bank! No one was hurt, and we were only delayed a few hours till the boat was repaired. To the "arrais" the accident was no laughing matter; he burst into tears, and seemed in the greatest distress, until my brother re-assured him by the promise that no blame should fall upon him. Whilst the men repaired the boat, we enjoyed a quiet sleep on our island of refuge, and we reached Oporto in safety, much gratified by our *al fresco* life, and only regretting that so few travellers are charmed, as we had been, with the many beauties and delightful climate of the Douro.

AMIGA.

## THE CHILDREN OF THE WASTE.

BY G. W. B. EDWARDS.

On the north-west border of the Duchy of Warsaw, or Old Poland, a belt of waste sandyland extends over many miles in length and breadth, so white and loose, that the constant drifting of the wind has given it the appearance of seawaves in a storm. Northward of this belt are vast pine-forests, through which, simply marked by heaps of earth, runs the actual border that divides Prussia from Poland; and on the edge of the forests, where the lofty trees break the force of the wind, lies a thin strip of land, that is just capable of growing a few potatoes and a little rye.

Here have dwelt for ages the *Children of the Waste* (Pusezaunki) as they are called—a singular, and apparently a distinct race of people. I have searched old histories and records, and can find no mention of them. I have inquired of the oldest Poles in the neighbourhood, and all I could learn of their history and origin was that they have dwelt there since the recollection of their forefathers. The only probable supposition that I have heard is this—that they are descendants of some foreign auxiliaries, called to the army of the mighty kings Uladislas or Stanislas, who, when disbanded in time of peace,



obtained leave to settle down where their descendants now are.

Before the Prussians took possession of Poland, they subsisted principally by the chase, being unerring marksmen; and in the last struggle for freedom, the Pusezauki formed a hardy little band, under their renowned Captain Garliuski—a kind of second Robin Hood. They did good service in the cause, cutting off convoys and detachments, and harassing the skirts of the army—when pursued taking refuge in the most inaccessible morasses and the depths of the forests.

These people cultivate their little farms, but in the summer many of them come down to the Polish farms, engage themselves for haymaking and harvest, for which they remain, then return to their homes. For one of them to remain, and take a permanent menial situation, would be almost as unusual as to see a Turk or a Chinaman in our service.

The men are tall, dark, and wiry of form; for the most part having good-humoured countenances, and sometimes a slightly brigandish appearance. Almost every article of clothing they make themselves. They wear a coat of rough brown cloth, about the length of a shooting-coat, and trowsers of the same material; a little low-crowned hat, something like that of the beef-eaters, and a kind of shoe or sandal made of bark called *kurpi*. This is worn by both sexes, and is the origin of their frequent appellation, Kurpie, and of the women Kurpiauki.

The fair Kurpiauki merit a longer notice. In all my travels, never have I seen women more graceful, more simple-hearted, or more attractive. First I will describe their costume, which is strikingly picturesque and unique. Their head-dress consists of a bright-coloured shawl, worn in a turban-like fashion, forming a coronet in front, and tied behind in a bow, the ends hanging down. On week-days their hair is braided on each side, and tied with ribbons; but on Sundays, and holidays, it is allowed to hang quite unrestrained, and falls in luxuriant masses over their shoulders. Then comes a white linen under-garment with full white sleeves, and having worked flowers on the shoulders, and tied at the neck with a piece of ribbon; a low bodice, without sleeves, laced up in front, generally made of some showy pattern in red or blue; finally innumerable skirts (one might almost fancy they wore crinoline!) in horizontally-striped linens of every hue of the rainbow. With the exception of the head-dresses and bodices, everything is of their own manufacture; indeed, the linen they weave is of very nice texture.

It seems strange that, in contrast to the men, the Kurpiauki are plump, and somewhat stoutly-built. The grown-up girls for the most part have very fine figures, bright, clear complexions, and dark nut-brown hair, with teeth that rival ivory (pardon the hackneyed simile). They have an engaging artlessness of manner, and a natural grace in every movement,

that is very pleasant to see. A very pretty trait in their character is their extreme love to flowers. You may see them in the summertime gathered in clusters beneath the shade, weaving pretty wreaths and garlands for their heads and necks. It is their daily custom to pluck wild-flowers in the woods and fields; and a girl never passes a pretty flower without gathering it and placing it in her head-dress.

I have often felt that I would have given a great deal if I could have painted a group of these lovely and graceful girls, as they reclined in merry groups on the grass, making their wreaths; or walking, hand in hand, to church or fairs.

There were two sisters (Eva and Ala Chica), who came nearer to my ideal of female beauty than any other women I have ever seen. They were a little above the middle height, had gold-brown hair, wild-rose cheeks, and bright blue laughing eyes. And the agreeable impression made upon you by so fair an exterior was heightened on further acquaintance. I often talked to them, and found them highly intelligent. They would read and write, and were possessed of true woman-like curiosity; never wearied of asking questions about the English ladies, or to what they wore, their habits, occupations, looks, &c.

In the spring of 185—, I went to visit this district for the purpose of engaging as many of both sexes as I could for the ensuing harvest. I enjoyed their hospitality for several days, and shall never forget the simplicity and kindness of these primitive people. As is always the case when a stranger visits them, the best apartments and house were at my service, and the smartest and neatest damsels were my hand-maids.

The houses are built of pine-logs, and either thatched or roofed with shingle or split wood. Generally a little porch is added, which gives a picturesque appearance. Inside the walls are plastered with clay, and whitewashed. Everything is kept scrupulously neat and clean: the linen on the beds is as white and fine as you would get in England; and the internal economy is managed with great nicety. New milk, eggs, fowls, bacon, and *sub rosa*, now and then a bit of venison, are the wholesome fare upon which the guest is regaled. I had taken care to bring with me some bottles of choice spirits, as a propitiation and assistance to the frolic, or *fête*, which is usually given in honour of the visitor. Then, the largest room in the place is cleared out, and invitations sent round for all to attend. Lads and lasses assemble in their gayest attire, and mirth reigns supreme in every heart. Soon the *wodka* (brandy) is handed round to the musicians, who ply their rude instruments with renewed glee; these are something between a fiddle and a banjo made by a country genius with his axe: the sticks, almost fresh cut from a tree, looked like schoolboys' bows. The sounds emitted from these beautiful instruments reminded me of a man sharpening a saw to a tune. The favourite—indeed almost

the only—dance is a kind of quick waltz. The gentleman takes his partner by the hands, and beginning slowly, they gradually increase until they whirl round at a terrific rate. Instances have occurred when, getting dizzy, they have lost their hold, and, falling, have injured themselves seriously.

The Kurpie are very open-hearted and hospitable; but they never forget an injury, and harbour implacable revenge. For instance: A Polish steward had beaten a woman, when at the harvest, on Count C——'s estate. Some three or four years afterwards he had occasion to go to the Kurp villages to engage some harvestmen; he was recognized, his horses and waggon taken from him, and himself nearly beaten to death. The perpetrator hid in the woods, or remained over the borders until the affair was blown over. By the Russian forest-laws, any one found trespassing for game is liable to be shot. A Kurp was once caught in the act of walking off with a buck, and was shot by a forester. The son of the unfortunate poacher vowed, over the dead body of his parent, never to rest until he had taken revenge. For days—weeks—months, he lurked about the neighbourhood, and at last shot the forester as he was sitting at night in his house. He was afterwards caught; but pardoned, on consideration of the provocation under which he had done the deed. These examples will give some insight into the idiosyncracies of these simple, but determined, people.

The women are fond of singing; and have, for the most part, good voices. Their songs

are wild and plaintive; which is, I believe, a characteristic of all Slavonic melody: and in the distance, they remind one of an Eolian harp. The girls start off in the morning to their work, singing, and sing as they return home, ballads of love and the glorious achievements of their forefathers. The following simple song may be taken as a sample:

#### ANNETKA AND THE HUSSAR.

Fair Annetka weeps all day;  
She hath wept, so, many weeks;  
Till she hath quite washed away  
All the roses from her cheeks.  
For her heart is in the war  
With her eagle-eyed hussar.

From morn till night her mother railed,  
With a scorn in every look;  
But Annetka meekly smiled  
At the bitter words she spoke:  
"Soldiers are but faithless men—  
He will never come again!"

Weeks and months roll on and on,  
Snow-drifts melt and roses bloom;  
Still the maiden sits alone,  
Waiting for her love to come—  
Whilst her mother ever cries,  
"Soldiers' words are flattering lies!"

Softly, softly melts the snow,  
Slowly, slowly comes the spring;  
Still, in accents sad and low,  
Will the maiden ever sing—  
"Watching, waiting, love, for thee,  
When wilt thou return to me?"

### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

**NORTHUMBERLAND AND THE BORDER.** By Walter White. (*London: Chapman and Hall.*)—We are glad to welcome this additional volume to the pleasant ones which Mr. White has already given us. Good health, good spirits, a keen eye, clear head, and a light foot, with a pleasant way of accumulating and dispensing information, render our author the most agreeable of itinerants; and next to enjoying practically the fine scenery, the sight of historic halls, the sea-views and the sea-breezes, commend us to the pages of our author; who knows, not only how to enjoy a holiday better than most vacationists, but has the happy art to make a "recreation of a recreation" for the less fortunate who remain at home. Those of our readers who have enjoyed "A Walk to the Land's End," and "A Month in Yorkshire," will have too many agreeable reminiscences of Mr. White's pleasant style to need our assurance that the present volume will amply repay perusal. Aided by letters of introduction, our author obtains access to the "Windsoir of the North," as Brougham Hall is called, from

the wide prospect which it overlooks. He drinks, from the "Luck of Edenhall,"

—a tall tumbler, of old-fashioned glass, green and specky, expanding in easy curves from the bottom upwards, and terminating in a graceful lip, and enamelled with a geometrical design in crimson, blue, and yellow.

The cup has been in the possession of the Musgraves for many generations

—a fairy gift originally. According to the legend, the fortune of the family is said to depend upon its safe keeping; for

"If that cup shall break or fall,  
Farewell the luck of Edenhall!"

and accordingly we find it preserved, in a leathern-case, and kept in the muniment-room.

Here is a description of Alston, the miner's metropolis:

Alston is such a town as you would expect to see in such a county—hilly, irregular, shabby. Below it flows the Tyne, a shallow mountain-river in a bed filled with big stones; receiving, as it passes,



the Nent—a little stream that rushes down from the eastern hills. The principal street is so steep that you will pant again while on the way through the market-place to the upper part of the town, and perhaps incline to stop and look at the queer hard-featured houses and the curious shops, among which there is a goodly display of mining-gear and implements. Truly, just such a town as you would expect to see; which has long been the isolated metropolis of the mining region, which for want of good roads was difficult of access until 1828, when, by the aid of M'Adam (the road-maker) and a stage-coach, the town was brought into daily communication with Penrith and Newcastle—now by a branch-line to Haltwhistle and Carlisle railway.

Here is a passage anent George Stephenson and the wreck of the "Rocket":

To walk through the works of Messrs. Robert Stephenson and Co. is somewhat amazing; especially after a visit to that poor little cottage at Wylam. The one so lowly—the other so mighty! Fifteen hundred men were at work, busy as bees, with all that clang, bang, and uproar—that whirling and sliding—that marvellous ingenuity and quick dexterity—which Sir Francis Head described so well in "Stokers and Pokers." The young man who showed me round talked as coolly of fifty locomotives being in hand for France, amid the usual work, as a baker would talk of fifty loaves.

I saw the engine building for the Pasha of Egypt, which was to combine Oriental luxury and magnificence with English strength and celerity—and has since proved the result was a triumph of workmanship. There was a door in front of the carriage, from which the Pasha could step out upon "the plate" whenever he took a fancy to drive the engine himself.

I wanted to see the "Rocket," and it was pointed out to me in a yard, standing neglected amid a heap of rusty iron, as a thing of no account. There it stood, without chimney, the boiler stripped of tubes, the working-gear all gone; but there it was—the same original frame—the wooden wheels with flanged tire that gained the victory on that eventful day between Liverpool and Manchester! And although George Stephenson had Mr. Booth as partner in its construction, his name and his triumph are nevertheless so much associated therewith, that, while looking at it, I said to myself, had my father been the builder, the ragged old "Rocket" should at all events have a shed to itself, and shelter from the weather.

However, let us not forget *Number one*, which stands on the pedestal at Darlington; placed there by praiseworthy friends as a memorial of George Stephenson, who alone achieved it.

This passage, which conveys a censure and a suggestion, needs no comment at our hands. From Messrs. Stephenson's our author visits Elswick, the site of Sir Wm. Armstrong's iron-works; where men look dwarfs beside the giant fabrications of their hands, and water takes the place of fire, and supplies the motive-power hitherto afforded by steam. Sir William's ingenious application of water is now turned to account in all parts of the kingdom. At Dundee, our author tells us,

A hydraulic engine was used to turn a lathe; at York, to keep in motion the ventilating apparatus of an hospital; and now, since Sir W. Armstrong's

improvements, hydraulic cranes are used at docks and railway-stations in all parts of the kingdom. And at factories, too; for, by a cunning convolution of the chain, it is possible, with a cylinder not more than ten feet long, to lift a bale of goods to the top-most floor of a tall building.

An union of nature and mechanism undreamt of by the old master-craftsman, who sculptured over one of the doors of the curious old building known as the Friary, or rather in the chapel, where Edward Baliol did homage to Edward III., in June, 1334:

"By hamer and hand  
All artes do stand. 1679."

Thus mixing up topographical, historical, and local lore, with personal observation and remark, our author leads his readers pleasantly along his cheerful pages, now showing them the working of a lead mine; now leading them into the fiery, noisy regions of an iron factory; anon seating them in a road-side hostel, to discuss pitmen's fare and wages; and then, with an artist's eye for scenic beauty, pausing upon a gentle slope or on a mountainous hill-top, or wild moor, to note the lights and shadows cast by the drifting rain-clouds, or point out the particular beauties and striking objects in some special view. He visits the Longstone rock, the Farn's, and Holy Island, and views, amongst the graves at Bamborough, that of Grace Darling, but at some distance from the canopied tomb erected to her memory in 1846. On the latter the lighthouse-keeper's daughter, whom the daring of exalted humanity has rendered famous, is represented lying at full length, her arms crossed, with an oar by her side, held by the right arm, the instrument and badge of her heroic action. "At sunset," says Walter White, "I could dimly see the Farnes and Holy Island from the castle; presently a light, piercing the haze far to seaward, revealed the site of the Longstone Lighthouse, the home of the Darlings." Subsequently our author visited, as we have said, and was welcomed by, the sister of the heroine—"a quiet-looking, middle-aged woman, of respectful manners," who led the way up to the sitting-room. It has a comfortable look, and something more, with its collection of books, natural curiosities, engravings of the memorable rescue, and family portraits." Amongst other news of the fisher population on the wild Northumbrian coast, we find that science is gradually advancing to rescue them from the thrall of ignorance, teaching them, in case of emergency, to convert fishing and coast-guard boats to the purposes of life-boats, by means of air casks and chambers to give buoyancy, and a sliding keel to obviate the danger of capsizing; but though a barometer in a fishing village would be of the greatest value by foretelling the approach of bad weather, our author, in the whole course of his walk along the Northumbrian coast, could not hear anywhere of a fisherman's barometer; a rumour existed, however, which we hope has since become a fact, that the Beadnee men intended to subscribe and buy



one. They read the *John o'Groat's Journal*, however—"a paper which gives full information about the herrings, and is to fishermen what the *Mark Lane Express* is to farmers." Our author drinks at St. Helen's well; crosses Twizell bridge, over which the English army marched on the eve of the battle of Flodden, to get between the Scots and the Tweed; visits Melrose and Abbotsford; and, subsequently, he tells us

It was so bright an evening, and the Eildons looked so pleasant in the sunlight, that I yielded to the inclination to mount to the top of the highest, and turned off from the road at Darnick on the way back to Melrose. There were a few tiresome ups and downs and swampy patches to encounter at first, and then a long and steady climb. It proved to be steeper and longer than I had anticipated, judging by appearances from the distance, and whether I should get to the top or not before sunset became a question. Here and there a patch of screes added to the difficulty; however, I persevered, and came panting to the summit, a height of 1,881 feet, with a quarter of an hour to spare. Far and wide lay the Border land—the glorious Border land—birth-place and home of poets, historians, statesmen, and warriors; now all a-glow with the golden beams, a vast panorama stretching from Ettrick Forest and Yarrow to Cheviot and Flodden and Lantermuir; farms and woods and parks and meadows outspread in broad undulations, and here and there a graceful peak, such as the black hill of Dowden Knowes, a massive ridge above the rest, inspiring a sentiment of the mountains. Every height stands up in brighter relief by contrast with the dark, broadening shadows in their rear: twinkling spots reveal the places of human habitation, which but for that golden speck would be hardly discoverable; the Tweed, in graceful curves, gleams for miles along the vale; and Melrose reposes among trees, where plain and hill-foot meet. "I can stand on the Eildon hill," said Scott, "and point out forty-three places famous in war and verse."

But page after page and chapter after chapter tempts us with descriptions and passages full of the healthy freshness characteristic of the book. Let our readers try it for themselves; and if their enjoyment equals our own, they will be thankful to have made acquaintance with it. Lively, chatty, goodnatured, and well-read, we do not know a pleasanter pedestrian than Walter White, nor one from whom we derive a larger amount of manly and agreeably conveyed information. If in this volume he has failed in accuracy on a single point, it will but teach him in the next to test his facts more rigidly.

**HINTS TOWARD PHYSICAL PERFECTION; OR, THE PHILOSOPHY OF HUMAN BEAUTY.** By D. H. Jacques. (Fowler and Wells, Broadway, New York; Sampson and Low, London.)—The science of human physiology, and the laws of human configuration, on which symmetry, beauty, and general physical improvement depend, have found an able expositor in Mr. Jacques. While numerous species of the animal and vegetable kingdoms have been objects of the most minute study and attention for the purpose of advancing them to excellence

and adapting them to our wants, man has neglected the practical study of his own moral and physical conformation. He is not aware to what extent he is under his own control, and that his happiness, morally, physically, and socially, is dependent upon his knowledge and observance of those laws by which he is created and physiologically governed, and the continued violation of which results in disease, deformity, and ultimate degeneration. Mr. Jacques gives the following summary of the fundamental principles of human configuration:—

1. The active and plastic principle is the soul—the true man—of which the body is but the external expression and instrument.

2. The soul forms, changes, and controls the body through the instrumentality of a nervo-vital fluid, which forms the connecting link between mind and matter.

3. This vital fluid strengthens and develops any part of the brain and body in proportion as it is brought to bear upon it.

4. The vital fluid, or creative life-spirit, may be thrown upon any organ or part by the exercise of that organ or part, or by a simple act of the mind directing the attention intently upon it.

5. Impressions made upon the mind by external objects affect the configuration of the body by acting specifically upon particular parts or organs, through the nerve-spirit or vital fluid.

6. Impressions made upon the mind of the mother affect the configuration of her unborn child; and they are far more striking in this case, because the foetal being is in process of formation, and is more pliant and impressible than after birth.

On the subject of pure air as one of the indispensable conditions of health, the author observes:—

Bad air—air deprived of its proper proportion of oxygen and surcharged with carbonic acid and other poisonous gases, has killed thousands of strong men.

\* \* \* \* Air, the vitality of which has been consumed by combustion or by previous breathing, is entirely unfit for the respiration of any human being, and most of all for that of the new-born child, whose delicate tissues are so readily poisoned.

The copious breathing of pure air is absolutely essential to beauty, whether in the child or the adult. That alone can vitalize the tides of life and give the roseate tinge to the fair cheek. Give your child, then, as the first condition of a healthy growth, plenty of PURE AIR; attend scrupulously to the ventilation of the nursery and the bed-room.

A single person will deprive from one to two hog-heads of air of its blood-purifying qualities, and saturate it with poisonous gases, in a single hour. In the light of this fact, consider what must be the effects of the in-door life of our people, and especially of our women. Think of our crowded work-rooms. \* \* \* \* Is it a wonder that pale cheeks, sallow complexions, cutaneous eruptions, dyspepsia, scrofula, and consumption prevail? It cannot be otherwise. To maintain good health in unventilated or ill-ventilated rooms is impossible. Beauty fades, the cheek loses the roseate tinge which, as we have seen, fresh air alone can give, and body and brain alike sink into premature imbecility.

After dwelling at length upon the various



branches of physical culture, the author advances to the subject of mental culture. Of the influence of external objects, and the impressions they make upon the configuration, through the medium of the mind, he says, in reference to the Fine Arts:—

The permanent effect produced upon one's face and figure by a single visit to a gallery of painting or sculpture, is doubtless too small to be readily appreciable; but we are by no means justified in affirming that no effect is produced. Let the visit be repeated daily for a few months, or what is better, let the subject of the experiment be constantly surrounded by works of art, and habituated to their contemplation, and their effect will be marked and evident. The wonderful art-loving Greeks well understood this; and there can be no doubt but that the worship of gods and goddesses of ideal beauty had an immense influence in perfecting their configuration.

In a chapter on climate and locality, as favourable or detrimental to health, beauty, and longevity, Mr. Jacques remarks that there is

—“a connection between beautiful scenery and beautiful human forms and faces, although we may not be able to trace it out clearly in every case. The magnificent parks of England have, we can readily believe, been instrumental, in more ways than one, in forming that high type of personal loveliness which distinguishes the women of the English nobility, whose walks and rides bring them daily within the sphere of their influences.”

A portion of this work is devoted to the subject of gymnastics and other exercises conducive to thorough physical development, and to a multitude of recipes of peculiar value and interest to those young ladies whose favourite study is dress and deportment. Mr. Jacques has produced a talented and interesting book, which he dedicates “to the beautiful daughters of his native land—the wives and maidens of America, whom he would gladly teach how to become more beautiful still.” He has noticed every branch of the “philosophy of human beauty,” in an easy and familiar style, carefully avoiding all scientific terms and technicalities. It is a book that should be read by the young and old of both sexes, in order that they may learn what they really are, and how they may make an advantageous practical use of this knowledge. The book is copiously illustrated, and is got up in a style which is highly creditable to its publishers.

#### PERIODICALS.

ODD FELLOWS' QUARTERLY, FOR JULY. (*Manchester: G. Falkner, King-street.*)—The present part, which arrived too late for notice in our last, contains technical matter of great interest to the society of which it is the organ, with less of general literature than usual. A visit to Donaldson's Hospital, by Y. S. N. is a nicely written notice of an interesting subject. Mr. Dudley Costello's “Society out of Bounds” is a flat article, a tame attempt to render a sad theme amusing. Charles Mackay's “Bright Blue Sky,” like all this gentleman's lyrics, is in-

stinct with a hopeful and sunny spirit; and “Tapley Philosophy,” by W. F. Peacock, is a pleasant essay on one of the most pleasant of Charles Dickens's creations. Mr. W. J. Ostell contributes a readable paper, entitled the “Brethren of the Coast,” a quaint title for the sea rovers, pirates, and adventurers, whose annals embody a large share of the romance of the ocean. The editor contributes a poem; and there is an anonymous sonnet, “The Poet's Life,” which deserves praise.

THE ENGLISHWOMAN'S JOURNAL (*London: 14A, Princes-street, Cavendish-square; Piper, Stephenson, and Co., Paternoster-row.*)—The opening article in the August number is, to say the least of it, amusing; “Things in General,” resolving themselves into a single theme, “The Englishwoman's Journal,” the contents of which are complacently reviewed, and give occasion to supposititious dialogue. Mr. Kingsley's speech on the “Ladies' Sanitary Association” is earnest, and in a good cause; few endeavours on the part of women to ameliorate the condition of society have been based on so practical and sound a foundation as the efforts of this association. “Sanitary Reform” appears to us the true basis of every other social, aye, and moral reformation, and we shall rejoice to note its doings and its progress, from time to time. The tracts already published are excellent, and we shall have pleasure in giving publicity to future ones. “Right and Wrong” is an old story with a new name: subject and incidents have been repeated *ad nauseam*.

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#### NEW MUSIC.

TOLL FOR THE BRAVE. Words by Cowper. Music by Handel. Harmonized by W. Ball. (*London: C. Lonsdale, 26, Old Bond-street.*)—The special adaptation of Handel's March, from “Scipio,” to the celebrated dirge on the loss of the Royal George, would be surprising, if we did not know that the poet originally wrote the grandly pathetic words to this fine composition, which Handel himself included in the ceremonial of the funeral of Caroline, Queen of George II. The veteran composer, Wm. Ball, Esq., has admirably harmonized it for the piano, retaining throughout the accompaniment, the solemn melody of the air.

PARTING TOKENS. Canzonet. Words by Wm. Ball. Melody by Mendelssohn. (*London: C. Lonsdale, 26, New Bond-street.*)—This is one of the sweet lyrical compositions that has helped to make the name of Mendelssohn a household word with us. A simple, graceful melody, within easy compass, adapted to very pretty words, with an harmoniously-arranged accompaniment. We have much pleasure in recommending this pleasing song to our readers.

## AMUSEMENTS OF THE MONTH.

## PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

The most noticeable event at this house during the past month has been the long-promised revival of Mr. Lovell's charming drama, "The Wife's Secret," which was originally produced in 1848, and at once claimed the suffrages of nightly crowds, and that enduring place amongst modern dramatic creations, which the skill with which the situations are contrived, the universal sympathies to which the sentiments appeal, and the pure and eloquent language of the blank verse in which it is written, entitle it to. Sufficiently melodramatic to maintain an agreeable excitement and unflagging interest in the evolution of the story in the minds of the audience, "The Wife's Secret" possesses elements of attraction and enjoyment which the artistic treatment of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean perfects. That touch of nature when the presumed duped husband breaks into tears, unable longer to suppress the certain sense of his wife's falseness (after a long struggle between unquestioning belief and undoubting despair), is admirable. If less bride-like in appearance than when we first saw her in the part of *Lady Eveline*, Mrs. Kean has lost nothing of the force, dignity, and feeling with which she originally seconded the author's conception of the character. She plays it charmingly; and by her inimitable acting in the fifth act, creates quite a *furor* of sympathetic admiration. The part of the servile, cunning *Jabez Sneed*, was impersonated by Mr. Meadows, with a perfection of stealthy villany. Miss Murray played the part of the pert, pretty waiting-woman, *Maud*, in the most natural manner; and Miss Chapman impersonated the page. We hear from excellent authority that, after the close of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean's lucrative engagement at the Standard they are about to revisit America. It will be remembered that their last visit to the United States was followed by the production of "The Wife's Secret, which inaugurated the successful career that led to the management which, to our infinite regret, has just ended. At the

## HAYMARKET THEATRE,

a farce from the French, originally played in America, by Mr. Charles Mathews (upon whose acting it entirely depends), has been produced during the past month. "*Les Absences de Monsieur*" now figures on the play-bill as "Out of Sight out of Mind;" and Mr. *Gatherwool*, in the person of Mr. Mathews, does his best to carry to perfection his inaptitude to the reception of more than one idea, and an utter confusion of action and intention. With an idiosyncrasy so peculiar, Mr. *Gatherwool* is in the constant

commission of the most ludicrous blunders. He puts on slippers for a walk, in rainy weather; places his dripping umbrella to drain, in the sitting-room; forgets the contents of the letters he receives as soon as read; visits the wrong persons; embraces the maid-servant instead of her mistress, and when the latter (a very dragon of prudery) is pursued by the addresses of a libertine, at once misunderstands her, abuses an innocent man, and invites—in the most pressing way—the aggressor to come and reside with him. In brief, the uninterrupted complacency of Mr. *Gatherwool*—who, amidst a succession of ludicrous blunders, and the bewilderment and confusion consequent upon them, maintains perfect calmness—kept the audience in high merriment from the rising of the curtain to its fall.

## ADELPHI THEATRE.

It is evident that to maintain a healthy audience at this house, it must be fed, from time to time, with legitimate Adelphi fare. Accordingly, "The Flowers of the Forest" bloom once more upon these boards—though faded, comparatively speaking, by the changes time has made in the original cast. Celeste—graceful, passionate Celeste—lives still in our memory as *Cynthia*, and Mrs. Billington but tamely represents the character. Neither can we forget the *Starlight Bess* of Mrs. Fitzwilliam, nor the original *Cheap John* of Wright. Perhaps time has taken from us the old flavour of the melodrama; but neither Miss Kate Kelly, although her personation of the part marks a decided progress in her profession, nor the *Cheap John* of Mr. Toole, satisfies us. Even the *Kinchen*, though the original *Kinchen* (Paul Bedford), has waxed heavy. But *Lemuel*, the wandering gipsy-lad (Miss Woolgar's *Lemuel*), is, if possible, more a picturesque work of art than ever. She alone recalls, by the perfection of her acting, "Flowers of the Forest," as we first saw it at the Old Adelphi.

## MR. C. W. QUIN'S PHOTOGRAPHIC ROOMS, 51, OXFORD STREET.

A curiously elaborate and ingenious work of art has been for some weeks past on view at this establishment—a copy (full-sized) of the well-known London Art Union engraving of "A Merry-making in the Olden Time," entirely executed with pen and ink. Every line—the minutest detail—has been copied, every likeness preserved with almost photographic fidelity; so that it is scarcely to be known from a genuine impression, and is certainly a miracle of skilful



manipulation and personal industry. In reference to true art such an undertaking has no influence whatever, but as a specimen of how affluent leisure can be patiently and elegantly turned to account in the production of a picture with such simple appliances as pen and ink, which challenges, in effect, comparison with the finest works of the graver, it is note-worthy, and deserves the attention of all interested in works of art. The old spreading oak-

tree, which occupies so large a space in the copy, and which is here so exquisitely reproduced, must have employed Mr. Sheppard a moiety of the two years spent in the production of this unique specimen (at least for the present), though we are informed that the artist contemplates a yet more wonderful example of his perseverance. A miniature specimen in water-colours, executed with the pen, exhibits extreme delicacy of manipulation.

## T H E T O I L E T.

(Especially from Paris.)

FIRST FIGURE.—Green silk robe, striped with black, and double skirt; the upper one cut on the bias. Plain *corsage*, square at the top, and low, buttoned down the front, and decorated with straps of black velvet. Wide pagoda sleeves, trimmed like the body. Under-sleeves puffed, and ornamented with little knots of ribbon. Plaited chemisette. Pink crape bonnet, with a black lace fall thrown back on the head; within, a *bandeau* of black blond plaited; on the right side loops of pink ribbon fastened by black jet buckles.

SECOND FIGURE.—Dress of watered silk, striped and sprinkled with *Pompadour* bouquets. *Corsage* round, high, and plain. Wide pagoda sleeves. Puffed under-sleeves, confined by a wristband. Black silk shawl mantelet, with a deep flounce, having a narrow plaiting of the same at the edge, surmounted by bunches of rich fringe and tassels. White *tulle* bonnet, puffed and crossed by mallow ribbons, which are intersected at intervals by narrow blond *ruches*, mixed with Parma violets, a *bandeau* of which ornaments the interior.

*Apropos* of bonnets: I have seen a very pretty one composed of green crape, trimmed with a light scarf of crape bordered with black lace, and fastened by a bouquet of azaleas. Another of rice straw, on soft foundation of *Sèvres* blue *poult de soie*, with a *voilette* of white lace thrown back from the brim.

Here are two pretty robes, the models of which have only just arrived. The first (of white muslin) is made with two skirts, the second forming a tunic open before: the tunic is garnished all round with a wide *bouillonnée* and two headings of lace. A ribbon of *mauve* (*Imperatrice*) is run through the puffing. The first skirt is ornamented with *bouillonnées* like that trimming the *tunique*, which form mountings from the bottom of the skirt to the waist, and are perfectly distinguished under the clear tunic. There are nine puffings in these ornaments, with a running of *mauve* ribbon in each, and encircled with an edging of lace. The *corsage* is round and flat, with a *bouillonnée* forming a *fichu* *Marie Louise*, and is finished round the throat with the same ornament. Rachel sleeves, very falling, and garnished, like the robe, with knots of ribbon. The other robe is composed of blue *taffetas*, trimmed with seven narrow flounces at the bottom. The *corsage* is flat, high and round at the waist. The sleeves are large, and retained above by a *bouillon renverse*—which ornament is quite new in this material. To these I must add the description of a charming dress of rose-coloured crystal *tarlatane*, for evening or a concert. It is made with three skirts, each bordered with two *volants*, surmounted by a *chicorée* of rose *tarlatane*. It is worn over a transparent of rose *taffetas*.

## P A S S I N G E V E N T S R E - E D I T E D.

It will be old news to many of our readers that the surmise attributing the authorship of "Adam Bede" to Mary and William Howitt has been quietly set at rest by Mr. Howitt's letter to the editor of the "Literary Gazette."

The new favourite in public estimation is Miss Evans: and we shall be glad if, after all, "George Elliot" proves to be the *nom de plume* of a woman. "What an advance," observes a critical correspondent, "on novel-writing and female genius since the times when Dr. Johnson and Burke sat spell-bound over Miss Burney's 'Evelina'!"

It has always been an article of our private faith that the punishment of death should be abolished, as a blot on civilization—worse than useless in the case of the criminal, and profitless as regards the community. We ignore the sentiment of vengeance, and are obliged to confess, that, as a deterrent and a warning, the scaffold

and the hangman wholly fail. The exhibition does not even terrify the boy-thieves, who throng to witness it from the double enjoyment of picking pockets in the crowd; so little solemnity and wholesome horror is there in the act which unceremoniously deports a wretch, too guilty to be borne with by his fellow-men, over thy frontiers of eternity. Wise and good men of our generation have, at various times, protested against the fallacy of the punishment of death as a means of preventing crime. The annihilation of the criminal rarely gives more than a temporary shock to its course. Who remembers, except the innocent sufferers from his guilt, or the helpless relatives involved in the shame and horror of his end, the execution or the executed? However the finer nerves and nicer noses of the present generation may be shocked at the suggestion, the true end of capital punishment being to deter from crime

our forefathers showed a more common-sense appreciation of the end in view, when they left the murderer swinging on the gibbet, than we do who conserve the barbarous punishment of putting to death, and squeamishly remove the evidence: so that in one hour after an Old Bailey exit, the sole trace of the deliberate putting out of a life at the hands of the executioner, is the ribald brutality and disorder of the dispersing witnesses.

With these happily non-peculiar views upon the subject of capital punishment, we are glad to see it suggested by the *Times*, that, in all probability, when these lines see the light, the recently-pronounced sentence in the case of Dr. Smethurst will have been commuted to penal servitude for life. And though we do not pretend to understand what is meant by *his* "case being one for conviction, but not one in which the capital punishment should be carried out," either the man is guilty—cruelly and deliberately guilty—or he is not: in the latter case, why punish him at all?—in the former, what a precedent for future commutations, and the eventual (and, we hope, not far off) displacement of the scaffold, for some more salutary punishment, not only so far as the criminal, but as society, is concerned!

To turn to a more grateful subject: the third part of the journal of the "Workhouse Visiting Society" is before us—a society which originated in the efforts of two or three lady residents in the parish of St. Pancras, to remedy some of the crying wrongs which every parish meeting and frequent police reports gave currency to; and which has resulted in a highly influential committee, and a list of lady visitors, from whose active philanthropy we hope the best results will follow. The inmates of workhouses may be divided into two classes—the decent and deserving, and the idle and vicious. Yet, wide as is the distinction between them, no difference is made in their treatment when misfortune drags the former down to the dread level of penury. It is in the power of lady visitors to remedy many of the discomforts within the house, and to quicken the interest of those in power to the much-needed amendments in a system which in effect renders poverty

penal, and reduces the decent rate-payer, who has outlived the power to labour, to the degraded condition of the incorrigible and voluntary pauper. We rejoice to see amongst other healthful propositions, the formation of branch societies in the principal towns in connection with the Central Society; and also that *gentlemen* be induced to become guardians. It is also suggested to interest all classes in the work of visiting, and to invite the wives and daughters of tradesmen, and especially of the guardians, to assist.

The journal is full of occasion for melancholy thought; broken, however, by the fact of its own existence, and the hope that the light let in on the evils of the workhouse system will eventually lead to their correction.

Scotland has produced a new type of Madame Ida Pfiffer in the person of Mrs. Louisa Kay Kerr, who has, we learn, visited China, the East Indian Archipelago, Egypt, and other countries, and is at present employed in archæological studies and investigation relative to the former Slavonic races. At present she is residing at Vienna.

Mrs. Kerr is a member of the Asiatic Societies of London and Paris, the Archæological Societies of Great Britain, Palestine, and Athens; of the Société Géographique of Paris, and of several other learned societies. It is, we understand, her intention to visit Servia again, with the view of eventually publishing a work on that country.

Amongst other traits of the women of our times, it is pleasant to learn that an English lady—the widow of Mr. Ambrose Crawley, of E. I. C. S.—happening to be travelling in the vicinity of the sufferers of Solferino, converted her journey of recreation into a course of devoted service to the sick and wounded. In common with the good and pitying ladies of the country, she visited the hospitals, comforted the suffering soldiers with words of sympathy and condolence, and inquired after their wants and provided for them. In the name of all the wounded, Emilio Pallavicini Capitano del Bersaglieri has written her a letter of thanks, and such thanks are prayers.

C. A. W.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"E. M. F." will please to accept our thanks.

"J. A. D., Reading."—Without having read the papers it would be impossible to reply. Much would depend upon the style, and treatment of the subjects.

"W. R., junior."—Too much of rose-water in the composition of these rhymes to suit our pages. The title, too, is a misnomer: instead of "The Speech of the West Wind" it is a speech to it. Let the writer strive to write manly verses, and we shall have pleasure in publishing them. We are quite overwhelmed with the rhymed regrets and poetic complaints of lady sentimentalists.

"M. H. J." is thanked for the offered MS., which, however, is not sufficiently finished in style

or interesting in subject to suit our pages. We fear he has not very recently seen "Sharpe's Magazine."

POETRY accepted with thanks:—"Sybil;" "The Three Teachers;" "Winnie" (with some alterations this poem shall appear); "The Book of Life" also requires amending; "The Face at the Window" (will the author oblige us by altering the third verse, which is far from clear?) "The Widow" (we regret to be obliged to decline this poem).

"L. M., Thornton."—We cannot comply with the requirements of this correspondent. We have too many poems on hand, more, indeed, than we can find space for.







THE LAKESIDE, FROM THE HOUSE OF THE LAKESIDE, IN THE MOUNTAINS OF SWITZERLAND. 1841. BY J. H. STIMPSON. R. 10. 10. 10.





*Joanna Smith*

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## THE PHOTOGRAPH.

"I believe, Cousin James," said little Rosie, with the prettiest of childish pouts—"I believe that you like Alice better than you like me!"

James and Alice whispering at the window, with faces close together, turned and looked at the small speaker. Alice blushed, and James burst into a clear, hearty laugh.

"Well, what then, pet?" said James: "supposing I do, how will you pay me out?"

"I will *not* be your little wife," Rosie answered, smoothing down her pinafore with an air of offended dignity. "You have said I should be for ever so many years, and I believed you, and promised faithfully; but now I will *not*. Now it is different. It would not be proper for me to keep to my promise."

James kissed Alice's forehead, and reaching the injured little heroine in two strides, seized her with his strong hands, and flung her up on to his broad shoulder. There she struggled, clutching his brown curls a little spitefully.

"Set me down, sir! How *dare* you! If I were as big as you, you dare not treat me so. I will tell mamma!"

"Why do you suppose I like Alice best?"

"To think of asking me such a question!" Rosie said, half-crying. "Put me down, James, put me down! Alice, tell him to put me down!"

"Do not tease her, James dear," said Alice.

"She does not descend to her ordinary level until she states explicitly why and wherefore she accuses me of this unwarrantable partiality to you; why, and wherefore she has changed her former gracious matrimonial intentions towards me? Now, pet, pull away; the curls will not come off so easily as your last new doll's wig!"

"You behave very cruelly to me, James!" Rosie cried, pouring out all her complaints together in a flood. "*Why*, indeed! Are not you with Alice all-day long, and never take any notice of me? You used to come up into the nursery; you used to take me on your knee every night, when you kissed me before I went to bed; you used to notice when I had on a new frock, and say that it was pretty, particularly when it was a pink frock. And now I have been in this room half-an-hour, with my new pink frock on, and the sash and all, and you have never looked at me; and you are crumpling it, sir, on your shoulder, and soiling it with

your hot hands. Oh, James, I am ashamed of you!"

"It is a be-e-e-autiful frock!" exclaimed James.

"Do not mock me, sir! . . . And here you are going away—going to leave me; you will not wait even for my birthday! I shall be eight years old. And even now, when we have such a very little time to be together, you neglect me all-day-long! It is not what I expected of you, Cousin James!"

He transferred Rosie from his shoulder to his arms, and kissed away the jealous tears from the tiny face.

"Shall I tell you a secret, pet?" he whispered.

"You can do as you please, James: I am not curious."

"Well, then, when I come back again from my voyage, someone else has promised to be my little wife."

"Do not talk such nonsense to the child," said Alice.

"Not Alice?" asked Rosie, eagerly.

"Yes—*Alice*!"

"Is it true, Alice?" asked the child.

"Yes, I know it is," said Bob, the brother: "James is going to marry Alice when he comes back; and then he will be our brother, and not our cousin—won't you, James?"

When the children had left the room, James resumed his old station by Alice at the window: he took her little slim white hand in his rough red fist.

"What a wee bit of a hand!" he muttered, turning it over in simple admiration. "Why, Alice, surely they don't make rings small enough to fit these tiny fingers!"

"Oh, James, dear," she said, her hand trembling in his, "I do so dread this voyage!"

"Nonsense, little girl!" he answered, cheerily. "Nine months at farthest, and I shall be back; and then, and then, and then—I suppose you will wish me at sea again!"

"No," she cried, earnestly. "Oh, James, if you would give up this voyage, and not go, I would—I would not make any delay. We would be—be married whenever you liked."

"My darling!" he said, looking into her blushing face, and stroking back the soft brown hair. There was an inexpressible charm to the rough sailor-lad in her tender fears and inno-

cent confidence. "It will not do, however, Alice," he continued, "not even if I might call you my own wife to-morrow. I can't desert my ship just on the point of sailing. Go I must, this one voyage, and then I promise you to settle down on shore. I have made five voyages to Australia and back in the 'Stormy Petrel,' and it is enough, I think, that I give her up for such a little craft as you, without going and breaking my word to her at a moment's notice."

"Take me with you, dear," Alice whispered, not daring to raise her eyes to his.

"Not for worlds!" he said—"even if I could. You, who have been brought up so tenderly, would pine and sicken on board-ship. Why, you have never even *seen* the sea! The very smell of salt-water would make you turn pale!"

There was silence for a minute or two; then Alice said—"What must be, must. God give me strength to bear these nine months. I am very wrong, James, to trouble you with my fears. Such a brave man as you should have a braver wife."

"You were never frightened when I sailed before. How is it you are such a silly little woman now?"

"We were only *cousins* before. Besides I have been frightened, though I did not say so. When the wind has been blowing, I have often awoke in the middle of the night and said a prayer for you. Do you think, James, prayers are really heard? Would God save a sinking ship, if all the wives and mothers and sisters of the men on board were on their knees?"

"Can't say," James answered, a little puzzled. "Sometimes sailors pray themselves. I have heard an old salt say, that once, when he was wrecked off the Cape, half the crew fell upon their knees after the ship struck, and the other half, except the captain and a few others, went and stove-in the spirit-casks."

"Only one fortnight this day before you must go," Alice sighed, after another pause.

"And my birthday is just a fortnight and five days," said little Rosie, who had crept in again.

"You will stay for my birthday, James? you *must*. Tell them to wait for you."

"What shall I give Pet for a birthday-present?"

"Oh! I would rather have you, dear James, than anything else. If you will stay, you shall have tea with us in the nursery, out of my little tea-things; and Alice shall come too, and you shall sit by Alice. *That* tea is to be quite private, at three or four o'clock in the afternoon; and then, when the *company* come, we shall have more tea, which Jones is to make in the little room; and the back drawing-room is to be for dancing; and I am engaged already for the two first sets of quadrilles and for three polkas."

"I wish this children's party was over," said Alice. "However shall I get through it?"

"I'll tell you what I'll do, Rosie," cried James. "I'll get my friend Dobey to come, and bring his magic-lantern. Would you like that, Pet?"

Rosie absolutely screamed with delight: "You dear James! That will be lovely!"

"And we shall see Gibraltar, and the Desert and the Ghost again," said little Bob, who had been standing on tiptoe to look into the stereoscope. "I like the magic-lantern better than this thing; and I like Dobey: he is such a jolly fellow, and tells such good stories."

"How like you this is, Alice," said James, looking through the stereoscope. "Not half handsome enough, but still so like you. It has just that pitiful expression of yours when you are worrying yourself. I shall take this with me, and when I look at it I shall fancy you are fretting about my absence. I know I shall catch myself talking to this bit of glass, and trying to comfort it."

"I was thinking of your going when I was taken," answered Alice. "I wish they had made me look more smiling and pleasant. Yours is the best. How your curls come out: I can see every curl."

The handsome sailor looked at his own image and said, smiling: "As long as you see this lubber here look as strong and hearty as he does now, you may be sure, Alice, that I am all right. You must peep into this stereoscope as into a magic-glass."

"I shall peep there often enough," Alice said.

\* \* \* \* \*

Poor Alice L— (I refrain from giving full names, as my story is a true one), poor Alice, as the days went by grew heavier and heavier hearted. She was of a timid nature, and sensitive to excess. I think it was this very weakness which so endeared her to her sailor-cousin. We like contrasts in both our loves and hates. There are chemical affinities in us which draw towards ourselves the unlike which we lack, or, in other cases, repulse it with explosive violence. James was a great strong fellow, with enough common-sense, but devoid of all delicacy of imagination or sentiment. The two cousins were not more different in person than in mind. Nevertheless they managed, somehow, to understand each other perfectly. A thousand feelings which would have been wondrous mysteries to James from any other quarter he understood intuitively when they came through the medium of Alice; and Alice could interpret into manly beauties, seeming dulnesses and bluntnesses on his part with which she would have been amused or disgusted in another. What is love, after all, but selfishness? An old philosophical theory about love makes us enter this world incomplete—sexant, quadrant, or semicircular, never "*teres atque rotundus*;" and so we seek the other portion of ourselves, and finding it, or fancying that we find it, cling thereto. This is love—only a completing of one's self. Gaiety finds its gravity; weakness its strength; even vice its virtue. And this rule is not merely psychical but corporeal too. Blue eyes find their mirrors in brown; golden hair must intertwine with black; short weds with tall, and plump with lean.



I am under the impression that James and Alice had found in each other their veritable moieties. They were so very different, and such sympathies grew out of their antipathies. Apparent discords in them one found to be sweetest concords of most subtle harmony. It seemed a desecration for Alice's little hand to come in any sort of contact with his huge hard fist; and yet it nestled there like a little white bird within its nest. Her low accents were drowned in his trumpet-tones of "metallic plan-gency"; and yet the two voices rounded each other off, duetting together and interchanging notes. For some time a process of daily assimilation had been going on. Those who love each other grow strangely like each other.

I must, however, contradict myself in one particular, at all events. If Alice learned, to a certain degree, the trick of James's voice and eye and smile and gesture, she by no means had, as yet, acquired his stoutness of heart. This coming voyage excited in her the heaviest forebodings. Absence was bad enough, but the sea!—she had the vaguest, wildest terrors of that element which she had never seen. At night she dreamed of black skies and howling winds, of rocks and surging waves, of wrecked ships and specks of men struggling in limitless waters.

The days crept steadily on, and the time for James's departure came at length. Alice nerved herself for the parting and tried to be brave, and to hide the paleness of her face under forced smiles. She was very miserable. Strong-minded persons might, with justice, have soundly-rated her for ingratitude to Providence and for the unreasonableness of her fears. How many poor girls had no comfortable home and kind friends, a false lover in place of a true, real bitter sorrows of cruelly-wounded hearts or of starving affections? How many girls had to think of those they loved as in imminent and constant perils? Had not at least half-a-dozen of her friends, lovers, or brothers in the thick of that horrible Indian war? Of course it was very foolish of Alice, and perhaps wrong. Still, fancied troubles are real enough to those who fancy them, and vague presentiments of evil as difficult to cast from the minds of the presagers as coolly calculated probabilities of danger from more logical minds. Vague fancies and fears assume a greater magnitude by their very indefiniteness, and those whose temperament inclines them thereto have a faculty for suffering and terror keener than the braver sort have. Alice was very miserable. Every morning when she woke, the remembrance of the terrible departure that must take place and could not be avoided came down upon her like a crushing palsyng blow. She writhed helplessly under the weight which fell upon the poor sore heart. If for a moment she had forgotten this inevitable separation and, close to James, was smiling in full contentment with the present moment, it was pitiful to see how the recollection came back to her, changing all her face, withering its quiet happiness as a frost withers

the flowers. The momentary taste of happiness made the coming misery so much the greater. Considering this cowardly and unreasonable sensitiveness, I think she was very brave and very wise to bear up; outwardly so well as she did.

The days rolled on, and the last came, and James went. He deceived her at last as to his time of starting, telling her, as he said good-night on the last evening, that they should see each other for bidding final good-byes in the morning, and then leaving that same night. He took with him her portrait, which was some comfort to him, and some pain, too. The face was so pallid, and the expression of the eyes so piteous and distraight. The eyes did not meet his as he looked at them, but gazed out into space as if they saw evil phantoms in the air. They troubled him: he would have given anything if they had seemed to look into his as their originals were wont to do.

James's portrait remained in the stereoscope, and into this stereoscope he put a little loving letter on the night of his departure. "You must look through the peep-holes here, my darling," he wrote, repeating the fancy he had uttered a few days before, being, perhaps, a little proud of it, as men deficient in imagination are proud of a stray fancy—"you must look through the peep-holes, my darling, as they did in the wizard's glass in the ballad. You may be sure I am all safe and prosperous as long as I look right here."

The strong handsome sailor lad, with his blue eyes and curly brown hair, looked in the portrait cheery and hearty as well could be. Alice took this portrait up to her own little room, and treasured it there. When she found that James had really gone, she bore his departure with outward quietness. There were no tears nor lamentations. She retired in company with the portrait for most part of the morning; but as the day wore on, reappeared, and went through her domestic duties quite calmly, carving at the children's dinner, looking to the preparation of the wardrobe of little Bob, who, after Rosie's birthday, was to be sent to school, comforting Rosie herself, who was in terrible grief at James's departure.

Poor Rosie cried with all the *abandon* of a child. Alice, as she held her on her lap, quieting her with soothing words, half envied her this childish abandonment to grief. To sob and cry and give utterance to regret in a thousand forms of words, would ease the dull dead pain—so it seemed to her. She had that sense of dumbness in her grief which is so terrible in nightmare—that feeling of powerlessness to do ought but suffer silently and helplessly. Alice had always been singularly undemonstrative. As a child people had thought her stolid and stupid; as a woman, she was no great favourite with men, being, to all appearance, impassive and immobile, having none of those little sympathetic enthusiasms so charming in her sex. It was always a matter of wonder to me how she and James came to understand each other.

However, Providence, they say, specially manages these matters; and has, no doubt, ways and means of management not to be measured by common diplomatic rules.

Rosie's grief did not last the day out. There was the birthday coming on, and a thousand things to arrange, and to talk about, and to think about. Before sunset, it seemed to Rosie an age since James had gone. She had got through her grief, passed through all its phases, and exhausted it; while Alice had, as yet, hardly arrived at a full clear consciousness of hers.

\* \* \* \* \*

When James went it wanted about a week of Rosie's birthday. The time was the close of July — beautiful, sunny, cloudless, windless weather. If Alice had ever seen the sea, she would have pictured it, on these hot still days, as a sheet of glass, with all its ships lying languid and idle under flapping sails. But not knowing the sea, the calm weather had not its due effect upon her imagination. Stormy winds would have increased her fears, blanched her cheeks more, and made her eyes more piteously wild; but the serene air and cloudless sky had no influence over the fixed idea which she had formed of the sea—an element always in dangerous tumult, a scene of rocks and surges, of storms and perils, of danger and death. Looking from her window at night on the street bathed in quiet moonlight, she would go to bed and dream of clouds black as ink, of mountainous waves, of water-spouts and whirl-pools, and of tempests which no work of human hands could withstand.

Day after day, while the hot sun glared down upon the white pavement, untempered by any breath of air, she would think of James as under another climate, tempestuous and sunless—all the wilder and more terrible by contrast with the summer weather which shone on herself. Her imagination would have its own way in spite of probabilities, in spite of the actualities surrounding her.

James's portrait was a great comfort to her. She did really look on it as affording some test of his safety—unconsciously, of course, but yet with an ever increasing belief. She always felt a pang of fear, and waited a moment before she dared to look through the stereoscope; and when she saw the blue eyes and the bright face and the brown curls unchanged, she felt an indescribable sensation of relief. At morning and at night, and how many times in the day, did she try this ordeal—nay, how often in the middle of the night, when she woke from some terrible dream!

\* \* \* \* \*

At length Rosie's birthday arrived. The intervening time had seemed very long to that young person. All the days had spun themselves out to a preternatural length, as if in sheer despite; for Rosie, having so much upon her mind, lay awake after she had been put to

bed, and awoke earlier than usual in the morning to think over the glories of the coming *fete*. If we had not moralized too much already, we might be disposed here to hold forth on the advantages which prospective pleasure possesses in comparison with pleasure in the absolute fruition, and on the childish folly which is always eager to rush on from sensation to sensation, looking on all fore-thought and after-thought as a bore and a nuisance. It is the object of most of us children in these *fast* days to arrive at each succeeding epoch, and to get it well over. The object is not so much to enjoy, as to get each so-called enjoyment achieved and finished and "*done*."

Rosie had longed for the day to arrive with a more and more intense longing. Now that it was here she longed for each coming hour and event of it. It was pleasant to feel on awaking that she was a year older; but there were birthday presents to be looked forward to. The presents were delightful—James had left for her a beautiful little ivory model of a ship; Alice gave her a wonderful doll, with waxen hands and feet, and real stockings; one gave one thing and one another; Bob, among the rest, presented to her a drum, with the intention of beating it himself, thus uniting brotherly affection with self-interest. The presents were delightful, but there was the making tea in the little tea-things to be looked forward to; and, that having arrived, there was the drinking to her own health in the unaccustomed half-glass of wine in the dining-room; and after that, the party and the dancing and the forfeits and the magic lantern and the supper. The day after all was spent not in absolute enjoyment, but in feverish longing for successive pleasures. I wonder whether there is anywhere in the world one epicure of well-regulated mind who really sucks the full nectar out of the present moment. While we are in the act of taking our oysters and chablis, our mind has already passed on to the coming repast. The backbone of our grouse, the "bitter-sweet," loses half its Olympian flavour, by reason of our mental foretastings of the Burgundy. Rosie, however, in her longings after pleasure, was wiser than Alice in her presentiments of misery. To dim the sparkles of our Catawba by thoughts of the headaches that are in it; or to forget the rich aroma of our haunch in fear of the doctor's boluses and black draughts that may possibly follow, is infinitely more foolish than to make the one dainty eliminate the other.

To this children's party I was invited. In the first place I was Rosie's godfather; and, having given her at her christening a silver mug, was expected to follow up that token of affection by other such tokens on every suitable occasion; which duties seem to be by common consent the only legitimate duties of sponsors. To give a child a coral and bells, or a silver pencil-case, or a prettily-bound prayer-book, is certainly a less troublesome operation to a busy man, than to provide for its religious instruction in the vulgar tongue, and, probably, is a more pleasant operation to the child. Besides being



Rosie's godfather, I was fond of children generally, and was known to be so, having a reputation for games and juggling tricks and other amusements dear to youthful souls. So I was to go to this party; and, I may confess here without shame (as nobody is likely to recognise me), that I looked forward to the evening with some pleasure, the recollection of my engagement coming every now and then across the warp of my dull business thoughts that day like a golden thread. I believe that no little boy, in frilled collar and frilled unmentionables, however much in love with pretty Rosie, looked forward to that entertainment with a truer delight.

I bought my present, taking some trouble in the selection, choosing what I knew Rosie would like, namely, a tiny article of jewelry. Alas! for the vanities of this wicked world, and for my grave position as godfather! Then I went to my old-fashioned coffee-house and had dinner. With my black pint of port the waiter brought me the evening paper, as was customary. In that paper there was a paragraph among the latest intelligence which gave me a great shock, and spoiled all my expected pleasure. I read there, in few words, of a dreadful explosion on board of a steam-ship, called the "Stormy Petrel," then bound for Australia; of the destruction of said ship by fire, and great loss of lives. There were few particulars, the news having come by telegram from an English port, where some of the crew of the lost ship, or some who had knowledge of them, had landed. The paragraph was headed by large letters, as such paragraphs are wont to be, and was sure immediately to excite the attention of any one who took up the paper. As the papers circulated about the room, this accident, in dearth of other news, became the general talk. I can remember a poor gentleman there whose son had sailed on board this ship—how he turned sick and faint at the sudden intelligence, and then rushed off to the office of the newspaper to try and learn more than the scanty news printed.

I had known James well. Poor Alice was one of my very dearest friends. I had often pretended, with old-bachelor jocosity, to be jealous of James's success with her. I was one of the few people who had learned to penetrate beneath her immobile exterior, and to know how alarmingly tender and sensitive her heart was at the core. "If James is dead," I thought, "it will kill her; nay, if she hears suddenly of this loss of the ship, the terrible shock and uncertainty may kill her at a blow."

I left the coffee-room, and made inquiries at two or three places where something more might chance to be known, but there was no detailed intelligence as yet. Full of uncertainty how to act, I made my way to Mr. L——'s house. Perhaps I should find that the loss of the ship was already known there; if so, what effect would it have had on Alice? If they were still in ignorance, what should I do? Would it be better to wait for more definite information, or

to break to them what I knew by slow degrees? or merely to drop vague hints which might pave the way for what was to come? They must know it in the morning; they would be sure to see the paper then, and probably by that time full details would be printed, all the names of the dead, perhaps James's among them. Besides, it seemed impossible that they should not hear of it to-night, so many people being at the house. It seemed impossible that they should not have heard of it already. Oh! how should I find poor Alice?

I was so lost in my trouble, that when the cab stopped at the door I scarcely knew where I was. It was not yet dark, but brilliant gas-light was pouring through the red-curtained windows, and there were sounds of dance music and of little pattering feet and of shrill childish voices. As I mounted the stairs I met Alice coming down from the upper flight. I had been used to joke her with the rest, these last few days, about her keeping James's portrait up there, and about her consulting it so often.

"Yes," she said, with her faint smile, expecting some badinage from me; "I have been consulting my oracle again. The gods are very good to me, and give favourable answers."

We went together into the room, where a score of little people were polking deliciously. Rosie, in the grasp of a great schoolboy twice her size, kissed her hand to me as she flew by. Bob deserted a little tarlatan partner and rushed wildly at my legs. There was a shout raised as I entered, and half-a-dozen children flocked round me. I usually have a vanity in feeling that children like me. To-night my mind was too full to take much notice of them. They soon went again, surprised and little pleased.

The dance being over, Rosie pirouetted up to me. I kissed her, but had forgotten all about her birthday. She hinted at that subject for some time vainly, and at last lisped with her pretty pout:

"I wish you many happy returns of the day, godpapa."

Then I remembered, and paid my compliments, and hung my glittering gift about Rosie's neck. Rosie was so delighted, so thoroughly engrossed with the morsel of newly-acquired vanity, that she quite forgot my absence of manner, and had even no wonder to spare that I did not ask her to dance.

"You are dull to-night," said Alice to me, arousing herself from one of her fits of musing, "duller even than I am. What is the matter? Come, dance."

I could not dance to-night; so Alice took the big schoolboy, Rosie's former partner, into captivity, and went through a quadrille with him, her thoughts far away on her ideal seas.

I watched her as she walked through the dance, her eyes gazing into space, and her eyebrows wrinkled into that piteous expression, and wondered how she would bear my news.

I had decided that the sad intelligence must be communicated to her to-night—must be com-

municated to her as soon as possible. One often hears of broken hearts and of cracking of the heart-strings. Such things I believe are physically impossible; but I felt now, as I watched Alice's pale calm face, that if knowledge of this grief came upon her unprepared, some life-chord in her would snap asunder—some life-containing vessel shiver to fragments, like one of those Italian glasses at the touch of poison. I had decided that she must learn the news as soon as possible, and from lips that could tell the news in the gentlest and wisest manner. Whom to choose? Whether to do it myself, or to leave it to her mother and father?

Very much troubled in mind, I left the juvenile dancers, and made my way to Mr. and Mrs. L——, who with other elders were congregated in a little boudoir which opened into the larger room. They were talking of Alice; of her fears and sensitiveness, and how, since James's departure, she grew paler and older-looking each day, eat nothing, scarcely slept, and yet gave utterance to no complaints, clinging more stubbornly than ever to her accustomed reticence.

"How she will live through these nine months I cannot tell," the mother said, with tears in her eyes. "I wish James had stayed away in Australia altogether, rather than that he should have made my poor child so miserable."

She spoke with a slight bitterness of James. What mother-in-law, or mother-in-law that is to be, can look upon him who takes her daughter from her, without some prejudice and some feeling of being injured?

There were so many people present that I could not make my disclosure, even had I not feared as to Mrs. L——'s discretion in bearing the shock. There was much talk about James. Some had not seen him, or had not seen him since he was a child. So it came to pass that Bob (who had followed me) was sent to get the stereoscope with James's portrait from Alice's room, to which proposition Alice, with persuasion, acceded.

The likeness of the handsome sailor-lad was passed round, and commented on, and duly admired. I too glanced for a moment at his bright eyes and cheery face, with feelings not easily described. I half-expected to see a death-like change in the countenance—some sign or token; but there was none.

Soon after, Dobey rushed in with his magic-lantern apparatus. He was an endless talker—a man of bad jokes and loud cackinnations. I never liked Dobey; but to-night he was intolerable to me, so I escaped again into the dancing-room, where polking was progressing with more vigour than ever.

I think, in the way of social amusements, there is nothing so delightful as a children's dance. A grown-up ball is dull and stupid to the onlooker in comparison. We English, when adult, are not a dancing people—not even in these latter days of casinos, and a ball-room is generally a place more solemn than festive. But children enter with such true spirit into

dancing, as if it were a motion natural to them, not got up and exhibited with a sense of half-shame. The affected attitudes, partly graceful, partly grotesque, the curiously elaborated figures, the display of exuberant animal life and bodily agility, the interlacings and intertwining of little innocent forms, the shrill gaiety, the shy gravity—all help to fashion a spritish element which seems native to children. I always look upon these small folk as akin to Pucks and Ariels, as not yet quite human, as Undines having just the first rudiments of souls. I feel an intense, but somewhat sorrowful interest, in observing in them the seeds of the after-passions and sensations of life, in watching the incipient flirtations, the unconscious coquetties, the jealousies and sudden strifes, the little loves and hates, the selfishnesses and self-abnegations—the good and the evil in such strange juxtaposition and entanglement, so unconcealed and open to the sight.

Even now, as I re-entered the dancing-room, and stood looking on the sprightly scene there, the remembrance of my great trouble for a moment almost passed away from me. I knew most of these children, and had speculated on the characters to be developed in them. Pretty Rosie and her vanity; Bob and his love of self—who could tell but that Rosie, some day discovering her besetting sin, should give battle to the monster and slay it outright, and become the most humble of beauties—that Bob should, by slow, stern, self-discipline, attain to that highest virtue of Spartan devotion? Our most real virtues are always developed from their opposites; our strengths from our weaknesses.

Alice came and stood beside me.

"Why are you so dull this evening?" she said. "You are not like yourself: what is the matter?"

"Alice, I have something to tell you"—I was beginning, when Dobey rushed up to us like a tornado. His preparations were nearly ready; he wanted Alice's help in the final disposition of his disc-sheet; the dancing was to be put an end to; the gas was to be extinguished. chairs were to be arranged for the spectators; Dobey, with his whirlwind, carried Alice away from me, and changed the aspect of the room.

In a few seconds the gas had been extinguished, except one burner, which was lowered to the faintest possible star; all the candles were put out, the chairs were set in orderly rows opposite the aperture of the folding-doors, which opened into the other room. This aperture was filled with a semi-transparent sheet. Dobey, with his apparatus, was on the other side of it. His magic-lantern pictures were to be seen by us cast on the semi-transparent sheet.

All the children were seated; some a little frightened, and inclined to cry at the darkness. There was much talking in whispers, for it is a strange effect of darkness to incline us to lower the voice. Above these sibilating whispers rose here and there a little whining cry. "I am so frightened!" or "Take me away, please!" Alice



glided in, and was soon busy comforting those children who were frightened. One incorrigible little girl she was obliged to take on her lap.

I sat by Alice, determined to open my story under cover of the darkness.

"Now then, ladies and gentlemen, walk up, walk up," shouted Dobey, behind the curtain; "see the live lions stuffed with straw. Pay your money, my little dears, and walk up. The performances are about to commence. Music!"

A musical box began to tinkle forth, "*Libiamo, libiamo*," and the first picture shone out in radiant colours on the disc. Dobey, in his stentorian voice, uttered facetious notes and explanations. Picture dissolved into picture. There were landscapes and there were figures, some grave and some funny. There was a long string of Noah's-Ark animals, which gave Dobey opportunity to introduce many antiquated jokes. Now an Arctic scene, all snow and aurora borealis, faded into an arid desert, with one pyramid and a file of camels. Now a great human face, with rolling eyes and moving jaw, changed into a donkey's head, which was heard to bray hideously. The children no longer whispered together; the room was filled with shrieks of laughter, or exclamations of wonder and delight. A scene of a continental city dissolved into a sea picture; the sea smooth as glass, green and transparent under a sunny sky. A gallant ship in the foreground floated motionless on the water, and specks of white sails glimmered in the distance. Gradually there was a change. The sky darkened, the sea began to move to and fro, lightnings darted athwart black clouds, the ship tossed perilously, bounding from wave to wave. Darker and darker grew the sky, until all was swallowed up in blackness. Out of the blackness came a smooth sea again, lit by a rosy sunrise. Huge fragments of wreck lay upon a rocky shore; and floating in upon the ripples was a something with an up-turned face and long dank hair. Alice shuddered.

"There are other dangers at sea, Alice," I said, "besides storms."

She turned her eyes upon me, enquiringly.

"Why do you shudder at a picture?" I asked.

"We are all in the hands of God, whether at sea or on shore," she muttered, speaking to herself rather than to me.

"Yes; in His hands, in the midst of great perils as in the bosom of the securest home."

Again she turned her eyes on me.

"Alice," I said, in low, steady tones, "can you bear wisely a little pain and uncertainty?"

Her great eyes flashed on mine, wild with terror. "Not James?" she gasped, seizing my arm.

"No:—no absolutely evil news of James—"

From behind the sheet Dobey, with a hollow voice pronounced, "Prepare—prepare—prepare to see the ghost!"

There was a universal shriek among the

children. To most of them this ghost was an old friend, and the shriek was one of simulated rather than of real terror; but some were really frightened. The little girl on Alice's lap was one of these. She screamed so that Alice, even in her anxiety, could not for the moment listen to me.

The musical-box began to play the ghost melody, from the "*Corsican Brothers*."

Across the disc passed a country bumpkin, kicking with terror and making frantic demonstrations with a pitch-fork, then came another rigidly motionless and with hair on end, then a virago squaring with bare fists, then a string of figures each holding on to the other in all the attitudes of fright. Lastly came the ghost—a pole with a hollow turnip on the top of it, and an enveloping sheet. Through the eyeholes cut in the turnip flickered a red light. The children laughed prodigiously. The ghost melody had not yet played itself out.

"Tell me," said Alice, "what has happened? What have you heard?"

From behind the curtain Dobey shouted, "Ghost number two!"

"Alice, my dear," I began, "there are rumours abroad this evening—rumours mind, and rumours often turn out to be groundless—rumours of a ship, name as yet only guessed at—"

"Oh, for God's sake tell me!" she cried.

At this juncture little Bob, who was close to us, suddenly cried out, "James!" and burst into a shriek.

We turned.

On the disc was gradually coming forth a great white face. The vivid colours of the old ghost picture died away as the livid hues of this face became stronger. The eyes seemed dead or closed, the outlines were undefined, the mouth was rigid. The face was of gigantic proportions, and was the most corpse-like and horrible picture I have ever seen; but it was the face of James. There was a breathless silence in the room for a moment, and then all was hubbub and confusion.

Looking back to that evening I can scarcely recall my own sensations, or what occurred around me. The appearance of this ghostly face at once struck the conviction to my heart that James was dead. I remember that I heard Dobey say, in hurried accents, "I beg your pardon; it is all a joke," or something of that kind, and that the image instantly disappeared, but I gave to his words no meaning at the time, nor I think did anyone.

Without a word or a sigh, Alice fell back in her chair.

Some one turned on the gas, and we were soon surrounding Alice. There was not a sign of life in her, save a faint fluttering about the heart.

We learned afterwards, what my readers have probably already divined, that the terrible spectre—so terrible in the consequences it produced—had been made to appear by natural causes. Dobey, without thinking any evil, had used the

photograph of James as a slide for the magic-lantern. It was one of those transparent photographs on glass, so often used in stereoscopes.

\* \* \* \* \*

Late that night James arrived. He had escaped the perils of fire and sea, and came back to find Alice dead.

## DARK WINTER-TIME.

BY ADA TREVANION.

We had almost forgot to hearken  
For the sweet birds' tuneful call;  
For our days had begun to darken,  
And the maple's leaves to fall.

The wind kept a mournful sighing,  
The cloud was low in the sky;  
And we knew that bright things were dying—  
That the wintry time was nigh.

But we cared not for wind or weather,  
We dreamed not of coming cold,  
When we roved in the woods together,  
And Love's raptured visions told.

We looked not with thoughts which sadden  
On the dead leaves scattered round;  
The sunshine the scene to gladden  
Within our own souls we found.

'Tis now that our hopes are colder,  
'Tis now that our joys are gone,  
That we note how the year is older,  
And its golden days are done.

No need in the woods to wander—  
We can see the Winter stand,  
'Mong the misty mountains yonder,  
With Helvellyn in his hand.

And we know, when the ice shall sever,  
And the hail and snow depart,  
That the winter will vanish never  
Which hath fallen on each heart.  
*Ramsgate, December, 1858.*

## STANZAS

TO A FRIEND IN SORROW.

BY WILLIAM BALL.

Thou pinest 'neath the wearying load  
Of hard privation, grief and pain;  
Thou striv'st to reach a happier road,  
And find'st that still the toil is vain.

I chide not—*God* allows the tear;  
But, 'mid thy plaints, pause o'er the thought:  
*Is* what we crave, in prospect dear,  
Always, when gain'd, the prize we sought?

O ne'er does favour, rank, or wealth,  
Our bliss assure, or ills prevent?—  
The sov'reign balm, the mind's true health,  
Is conscious peace, the sole content.

Whate'er thy lot bestows, employ;  
The rest forego with willing mind;  
Each station hath its separate joy,  
And each its burden still assign'd.

*God is the Lord*; His blessings, giv'n  
With Hand all-wise, His care attest  
Not as we're wont to ask of Heav'n,  
But for us as he judgeth best.

Then let no fear thy heart unnerve;  
He still remembers, still controls:  
He gives us more than we deserve,  
And never what shall hurt our souls.

To walk in duty, turn from strife,  
And wait, in hope, Eternal Day—  
That is the path to peace and life:  
O teach us, *Lord*, to keep the way!

## A N N I E.

I love the sighing woodlands,  
The purple mountain-side,  
And the tints that fade and languish  
In the sky at eventide;  
I love the streamlet's murmur,  
And the dancing waves of the sea—  
But lovelier far and dearer  
Is my own Annie to me.

For the sun may tinge the evening sky  
And clouds of feathery white,  
And robe the rugged mountain-side  
In a veil of softest light,  
Till one soft glow of varied hue  
The whole west seems to be—  
But the maiden-blush of my Annie's cheek  
Is softer far to me.

And the waves may smile and sparkle  
Upon the sea's calm breast,  
A myriad waves of shining gold,  
Each topped with a silver crest;  
Sparkling with silver and with gold  
As far as eye can see—  
But brighter far, my Annie,  
Is the smile of thy eye to me.

And the brook, now gay, now plaintive,  
May prattle as it flows,  
As tho' it told an endless tale  
Of mingled joys and woes;  
Babbling ever, ever,  
'Neath mountain and o'er lea—  
But the prattling voice of my Annie  
Is sweeter far to me.

And when low-whispering zephyrs  
Come sighing o'er the plain,  
Till grove and forest echoing  
Take up the mournful strain,  
Then sweet the gentle murmur  
From many a bending tree—  
O sweeter far was my Annie's sigh  
When she told her love to me.

M. W.



## ICE, POLAR AND TROPICAL.

Who is there that does not remember the beautiful scene in Sir Walter Scott's "Talisman," where the noble Saladin, under the guise of an ordinary Emir, converses with Sir Kenneth, the disguised Prince of Scotland? Wondering at the weight and power of his late adversary's steed, Saladin asks why Kenneth uses in the desert an animal which sinks over the fetlock at every step.

"Thou speakest rightly, Saracen — rightly, according to thy knowledge and observation," replies Kenneth, perhaps a little under the influence of self-satisfaction in his own greater knowledge; "but my good horse hath ere now borne me in mine own land over as wide a lake as thou seest yonder spread out behind us, yet not wet one hair above his hoof!"

"It is justly spoken: list to a Frank, and hear a fable," is the reply of Saladin.

How could he think otherwise than that he was being given a taste of "traveller's wonders?" How could he, who had lived all his life in the Tropics, believe that there existed a condition of the element water in which its characteristics were wholly changed, and under which that which he knew only as a yielding and unstable fluid would become a solid mass, capable of sustaining immense weights, and of affording a passage for man and horse over the surface of deep waters without in the least degree yielding beneath the pressure?

Had Saladin lived now, he would, however, not have been thus ignorant of the very existence of ice. He would, no doubt, have drunk his iced sherbet, and possibly have even sped over iron roads, or been conveyed over the rolling waters of the sea by means of *vapourized* water, to lands where little is to be seen but solidified water—water which, in many instances, has held its moveless, rock-like position unchanged for ages past, and which may probably remain bound in icy chains as long as the earth endures.

We see ice only in its least imposing and least wonderful form; yet even to us in this temperate clime there is enough in the history of the ice we see to give scope for thought, wonder, and praise, to the considerate mind; and if, in following out the subject, we give our attention to what travellers tell us of the ice wonders of Alpine and Arctic regions, and of what chemists and philosophers tell us of the marvels which attend the transformation of water into ice, we cannot fail to be struck with astonishment and delight.

In nature's laboratory ice is thus produced. We will inquire hereafter how art simulates her action. It is a known fact that the colder particles of water descend, and take the lower position in both fresh and salt water; and that those of a higher temperature rise to, and float on the surface; and this process continues, the

upper particles sinking as the atmospheric air cools them, and the lower rising, to be themselves cooled, and descend, until the whole mass is lowered to forty degrees of Fahrenheit's thermometer; then a change takes place, and the whole process is reversed. From that point, until the water reaches freezing point (thirty-two degrees Fahrenheit), the surface cooling, makes the particles become *lighter*, instead of *heavier*; consequently, instead of sinking they float, and thus the surface becomes the coldest part, and changes into ice. Were it otherwise—were the first process, of the coldest particles going to the bottom continued, the result would be that seas, ponds, and streams would solidify from the bottom, until the whole became such masses as the heat of many summers would fail to liquify: this state of things would affect the temperature of the earth, so that our summers would become cold and cheerless, and the winters long and severe; and there would be no saying where the effects would cease. Here then we perceive God's prescience, and His loving-kindness towards the works of His hands, in thus regulating atmospheric laws.

Dr.—then Captain—Scoresby gives the following account of the process of freezing in the sea: "The first appearance of ice, when in a state of detached crystals, is called by the sailors *sludge*, and resembles snow when cast into the water that is too cold to dissolve it. This smoothes the ruffled surface of the sea, and produces an effect like oil in preventing breakers. These crystals soon unite, and form a continuous sheet; but, by the motion of the waves they are broken in very small pieces, scarcely three inches in diameter. As they strengthen many of them coalesce, and form a larger mass. The undulations of the sea still continuing, these enlarged pieces strike each other on every side, whereby they become pounded and their edges turn up, whence they obtain the name of *cakes*, or *pancakes*. Several of these again unite, and thereby continue to increase, forming large flakes, until they become perhaps a foot in thickness, and many yards in circumference. \* \* \* When the sea is perfectly smooth the freezing process goes on more regularly, and probably more rapidly. During twenty-four hours' keen frost the ice will become an inch or two in thickness; and in less than forty-eight hours, capable of sustaining the weight of a man."

This is called *bay ice*, much of which is generated in the bays and islands of Spitzbergen.

Ice fields are often met with, of twenty or thirty miles in diameter, and in some instances extend to a length of fifty or a hundred miles, and frequently of from ten to fifteen feet in thickness. These are varied by high mounds, called *hummocks*, consisting of cakes of ice

heaped and piled on each other to a thickness of forty or fifty feet. Then there are icebergs—large, insulated peaks of floating ice. These are chiefly found about Hudson's Straits and Baffin's Bay and such neighbourhoods. Fro-bisher saw one which was thought to be "near four-score fathoms above water;" and Sir E. Parry describes one that had nine unequal sides, and was aground in sixty-one fathoms, and was fifty-one feet in height above the water—that is, that it was in fact four hundred and twelve feet from base to summit, three hundred and sixty-six below, and fifty-one above the water.

The exceeding grandeur and beauty of these icebergs (named from two German words, *eis*, ice; and *berg*, hill) can be but feebly conceived by those who have not seen them. Some resemble palaces, churches, or old castles, with spires, towers, windows, and arched gateways of the purest marble, or, when lit up by the sun, of the fairest silver. Others appear like ships, trees, animals, or human beings—the production of some gigantic sculptor. When seen from a distance of a few miles they have very much the appearance of a mountainous country. Their colours are also extremely beautiful: some brilliant as burnished silver, others reflecting the colours of the rainbow—bright green, blue, and orange being the prevailing tints; and even at night their lustre enables them to be distinguished from afar.

Lord Dufferin, in his "Letters from High Latitudes," thus describes his first sight of the ice:

"By breakfast the sun reappeared, and we could see five or six miles ahead of the vessel. It was shortly after this that, as I was standing in the main rigging, peering out over the smooth blue surface of the sea, a white twinkling spot of light suddenly caught my eye, about a couple of miles off the port bow, which a telescope soon resolved into a solitary isle of ice, dancing and dipping in the sunlight. As you may suppose, the news soon brought every body on deck; and when almost immediately afterwards a string of other pieces, glittering like a diamond necklace, hove in sight, the excitement was extreme.

"There, at all events, was honest blue salt water frozen solid; and when, as we proceeded, the scattered fragments thickened, and passed like silver argosies on either hand, until at last we found ourselves enveloped in an innumerable fleet of bergs, it seemed as if we never could be weary of admiring a sight so strange and beautiful. It was rather in form and colour, than in size, that these ice islets were remarkable; anything approaching to an iceberg we neither saw, nor are likely to see. In fact, the lofty ice mountains, that wander like vagrant islands along the coast of America, seldom or never come to the eastward, or northward of Cape Farewell. They consist of land ice, and are all generated among bays and straits within Baffin's Bay, and first enter the Atlantic a good deal to the southward of Iceland; whereas the polar ice, among which we have been knocking about, is field ice, and except when packed one ledge

above the other by great pressure, is comparatively flat.

"In quaintness of form and in brilliancy of colours these wonderful masses surpassed everything I had imagined; and we found endless amusement in watching their fantastic procession. At one time it was a knight on horseback, clad in sapphire mail, a white plume above his casque; or a cathedral window, with shafts of chrysoprasus, new-powdered by a snow-storm; or a smooth sheer cliff of lapis lazuli; or a banyan tree, with roots descending from its branches, and a foliage as delicate as the efflorescence of molten metal; or a fairy dragon that breasted the waters in scales of emerald; or anything else that your fancy chose to conjure up."

Scoresby makes the words iceberg and glacier synonymous terms, but this is not usual. A glacier is usually considered to be a formation of ice on land, and an iceberg on the sea. Of the wonderful Alpine glaciers we have all heard, and probably a large proportion of our readers have seen some of them. These are formed by the snow of the upper regions melting beneath the summer influences, and the water thus produced filtering through and becoming frozen. This process is repeated year by year, and the vast fields of ice thus amassed continually make a gradual and imperceptible descent, proceeding ever with slow but noiseless motion into the lower valleys—"a river of ice always wasting, and always being renewed." Such a glacier is the Mer de Glace. A pretty little book called "The Frozen Streams," thus describes it:

"On reaching the summit of the Montanvert the traveller first begins to appreciate the wild grandeur of the glacier. From a height of about two hundred and forty feet we look down upon the icy stream, and see it for about two leagues, following the windings of the valley, pent in between walls of rock, surmounted by a thousand pinnacles, which often rise beyond the clouds; the loftiest of which, the Aiguille Verte, is more than 13,000 feet above the level of the sea, and almost 7,000 feet above the grassy plat from which we now behold it."

Frequently—indeed, usually—there may be seen at the foot of the glacier an icy cavern, from which flows a rapid and intensely cold stream of water, caused by the waste of the ice consequent on a partial melting beneath the rays of the sun. These streams flowing down to the habitations of men, afford them unfailing supplies of water; and when the scorching summer sun has dried up all the usual springs whence their rills and brooks are supplied, then these glacier streams flow deeper, wider and cooler than before; indeed, the hotter the weather, the fuller and purer do they become. Many parts thus remind us of that "well of water springing up into everlasting life," which God the Holy Spirit is to His people—a source of streams that never fail, of waters which waste not, which take not their rise from earth, and are not subject to its destructive influences; but rising high above, in the snowy mountains,



flow down ever pure, fresh, and abundant, when those fountains which spring from earth are dried up and wasted, and can yield no refreshment; and when the heat of the furnace of affliction is strongest, then are those free streams ever most abundant.

But if these glaciers of the Alps are worthy of notice, how much more wonderful are those which occur in the northern regions of the earth! We have some most interesting accounts of these from the pen of Captain Scoresby; but there are even more interesting described by Lord Dufferin, in his "Letters from High Latitudes," from which I have already quoted. His graphic powers seem to bring the wonders which he saw almost before our eyes; and it would be doing injustice to the subject to present it in other words than those with which his book supplies us. I must commence with his description of his first sight of the island of Jan Mayer, an almost unknown spot of land, lying in about 71 N. latitude, which gives us a new idea of the glories of ice. He first, whilst holding a night-watch, beheld the mists which had hitherto encircled them lift, and then "the heavy wreaths of vapour seemed to be imperceptibly separating; and in a few minutes more the solid roof of gray suddenly split asunder, and I beheld through the gap, thousands of feet over head, as if suspended in the crystal sky, a cone of illuminated snow." But ere he could summon his friends from below to observe this grand sight with him, the mist had again closed, and there was nothing to be seen. In patient waiting they, however, held on; and their patient waiting was rewarded. "A few more minutes, and slowly, silently, in a manner you could take no count of, its dusky hem (the vapour's) first deepened to a violet tinge; then gradually lifting, displayed a long line of coast—in reality but the roots of Beerenberg—dyed of the darkest purple; whilst, obedient to a common impulse, the clouds that wrapped its summit gently disengaged themselves, and left the mountain standing in all the magnificence of his 6,870 feet, gilded by a single row of pearly vapour, from underneath whose floating folds seven enormous glaciers rolled down into the sea. The glaciers were quite an unexpected element of beauty. Imagine a mighty river, of as great a volume as the Thames, started down the side of a mountain, bursting over every impediment, whirled into a thousand eddies, tumbling and raging on from ledge to ledge in quivering cataracts of foam, then suddenly struck rigid, by a power so instantaneous in its action, that even the froth and floating wreaths of spray have stiffened to the immutability of sculpture. Unless you had seen it, it would be almost impossible to conceive the strangeness of the contrast between the actual tranquillity of these silent crystal rivers, and the violent descending energy impressed upon their exterior. You must remember, too, all this is upon a scale of such prodigious magnitude, that when we succeeded subsequently in reaching the spot, where, with a leap like that of Niagara, one of these

glaciers plunged down into the sea, the eye, no longer able to take in its glacial character, was content to rest in simple astonishment at what then appeared a lucent precipice of gray-green ice, rising to the height of several hundred feet above the masts of the vessel."

Of another of these marvellous ice-bound rivers our author gives us an account. It occurs in English Bay, one of the most northern parts of Spitzbergen, a land rarely trodden by voyagers.

"Down towards either horn run two ranges of schistose rocks, about 1,500 feet high; their sides almost precipitous, and the topmost ridge as sharp as a knife and rugged as a saw; the intervening space is entirely filled up by an enormous glacier, which, descending with one continuous incline from the head of a valley on the right, and sweeping like a torrent round the roots of an isolated clump of hills in the centre, rolls at last into the sea. The length of the glacial river, from the spot where it apparently first originated, could not have been less than thirty or thirty-five miles, and its greatest breadth, less than nine or ten; but so completely did it fill up the higher end of the valley that it was as much as you could do to distinguish the further mountains peeping up above its surface. The height of the precipice, where it fell into the sea, I should judge to have been about one hundred and twenty feet. On the left a still more extraordinary sight presented itself—a kind of baby glacier actually hung suspended half over on the hill side, like a tear in the act of rolling down the furrowed cheek of the mountain."

But these wonderful glaciers, Lord Dufferin tells us, are by no means the largest in the island; and according to Dr. Scoresby, there are several which extend to forty or fifty miles in length, whilst the precipice formed by their fall into the sea is four hundred or five hundred feet in depth. From one such he says he saw "a mass of ice, the size of a cathedral, thunder down into the sea, from a height of four hundred feet."

"Who is able to abide His frost?" Wonderful, surpassing the conception of man, are these icy products of His hand! and how much more of wonder might we not expect to find in regions bordering even more closely on the North Pole—regions which have hitherto kept firm the barriers which separate them from the inhabited parts of the earth.

In these even comparatively southern districts all vegetation ceases when you get twenty feet above the level of the sea; but dull black mosses, which is all that enlivens even the more productive parts of Spitzbergen, scarcely deserves the name of vegetation. This barren district with its endless snows and ice, allows no burial to any poor mortal who may there lay him down and die. A grave in the snow is all that is afforded him; and from that grave in after years the snowy covering may be lifted by the fierce winds, and the poor whitened, but not decomposed body, be laid bare to view a

century after the soul which once quickened it is gone to stand before its Maker, and receive judgment for the deeds done in the flesh. One such corpse, left in its loneliness in the year 1758, our travellers saw, the name and date being engraved on the lid of an old gray coffin that had contained the remains; and it is said that in Magdalena Bay there are to be seen the bodies of men who died two hundred and fifty years ago, in such preservation, that when you pour hot water on their icy casing, you can see the unchanged features through the transparent incrustation.

My remarks have hitherto chiefly, though not entirely, referred to oceanic ice; but there is much still to be said in connection with the subject, of the effects of frost in fresh water streams and lakes; and one very interesting phenomenon is the formation of ground ice. We have seen the mode in which ice is formed in still waters, but in rapid and rugged streams this is different. In consequence of the irregularities of their flow, the warmer and cooler strata are so mixed together and interchanged, that the whole body of water becomes of equal coldness, and the rivers, instead of freezing on the surface, often form a spongy sort of ice on the stones, and at the bottom of the channel, which the Germans call *grundeis*. The fishermen of the Elbe tell us that long before any ice is seen at the surface of their river, their nets and eel baskets, which lie at the bottom, are often covered with ice; and the anchors which had been lost during the summer, and the large stones to which the buoys are attached, are often raised and shifted, and the anchors even floated by means of the ice thus amassed around them. Flakes and masses of ice thus often ascend, and form ice islands; and this effect has been observed in the Aar, the Don, &c., as well as in the neighbourhood of Perth.

In our more temperate land we have comparatively little opportunity of observing the action of ice; but even in the south-west of England, which is, in consequence of its approximation to the wash of the Gulf stream, by much the warmest part of the island, we have occasionally seen the effect of the expansion which takes place in the water by freezing, in the sudden bursting of jugs and bottles, when a rapid frost solidifies their contents. We also derive benefit from this natural provision for lightening the soil, especially in stiff and clayey lands. In them the moisture which has been absorbed, being penetrated by frost, becomes ice, and by its expansion bursts the heavy clods, and causes them to crumble into dust.

But the chief economical use of ice, save that of affording a passage for sleighs, is for the relief of the denizens of hot climates; that with them it has now become an essential, and nature having not granted them a supply, the inhabitants of India and other hot lands have long since learned to have recourse to artificial means for obtaining it. Our before-quoted little friend, "The Frozen Stream," gives us the following account of ice-making in India; the

chief manufactory being near Hoogly, and the season from November to February:

"The ground where the ice is made is formed into troughs, each about one hundred and twenty feet in length, by twenty in width, and two feet in depth; the bottom is made smooth, and then dried by exposure to the sun. It is covered with bundles of rice straw to the depth of about a foot, and then loose straw is strewed in to the height within six inches of the adjoining land. Five or six thousand pans of unglazed, porous earthenware are arranged close to each other on the straw, which are filled by means of bamboo rods with water from large jars sunk deep in the ground, the quantity of water poured into each varying from one-half to one-eighth of a pint, according to atmospheric circumstances. The head wind being N.N.W., the ice begins to form before midnight, and being carefully watched, the moment a film of ice is observed, the contents of several pans are mixed together, and the freezing liquid is sprinkled over others. By sunrise half-an-inch of ice will be found in each pan, more or less; and in very favourable circumstances, the water is sometimes entirely frozen. The ice is then removed by women into earthen vessels, and then thrown into conical baskets, which are placed over the great jars deep in the earth, whence the water is taken, and their drippings form part of the supply for the next night's operations. Our English and much of the continental supply is derived from America. This traffic was begun in 1833; and there now exists an ice company who ship thousands of tons of ice annually to India, South America, England, &c. To enable them to be sure of a supply, they have purchased a lake of pure water, about eighteen miles from Boston, called Wenham Lake; and thence by a railway constructed for the purpose, the ice, cut into blocks, is removed to Boston, and there shipped for its destination. There is a very interesting account of the mode of marking, cutting, and removing the ice, in the little work to which I have referred, but I have not space here to transcribe it.

But if the new mode of evaporation, which has lately been invented, and which will supply very many tons of ice in a day, and at a very trifling expense, succeeds, as it seems likely to do, we shall probably obtain our own home supplies at even a cheaper rate than that at which the ice company can supply us from Wenham. The expense is less than ten shillings per ton in the present state of perfection to which Mr. Harrison's refrigerating machine has attained; and, no doubt but that, as time goes on, improvements will be made which will economise still further on the production of ice by its means.

Some of the marvels that have been lately effected in the way of freezing, must now have a passing word. It seems that Professor Faraday has actually succeeded in freezing a ball of mercury in the midst of a glowing furnace. Tartaric acid and ether are chief instruments in



producing this most wonderful result. Another philosopher has contrived to freeze water in a similar most remarkable place, and that is, as we are told in *Household Words*, "inside a glowing crucible standing in a heated furnace—the heat of that furnace not being the gentle temperature which bakers use to reduce beef and potatoes to a savoury dish nicely browned, and with the gravy in, but a chemist's white heat; and the bit of ice so turned out is not a half-melted hailstone which you would suck with pleasure (if clean) after a summer afternoon's thunder-storm, but a diabolical little lump of such intense coldness that you would take it to be the concentration of a whole Russian winter, or an essential ice-drop distilled out of the very North Pole itself."

Alas! we have not space to describe, or even hint at half the wonders, or half the uses, or half the pleasures that may be obtained from ice. Of the ice palace built by the Czarina Anne, on the Neva; the fair held on the Thames by our own Charles II.; the moving ice hills of Russia; the sleighing in America, &c., &c., we must say nothing; and still more melancholy is it to feel that we are cut off by this lack of space from singing the praises of

delicious lemon and raspberry and apricot ices, and extolling the enjoyment they afford to the parched lips and throat at that weary time when "the dog-star rages."

One, and only one more indulgence must be granted me, and that is a reference to Cowper's exquisite description of an ice-bound landscape, with which I must conclude:

On the flood,  
Indurated and fixed the snowy weight  
Lies undissolved; while silently beneath,  
And unperceived, the current steals away.  
Not so, where scornful of a check it leaps  
The mill dam, dashes on the restless wheel,  
And wantons in the pebbly gulf below;  
No frost can bind it there; its utmost force  
Can but arrest the light and smoky mist,  
That in its fall the liquid sheet throws wide;  
And see where it has hung the embroidered banks  
With forms so various that no powers of art,  
The pencil and the pen may trace the scene—  
Here glittering turrets rise up-heaving high  
(Fantastic misarrangement!) on the roof  
Large growth of what may seem the sparkling trees  
And shrubs of fairy-land. The crystal drops  
That trickle down the branches fast congealed,  
Shoot into pillars of pellucid length,  
And prop the pile they but adorned before.

## COUSIN JONATHAN.

A TALE.

BY CORA LYNN.

(Author of "Kate Anson.")

Before a bright fire, in a handsomely furnished drawing-room, two persons stood one evening—a young and very lovely girl, with a merry glance and smile; she was dressed in something soft and white, that floated round her like a mist; and in her nut-brown hair nestled a half-blown rose.

Her companion was a man, past the prime of young manhood; and, perhaps, the first impression his appearance gave was that of awkwardness only. Short and ungracefully, yet powerfully made, with features far from regular, it would be difficult to describe him as other than a plain man, some five-and-forty years of age. Yet he had one charm—a voice of wonderful richness and depth; soft and gentle too, then speaking to his fair companion.

"I hope you will enjoy it as much as you expect, Alice."

"I hope I shall; but, cousin, why are you not going with us?"

"You will not miss me, and I have letters to write this evening; besides, what should an old fellow like me do at a ball?"

Alice turned round and gave him a very saucy little look out of her brown eyes.

"What a silly thing you are, Cousin Jonathan!"

At that moment, a tall, hearty-looking old gentleman entered the room, evidently enjoying some joke, much to his own satisfaction. He carried a parcel in his hand.

"See, Miss Alice, here's a queer sort of a thing come for you; can you imagine what it is? I'm sure I can't."

She unfolded the silver paper, and brought to light an exquisite bouquet of hothouse flowers.

"Oh, how lovely! how very lovely! But who can have sent them?"

She glanced at her cousin as she spoke, laughing.

"Not Jonathan, I'm sure," said her father; "he's old enough to have more sense."

"Did you send them?" persisted Alice, moving nearer to him, and her voice faltering a little.

"I! no; is it likely? See, here is a card in the paper."

She took it up, and read aloud, "With Captain Ray's compliments."

"Very polite—very proper—very kind," said her father, rubbing his hands—"very much so indeed."

Cousin Jonathan had moved away.

Mr. Braybrooke took his daughter's hand, and turning her deliberately round, examined her with great apparent satisfaction.

"Not amiss, is it Jonathan?" said he, appealing to their quiet companion.

That gentleman was reading a letter, and, looking up for a moment, replied, "Certainly not, sir."

He bent over the paper again, but anyone near might have seen it tremble in his hand.

Alice grew very rosy, and drew up her slender figure to its full height.

"Pray, papa, don't ask Mr. Waring to admire poor me, you disturb him from his letter; and, besides—I—I'm sure it doesn't—I don't—"

"My opinion can be of no value, I know," said her cousin, with another glance from his occupation.

"Never mind him, Puss," added Mr. Braybrook, as he thought he saw Alice's lip quiver, "these old bachelors always are cross and ill-tempered."

"The carriage is at the door," cried the footman, entering very opportunely.

Mr. Braybrook left the room, and Alice's maid came in with a warm cloak of white and cherry-coloured silk.

"Good-night," said the little lady. Then this charming affair was properly put on, and a black lace veil was thrown over her head.

Mr. Waring looked up. She stood beside him, holding out a tiny white-gloved hand. He took it, saying "Good-night; I hope your 'first ball' will be a merry one, Alice."

The hand lingered in his.

"If you were only coming, Cousin Jonathan"—

He interrupted her quickly, almost harshly.

"But I'm not, so good-night."

She went away silently, but turning at the door to say "Good-night" once more, he fancied he saw tears glistening through the shadowy black veil over her face.

He started to his feet; but a thought seemed to strike him, and he sat down to his papers again, muttering "She'll make me make a fool of myself, whether I will or no, with that voice and those pleading eyes. Pshaw! a man at my age—ridiculous! And on went his pen faster than ever.

Hour after hour passed on, and still it was busily at work. One—two—three o'clock struck. There was a sound of bustle and hurry in the hall below. He heard Alice's clear, ringing laugh—that laugh that was like no other. He heard Mr. Braybrook's hearty voice, and another—a voice he did not know.

They came up stairs—Alice, her father, and a tall, elegant-looking young man in uniform.

"Mr. Waring, Captain Ray," said Mr. Braybrook; and then the three began to talk

over the ball, and apparently forgot the very existence of the writer at the sofa-table.

Jonathan Waring's heart grew full of bitterness. Alice glanced once towards him, saw him pale, and with compressed lips.

Her eye grew brighter, her laugh more joyous: Captain Ray thought her each moment more and more lovely.

Refreshments were brought in, and soon after the Captain took leave; not, however, before he had promised to call on the morrow, and bring Alice a book he felt quite sure she would like.

"I am sorry you sat up for us," said Alice, as Mr. Waring was leaving the room, letters-in-hand; "you look quite tired out."

"Thank you, but I do not feel so."

"It must have been a long, lonely evening for you."

"Not at all; I was too busy to find it either. Good-night."

"Good-night, cousin. How do you like Captain Ray?"

"I think he is a very elegant man."

"So do I; very fascinating too?"

"I can well fancy it."

"Good-night."

She ran up the stairs half-way, then turned and ran down to him again.

"Cousin Jonathan, will you tell me if you think I looked nice to-night? Really, I mean—"

"To me you looked just as usual."

"Well, many people told me I— I—"

"Looked lovely? no doubt; and as plenty of others told you so, there is all the less need for me to do it. Now, good-night; go up-stairs: you will be quite tired out to-morrow if you do not."

Alice, when in her own room, wept bitterly.

"He sees that you care for him, and shuns you. He wants to guard you from yourself," whispered pride.

\* \* \* \* \*

Some weeks had passed away since the thing of Alice's first ball. It was the height of the London season; and of all the beauties fluttering nightly from one scene of gaiety to another, none was more admired, more courted than the lovely Alice Braybrook. People *did* say she was a "bit of a flirt"—and perhaps people were not very far wrong; certainly it seemed so. "Legion" was the name of her lovers, and she apparently enjoyed their adoration to no small degree.

Sometimes "that quiet Mr. Waring" was seen with herself and her father, but not often. No one took much notice of him, and he did not keep with Miss Braybrook much, unless she happened to be tiring herself with dancing too long together, or resting where there was a chill draught: *then* Cousin Jonathan was sure to be near, with a kind word of warning, or her scarf ready to put on.

One morning, as she lay buried in the cushions of a luxurious sofa, trying to read a newly-published novel, Mr. Waring came into



the room, and struck with the wearied, listless expression of her face, stopped, and asked if she had a headache.

"No, not much, thank you. What time is it?"

"Nearly two. May I sit with you a little, Alice? I have a great deal to say to you."

The weary look was gone in a moment: it was a very unusual thing for him to ask to stay with her, and it made her colour come.

He brought a chair, and sat near her, but where she could not see his face. He took up the book she had been reading.

"Who sent you this, Alice? Which of the adoring swains?"

"Mr. Craven sent it to me."

"Did you ever hear an old song—'Heigh-ho! heigh-ho! I a'm afraid too many'—?"

"Hush!" cried Alice, rather pettishly; "if you talk in that way I shall send you away."

He took her hand, and held it in both his own.

"My dear little cousin, will you take a word of advice from one who really has your good at heart?"

She neither spoke, nor yet withdrew her hand.

"You have no mother to watch over you, dear Alice, and are placed in what I know must be a very, very trying position. I am sure you always wish to do right; but it is very hard to escape from the unkind remarks of the world. You are very young, very lovely; many envy you—many censure you—"

He paused a moment, and Alice hid her face upon the arm of the sofa.

"Do not think me presuming, dear Alice, in speaking thus: we are old friends—we shall always be friends, shall we not?"

Her fingers closed on his.

"Remember that you have much to answer for, many responsibilities. Above all, take care that you do not make others unhappy, or trifle with affection, which, if true, is more priceless than all the wealth of the world! You know what I mean, Alice?"

"Yes."

"Do not raise hopes unless you mean to fulfil them?"

She was sobbing, in a low, subdued manner, that went to his heart.

"You are not angry with me, Alice?"

*Angry with him!* If he could only read her heart!

"We old bachelors are privileged persons, you know—nay, you must not sob in this way. I only wanted to give you a word of caution before I go!"

"Go!" cried Alice, springing to her feet—"O! are you going to leave me?"

He was not prepared for this. He hardly dare trust himself to look upon her, as she stood there with clasped hands and quivering lips.

"Yes, I am going back to Lescombe: I have been here too long!" he added, half to himself—but she heard the words.

"Too long! Then you have been dull,

lonely, with us—and now you are going! O what shall I—what shall we do without you?"

"Nay, Alice, you will hardly miss me; it is not as though I were a young man, and could be more companionable to you; besides, my people at Lescombe want me; and—but, Alice, Alice, do not cry, I cannot bear it, 'dear child—'"

That word recalled her to herself. It was better to hear it, though, from *him*. Yes! he thought of her, as a *child*; and she, she had dared to love him, not as a child loves, but as a woman: she had poured out her whole heart at his feet, and perhaps he knew that it was so—perhaps he scorned her for it!

She dashed the tear-drops from her eyes, struggled to stay the sobs that nearly choked her, and sat down by his side.

"Tell me about Lescombe."

Lescombe was his home—the manor-house of a country village. He told her of his tenantry, and how poor some of them were; of the efforts he had made, and was making, to improve their condition; of the schools he had built, and the new parsonage then in progress; of how he visited among them, and tried to win their confidence and love; and, as he spoke so earnestly and truthfully of all this, his homely face to her seemed beautiful, with a higher beauty than that of mere form, and she felt, as she had often felt before, that to be his wife would be the happiest lot on earth, and one of which she was unworthy.

Mr. Waring was in reality but a distant connection of her father's; but Alice had known him since she was a little child, and the name of "Cousin Jonathan," given to him then, had been retained in after-years. She had always looked upon him as her friend, but unconsciously had learnt at last to love him as a woman loves but once. The very fact of his being so many years older than herself had, for a time, blinded her as to the real nature of her feelings; but when she met with that love from others, which from him she would have given all the world to possess, she knew how it was, and bitter, very bitter, were the pangs of wounded pride and hopeless love in her young heart.

"When do you leave us?" asked Alice, as she rose to quit the room.

"To-morrow," he replied, without looking at her.

That night they had no engagement. Alice made tea for them in the drawing-room.

"My darling, are you not well?" said Mr. Braybrook, taking her hand in his.

Mr. Waring looked earnestly at her for a moment. A bright crimson spot burnt on each cheek, but there was a livid circle round her eyes, and his lips were almost colourless. A strange thought came over him—a thought that made his pulse bound wildly and his hand tremble.

*Could it be so?* He tried to put the thought from him. He dare not dwell upon it.

The footman entered: "Captain Ray is in the library."

"Why did you not show him in here?" asked old Braybrook, sharply.

"He asked to see you alone, sir."

Alice had risen and walked to the fire-place, where she stood, holding the mantel-shelf with both hands; but Mr. Waring had caught a glimpse of her face as she passed—it was deathly pale. Her father left the room.

There was a dead silence.

"She knew of this, hence her agitation," thought Mr. Waring, as he covered his eyes with his hand, to shut out the sight of her from before him.

The silence continued unbroken, and he felt his self-control deserting him.

"Alice, I shall go to my room—I have letters to see to—and—I might be in the way."

She turned to him—such a mute expression of anguish on her face that he uttered an exclamation of horror and surprise. She stretched out her hands to him, as though in wild entreaty. He sprang to her side, clasping hands like death, so cold, so lifeless.

"Alice, darling, do not look in that way: all will be well; you will be happy—you must be. God bless you and him!"

He hurried from her presence, feeling unable to bear it even one moment longer.

\* \* \* \* \*

The morning came—the morning of a day fraught with fearful interest to Alice Braybrook—the day that must part her from Mr. Waring, and decide the fate of Captain Ray, for Alice had petitioned time to think. She came down to the breakfast-room looking almost like a living statue, so calm, so pale. Mr. Braybrook was not yet down, but a figure stood in the deep bay window.

"Good morning, Cousin Jonathan."

He started, and turned at her voice.

"I have a beautiful morning for my journey."

"Very. What time do you go?"

"In an hour."

"Then I must give you your breakfast."

"You shall; but first I have a word to say to you. Nay, Alice, do not look afraid, it is no lecture this time—only to tell you how deeply, how fervently I pray that the lot in life you have chosen may be a happy one."

He had meant to be very calm, but his voice faltered, and, unknowingly, he almost crushed her delicate hands, as he held them in his own. She raised her calm sad eyes to his face.

"And you care this much about me, Cousin Jonathan?"

"Care, Alice!"

"I did not think you cared so much; I am very, very glad."

She spoke so low, it was almost a whisper; but suddenly clasping her hands, and holding one of his to her heart, she went on to speak vehemently, passionately; all her assumed calmness gone.

"I know that to you, so noble, so true, so good, I seem but as a weak and erring child; but do not think—oh! never think that all your

kindness can be by me forgotten; or that my heart is not full of gratitude for every gentle word you ever spoke; and, more than all, for telling me when I was wrong, which no one else beside has ever done."

She would have spoken more, but something in his face arrested her. His voice sounded hoarse and unnatural.

"Alice, hush! you know not what you do."

A change came over her. She dropped his hand, and with both her own pressed tightly down upon her breast, as though to stay its beating, stood gazing on him with wondering eyes and parted lips, from which all shade of colour had faded.

He passed his hand across his forehead, and turned from her.

"Alice, leave me! in mercy leave me!"

But she stood as though rooted to the ground.

"Would to God I loved her less!" burst from him like a groan.

She heard it, and her lips moved, her arms were stretched out to him; one uncertain step forward, and she fell senseless at his feet.

\* \* \* \* \*

Cousin Jonathan did *not* leave London that day; Captain Ray *did*.

When the winter was coming, Lescombe had its master back again, but he did not come alone. Alice lived a happy woman, for she had one ever with her who could guide her right, and sometimes she used to call him "*Cousin Jonathan*."

## THE EMIGRANT ON THE SEA-SHORE.

Old Ocean, wondrous Ocean—as of yore,

With the same well-known voice and mobile features,

As when in childhood, from thy varied store,

Thou brought'st deep lessons by unreck'd-of teachers!

Young were my griefs, and blithesome was my heart,

When I first met thy glance, O glorious Ocean:

With mind unripe for thought, yet tears could start

To trace Divine Pulsation in thy motion.

To see the stamp of a Creator's Hand

In the frail seaweeds and the wondrous corals;

Or strive, with earnest faith, to understand

Old Nature's fables and their soul-deep morals.

Oh! 'tis a wondrous thing, and bright as strange,

That He who made us gave us earth in blessing;

Who framed the dewdrop, made the Ocean's range,

And gave us both—to praise Him in possessing.

Now, on a distant and unfriendly shore,

We meet again who have not met for ages;

But not with wondering thoughts as heretofore—

A simpler, softer dream my heart engages.



I ask thee of the *past*. I bid thee tell,  
By those soft waves the pink-hued sand caressing,  
How in my native bay the waters swell—  
How their low murmurings chime with bygone  
blessing?

Once on that far-off strand—a thoughtless child—  
I traced my name, in rudely-printed letters;  
Then stood and watched, while billows harsh and  
wild  
Washed out the lines and bound with sandy  
fetters.

Reckless I mocked at what the tide had done,  
And wrote beyond another and another;  
All that I loved I placed there—one by one,  
And watched them vanish—parent, friend, and  
brother.

Old Ocean! as in childhood did thy wave,  
So has cold Time, in harsh and bitter measure,  
Retaken all the loved ones that he gave,  
Washed out their names and robbed me of my  
treasure.

I am alone—a grey-haired man—and thou  
Art young and strong as in the years long vanish'd;  
As at my hour of birth, so even now,  
And yet wilt be the same when I am banish'd.

## THE MOTHER'S VISION.

BY ELIZABETH TOWNBRIDGE.

"Hush! do not weep: it is over, now. Patience!"  
they calmly said,  
Vexing with words my wearied ear, and my child in  
my arms dead;  
I stooped, with passionate grief, to kiss the little  
pallid face,  
That, like to a waxen image, lay in my clasping  
arms embrace.

I passed my fingers once again through the soft,  
bright, curling hair,  
And drew the head to my desolate heart, that should  
never again rest there;  
I kissed the dimpled hands and feet, and the broad,  
white, blue-veined breast,  
And my heart could not feel, nor my lips confess  
that "God took him for the best."

I wanted my baby all night long, to rest near my  
doting heart;  
I wanted to watch his cradled sleep, with his rosy  
lips apart;  
I wanted my baby's little hands, to play with my  
loosen'd hair;  
I wanted my baby's babbling tones, to win me from  
every care.

I wanted my boy, I wanted him to grow up amid  
other men;  
That, as my own life waned away, I might live in  
his life again;  
And my heart was sore, O my heart was sore, when  
they laid him beneath the sod;  
I could not to Heaven its angel give, I grudged him  
to his God.

I could not weep, but my wild complaint rang  
ceaseless night and day:  
"Why were all other infants left, and my infant  
snatched away?"

Till at length, in the depths of the silent night, a  
form before me stood,  
Whose presence filled my heart with joy, though a  
strange awe chilled my blood.

'Twas the little child, 'twas the little child they had  
taken from me away,  
From the warm clasp of my loving arms, to place  
him in damp cold clay;  
In snowy robes, with two soft white wings, the  
flowers of the Better Land,  
His brow enwreathed, while a small gold harp he  
held in his little hand.

But the cherub face in his infant life, which was  
ever so bright and glad,  
Seemed downcast now, and his large blue eyes were  
filled with tear-drops sad:  
I was silent first, but strong mother's love soon o'er-  
came my human fears,  
And I asked my boy why angel-eyes were thus filled  
with mortal tears.

"Mother," he said, "from where I was laid to rest,  
'neath the fresh green sod,  
Has gone up your wild despairing cry—"I grudge  
him to his God!"  
It darkens my spirit, even there, 'mid the happy  
angel-band,  
And the harp, which God's purest praise should  
hymn, hangs silent in my hand.

"But He is Love, and a pitying glance has cast on  
thy sinful woe,  
And to win back thy soul to peace, has sent me to  
tell thee what now I know.  
Mother, had I to manhood grown, my nature fierce  
and wild,  
Would have steeped my soul in darkest sin, and  
God took your little child.

"In tenderest mercy parting us, for a few brief  
passing years,  
That we may meet again, to know no partings,  
griefs, or tears;  
Then humbly bow thy will to His whose mercy  
hems us round,  
That the cloud from my spirit may pass away, and  
my harp with His praise resound!"

As he spoke, my heart was softening fast; as he  
ceased, my infant smiled,  
With a ray so bright of Heaven's own light, that I  
scarcely knew my child:  
His white wings moved, and beneath his touch the  
harp gave forth a sound  
Which steeped my soul in bliss so deep I knew not  
what passed around.

When it died away, the child was gone, my little  
angel-son;  
But I knew by the tears, now shed at last, that  
God's victory was won.  
With morning light, by the grave I knelt—the dew  
yet gemmed the sod—  
And with an humbled, contrite heart, gave him and  
myself to God.

## THE END OF AN EPIC.

BY JOVEN.

"Hereafter never mislike with me for the taking in hand of any laudable or honest enterprise; for if, through pleasure or idleness, we purchase shame, the pleasure vanisheth, but the shame endureth for ever. And therefore give me leave, without offence, always to live and die in this mind: That *he* is not worthy to live at all that, for fear or danger of death, shunneth his country's service and his own honour, seeing Death is inevitable, and the fame of Virtue immortal. Wherefore, in this behalf, *mutare vel timere sperno*."—*Sir Humphrey Gilbert's "Treatise on the North-West Passage."* 1576.

"With less of this enthusiastic spirit and cheerful obedience to every command, our small number—twenty-three in all—would not have sufficed for the successful performance of so great a work."—*Capt. McClintock's Report, September, 1859.*

We have here the first and the last notable words that have been written on the subject of Arctic discovery; and no careful reader can fail to see that the spirit of both is identical. With McClintock's words we are all familiar: it is but a few weeks since we read them in the newspapers. Humphrey Gilbert's are less known to us. Probably not very many of my readers have ever disinterred Sir Humphrey's treatise from the dust of old libraries, or pored over it in the pages of Hakluyt's "Collection of Voyages and Travels." I have done so, and with very strange feelings. I have looked at the old black-letter volume, and tried to realize for myself the sensations with which it would be read when first it appeared, more than two centuries and a-half ago. That first edition of Hakluyt is a handsome and a portly book still, and I have tried to think of it as a *new* book—*new* as when it came to the dwellers in Elizabethan England. There are glorious things in it—none more glorious than these words of Humphrey Gilbert: *Mutare vel timere sperno* ("I scorn to change or fear"). Imagine with what pride, with what a flush of valour and resolve the old Elizabethans read these words! I picture to myself an old squire reading it beside the large open window of his hall, looking out over his broad acres, and then looking up at his old sword—a sword which he may have worn with Norris on Lamas Day, or with Sidney at Zutphen. "*Mutare vel timere sperno!*" says the old squire; "and truly that godly gentleman's life fell not short of his words." They were a trumpet-call to England, and never trumpet spoke a nobler message.

I find people saying: "Well, thank God, the Arctic expeditions are all over at last! No more waste of life and money!" I fully expect to find myself charged with insensibility when I profess that I am really unable to see that there has been any *waste* of life in the business. Into the question of waste of *money* I decidedly decline to enter; nay, I think that the person who can raise it is one with whom I would not like to have any relations whatever, literary or social.

But waste of life? Let us consider first what life was given us for. If it was given to us that we might simply take our pleasure in this world—simply accumulate money with which to purchase ease, *then* life has been very terribly wasted. May it not be, however, that life has somewhat higher objects? that he who bravely conquers difficulties, or gallantly endures privations, though he may die in the process, has yet not wasted his life, but rather laid it down a pure and precious offering, upon a very holy altar? Sir John Franklin might have stayed at home, and lived a prosperous country gentleman. Sir John Franklin chose rather to sail away to the north, trying to solve a mysterious problem, trying to achieve a heroic exploit; and Sir John Franklin died. *Eh bien!* what of it? He has left a name that will ever stand as a synonyme of pure and disinterested heroism—a name that shall yet nerve fresh generations of Englishmen for the battle or the labour of their life. Was his own *wasted*? Ask Lady Franklin herself. That most noble lady, as I think, would not wish to change her husband's fate. "The glory dies not, and the grief is past."

Shall I be accused of exaggeration if I say that this search for the north-west passage is the purest piece of heroism in the whole history of the English people? Observe, it is heroism of a very peculiar kind. Ordinarily the hero has the applause of thousands to cheer him; he has now-a-days immense publicity, and every achievement brings him instantaneous fame; but these Arctic voyagers sailed away from newspapers and bulletins, to grapple with the elemental forces of Nature herself, and to grapple with them in silence. No shouts of applause could reach them amid the wilderness of ice; no bonfires be lighted for *them*, as, frozen amid the flocks, they watched the playing of the northern lights on the horizon. It was very pure, very perfect, their courage! and, cut off from the world, they learned to look each other full in the face, learned to know each other utterly; and it is a precious thought for their countrymen that this entire knowledge of each other



bred a love as entire; that weak human jealousies drooped and died, strong human loves arose and flourished.

The leaders, indeed, were generally men who *must* have been loved; and none more so than the great sailor whose fate has so recently moved all our hearts. That death was a noble ending to a glorious life. I like to think of that young Franklin in his school-days—how once he walked four-and-twenty miles that he might gaze upon the sea; and how he stood upon the shore for hours, with the fresh salt breeze playing over his face, and the short grey waves tumbling and breaking on the beach. The passion for the sea never died out of him. He was with Nelson's fleet in that awful fight at Copenhagen, when, with almost fratricidal strife, Dane battled with Anglo-Dane, and both were stubborn as the old Vikings from whom they could equally boast descent. He was with Nelson later, when the admiral dressed himself for battle as for a holiday, and died in the cockpit of the "Victory," off Cape Trafalgar. He was for two months wrecked on a sand-bank off the coast of Australia—a sand-bank that was but a few feet above the level of the sea—and there, and everywhere he was at once brave and gentle and pious. When he commanded the "Rainbow" the sailors called it "Franklin's Paradise!" He was Governor of Van Diemen's Land in anxious and agitated times; he so bore himself, that years after the men of that colony subscribed, unsolicited, the sum of £1,600 to aid one of the expeditions for his rescue. Of his late achievements—of his wonderful overland journey with Richardson—I hope there is but little need for me to speak. I *hope*, but am not sure. I find that French and American novels are more read now than stories of great deeds and sufferings; and, I dare say that many a reader has wept over the supposititious sorrows of imaginary heroines, who have never cared to peruse one of the most affecting narratives of adventure in the language. Let Lincolnshire be proud of her son! one of those noble seamen of the east coast—Frobisher and Nelson, Collingwood and Cooke, are among them—who dispute the palm of greatness with the Drakes and Blakes of the west! Let all England share her pride and her grief, for this man was as perfect a type as any I know of, that mingled gentleness and valour in which our heroes stand almost alone, and certainly supreme. The English hero is a healthy, out-of-door man; he loves his joke, be it brilliant or not. He is never hysterical, seldom self-conscious. John Franklin, Edward Parry, Henry Lawrence, James Brooke—you find in all these great men an immense tenderness of heart, as you find it in Raleigh of old, when he spoke of the Indians as "a simple people created of God, and might have been won to his knowledge!" as you find it in Philip Sidney, with his "Thy necessity is yet greater than mine!" as you find it in Horatio Nelson, with his "Kiss me, Hardy!" A little book, of some ten pages, might be made of such sayings, which every child should learn by heart, and which

would do the child rather more good than Pin-nock's Catechism. What were Franklin's dying words we shall never know; but at least we know what his whole life was. We know, from the last letters ever received from his squadron, how his officers and men almost idolized him. Be sure that on the 11th of June, 1847, there was not a dry eye among the hardy adventurers who thronged the cabin in which Sir John lay dead. The man who writes these lines can say, for himself, that he is not addicted to tears, but that his eyes were full of them as he read the news.

Can we say that such a life and such a death were wasted? I know of few so profitable, of few from which so noble a lesson may be learned. I will not speak here of geographical science, though *that* is not quite so contemptible an affair as sundry smart journalists would fain persuade us to believe. I speak of what has been called "The Bible of Heroism," of which John Franklin's career forms a chapter, and a bright one. Indeed, the whole story of the Arctic Expeditions is to me a Poem. If I call it an Epic, I think I do not use too lofty a word; nay, I think that when it is properly told, when it is taken out of the hands of estimable but tedious writers, into those of a poet, its story will be one of the most entrancing, one of the most touching in the world. Monotonous? Yes; if monotonously told. One iceberg is very like another? Yes; to a blind man. Too much latitude and longitude? Yes; to a dull one. A certain sameness there *must* be, but there are so many instances of individual daring, so many flashes of individual character, so many salient points upon which the true poet will instantly fix our attention, that only those whose ideal of literature is limited to cayenne pepper, will find the story wanting in excitement or variety. For a pictorial writer, what scope there is in the grand and solemn scenery of the north; in the long silence of the Arctic winter, broken only by sudden crashes of the ice; and in the marvellous change when the summer-time comes, and the ice, splintering and shivering, is swept away! But for a writer who is *more* than pictorial, who can not merely paint scenery, but can deal with the passions of men, the subject is grander still. What a succession of heroes! Frobisher, Davis, Hudson—Parry, Franklin, McClure, McClintock, Kane and Rae, Bellot. One could fill a page with the list, and yet exclude many a gallant man.

There is immense pathos in the story—it is very sad, much of it; but the sorrow with which it fills you is not the vain and selfish sorrow that degrades, but the sacred sorrow that purifies, strengthens, and exalts. The end of the epic draws tears, as I say; but these tears are such as a man is the better for shedding. If you know that your brother has died, grandly and uncomplainingly, brave and cool to the last; you may mourn him very much, but you will not wish him back. How better could he die? How better could the Arctic men have died? Even when their great leader had departed, it

would seem that no vain haste, no feverish impatience disturbed their souls. They waited while there was yet hope, then they left the ship. And how? Calmly, steadily; every thing was in its place, every man at his appointed post. There was no hurry, no confusion, no neglect. They dropped down dead on their long weary march, and their numbers grew smaller rapidly. Bitter thoughts they may have had—regrets and unutterable yearnings for those who were far away. As they wandered over the thick, impenetrable, awful ice, there would come to many of them thoughts, almost unendurable in their longing of the pleasant fields, of the old land, to do whose work they were still striving—thoughts of the rapid streams in which, as lads, they had plunged—thoughts of the thick woods, where the nuts hung in clusters from the tree—and thoughts, above all other thoughts in their solemnity and pathos, of the church-yard in which their mothers lay dead. A bitter, weary march; and their courage was so high that they knew not how their strength was failing, how disease had sapped their frames, till the time came when the knowledge could be of little avail. Dropping one by one, spent, used, their skeletons became the milestones of a snowy desert. *Some* we have found; but the rest? Let it suffice to know that never a braver crew left England, and that the gallant Crozier and Gore, and the light-hearted laughing Des Vaux, and all the rest—each of whom is mourned in some English household—would assuredly bear themselves heroically to the last.

I would be the last man to speak disrespectfully of the heroisms of war. All honour to the men who, when the wind for miles round has been stilled and laid by the crash of cannon—when a pall of smoke hangs heavily over the contending fleets, and already the waves between them have a dull red tinge which was not there at morning—all honour to the men who either stand firmly to their guns, or pour, in a fierce conquering swarm, and rush over the decks of the enemy, till at length the Union Jack floats from a mast that before had borne the castles of Spain or the tricolour of France! All honour to these men; but greater honour yet to those whom no sudden passion or enthusiasm nerves to the conflict, but who do all and endure all, unseen and unapplauded, from the simple sacred sense of duty. The valour of battle is common to all; but that of endurance is supremely our own; and it is this latter valour which is, so to speak, the *reserve* of England. Were her chivalries to be repelled, her obstinacies would still be unconquerable. Her children “know not when they are beaten;” truth to tell, they are beaten so seldom that their ignorance may surely be excused. It arises entirely from want of experience! Now we did not know when we were beaten in this particular Arctic business. We had tried after the Passage for many and many a long year: logically, we ought to have given up the search. Not being a logical people we continued and—*succeeded*. Franklin had been gone for more than ten years :

all endeavours to ascertain his fate, though made by gallant and able men, had failed. Logically, Lady Franklin and Capt. McClintock should never have acted as they did. The logical journalists warned them against their folly; but Lady Franklin was not convinced, and McClintock was not daunted. And this hardy gentleman has *succeeded*! The wilderness has given up its secrets, the graves of the dead have spoken, and mystery that seemed buried beneath a winding-sheet of snow is a mystery no longer.

We have lavish tears for the dead: let there be no lack of honour for the living. Franklin, indeed, is gone; but Richardson remains—Richardson, who was Franklin’s companion in the overland journey. One little story may serve to show the mettle of these men: I am sorry to say that I imagine it may be new to many of my readers. Franklin, Richardson, and their companions had to cross the Copper-mine River. For many weary days they had tasted nothing but either the lichen called *tripe de roche*, or such bits of skin as they found, which had been abandoned by the Indians themselves as unfit for food. Their fishing-nets were destroyed; their boat had been destroyed; and now, cross the river they must. They sat down on its banks on the 26th September—it is now thirty-eight years old, this story—and cutting some willows, made a kind of raft. They did this as quickly as they could; for, indeed, to lose their time was to lose their lives. At length the raft was constructed; alas! the willow-stalks were green, and the raft would not bear their weight; the weight of *one* it might bear; but how to guide it across the stream, where the current ran fast and furious? How, indeed? They tied tent-poles together, and tried to push across with these; but the stream was far too deep for the longest pole they could make. Dr. Richardson had one paddle with him, but what could one paddle do against the rapids? Eight days went by in these preparations, in these disappointments. All had got wet up to the waist, wading in with the raft; and the stream was icy cold. They had to sleep in their wet shoes, in their wet socks, or they would freeze. And on the eighth day, all other plans failing, Dr. Richardson quietly proposed to *swim* across this broad and nearly frozen river—to swim across it with a line, by which, afterwards, the raft might be hauled over. They tied a line round his middle, holding the end themselves, and he plunged in. He had not swam far from the shore when the terrible water numbed and deadened his arms with its coldness; he could swim no more, so he flung himself upon his back, and began to float. Back to his friends? Not so; away from them; *over the stream still, if strength held out!* And it held out wonderfully, but not enough. When he was very near the other shore, his legs too were numbed and deadened, as his arms had been before; soon, the only thing in him which the cold had not conquered was his heroic heart; and from the shore they watched him sinking, sinking. Down he went, under the biting



waters; and Franklin and his friends pulled hard upon the line, and dragged him back; but that day he had been very near indeed to death; Many men, look you, would have volunteered to plunge into that stream: *not* many, as I think, when their arms were dead with cold, would have still tried to float across it!

"For Wetharryngton my harte was wo,  
That ever he slayne should be;  
For when both his leggis were hewyne in two  
Yet he knyled, and fought on his kne!"

Really our men seem to have changed very little since the days of Chevy Chase! Old "Wetharryngton," armed with his sword and lance, and clad in complete steel, would rather stare if he were introduced to Dr. Richardson, with a microscope in his hand, and attired in a plain black tail-coat; but the difference between them is merely in externals. Nor is Richardson's desperate daring at all exceptional. When a man volunteers for Arctic service, he knows tolerably well with what dangers he must expect to meet, and yet we do not find that there is any lack of volunteers. Truly, the perils might well terrify even a stout heart. The ship is sailing on, westward; the sea seems open, and the wind blows merrily from the east; suddenly there is a fog, and when it clears away, right down on her quarter comes the floating ice. Occasionally closing round her, the ice lifts her bodily from the water, grinding and grinding as it meets beneath her. A party are out, exploring; on they go, through fog and wind, making snow huts at night; at last it is time to return; and as they near the ship, crack! the ice splits round them, huge floe breaks up, and they are drifted along with the drifting of the ice. Add to these dangers constant labour, constant cold; I say that the men who brave all this, and *bear* all this, are not to be beaten on this earth! If the Arctic voyages are indeed all over, let us make much of the Arctic Voyagers who still live among us, for they are peerless men.

We may wish that the last of the voyagers had set sail under the sanction and at the expense of Government: and yet, as it is, there is a chivalry, a romance about McClintock's enterprise, which we would not readily lose. A great nation had put forth all its strength to attain a given object. Twenty thousand pounds were offered to the man who should bring news of Sir John Franklin. The first sailors in England were employed. Expedition after expedition started. In the summer of 1850 there were no less than ten vessels in Barrow's Straits. Years rolled on; gallant deeds were done; but there came no news of Sir John. At length McClure solved the problem of the North-West Passage; and Rae came home, also, with news that left little doubt as to the fate of the expedition. "Enough has been done," cried many. The voyagers themselves did not say so; again they were ready to encounter peril and privation; but "Enough has been done," was the general cry, and the Government of England thought so too.

It happened that one English lady disagreed with them—thought that "enough" would not be done until *all* was done. There are few more beautiful things to me than this fond, patient firmness of Lady Franklin. If England wearied of the search, England might; *she* would not: and, with the remains of her fortune, she fitted out the "Fox." I like to think that the task which had baffled larger ships was achieved by this little yacht. It carries one back to the days of the old worthies, who sailed across the ocean in their cock-boats—back, above all, to the great Sir Humphrey. McClintock, too, could say, "In this behalf, *mutare vel timere sperno*"; and so he went forth, like a knight of old, at a lady's call. Style the enterprise Quixotic, if that is any consolation to you, O sublime officials of the Admiralty: Quixotic! yes, and what would the world be worth without *such* Quixotisms? There were many men, despite sublime officiality, who *felt* that he would succeed; and the voyagers joined issue with the journalists. We know now on whose side lay the truth. McClintock came back, bringing with him a story, pathetic indeed, as few stories have been; but in this satisfactory, that it set all our doubts at rest, and that it proved, as far as circumstantial evidence can prove, that the men whom we mourned had, to the day when they left the ship, retained that composure, that firmness, and that steady discipline which have ever been amongst the glories of the English people.

And McClintock and his crew were worthy of the men they sought. He is not a big man, they tell me—not a hero of romance, to look at, by any means; and I dare say that his crew are but fair samples of the better class of English sailors. At which I hugely rejoice. If all that such men have endured and achieved can be borne and done by ordinary Englishmen, so that they will but love their work and obey their orders, why the more reason have we to be proud of our race, proud of these bloodless triumphs over foes assuredly more terrible than ever we shall have to meet in the shock of battle by land or sea.

When Francis Drake's vessel came back from the voyage round the world, Elizabeth had her laid up at Deptford, and the people thronged to see her. You see, those Elizabethan men were rather more "sentimental" than we are now-a-days. The Americans, with really a beautiful delicacy and courtesy (let us acknowledge this all the more readily because such qualities are not so frequent amongst them as we all desire) sent us back the "Resolute." The Admiralty officials, with an exquisite contempt for the "sentimental," painted her drab and laid her up in ordinary, where the people *didn't* throng to see her, because the people couldn't, not knowing where to find her. As to the ultimate fate of the little "Fox," R.Y.S., it were presumptuous for me to speculate; but I confess to an awkward suspicion that, by some strange chance or other, she will ultimately become a steam-tug, and that the next generation will see her towing colliers past Blackwall! Be this as

it may, we have to thank our stars that officiality does not intend to sell the Franklin relics for what they will fetch—"old stores." They are to be sent to Greenwich Hospital.

Good friends, look at them reverently. They will place them near a certain old coat, which we have all seen there—an old coat which was once worn by a little one-eyed one-armed man, who made it gay and bright with crosses and stars as he sailed into battle, once, when a well-known signal was flying from the "Victory." Before the day was done, the naval power of France and Spain was over and gone—shattered

utterly; and yet there were many who thought the triumph was very dearly bought. "Tell Collingwood to anchor! to anchor!" said the little man; and then came the "Kiss me, Hardy!" and the old coat was never worn any more.

John Franklin, then a youth of nineteen, was signal-midshipman at Trafalgar; he shared in the griefs and the glory of that immortal day; and now, because he afterwards was brave and loving as Nelson himself, the last relics of him and of his followers will be fitting enough beside the old coat of which I speak.

And this is the end of an Epic in Action.

## MY DREAM.

BY EDWARD BRANTHWAYTE.

(Author of "Deerbrooke Parsonage.")

"A letter for you, sir—came this morning, sir," said the waiter at the 'Tavistock,' even before the porter had brought my portmanteau into the hotel.

"Whom can it be from?" thought I; for I had told no one of my whereabouts, as I was to leave London by an early train next morning.

The mystery was soon explained. My uncle wrote that the children had the scarlet fever, so he advised me not to come down to them, if I could make other arrangements.

"This is pleasant," I muttered to myself, as after my solitary dinner I drew my chair close to the blazing fire. "My visit to Belmont of course must be given up, for I should evidently be in the way; and as to going to my own place, the very thought of those gloomy old corridors makes me shiver. A cheerful Christmas I am likely to spend, for it is too late now to quarter myself upon any of my friends. I might as well have stayed at Oxford."

This last growl reminded me of my old college chum, Frank Anson, who had left Oriel the previous term, and was now reading for the bar. I had little chance of finding him still in town on the 23rd of December; but there was a possibility, and I caught at it eagerly. In less than five minutes I was in a Hansom, rattling over the stones on my way to the Temple.

As I rapped at the door, over which "MR. FRANK ANSON" was painted in large white letters, an unmistakable perfume relieved me of my anxiety. Frank was an inveterate smoker, and that fragrant cloud came from his meerschauum I felt convinced, even before he himself answered my summons.

"Why, Phil! This is delightful! I thought you were at Belmont by this time," he exclaimed, joyously.

As I ensconced myself in the easy chair he

wheeled out for me, I told him of the *contre temps* that had just befallen me.

"Better and better!" he cried. "You have no excuse now for not coming home with me. You have often shirked it shabbily enough, but I have got you at last."

"But what will your people say to my taking them by surprise in this way?" I protested feebly.

"You know it is your own fault they have not made your acquaintance long ago," he replied. "They would welcome you at any time. And to set your mind quite at rest, they are expecting a guest, who will disappoint them. My cousin Wilmott was to have spent Christmas with us, but he had a fall on the Serpentine yesterday and dislocated his shoulder, poor fellow, so he is obliged to remain quietly in London. Now don't invent any more excuses, but say at once you will go down with me."

I had no wish to find excuses. Here was all I could desire—I had indeed fallen upon my feet.

We chatted for a few minutes, when Frank suddenly looked at his watch, and exclaimed, "I don't want to turn you out, but I really cannot talk any more, for I have a magazine article to finish to-night, and I have not covered the second sheet yet. You will find plenty of weeds in that box, and books of all kinds on the shelves, if you like to stay and make yourself comfortable in the easy chair by the fire."

Come, Frank, leave your scribbling till to-morrow, like a good fellow, and let us have a quiet gossip," I replied, without much fervour; for, to tell the truth, I was well contented with the idea of the indolent enjoyment he proposed.

"No, no," he said, with a smile. "If I postpone it again I shall never get through my work, for I find little enough leisure at home.



I must not get into disgrace with the editor, for my younger son's allowance would not go far if my pen did not eke it out."

I did not plague him with any further interruptions, but taking up the first book upon which I could lay my hands, I began to read. It was a new novel, by an author of some note; but, whether owing to his fault or mine I cannot say, it did not fix my attention. Leaning back in my chair I gazed now at the cheerful fire, now at the wreaths of smoke curling around my head.

Suddenly the scratching of the pen over paper ceased, and looking up, as I missed the sound, I caught Frank's eye.

"You do not seem studiously inclined this evening," he said. "Perhaps my picture-gallery there will interest you more. I wish, by-the-bye, you would write your name under your portrait, for I want your autograph."

Before I could reach out my hand for the volume he had pointed out, his pen was again careering over the paper, showing that his dashing style was not laid aside even in his literary pursuits.

Turning over the leaves I found a collection of photographs, most of them being portraits, though landscapes were not altogether wanting. Many faces I recognized, for they were our old college set; others, from the family likeness, I supposed to be his father and brothers. Again, there were faces quite strange to me—more distant relations probably—family friends, or his present London companions. Among these the softer sex had an ample number of representatives—of various styles, from that dark-eyed Juno-like beauty, to the laughing blonde, but none without their charms. Frank was an ardent, but fickle, admirer of beauty—ever in love, but with some new object, and a universal favourite. Such a slight favour as the gift of her portrait could not be refused by the stoniest-hearted fair one to his ardent entreaties, or gay impertinence, which would not take a rebuff.

My long journey through the frosty air, the genial heat of the fire, and the soothing influence of my Havannah, all conspired to produce in me a kind of languor, a dreamy state of mind, which I found far from disagreeable. Giving myself up to this mood, I turned over the leaves at random, letting my thoughts wander as the sketches led them.

Here were college friends, and reminiscences arose of old scenes of pleasure in which they had shared—speculations, too, as to their future career.

Beside a group of boating trophies—cups, medals, and the silver oar, to win which his exertions had contributed so largely—was the portrait of Jack Crosssthaite, a fact which would hardly have been betrayed to a stranger by the crabbed signature beneath. That muscular arm was now holding an implement no less suitable than oar or bat, for Jack left Oxford without taking his degree, in spite of the family living for which he was destined, and joined a regiment then engaged with the re-

volted Sepoys. Smiling as that face now was, it would wear a terrible aspect for those traitors and murderers, for had he not a sister at Cawnpore?

Contrasted with this stalwart form was Fred Nugent, the poet, with his pale, thoughtful face and slender frame, his delicate, almost feminine, handwriting, being to my fancy strangely in accordance with his character. Fred would distinguish himself; of that we were all convinced, though university honours were not for him.

Now I turned the page, and came upon a family group. That white-haired old squire could not but be Sir William Anson; for, in spite of the courtly benignant expression, which had so little in common with the reckless gaiety and restless vivacity so visible in Frank's face, I could trace a marked resemblance between them. To another of the group I could give a name—him with the large, fair moustache falling in a bold sweep over the well-cut lips. The empty sleeve told of the arm left in the Crimea, whilst the valour which had exposed him to such mutilation was spoken of by the row of medals, and above all by that plain cross, which Frank declared he would have given his other arm also to secure. Two other brothers were there, and I speculated as to which, if either, was the heir, which the rector of Langford Anson, or that rising diplomatist the *attaché* to our embassy at Paris.

But portraits had not exclusive possession of this gallery. Next came several views: our college, with the architectural details admirably developed; a ruined monastery, and two gentlemen's seats of no mushroom growth. Here, again, was food for fancy.

Now I turned to something still more attractive—a bevy of fair damsels, arranged apparently to act as foils to each other's beauty.

Beneath one "Florence" was written, in a hand full of decision, yet graceful and feminine. Her name, her imperial beauty, and the proud curl of her lip, all convinced me that she was one of whom he had often raved to me when he was under the influence of her charms. But how had he induced her to bestow her portrait upon him, and greater wonder still, to prove it a gift, and no theft, by her signature in a book thus opened to the public view?

The other fair ones had not thus given their sanction to this unwarrantable collection of such a harem, but I strove to identify them with some of the charmers whose dominion Frank, as was his custom, had confessed to me at various seasons. This lovely Irish girl—for there was no mistaking her country—was doubtless the Ellen O'Brian who had bewitched him during his fishing excursion of the previous Spring. The profusion of golden hair and gentle timid smile must belong to Mabel Conyers, whose empire, as well might be, was of such rare duration: the Fates forefend that her *tendresse* should be less fleeting! And she with the gay smile and mischief-loving eyes—was she his cousin and playmate Lucy? or Fanny Nicolls? or Harriet Archdale? But here I was quite at fault; for

so many of his enslavers, for the moment, might have worn that arch expression, that I was at a loss to whom to attribute it.

For several hours I must have sat like this, lounging in my arm-chair before the cheerful fire, and lighting at intervals a fresh cigar from the box at my elbow. Carelessly turning over the leaves with their varied contents, I found ample subject for my lazy ponderings. Arriving, after a time, at another group of Houris, I amused myself by weaving a dreamy romance, in which they were the chief actors.

Suddenly I was aroused from my reverie by Frank shouting, in his clear tones, "Wake up, Philip! So you have fallen asleep over my gallery. I have finished my article, and now for some supper."

I repudiated the idea with indignation; for, after all, I was not certain whether I was thinking or dreaming; and who does not repel the charge of falling asleep, as if it were the accusation of a crime? As for supper, *that* suggestion I welcomed readily, and soon we were first cooking, then eating the chops, which, with sundry bottles of Bass, and other necessities, Frank produced from a spacious cupboard. A kettle afterwards made its appearance from the same marvellous receptacle, which seemed inexhaustible as a conjuror's bag, and more than one of the small hours had sounded before I reached the Tavistock.

After my travelling and late sitting with Frank Anson, I was not sorry to find myself in bed, and I was sound asleep almost as soon as my head touched the pillow. But in spite of these inducements to repose, my slumbers were not undisturbed, for quickly I took flight to Dreamland.

I was standing on a broad terrace of stone, with steps leading down to the turf bank of a wide moat, where the leaves of the water-lily danced merrily on the moonlit ripple. Beyond lay an avenue of venerable oaks, looking gaunt and ghastly, with their naked, wintry limbs dotted with the clumsy nests of the now quiet rooks, which had had their abode there for ages. On the other hand rose against the clear, star-sprinkled sky the quaint outlines of a building which must have dated from the Tudors. Castellated, turreted, and loopholed, armed with portcullis and drawbridge, it evidently had its origin in an epoch when each man trusted to his own strong arm for his own defence. But close beside this warlike pile—connected, indeed, with it—stood a more peaceful edifice. The cross surmounting it, the wide, pointed windows, with many a rich hue, and the now mutilated image in its niche, all revealed the chapel.

And what was I doing in this scene?

What should I be doing, when close to my side nestled that golden-haired, blue-eyed girl, so beautiful and so very dear to me? Nor was she more loved than loving; for the tender smile, the beaming glance spoke more eloquently than the tongue, even though *it* was murmuring

words which made my heart throb with a pleasure that was almost pain.

Yes, it throbbed so, that suddenly I awoke, and that bright vision had vanished.

I rarely pass a night without a dream, and much should I regret the loss of such a pleasure; but never before had I known dream so vivid. That scene was still before my eyes—the house, the chapel, the moat with its drawbridge, the skeleton avenue; it seemed to me that I could even count the nests in the rookery, the loop-holes in the walls.

And my companion—what more can I say of her than that I loved her, that I *must* love her for ever?

It seemed to me, on reflection, that her face was not strange to me, that I had seen it somewhere in my waking moments. In vain I racked my memory: I could not bring to mind anyone like her. There was only this vague idea, and I dismissed it as but another proof of the vivid impression that dream had made upon me.

As I pondered, a slight matter struck me. It was winter, for the trees were leafless, and though the moat was unfrozen, snow still lingered in a hollow beyond. Yet we were standing in the open air, and that at night, as if the harvest moon were shining. Was it that we were too ardent to feel the chill without? or was it one of those incongruities which often occur in dreams, but seems not incongruous while the mimic scene lasts? This enquiry put the whole occurrence in a comic light; and having thus descended from the clouds, I grew sufficiently tranquil to fall asleep once more.

Again I dreamt, and, strange to say, this dream was a continuation of the former. Once more that lovely being was at my side, but this time we were not on the terrace, nor were we alone. We stood in a small chapel, the pews and roof of old oak, looking sombre in the dim light. Behind and around us was assembled a group; but I did not distinguish them, for I had no eyes but for the adored one. The morning sun was pouring a flood of light through the eastern window, gorgeous with pictured saints. As she stood before the altar, clad in purest white, with the glowing tints flowing upon her, I was forcibly reminded of that exquisite description of Keats'.

Never had I loved her so much, never had she seemed to me so beautiful, as at this moment, when, with downcast eyes and blushing cheeks, but happy smile, she listened to the words which would unite us for ever. And my own feelings of happiness—how can I describe such transports? I could not even bear them, for when, on entering the vestry to sign the register, I clasped my wife to my heart, my intense emotion broke the charm. As if it were some incantation of a magician, all had disappeared, leaving me trembling with excitement.

Long was it before I could again close my eyes, so busy was my mind with these strange visions; and when I awoke next morning my dreams of the past night were the first thing that occupied my thoughts. I was still medi-



tative, still startled and puzzled, when I arrived at Frank's chambers in time to breakfast with him, as had been arranged the previous evening.

"That is right, old fellow!" exclaimed my friend. "Pitch your traps into that corner, and cook these chops while I cram a few more things into my portmanteau. But how glum you look this morning! Did you stumble on the threshold? or have you seen a magpie in Covent Garden? You are not to be trusted with these delicate comestibles, as a penny-a-liner would call them; for to a certainty you would burn them to a cinder, while plunged in some abyss of thought. King Alfred and his cakes does all very well for the walls of the Royal Academy, but such incidents are anything but pleasing in private life."

I took care to avoid the calamity he deprecated, evidently with a certain anxiety, though in jesting language; and as I announced the completion of my task, he congratulated me with the same playfulness. This was quite sufficient to induce me to tell my tale, for in truth I was impatient for a listener, and I eagerly availed myself of the opening. As I expected, Frank laughed, both at the dreams and at the impression made upon me by them. He would not even give me his undivided attention; for, to say nothing of the breakfast, he was continually flitting about the rooms, locking up things to be left behind, thrusting some nearly forgotten necessary into his portmanteau, writing directions, and making a dozen other preparations, which, as usual, he had postponed till the last possible moment. The only point that seemed to attract his attention was my description of the avenue and rookery.

"Ah!" he said, "wait till we get down to Blankshire, and I will show you such an avenue as you never saw, even in your dreams. The villagers are convinced that it flourished long before the Conquest. And as for rooks: we have the metropolis, the very Babylon of Rookdom."

When our breakfast was over, and Frank's baggage at length ready, he announced that it was time for us to start, and we reached the station without any more uncommon incident than a stoppage, which nearly caused us to miss the train.

Our journey by rail of fifty or sixty miles was equally uneventful, till, on our reaching a small country station, Frank hurried me out of the carriage, asking me if I were still dreaming.

"Well, James," he said to a neatly made, neatly dressed groom, who came forward, touching his hat, "so you are here to meet us: then I suppose my mother could not drive over for us?"

"No, Mr. Frank; the ladies have gone into Leighton; but I have got Pegasus in the dog-cart at the door, and Saunders there has come for some hampers from London, so he will take your boxes, if you will please show him which they are."

"Ah, Saunders! I did not see you before. These are our traps; and be sure you do not put them into the tool-house when you get home, as you did my gun in the autumn, for we shall want to dress after our journey."

Following Frank through the station, I saw at the door a light dogcart, with an almost thorough-bred chesnut in the shafts.

"Ah, Pegasus, my beauty, I see you have not had too much work in my absence," said Frank, as he patted its satin-like coat. "Now, Phil, jump up, if you are not afraid of subjecting the winged steed to such degradation."

Soon we were spinning along at a rare pace, for the beautiful animal stepped out, as if to earn by its swiftness a right to its name; and Frank was not one to endure a jog-trot while he held the reins. The road, too, was frozen hard, without being slippery, for there had been a thaw, followed by drying winds before the last frost; so seven or eight miles were quickly left behind us.

Suddenly we stopped at some park gates, and the groom, jumping down, ran to open them.

"Now, Phil!" cried Frank, "what do you think of *this* avenue? Was the one in your dream equal to it? But what is the matter now, that you look so scared? Is it some other vision, O Seer?"

Well might I look surprised. Though the difference of the point of view puzzled me for a moment, I quickly recognised the scene.

"It is the avenue of my dream," I replied. "There it is, tree for tree and nest for nest. And there," I added, as we advanced, for we were again skimming rapidly over the road,—"there is the house, there the chapel and moat. I tell you, Frank, I saw this spot last night as plainly as I do now, though I never set eyes upon it before."

"That is capital," cried Frank, with his joyous laugh; "but you need not speak in that awe-struck whisper, for it is all simple enough. You were looking at that capital photograph last night, and it came into your mind again while you slept. How they will laugh when I tell them of your ghostly visit to the place. But no, Evelyn will sympathize with you, for she delights dearly in a little romance."

I begged him not to betray me, for I shrank from being bantered on the subject. Of course, however, my entreaties were disregarded; my earnestness seemed, indeed, to add a zest to the mischievous pleasure with which he tormented me.

To my delight we learned, on reaching the house, that none of the family were at home. I was in no frame of mind then to make the acquaintance of strangers.

We beguiled the next hour or two by inspecting the house, stables and kennels, the garden and hothouses. Frank was a capital guide, but he informed me that I was more stupid than ever; and with an air of superiority rather comic, attributed my behaviour to "the life of the cloisters," saying that a man must

remain unfit for modern days till he had rubbed off this rust in the turmoil of cities. Oh, sage Mentor! who entered this world six months before me; who three months ago dwelt in those "cloisters," not yet acquainted with crowded cities and the busy haunts of men.

The old gardener brought our luggage safely, in spite of the doubts Frank had seemed to feel; and I gladly sought my room to make myself more presentable after our journey. While thus employed I heard the sound of wheels, and, looking from the window, saw a carriage sweep across the drawbridge to the great door. My hosts then had returned from their market-town, and with them Evelyn Anson, the only daughter among so many sons. What would she be like? I speculated, and there came into my memory Frank's prophesy that she would sympathize with me from her love of romance. Then an idea crossed my mind, making my cheek glow. It was too preposterous to dwell upon, yet it still thrust itself upon me again and again.

Presently Frank, whose room was near, burst in upon me.

"Come, Phil," he said, "we dine in twenty minutes, and no need of getting yourself up to a great extent, for there is only our family party to-night."

There was nothing left for me but to make such haste as would satisfy this despot.

Frank evidently had not been hardened in the process of rubbing off the rust; for as we entered into the drawing-room he hastened forward to embrace his mother, and to exchange a warm grasp of the hand with the old Squire, whom I had seen the previous night in his picture gallery. But this I saw vaguely, for my eyes were fixed upon the third occupant of the chamber. I was prepared for what I beheld—I expected it fully, indeed; but in spite of this fore-knowledge, I felt a strange thrill. There, before me stood the bride of my dream.

Frank was too much occupied at the moment to perceive my agitation, and his parents' attention was centred upon him. She alone saw my start and look of recognition, my hasty step in advance to meet her. Yet she evinced no surprise at my manner; her look, too, was as one who gazed on well-known features.

Frankly she held out her hand, as, in a low, musical voice (*that* voice which still rung in my ears) she said: "So at last you have come to Fairfield, Mr. Fortescue: you do not deserve a welcome."

But that smile *was* a welcome—a welcome which, from *her*, made my heart leap and my brain grow dizzy.

"Well, Evelyn, my pet," said Frank, now turning to her, "I see you have not been pining for my society. So you have introduced yourself to my friend Philip. By-the-bye, I have been neglecting etiquette." And with mock solemnity he proceeded to introduce me to his parents.

I had no reason to complain of the welcome I now received from Sir William and Lady

Anson; but I could see they looked surprised at my *gaucherie*. They told me afterwards they had set it down to intense shyness, for they knew, from their son's account, that I was no fool, as I must have appeared.

Hardly had I succeeded in recovering myself when two more of the family joined us. One was the heir; not unlike Frank, but ten years older and more sedate, even priggish in appearance. The other was the soldier son: the erect carriage and regulated movements revealed his profession clearly enough, without the additional testimony of his empty sleeve.

At the dinner table, to which we now proceeded, I found myself sitting opposite Evelyn Anson. With that lovely face before me it was impossible to forget my dream; and I must have appeared singularly absent and taciturn. I had an excuse for not arousing myself more in Frank's ceaseless rattle; it was hardly necessary for others to join in the conversation while that sparkling stream was running.

I congratulated myself that he had apparently forgotten my second-sight, as he called it; but I was beginning to holla too soon, for I was not yet out of the wood.

Suddenly turning to me, as a general laugh rewarded his last witticism, he exclaimed, "What has come to you, Phil? You have not spoken a dozen words since we sat down, and you do not even applaud my good stories. Still in dream-land, I suppose: you might as well have been carried off bodily, like Thomas of Ercildoune."

Of course some curiosity was expressed, and he immediately recounted my confession to him, colouring it highly, and yet giving it as comic a guise as possible.

I felt far from comfortable, and I was greatly relieved when I found that he did not dwell upon my description of the bride. Evidently he had remained deaf to my glowing praise, as he would have been to a lover's rhapsody, contenting himself with learning the story, without caring for the embellishments heaped upon it. If he had really attended to my words he must have recognised his sister, and then nothing would have prevented him from enlarging upon this point. He loved mischief too dearly to miss such a chance.

Of course I was well bantered when Frank had finished his recital, which seemed to interest them all. Sir William laughed jovially at the subject of my dream; and my motherly, good-natured, but, apparently, not very strong-minded hostess was amazed at the "strange coincidence."

Thomas, the eldest son, tried my patience somewhat by pooh-poohing, with an air of pitying superiority, the bare idea of anything more than natural causes. He added the weight of his authority to Frank's explanation; and discoursed on the phenomena of sleep with a pompous, self-complacent air, as if he were lecturing at the Leighton Literary Institution.

The Major had no such sneer for the subject, not being able to explain such mysteries by all the lights of materialistic science. Referring to



his personal experience during the Russian war, he mentioned more than one case of men having fallen in the trenches after having expressed in his hearing their certainty that such would be their fate, from some dream, or still more inexplicable presentiment. At once his two brothers were upon him, but he would neither be schooled nor laughed out of a simple feeling of reverential awe; though, when hard pressed by them, he would not avow a positive belief in such supernatural warnings.

I had not dared to look at Miss Anson till I was sure that her brother was not about to reveal her share in this mystery; but when my mind was set at rest upon that point, I turned to her, to see what effect this story had upon her. Her kindling eye and eager look, as she listened to his words, convinced me that Frank was right in supposing she would feel an interest in this strange incident, and sympathize with my feelings. She even came to the support of the Major against his antagonists, when I too joined their array, and soon we were engaged in an animated discussion on mesmerism and its kindred phenomena, which did not cease till Lady Anson carried her daughter off to the drawing-room with her, after several unheeded signals of retreat.

When I joined them again after no long interval, my hostess made a kind of excuse for their dulness at this festive season, by explaining that they were in mourning for Sir William's uncle, who had represented the county, so that they could not enter into society at present. Her fears of my being *ennuyé* were perfectly groundless. I could desire nothing better than our pleasing chat, or the sweet, plaintive songs which Evelyn Anson gave with such readiness, in spite of the unreasonableness with which I begged for another, and yet another, as I leaned over her, in the dim-lighted, curtained alcove where the pianoforte stood, far from the merry group round the fire, with its blazing logs.

Before we parted that evening, I was as ardently in love with her as I had been in the dream. At last I had found her upon whom I had so often pondered. Here was my heart's queen, and at once it owned her dominion.

I felt little inclined to accept Frank's invitation to come to his room, and smoke a quiet cigar with him before going to bed; but it was better than exposing myself to his merciless bantering, so I accompanied him. The Major also joined us, but he took himself off after the first cigar, during which none of us had talked much.

Frank now began to joke about my dream, till, finding I still remained serious, he said, "Come, Phil, why so solemn? You cannot believe it was any more than a recollection of that photograph—singular enough, I own, but not uncannie."

"But I tell you I never noticed the view!" I replied, impatiently.

"Sometimes a thing does not strike one at the moment, but still fixes itself in the memory to

be recalled vividly hereafter. I have had it happen to myself more than once," he rejoined.

"How could I have known it was your home?" I persisted; "and how could I have foreseen what she was, before we had ever met?"

"Now I am quite in the clouds," he said, with an inquiring look: "what on earth do you mean?"

"If you had listened to my description this morning," I replied, with some heat, "instead of laughing like a child at a pantomime, you would have known it was your sister I saw as distinctly as to-night. How can you explain that?"

"What, Evelyn!" he cried, with a look of surprise. "Well, this is another feature; but her portrait also is in my gallery. Of course the explanation is the same; but it certainly is strange that you should have connected the two in your mind without being aware of it; though to be sure you were half asleep at the time, which may account for it."

"Well, I will ask you one more question, and then leave you to your unbelief," I said, with assumed playfulness, for in truth I was considerably nettled at his obstinacy. "How came your sister to meet me with such an evident look of recognition, if there were no sympathy between us?"

Now he indulged in a loud guffaw.

When this outburst was at an end, he exclaimed, gaily, "Why, Phil, you have even more romance in you than I gave you credit for. She had seen that portrait of you in my gallery, and at odd times I have talked to her of you, till she must almost have looked upon you as an old friend. By George, this is exquisite! I will certainly tell Evelyn that she is the heroine of your wondrous vision, and that you think she is quite ready to take her part in the drama. I am amply punished for not paying due attention to your tale this morning, since I lost the cream of the joke."

It was useless for me to beg him to remain silent; no persuasion could shake his resolve to enjoy the fun to the utmost; equally bootless was it to lose one's temper with him; so wishing him good-night, I went quietly off to my bed, to woo those visions which, alas! were coy as a bashful maiden, and would not return at my bidding.

In the morning, when with some nervousness I joined the family party at the breakfast-table, I found that I had a respite. Frank was not there, and in fact he only appeared in time to make a hurried breakfast before the morning service; so that he had no leisure to torment me.

The Rev. Arthur Anson did not officiate, for he was doing duty at the parish-church, while one of his curates acted as chaplain. I cannot say I derived much benefit from the service, for my thoughts wandered continually to my vision of that scene.

The chapel was lighted now by no sunbeam dyed with gorgeous hues; indeed, it must have

looked even more sombre than its wont, decked as it was with that profusion of dark-leaved evergreens: neither were the congregation clad in anything resembling bridal array; for the greater portion of those present—the inmates of the Hall—were in mourning; a few smock-frocked rustics, and the widow of the late minister with her two daughters, who lived in a small cottage just without the park-gates, completing the number of worshippers. Still, though the aspect was different, there was the chapel, with its oaken beams and pictured windows; there was the altar, at which I had stood with her who was now by my side in bodily presence, little witting of the share she had in my thoughts, or of their subject that moment. Well might my hand tremble as I held with her the book, while she raised her sweet voice to swell that triumphant hymn. She perceived my disordered state, and with a look of concern, as though she fancied I was suffering, offered me the scent-bottle which stood on the ledge before her.

Frank, too, saw my emotion, and her misapprehension of it, and made his consequent laughter still more obvious by his efforts to suppress it. His sister gave him a glance of mingled surprise and reproof of his levity; while my cheek burned, for I well knew what was passing in his mind.

When we were assembled at lunch, Evelyn administered to her brother a mild rebuke for his misconduct. Again his mirth was excited with the same childish vehemence.

"A Turk could not have looked grave," he cried. "The thought of Phil's dreamland wedding tickled my fancy in an irresistible manner. Only imagine, Evelyn—it turns out that you are the fair enchantress who rules him in his sleeping hours! I paid very little attention to his lover-like ravings; but, from what I can remember of his description, it would suit you, with due allowance for hyperbole; so he has not framed his prophecy after the event."

Now it was Evelyn's turn to blush, while I, being prepared for the attack, received it with tolerable coolness. Her confusion, however, did not disarm him, and he continued to harp upon the same string, till Sir William, perceiving that his bantering was really becoming painful to her, put a stop to it by declaring that he would not have his pet teased any longer.

During the drive which we took in the afternoon, I could not get a word or a look from Evelyn, who might have been blind and dumb as far as I was concerned. It was evident that she shrank from me with all the timidity of a startled fawn; and I mentally anathematized Frank for bringing about this change from the pleasant footing that had existed between us till now.

At dinner, when we had the addition to our party of Arthur Anson, his wife and her sister, it was still the same. Evelyn spoke little to any one, and not at all to me, except briefly in answer to direct questions, from which I soon

ceased, on perceiving her reluctance to reply. In the evening she sang as on the previous night; but she took care to avoid the same sort of *tête-à-tête* with me, by keeping Miss Glyn at her side.

I would not show Frank how savage I felt, by declining to smoke my cigar with him before turning in for the night; but, on his finding time between his puffs to ask me how much longer I meant to sulk with him, I broke silence and abused him as he deserved.

"Well, as you make such a fuss about it, I will set things straight again very quickly," he said, as soon as I stopped to take breath: "I will tell Evelyn in the morning that it was all a joke, and that she must treat you just the same as before."

"Nonsense!" I grumbled—"as if, having done the mischief, you can undo it again by a word or two. If you really wish to oblige me, you will leave me to manage my own affairs without any of your kind assistance."

Then I proceeded to read him a further lecture on the impropriety of his mischievous habit of tormenting his friends. He displayed, as I thought, the most exemplary patience, smoking away in solemn silence. When, however, I was beginning to fancy he was duly weighing my words, he suddenly sprang up and ran to the window, exclaiming, "Hurrah! here comes a shower. It is a regular thaw, and we shall be able to hunt to-morrow. I inspected the stables while you were driving this afternoon, and there is a first-rate mount for you."

It was useless, I saw, to waste advice upon one so insensible; so I joined him in chatting about field-sports, and especially the capabilities, in that respect, of their immediate neighbourhood. As he foretold, we had a capital run the next day, and I hardly saw anything of Evelyn till dinner-time. This was the case, also, the following day, when we made a rare bag of pheasants; and in the evenings I had small opportunities of combating her shyness, as she had persuaded Miss Glyn to remain at the Hall; and the two seemed inseparable. On the third day, however, her visitor returned to the Rectory, and then I set to work seriously to recover the lost ground.

At first I had to make my advances in the most cautious manner, for she was as skittish and easily startled as a young colt; indeed, my proceedings bore a strong resemblance to Rarey's system of horse-taming. My patience was, after a time, rewarded; for, seeing that I did not encroach, her timid avoidance of me ceased, and by degrees we resumed our unembarrassed intercourse, as if she had quite forgotten what had occurred to interrupt it. Each day I discovered new charms in her, and my chains were riveted more firmly. There was an especial attraction for me in her naïve, frank manner; for, being an only daughter among so many sons, she had acquired few of



the usual young ladies' conventionalities. She was so young, too, so fresh and innocent, that my heart warmed towards her with a feeling of protecting love, in which I was sure she could learn to trust with the devotion at the same time of the woman and the child: and, ere long, came what I knew *must* come—for had not the Fates ordained it? She gave me the first warm affection of her gentle heart.

Still I did not put my feelings into words, nor did I seek to draw from her an avowal of my own. I hesitated to speak. She seemed so young, so child-like at times, I hardly dared pluck the flower; for could that tender blossom bear the shock? But though our lips kept silence, to our hearts there was no mystery. We were tasting the bliss, the unspeakable happiness of young love, in its earliest and brightest hours.

While we were together this was sufficient; but presently the time drew near when I must return to Oxford. Now I could no longer refrain: the glowing words poured from my burning lips. As in the dream, I clasped my Evelyn to my heart in a rapturous embrace—as in the dream I listened with a transport of joy to her whispered words of love.

Of course her parents must be made acquainted with what had passed. Never had I set such a value upon my ancient descent and large estate as at the moment of my seeking that interview with Sir William; for did they not make me too good a match to be lightly rejected? Still I found I had some opposition to meet: I could not obtain perfect compliance with my wishes. In my ardour I proposed leaving the University at once, marrying as soon as might be, and carrying off my bride to the old Priory; but my eager haste was playfully, though firmly combated.

"No, no," said the warm-hearted old gentleman: "if I am to be robbed of my pet, it shall be in no such hurry. Why, she is not seventeen yet! In fact, you are both mere children—too young to know your own minds. You, Master Phil, must go quietly back to Oxford and take your degree, while Evelyn has a London season under her mother's wing, and learns that there are more men than one in the world. If you are both of the same mind eighteen months hence, I will hear what you have to say for yourselves. With her host of brothers, she will be a portionless bride, and before you are a year and a-half older you will have learned better than to throw yourself away in such a manner."

"All the gold in Australia could not make her dearer to me!" I protested. "It is quite impossible I should ever love her less."

"I was not seventeen when you married me," suggested Lady Anson, slyly. Her woman-love of match-making, and her fondness for both of us, made her espouse our cause warmly.

"Well, my dear," retorted her husband, with a merry twinkle in his eye, "granting that, when we were boy and girl, we acted foolishly, is that any reason for encouraging our daughter to do the same, now we are old enough to have learned better? Besides, you had been out for a year, which alters the case completely."

"But I do not care for a London season," said Evelyn, with such a sweet innocent betrayal of what her wishes were, that I could fain have kissed her on the spot, as her father did, before he replied, with a fond smile, "You are very different from most girls, then. You do not know what you are depreciating, and I daresay you will be delighted with it when the time comes."

Finding myself so well supported, I returned to the charge with fresh courage, and after a long contest I succeeded in obtaining more favourable terms. Our engagement was to be acknowledged at once, and our time of probation was shortened to a year.

These twelve months were not so long and dreary as I had anticipated. Evelyn's letters were a great consolation for her absence while I was at Oxford; and during the vacations I stayed with the Ansons either in London or Blankshire.

Sir William was not far wrong in prophesying that Evelyn would enjoy her London season; but in spite of this, and of the admiration she excited, she never gave me cause for one jealous pang.

After the wedding-day was fixed, it was again postponed, to my great vexation, on account of the death of a relation of the Ansons. At length, however, the happy moment arrived, when, as in my dream, I stood with Evelyn before the altar of that little chapel.

"What do you think of my dream now?" I inquired of Frank, as, on our way to our travelling carriage, he stopped us in the hall for another kiss from his sister, and shake of the hand from me.

"Why I think it caused its own fulfilment, to be sure," was his laughing reply. "It put it into your heads to fall in love with each other, which otherwise you would never have thought of doing."

But Evelyn and I hold no such materialistic view of the matter. A union that has brought us such happiness must, we feel, have been planned by Providence; and we are convinced that my vision was a foresight of what was thus preordained. Neither can we altogether wonder that, when there was such sympathy between our spirits, they should have been brought into communication with each other even before we had met in the body.

## HASTINGS.

BY GOLDTHORN HILL.

## PART I.

I have arrived here, after the usual manner of modern travellers, emerging from a rapidly moving panorama of woods and fields, villages and hop-gardens, interspersed with tunnels and deep cuttings, upon the little flowery station of the town.

The first thing that strikes me, on leaving it, is the number of new buildings in the course of erection—a proof that, much as the town has extended itself within the past forty years, it has by no means reached the limits of its growth.

The road from the railway is partially lined with houses, in various stages of completement; and where the latter desired consummation has been obtained, though the walls are still damp, the paint scarce dry, the bills in the windows proclaim, at the moment of our entering it, the present source of the wealth of Hastings. With the exception of the residences of professional men, almost every house undevoted to trade is a lodging-house. The one or two squares, all the crescents, terraces, places, and parades are dedicated to the reception of visitors. When, however, these best-esteemed situations are filled, then the business streets put in their sickle in the general harvest; and in the High-street especially, in this particular September, every second shop exhibits a bill of “Apartment to Let;” and fabulous prices are expected in the dreariest and most uninviting localities.

As I walk on, the tall sandstone cliff, crowned with the fragmentary ruins of the castle, looms over Castle-street and Pelham-crescent, and every opening on the south leads straight to the shore, and gives me glimpses of the sea, and—for there has been a stiff breeze from the south-west over night—the thunder of the tidal waves breaking in broad white wreaths of foam upon the beach.

I know where I am going, and my *sac de nuit* has been sent on before me; so by an irresistible impulse I turn down one of those openings, in front of which the “Stormy Petrel,” for the present resting peacefully above high-water mark, and a crowd of other small craft and fishing-boats, are advertised to sail, “wind and weather permitting,” at eleven and three o’clock daily.

Under the lee of these vessels, a bevy of ladies, as varied in age as complexion, but all wearing the inevitable hat, with a magpie plume of the latest fashion, are sitting on the shingles, ostensibly airing Mr. Diplock’s books, or working terribly soiled pieces of embroidery. Close at hand are a line of bathing machines “for gentlemen,” who plunge about “like porpoises or whales at play,” and whose appearance involuntarily suggests, the idea of a company of feeble

acrobats, in blue caleçons, who have been shot from their caravan into the sea, and are struggling to recover a foot of earth, their square of carpet, and climbing-pole. Their proximity appears by no means to embarrass the studious or industrious matrons and maidens on this part of the beach, who vary their employment by watching the evolutions of the swimmers.

The stretch of sand between these bathers and the machines devoted to the aquatic exercises of the ladies, is strewn with groups of happy children, their mammas, and maids; the first, for the most part, intent on digging holes and raising sand-hills, and the ladies in the busy idleness of looking at them. A little further on, a working-party of young girls have taken possession of a stranded boat, and are laughing and chattering in the sun as gaily as they ply their glancing needles; and as their smiling eyes and healthful faces look up from under the shadow of their hats, it seems to me, a fairer freight never filled the stern-sheets of a less imaginary barque than Etty’s flower-wreathed shallop.

The tide is on the turn, and ladies interested in the aquarium are turning over stones, and looking in the shallow pools amongst the rocks for the opening of sea anemones and daises. Apart from these are the gatherers of sea-weeds, shells, and pebbles—persons happy in the possession of an idea, and, oh, blessed thing, at the sea-side as elsewhere, an occupation. Dilatory bathers, in blue serge dresses, are still performing extraordinary genuflexions at the end of a long rope, and, under the surveillance of two manly-looking old women, with hearty, weather-beaten faces peering from under blue sun-bonnets, and stout lower limbs, and large feet protruding from their tucked-up blue trousers, the bathers dip and writhe at the extremity of their lines like newly-caught mermaids, and are with difficulty at last got into their respective boxes, to which a horse is attached, and the machines, attended by the ancient sea-nymphs, are drawn up above high tide.

In the midst of this procession to the shore, the band begins to play upon the Marine Parade, and a promenade commences—hats, feathers, parasols, beards, moustaches, wide-awakes gather round the performers, or swarm to and fro upon the walk. In the background are the white houses, with their green balconies and *persians*; an ever-restless stream of carriages, equestrians, and promenaders; and to the east, the grey cliffs, and the black store-houses and boats of the fishermen. Just beyond the parade I notice a collection of rocks, and weedy piles of wood extending a long distance from the shore, and recognise in it the foundations of the ancient



pier, which, in the days of Elizabeth, existed here.

How strange, remembering the maritime importance of the town in the time of the Conqueror, and long subsequently, to find it without ship or harbour, or even shelter for the fleet of fishing-boats, which support so large a portion of the inhabitants! for Hastings ranked first of the Cinque Ports, three of which, according to Lord Coke, existed prior to the Roman invasion; and he also tells us that Duke William not only confirmed their incorporation, but added and included two others, of which Hastings was one. Moreover, this last took priority over all the rest, by special favour of the Conqueror, who, no doubt, perceived the necessity, which still exists, for a channel fleet always ready for service, while experience had taught him that which another grand invader had previously learned, that this was the most practicable part of the coast for such an enterprise; for, according to the most probable hypothesis, it was at Pevensey that Julius Cæsar landed with his Roman cohorts; and, as we all know, it was here the Norman took "seizen" of the land, the occupation of which he desperately insured by dismantling his ships, thus leaving his soldiers without a hope of saving themselves but by victory.

How characteristic of the dauntless spirit of the Norman chief, is the account of his landing, as set forth in the "Harleian Manuscripts," by a graphic, but evidently propensious writer. As I sit here upon the slope of the East Cliff, out of the way of the fair troops of amateur equestrians, led by questionable specimens of the genus riding-master, in appearance something between billiard-markers and grooms, who every afternoon scour the principal streets and thoroughfares of the town and environs—out of the way also of the ultra *ballonnée* and altogether over-dressed *grandes dames* their mammās, and the bilious-looking men, and *géné*d women, who occupy, *en permanence*, the benches on the parade—I see visions and dream dreams.

Yonder, where that long wreath of smoke is flying off to seaward from a steamer's funnel, a watcher on these cliffs, on the afternoon of September 28, 1066, might have seen the shoulder of the Norman's sail rising a speck upon the line of horizon—a solitary speck, for we read that the ship in which the Duke was carried, "as if she had run for the garland of victory, outstripped the rest, so that the sailors were forced to strike sail and haul before the wind to have their company." Soon, however, they heave in sight, at first by twos and threes; but as, according to one Norman writer, there were a thousand of them, the sea is soon alive with the quaint squadron.

The favourable gale sets them towards the coast. You may see (if the eyes of your imagination be as strong-sighted as my own) their square lug-sails, such as had borne the galleys of the pirate Rolla, first Duke of Normandy, to the Norman coast, crowding mid-channel, some white, some vari-coloured, like the blood-red or russet

sails, with which the fishermen of Sark still love to distinguish their craft; high-sterned, with lofty sides, beaked prows, and many banks of rowers, the same type of ship as the old Romans stole from Carthage, and identical with those preserved for us in the Bayeux tapestry by Matilda, grand-daughter of the Conqueror and sometime Abbess of Bayeux, to whose industry modern research refers this celebrated work; feeble as specimens of naval architecture, but full freighted with the unseen elements of England's future regeneration—arks, bearing, in dead unconsciousness, the germs of a wider liberty, of wiser laws, of military glory, and of future learning.

So they draw near the shore—

"The captors of England's domains,

That ennobled her breed

And high-mettled the blood of her veins;" \*

their saint-embroidered banners waving from the masts, and the bright sunshine gilding the watery furrows which their oars turn up. I almost fancy that I hear the martial song of Roland rising in-shore, as the bend of Bull's-hide Haven (as De Foe writes it) shuts them in, and the glowing sunset, in the direction of Beechy, may well realize the glare and redness that, but a short time after their landing, lit up the bay of Pevensey, and strewed the yellow sands with the charred embers of the invaders' fleet. How like the deed of an old Viking was this daring act, which placed a sword before and the sea behind his soldiers, and left them no alternative but to conquer!

What consternation must have seized the chief in the castle, and the peaceful inhabitants of the town, which, after the manner of the times, clustered round its base, and looked up to it for protection!

For, that Hastings Castle did exist at this period, is pretty evident from the fact of such castle having been given, with the barony, to John de Britannia, immediately after the Conquest. Moreover, from traces of Roman herringbone in the masonry of a stair-case still remaining, I am tempted to believe it to have been originally a Roman fortification, the work probably of Cæsar's soldiers; who also raised the earth-works on the east, or Camp hill, which certain writers (the poet Campbell amongst the rest) have attributed to the Normans.

Hastings, from the most ancient times, must have owed its chief support to the sea: salt-pits figure in "Dooms-day Book," as a source of its wealth. Fishing, as now, must have been a local institution, and as it possessed ships it must also have had some mercantile transactions. In Edward the Confessor's time, we find Hastings supplying twenty-one of the general contingent of fifty-seven ships, afforded by the Cinque Ports. In Charles the Second's time the number had dwindled down to five sail. At present, as we have previously said, nothing larger than a fishing-smack appertains to Hastings, and it is an event when a collier

\* Campbell.

arrives and discharges her cargo, under difficulties—heeling over on her side at low water, and running out to sea for preservation when the wind blows hard. Recently a gentleman, Captain Sleigh, R.N., has suggested to the Town Council the possibility of building a pier which would enable steamers to land their passengers, and form a sort of haven for the fishing-boats; the scheme has been favourably received by the members of the Corporation; but whether this courteous reception of a practical man's idea will ever be allowed to burgeon into a reality, has yet to be proved. The many advantages which it promises requires a corresponding outlay; but, as Captain Sleigh has elsewhere proved the practicability of the undertaking, its ultimate value to the town should naturally render the expense a secondary consideration.

At present the almost annual loss of life amongst the crews of the fishing-vessels is very great. Fourteen bodies out of twenty-eight lost men were washed ashore after a stormy night in the winter of '57, and few winter seasons pass by without one or more disasters. Between 400 and 500 persons are engaged in the fishery, and form, as at Boulogne and elsewhere, a separate community from the town's-people; marrying, as a rule, amongst themselves, and living in the tortuous lanes and alleys of the old town, running out of what were originally the two principal streets of Hastings—High-street, and All Saints.

I want to know a little more of this class of adventurous men, of their way of life on shore, and of their voyages, earnings, &c.; and on making inquiries as to where and from whom I am most likely to obtain such information, am referred to Mr. R——, the editor of the local paper.

It is quite too late to introduce myself, without other credentials than my craft, to the editorial presence; so I take my way leisurely to the pleasant slopes above what were once the priory meadows, and enjoy the still lingering sunlight, steeping the upland stubble-fields, merging into velvet softness the changing foliage of the distant woods, and gilding the long stretches of emerald sea, so glaringly contrasted with the brown shallows, overlying—it may be—the ruins of the Saxon Hastings, that stood so much further south than the present town, and suffered the fate of Rye, and Winchelsea, and other drowned places on the Kentish and Sussex coast.

How picturesque are the triplet of windmills on the hills yonder! and the old crumbling relics of the castle, so near the local colour of the rock on which it stands, and the scanty herbage through which the sandstone everywhere crops out, as to seem a fantastic portion of it.

“The air breathes upon us most sweetly here,”

and the stillness is perfect, except as the bell-wether shifts his place of pasture, and scatters a few tinkling notes at intervals about the gradually-becoming-shadowed fields.

I know that just beneath me, within ten minutes' walk, are crowded streets, gay dresses,

photographic establishments, “Dr. Mark and his little men,” “Herr Döbblers,” “The Talking Fish,” Mrs. German Reed, and the German band. By the way, my visionary chant of the Roncesvalles just now sounded very like an aerial echo of Verdi, broken by distance into sudden swells and dying cadences. All these things remind me that I have but changed the scene of conventional metropolitan existence; yet seated here, we could imagine ourselves cut off from all such everyday associations, and in the actual enjoyment of genuine rurality. Alas! the phizzing of an engine, the shutting off of steam, the sudden blaze of gas-lamps at the railway-station, and the premonitory shriek with which the London down-train enters the tunnel and rushes up incontinently to the platform, quickly displaces the illusion. There is no Arcadia but the ideal—no difference between the Roman Anderida and Euston-square!

To think of those gas-lamps flouting what daylight still remains; putting it out, as it were, though enough is left to walk home with, comfortably, half-an-hour hence! It is railway treatment, and by no means encouraged by the town, the gas-lamps in which are at, comparatively speaking, long distances, and only lighted when absolutely necessary. But what a goodly show they make at sea! Brighton itself can scarcely look more brilliantly imposing than does Hastings after nightfall, with the mile-and-a-half-long esplanade of St. Leonards in continuation, glittering in an unbroken chain of light along the coast.

There is yet time to run up the steps out of the High-street to the quiet Croft, with its demurely neat houses and green enclosure, and so round by St. Clement's church; of course without an eye to archaeological or architectural inquiry, without even a hope of scanning the memorial window to William Lord Chewton, eldest son of Admiral Lord Waldegrave, one of the first victims to the Crimean war—of the possession of which the townspeople are justly proud; but simply to glance up at the west side of the tower, where, amidst patches of wall-rue, pellitory, and mosses, I perceive two circular protuberances of unmistakable character. This is *De Ruyter his mark*, who, in sailing down channel, 1666, opened fire on the town, and left the cannon balls in question firmly imbedded within a short distance of each other in the flint-faced wall, where for nearly two centuries they have borne testimony to the solidity of the building, and the audacious prowess of the Batavian admiral, who (*vide Gerard Brandt*)

“—made two powerful kingdoms in one year  
Thrice strike their flags, and leave the ocean clear.”

In the twilight, as I walk to my lodgings, my thoughts travel from the shots in St. Clement's church tower, to the Buiten Kant at Amsterdam, and the tall house in the midst, with the laurel-crowned head of De Ruyter—the Nelson of the Netherlands—carved thereon; a simple and loving way of keeping the memory of a great man green in the place of his birth,



or which he has especially benefited, and which might be introduced at home with honour to the dead and advantage to the living; for who looks at an illustration without desiring to know the story it refers to? and knowing it (being rightly told, and a grand one), who can set limits to its effects?

There is the sea, still lined with foam along the beach, sounding at this distance not much louder than the faint echo of it in the great conch shells on the old chimney-piece at home, to which I used to listen with delighted wonder when I grew tall enough to lay my ears to them.

The moon is up—the fair broad harvest-moon, and, from the horizon almost to the shore, bridges the sea with beams of light that seem to dance and ripple on its surface. Over this bridge a solitary boat occasionally passes; a spectral-looking ship, far out at sea; or a returning fishing-smack, steering for the red light in front of the old town, which looks, at a little distance, like an ambitious apothecary's bottle.

On the whole, the oceanick demesne appertaining to the first of the Cinque Ports, "incorporated and endowed with many and great privileges, not only to promote the traffic of the nation, but to be the defence thereof," like a house in Chancery, or an over-mortgaged estate, is carefully avoided; even coasters preferring to give the shore at this point a wide berth.

It is very curious, with our present naval armaments, to imagine the period when the fifty-seven ships furnished by the Cinque Ports, each manned with *twenty-one men and a boy*, could have been deemed a sufficient force to oppose to an invading enemy, unless the banner of the warrior-angel St. Michael, under which they sailed, had something to do with their efficiency. Yet the system, begun by the Romans and continued by the Saxons, was considered sufficiently imposing by Duke William not only to be maintained under a Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, but to be rewarded with special and great privileges.

Thus we find Hastings free of buyers and sellers, exempted from tolls in other markets, but privileged to demand them in its own.

It had right of blood-wite and fled-white—i. e. to punish bloodshed, and such as flee from justice. It rejoiced in the possession of tumbrel, pillory, anducking-stool; the names of which are not so obsolete but that their uses are known. The right of *infangtheof* and *outfangtheof* (which being interpreted, means the power to punish thieves, whether natives or foreigners) also appertained to the town; and the privilege of *Mundbreich*—i. e. to raise mounds or banks on any man's ground, to prevent the breaches of the sea. Farther, it had right of all *waifs* (lost goods) and *strays* (i. e. wandering cattle) if not claimed within twelvemonths and a day; and of *flotsam*, goods floating on the sea; and *jetsam*, goods cast out of ships in a storm; and *wilsam*, goods driven on shore when no wreck or ship is visible—*goods of God's mercy*, as they

were tenderly, but somewhat egotistically, called by the privileged.

Moreover, the first of the Cinque Ports had the pleasant right to marry its heiresses (*maritimum*) without the king's consent; and, in common with other free towns, of sending its representatives to Parliament under the title of barons—which barons claimed to support the canopy of the king at his coronation, and to dine at the table next the king's right hand. As late as the coronation of James II. and his queen, the representatives of Hastings appeared amongst the thirty-two barons of the Cinque Ports, "their office being to bear over the king and queen cloths of silk or of gold, each cloth upon four staves, overlaid with silver, every staff having one little bell overlaid with gold, when they shall go forth of their chamber that they may be crowned." On this occasion the Hastings barons chose to appear in doublets of scarlet satin, with scarlet hose and scarlet gowns faced with crimson satin, black velvet shoes, and caps of the same fastened to their sleeves.

The barons of Hastings, with their members, claimed to have one cloth with the staves, and the little bells, and all the appurtenances thereof; and the barons of the other Cinque Ports the other cloth, &c.; and, says Jeake, in his "Characters of the Cinque Ports," "the barons of Hastings, with their members, are wont to give their cloth so had to the church of St. Richard of Colchester, and so they have given."\* The court of Shepway was the supreme court of the Cinque Ports, where the Lord Warden, assisted by the mayor and bailiffs, and a certain number of the jurats of each of the five towns, were wont to punish all infringements of their laws, to make bye-laws, and to hear all complaints from the inferior courts of the Cinque Ports.

How could Elia talk of "doing dreary penance at Hastings?" I love the heterogeneous, altogether conventional company no better than he did; I should have preferred it in its primitive shape—a fair and honest fishing town, and no more; but being what it is, "the resort of stock-brokers, and *Amphitrites* of the town, and misses who coquet with Ocean," it is still possible to extract rich fancies from it, to throw the mind back through long centuries of changing times and characters and actions, till, with the same watery foreground spread before me, I exchange the shadowy vision of the Conqueror's galleys, for the present phenomenon of the "Great Eastern," which has just passed across the bridge of moonlight, looking like the ghost of many ships, her six masts lifting themselves against the September sky, and her black hull looming gigantic, as never ship of human build did before.

Telescopes and opera-glasses have been brought to bear on her an hour ago. I prefer not to *distinguish* her, but to look at her dimly, through such a misty, abstract medium as Turner would have cast around her, had he pictured her

\* Moss's History of Hastings.

steaming through these narrow seas. And, after all, it is in the abstract that her being becomes truly glorious; the mental grandeur and power, involved in the conception and carrying out of her, is larger than her bulk; and the conquest of intellect over powers and elements, which she illustrates, a greater victory than the Conqueror's.

## T H E W O R K - T A B L E .

### EMBROIDERED COLLAR, WITH INSERTION.

**MATERIALS.**—Low Insertion, fine Book Muslin, and the Royal Perfectionné Embroidery Cotton, No. 80, of Messrs. Walter Evans and Co., of Derby.



This is in quite a novel style of embroidery, much in fashion at present, in Paris. The insertion must be laid on with some care, tacked down at each edge, and the rows of eyelet-holes beyond so managed that they join the lace to the muslin, which must afterwards be cut away from underneath. The embroidery is entirely in satin-stitch, and must be finished with the utmost care. The cuffs worn with this collar are of the same design, on a reduced scale.

AIGUILLETTE.



## KNITTED RIGOLETTE; OR, WINTER HEAD-DRESS.

**MATERIALS:**—Four-thread Berlin Wool; white, and any bright colour. About 36 skeins of white, and 24 of coloured, will be required. Ivory knitting-needles, No. 8. A skein of Purse-silk to match the coloured wool will also be required.

Cast on with the white wool two-hundred stitches, and do twelve rows, knitting and purling them alternately. The thirteenth (which will be a knitted row) must be done thus:—Knit 2,  $\times$  m 1, k 2 t,  $\times$  repeat to the end. Purl the next row, knit the following, and purl the next. The seventeenth, knit 1, m 1, k 2 t  $\times$ . Repeat to the end. Purl the next row, knit the following, and purl the next. Join on the coloured wool. With a finer knitting-needle take up the loops of the *sixth* row, on the wrong side, and with every stitch of the next row take off also one of these loops. Purl the next row, and then do a stripe of Pyrenees diamond-knitting, about 3 inches wide.

**PYRENEES DIAMOND-KNITTING** is done thus—1st row:  $\times$  m 1, sl 1, k 2, pass the slip-stitch over,  $\times$  repeat to the end. 2nd, 4th, and 6th rows purred.

3rd row: K 2,  $\times$  m 1, sl 1, k 2, pass the slip-stitch over,  $\times$  repeat as often as possible, and then knit the remainder.

5th row: K 1,  $\times$  m 1, sl 1, k 2, pass the slip-stitch over,  $\times$  repeat to the end, when knit 2.

These six rows form one complete pattern, and must be repeated.

When sufficient is done, join on the white wool, and repeat *backwards* the white part. The first white row should be a purred one; and after three you do the open row; after three more the next, then six, after which join on to the loops of the first white row after the coloured stripe; then do sufficient alternate purling and knitting, to meet the other side, and so entirely *line* the open part. The two edges of the white, the casting on, and casting off rows, must be run evenly together, and the ends drawn up, ready for the tassels.

The back of the rigulette is something in the form of a half-handkerchief. With the white wool, cast on 100 stitches, and do the first part, with six only instead of twelve rows. You then, with the first coloured row, join on the casting-on loops. The rest is done in the Pyrenees diamond knitting, with coloured wool, decreasing the stitch at the end of each of the first twenty rows, and then two stitches each time, until you have done enough to fall from the crown of the head down to the neck.

Sew this to the front, rather full, so as to fall

1  
The rigulette is trimmed with velvet balls, made by winding a sufficient number of strands of wool, of both colours, into a large skein, and



tying them securely, at  $\frac{1}{2}$  an inch apart, with No. 2 Evans's Boar's Head Cotton. Then cut the wool, equidistant between every two ties; and, if required, shave the balls to make them even; this, however, ought not to be needed. Small balls, for the trimmings, want about 50 strands; and half as many again for the tassels.

They are strung on the crochet silk, from point to point round the face, so that one ball rests opposite every *alternate* point. The back and other edge of the front have them festooned, 5 on every string. A knot is made on the silk, before each ball is put on, to prevent it from slipping.

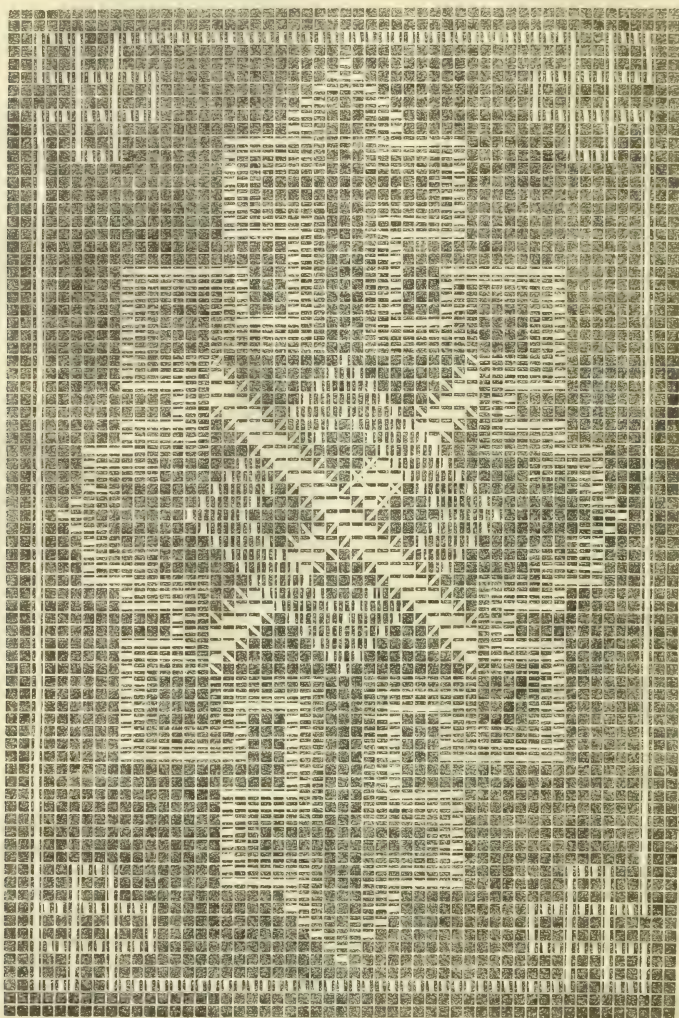
The tassels in the engraving are of three strands, with four balls on each; but if there were four, and all drawn through a larger one for a heading, it would be still handsomer. The very becoming nature of this head-dress—the merry *espiègle* look it gives to many faces was doubtless the origin of its name. My pattern is, I believe, the most becoming and elegant of the kind.

AIGUILLETTE.



## DESIGN FOR A NOTE-CASE, IN BEAD-WORK.

MATERIALS :—No. 3 Beads, of the following colours : Blue, 3 shades ; Grey, 2 shades ; Ruby, 2 shades, and clear and opal white. French Penelope Canvas, No. 22, and Messrs. Walter Evans and Co.'s Mecklenburg Thread, No. 8.



This design is so simple, and so easily worked, yet so effective when done, that we feel sure it will be generally approved. In No. 3 beads it will work out of a suitable size for a note or cigar-case; with No. 2 beads and coarser canvas (No. 19), it will make a small blotting-book. The border—which is a single line, except at the corners—should be in light ruby, and the space between it and the pattern filled-in with transparent white beads. The principal design is in three shades of blue, the outside one being the

lightest. If procurable, Imperial blue would look well. The cross-bars in grey. The diamond in ruby, of which the outlines are in the lightest, and the inner space filled by opal beads. Of course, these colours may be changed for any others that may be more convenient.

We have so often described the mode of making-up note-cases, that we need not now repeat it. Both sides should be worked on *one* piece of canvas.

AIGUILLETTE.



## CALIFORNIA: A TALE.

*(Translated from the German of F. Steinbach).*

BY Y. S. N.

## CHAP. IV.

On Thalhofer's arrival at home he discovered a stranger seated on the stone-bench in his room, apparently asleep; at all events his head was reposing upon the table, and he did not stir as the joiner entered. Not till Matthew had taken hold of the stranger's arm did he raise himself: the bright moonlight falling upon his features enabled Mat to recognize the features of Nathaniel.

The wanderer, who had been in former years familiar with the house, finding a side-window left partly open, had climbed into the room in which he was now awaiting his friend.

The cunning adventurer had seen pretty clearly that Valpi would oppose his schemes, he had determined upon being beforehand with her, and had never stirred from the spot till Mat came home. Nat, voluble with the most friendly asseverations, introduced all sorts of youthful reminiscences into his conversation, throwing in an occasional word about his wealth, at the same time striking his hand upon his bagful of gold. Mat met him half-way; his gloomy state of mind, his mortally-wounded vanity, his love for Valpi and his desire to offer her the prospect of a brighter future than that which lay before them at home, now that his disappointed hopes had blighted it for ever—the troubles which oppressed his breast, and the longing which he felt to communicate them to a fellow-creature—all these several causes conspired to make his welcome of his early companion a warm one, with his innermost thoughts at the tip of his tongue.

A tallow-candle was soon burning at the edge of the table, whilst Nat industriously circulated his spirit-flask between himself and his comrade. Matthew established himself on the edge of the bed; on a bench near him sat the talkative Nat. California was his pass-word, as his loquacious bombast conjured up Paradisaic visions in the poor joiner's soul. Matthew's blood coursed with quicker pulsation through his veins, and the idea of such felicity rekindled in his heart a desire for life: he threw off his neck-cloth and waistcoat, and stared before him with longing eyes, and almost suspended breath, as he surrendered himself entirely to the magic words of his friend. The joiner was too exhausted by the excitement of the day to interrupt the tempter often, and Nat did not hesitate to inflame his friend's fancy more and more, until at length his head fell back heavily upon the leathern bolster of the bed.

Nat, having made himself a tolerable couch of the arm-chair near to him, soon fell into a most refreshing sleep. Not so the joiner, breathing uneasily; his forehead damp with a cold sweat.

Matthew tossed about on his bed, his mind a prey to a series of imaginings, now seductive, now repulsive in their tendency. At one time mountains of gold rose up before him; but no sooner did he grasp them in his hands than the metal escaped through his fingers, like the retreating waves. With breathless haste he next gave chase to the shining golden mountain; but alas! he could not reach it, and sank down again with parched throat, beneath the burning sun. Anon he stood once more in the mountain-depths, digging out eagerly, with bleeding fingers, great masses of gold from the black rock. With a fiendish joy he filled his sacks, and bore them panting to the light of day; but as he opened them to feast his eyes upon their brilliancy, there fell from them nothing but quartz and pebbles, and some bits of dirty, polished wood. At one moment he hugged millions to his contented breast; in the next, savages robbed him of his treasures, and plunged their daggers into his panting heart. With bruised limbs, feeling weak and chilly, he was sitting up thoughtfully upon his bed, as the rays of the morning lighted up his cottage, looking enviously at Nat, who, in the conscious possession of happiness, was snoring like a pig, in the arm-chair.

"With pilgrim's staves, we wander forth  
To seek a brighter shore;  
But wealthy men we all shall be  
When we come home once more!"

These words were soon distinctly audible to Matthew, sung by a full chorus of men in the street below, and at once aroused the light-hearted Nat, whilst the former listened but dreamily to the song which had for him so deep a meaning. The band, numbering about twenty men, stopped in front of Thalhofer's cottage, and Wolfgang Schlan stood before the joiner with a friendly recognition. The latter opened the window, and seeing many of his old acquaintance standing without, endeavoured to induce them to come in.

Loys (Aloys), of Ischl; Seppel, the surveyor, from Altmünster; Andrew and Peter, from Hallstadt, were amongst them—Matthew's best friends; better off than himself in some respects, and yet they were singing merrily in their march to the new world. Absurd antics, merry songs, and all kinds of jokes followed each other in quick succession, whilst Matthew sat silently in the room, with an uneasy and undecided heart, advised and invited by all parties to set off with them, the inexhaustible Nat being of course the chief spokesman amongst them.

Whilst Mat still sat hesitating, and doubting whether or no to accept the offer, his early friend wound up his speech as follows:

"Look here, Mat, I know very well where the

shoe pinches. You would go readily enough if it were not for Valpi? Is it not true? Nay, why deny it now? But it is for her good; and even should she object at first, if she really love you she will go with you to the world's end. If she do not love you with her whole soul you had better not come together. But she would lose her life rather than lose you, who alone possess her undivided affections. See, Andrew's wife is going without any demur; Loy's sweetheart promised him the same, with an outburst of delight, and Peter of Hallstadt is going to take his parents out with him: surely Valpi will agree to join also! Why should she not? What a wretched, miserable life she leads here, and what awaits her over yonder? Will you suffer yourself to be trampled on for years and years by the proud Haller people, the Grödnern, and all the rest of them, whilst you eat the bread of dependence? Look at your companions: none of them have hesitated, why should you? Or are you a milksop and under petticoat-government, Mat?"

A loud laugh and a giggling from those around him sent the blood into Thalhofer's cheeks.

Wolfgang Schlan (who in the interim had inspected the house and little garden, in order, after minuter investigation, to beat down their valuation to as low a figure as possible) entered the room just then, with the words:

"Mr. Thalhofer, we must start again. If you are one of us we shall soon strike a bargain. I take your house and garden of you in exchange for a free passage to California, where you will be presented with ten pounds as well from the company, and can there open your workshop or go to the mines, just as you please: only decide quickly, for we are in a hurry."

Matthew stood as if lost in a dream, his breast heaving tumultuously, a sharp struggle going on within. They were all by this time in the street again; Wolfgang—the last—was just crossing the threshold. Thalhofer rushed towards him, exclaiming with gasping breath, "There is my hand; I will go to America!"

"Your word as a man?" rejoined Mr. Schlan, seriously.

"My word, as a man," muttered Mat, as he hurried away to arrange his clothes before joining the procession.

"He is ours, and a good fellow is Matthew," shouted Nat, embracing him; and a loud huzza from every throat went up to heaven, whilst every one gave him a fraternal grasp of the hand.

"At last I have succeeded," was Nat's mental comment. "I have secured the given number of emigrants for the agent, and secured a free passage for myself. Heaven will take care of the rest."

Meanwhile the party marched on towards Ort, to the famous brewery, in which, in the course of two days, all the emigrants were to assemble, and where Mat was to draw up the agreement with Schlan. The next morning was then decided upon for a return to Thalhof,

where Mat and his party, prepared for their journey, were to join the others at an early hour.

Mat's heart failed him as they marched past the Cross Inn; but he saw no one in the room. The old man had gone with his wife to church again for the first time, and Valpi was half-way up on the road to the Crab's-Saddle to the bath proprietor, whose house stood upon a slight elevation, to fetch some eye-lotion for her father. The procession was just winding round the corner of the hill, singing a joyous wanderer's song, as Valpi came out of the doctor's cottage into the fresh air. The young girl was lost in astonishment as she caught sight of the party below, amongst whom she recognized many of her neighbours. As the last couple came over the bend of the road, her limbs trembled involuntarily, as if struck by an electric shock—she had recognized Thalhofer, arm in arm with Nat! Summoning all her strength, she called him by name as loudly as she could, but the singing almost drowned her voice. Mat, in whose mind an emigrant's golden expectations had already taken firm root, looked up accidentally, and caught sight of the speaker. Raising his hands to his mouth, so as to form a speaking-trumpet of them, he shouted in the direction of the rocky eminence on which she stood listening.

"Valpy, we are going to America; there we shall be rich people. I shall return to you tomorrow: we start in three days."

Before the young girl had time to answer, the wanderers' chorus resounded more loudly than ever, and Nat led the loiterer off with him. They reached the lake, and swift as an arrow the boatmen rowed the discontented Europeans across to Ort.

Valpi had fallen to the ground with an agonizing cry, and some time elapsed before she recovered herself again. Mat's words had pierced to her heart like a dagger's thrust. When she reached home she found her father at the gate, just returned from church. Mournfully she clasped her arms round his neck, the overmastering grief raging within her breast finding utterance only in the words, "Matthew is going to America."

Early in the morning Matthew appeared once more at Ort to arrange his affairs at home, Nat accompanying him. The written agreement for the little Thalhof cottage had been so cleverly drawn up and worded, that the joiner could no longer retract without leaving the Bremen company in possession of his house.

As they both landed at Ebensee, Valpi, her eyes red with weeping, met them on coming out of the inn, and had nearly fainted upon recognizing the two. For a few moments the rovers stood silently confronting each other, when Nat broke the silence, addressing the girl in a confidential tone—"Well, Valpi, have you packed up your things yet? It will be a heavenly life on the other side of the water!"

The innkeeper's daughter cast a look of mingled hatred and misery upon the speaker, and leading Mat away by the hand, answered him coldly, "I will have nothing to say to you:



will speak to this man's heart: but, if it no longer understands mine, take it away in God's name!"

A few tears fell upon her kerchief as she spoke, and Matthew whispered to his companion to wait for him at Thalhof. Nat, laughing maliciously, continued the ascent of the hill, whilst Matthew and Valpi pursued the lonely path to the Crab's-saddle. Both were at first speechless: they reached a rocky elevation bearing a cross, erected in pious commemoration of an escape from death, and commanding a delightful prospect of the surrounding scenery. There Valpi sat down beside her lover, who broke silence.

"I made a contract with the agent at Ort last night: we all start off the day after to-morrow. Does that suit you, Valpi?"

"Yes," whispered the maiden, scarcely audibly.

"Loys and his sweetheart, Peter and his parents, Andrew, with his wife and many acquaintances besides, are also going with us to California. Does that suit you, Valpi?"

"Yes," answered the girl, softly: her heart was too full to give utterance to any distinct sound.

"We shall go into the mines over there for a year; then we shall give up gold-digging, buy a house and field, and I shall set up a large workshop. Is that all right, Valpi?"

"Yes, it will be all right, as you wish, Mat—"

"And then I have two free passages from the agent."

"Two? So you take Nat over for nothing, then?"

"What are you thinking about? For you and me. If your parents go, the good gentleman will take them at a cheap rate."

"The second place is for me? Matthew, I have something to say to you."

"What is it then, Valpi?"

Passionate sobs intermingled with the words, which she had difficulty in articulating.

"Matthew—I—am—not going with you to America!"

"Do not talk so foolishly, Valpi."

"I am not going to America!"

"So you were in earnest then? Look here—you are always so good, you think perhaps that you will be a burthen to me? No! indeed, I shall be pleased to take you over with me—you know, Valpi, how I love you!"

"Love me, do you? Show it then, and stay here!"

"And why? Just because you are obstinate. Am I to perish miserably at home whilst my comrades are collecting their heaps of gold? I should be a fool! Where happiness is to be found men are drawn towards it—by intuition. Not a girl amongst them has indulged in such foolery; you are the only headstrong one."

"No, Mat; you are mistaken. Ah! when I caught sight of you from up yonder yesterday, and you told me about America, I felt so sad,

and could almost have killed that hypocritical Nat. First of all I thought of going to the priest, to ask his advice; but it seemed to me that no third person has a right to interfere between lovers; they can best understand each other, who are pledged to live amicably together for a whole life-time. So then I went into our field, and sat down upon the bank, and pressed my hands tightly over my forehead to shut out everything but the thought of you and of America; but, often as I questioned myself, a voice within me answered, 'No, do not go to America; no, not for all the world!' And if you love me, you will stay with me, Mat!"

"And so you will not go?" exclaimed the joiner, angrily. "Why not, pray?"

"On what account? Why I shall have a difficulty in explaining it to you. I cannot say exactly—cannot put it into words; I can only feel it—feel it very distinctly here, within me. God's blessing be with you! Find gold and happiness in America; and God protect you, Mat!"

The young girl felt her voice fail her, tears ran down her cheeks, and Mat, struggling with his emotion, sat gloomily at her side. At length, with her hands clasped and her eyes fixed on the ground, in a suppressed voice she continued her speech:

"See, Mat, when I sit here and look around upon our little property; my parent's house, in which I was born, the corner room in which my grandmother died; there, where my brothers and sisters also breathed their last; there, on that bench, where I have spun many a yarn, linen for my bridal—perhaps for my shroud; the window through which you looked in on All Saints' Day; up there, too, where you have often stood working so industriously, and looking down upon me so many times; on those beech trees, beneath which we have sung such beautiful songs to the guitar—I think of all these things, and the voice within me says 'Do not go away to America!' And then, if I look around upon our native land, is not this spot as lovely as any painting; who says that it will be more beautiful over yonder? Look at the lofty Traunstein up there; look at the villages scattered along the borders of the lake; look at the millions of flowers springing up as far as the eye can see; listen to the matin-bells from Altmünster, does not their silvery peal vibrate to the heart? Where can it be more lovely or more genial than in my homestead? Nowhere in the wide world; and again the voice within me says, 'Go not to America!' Mat, I cannot go with you. Look there, at my father in front of the house, at my mother near him, working in the garden. They would not go away from here for all the world; and I, who owe to them my life, my health, my faith in God, my all, all to them, could I leave my father in his blindness, my mother in her old age, and perhaps never see them again alive, never receive their last blessing; and all these things, amidst which I have grown up, seem to me a part of myself, like the soil to the root. I cannot go with you to America, Mat."

"Come, do not worry yourself like this, Valpi! Only look at Nat; read the letters which Weymeyer, Hübel, and Heidinger write from America. They will find everything in its old place when they come back again; and they all say that they have got rich over there already."

"Rich? Ask if they are happy there—happier than at home? I think not, although shame may prevent their acknowledging it."

"What is the meaning of all this talk? So you can really leave me then?"

"I have been to church, and there I prayed most earnestly, and am at peace with myself and with my God in Heaven!"

"So then really—yes, Nat is right; you do not care about me, and only put up with me till you could find a better—the wealthy Höpner of Ischl, no doubt."

"Mat, do not sin against me; do not give my heart too heavy a blow; it is not so hard as the boards you work upon. Let us not dispute about who cares the most for the other. It is because I love you so much, that my life seems to depend upon your not going to America. Economical living in our little cottage would not have made us rich, but happy. Father would have left everything to us, and mother would have helped us as long as she could, and then would have awaited a blissful departure in her own little room. Care for our daily food and anxiety would never have crossed our door. Our healthy activity and our mutual love would have made us the envy of thousands around. It was enough for me—it was a heaven upon earth to me; my thoughts would never have turned to a world beyond these mountains. But you, Mat, are not contented with this; your love for me does not fill your heart, and therefore it is that you seek for other happiness. It is not to please me, it is not on account of my parents that you are going over. Speak the truth; you are going because you wish to be rich, because you want to have heaps of gold. Well then, dig for it in America. You are in no need of a heart; you do not require mine with you for that; and?"

Valpi, seeing that her words were fruitless, tried to rise and proceed homewards; but a glance at Mat softened her again; and with clasped hands, she exclaimed, "Remain at home, Mat; let us be happy here; let me die on my mother's breast!"

She sank down at the foot of the cross. Mat continued silently combating his feelings, and then the young girl arose, sadly to return home. The joiner sprang after her, and seizing her hand, cried out:

"Valpi, I cannot stay! I have pledged my word; Thalhof is sold."

"Let them have it all. We have enough to live upon respectably; come to my parents."

"To eat the bread of dependence?"

"How can you speak so harshly now? What is ours is yours."

Just as Mat, now somewhat mollified, was about to reply, he saw Nat at no great distance, slowly ascending the road towards them. By

the power of the Evil One, as it were, Valpi's magic spell over the joiner seemed broken, and his soul was again trammelled by the lust for gold.

"Valpi!" exclaimed he, "you have pledged me your troth; you are mine, you must go with me to America!"

"Bind my hands! strike me down! you are capable of anything—thus I will go with you!"

"Or perhaps you think I cannot live without you? You think I am under petticoat government; you shall see that I am not, though. But you do not deceive me: it is on Höpner's account that you refuse to go. He is dearer to you than I am. It will bring no blessing upon you; and if you prove faithless to me, I shall have a word to say to the seducer. I will seize him—throttle him, till he becomes blue in the face. Ha-ha! that strikes home, does it?" cried the joiner, scarcely able to restrain himself any longer; and with a furious gesture, rushed towards Valpi, exclaiming, "Own that you love him! own it, or!"

The enraged joiner could not finish his speech, for the grasp of a powerful hand from behind pushed him on one side, and Höpner stood between the two.

Whilst strolling about the mountain, he had overheard the violent altercation, and had hastened to protect the maiden from the angry Mat.

Höpner led Valpi, who, in her agony, was unconscious of all that was going on around her, down the mountain path; whilst Mat, foaming with rage, screamed after them—

"The day of reckoning has not come yet. You shall both—both have cause to remember me!"

## OUR LAST DAY TOGETHER.

BY MRS. ABDY.

How smooth is the ocean! how tranquil! how clear!

A soft, sunny gleam on its bosom reposes;

How lovely the valley's fresh blossoms appear!

We wander, methinks, in a region of roses.

The birds raise a musical carol on high,

Proclaiming the praise of the bright summer weather;

A tribute seems offered from earth, sea, and sky,

A tribute, my friend, to our last day together!

Then why should your spirit thus languish and droop,

And picture a future of drear desolation?

Why turn from the sweet, dulcet whispers of Hope,

To dwell on continued and sad separation?

You say that as flowers in their beauty and bloom

Submit to the force of the rough winter weather,

Our life's coming scenes may be shrouded in gloom,

And *this* may indeed be our last day together!

Yet grieve not so heavily—Friendship like ours,

Through trial and trouble preserves its existence;

It flits not with sunbeams, it fades not with flowers,

It yields not to absence, to change, or to distance.

We seek to obtain in a holier clime,

A rest and a refuge from earth's fitful weather;

There, happiness knows not the shackles of Time,

And friends never sigh o'er a last day together!



## BELLS AND THEIR TRADITIONS.

When the influence of the chimes of well-remembered bells is felt, we cannot wonder that Whittington was lured back to London by their magic spell. Poets have sung of their influence, and it is remarkable how they agree as to the effect produced.

"They fling their melancholy music wide,  
Bidding me many a tender thought recall—  
Of summer days, and those delightful years,  
When by my native streams, in life's fair prime,  
The mournful magic of their mingling chime  
First waked my wondering childhood into tears;  
But seeming now, when all these days are o'er,  
The sounds of joy once heard, and heard no more."

The feelings so touchingly expressed were echoed by the tender sentiments breathed by Moore in his charming melody of "Those Evening Bells," and responded to by many a sigh from a full heart. Often, while Napoleon wandered through the beautiful grounds of Mal-maison, when any wish, if not already gratified, seemed within his grasp, and when she who loved him best was by his side, he would stay his steps to hearken to the sound of the neighbouring village bells, and say, with a sigh, "How they remind me of Brienné!" In all the vicissitudes of his eventful life, how often may their music have seemed to float upon the air, when far away from the scenes of former triumph and of splendour! When, as was his custom in the still hour of night, he has stood alone, contemplating the skies, may not imagination have wafted back the sounds to which, in boyhood, he had so often listened?

The sound of the bell, announcing joy and sorrow, may well be associated with all our recollections. It proclaims the principal events of life—births, marriages, and deaths. The effect of the funeral toll has been well described by William Howitt in his "Visit to Remarkable Places." "The bell," he says, "calling over hill and dale, with its solemn voice, the dead to his place." The green sward, which he has so often trod, shall know his steps no more. The passing-bell falls with a mournful cadence on the ear: we know that it gives notice of the departure of a fellow-creature who is lying at the point of death. We have often listened to it as its melancholy tone seemed to keep pace with the gradual parting of the soul from the body.

A belief prevailed in Huntingdonshire and elsewhere, that the soul never left the body till the church-bell rang, so that to shorten the pangs of the death-struggle the passing-bell may have been introduced. But there are still more urgent reasons for it. According to old superstition, it was believed to have the power of scaring away the evil spirits that were hover-

ing about to seize the spirit the moment it left the body. It was customary, too, to set the bells a-ringing when tempests or thunder and lightning were impending, as they were supposed to be under the direction of evil spirits, who could only be compelled to desist from their fell purpose of destruction by the sound of holy bells.

Ovid, Livy, and Lucan allude to the customs which prevailed in their days of having bronze instruments sounded during an eclipse, to avert the disaster which it was believed to betoken. Durandus says the church rings the bells when a storm is coming on, that the devils, when they hear *the trumpets of the Holy King*—as the bells were considered—might take flight, and so the tempest subside. Latimer alludes to this custom in one of his sermons, which is an additional confirmation of its having prevailed in England before the Reformation. Though now discontinued in protestant churches, it still prevails in Malta and Sicily, in Sardinia, Tuscany, and many parts of France. The belief was held in many places that all within hearing of the convent bells are safe from storms, and from the evil beings by whom they were promoted.

So strong was the impression that bells should be used on every awful occasion, that we find that a person of the name of Dow granted £50 to the parish in which the great prison of Chester is situated, on condition that for ever after, on the night before an execution a man should go at the dead hour of night, and strike, with a hand-bell, twelve tolls with double strokes, as near the cells of the condemned criminals as possible, and then exhort them to repentance. The great bell of the church was to toll as they were passing by on their way to execution, and the bellman was to look over the wall, and exhort all good people to pray to God *for the poor sinner who was going to suffer death*. Southey takes notice of this in his "Letters of Espriella." Money was also bequeathed to ensure the ringing of the curfew bell in Kidderminster, on one particular night in the year, to celebrate a thanksgiving to God, for the preservation of the life of a person, who, on his way from Bridgenorth fair, was on the point of being precipitated from a great height, when he was saved by the sound of the Kidderminster curfew, which enabled him to return by the right direction, and to reach his home in safety.

Such sanctity has been ascribed to bells, that we find that, in some countries, they are baptized and given the name of some saint. The pious Dionysius Barsalabi wrote a dissertation on bells, in which he ascribes their invention to Noah, as he has found it mentioned in several histories, that a command was given to him that the workmen employed in building the ark

should be summoned to their work by strokes of wood on a bell. The direction given through Moses that the priest should have bells attached to his robe, by which his approach to the sanctuary would be announced to the people, shows the antiquity of their use. Small bells were employed by the Greeks and Romans for civil and military purposes, and were sometimes sounded from temples to summon the people to their religious duties; it is said that their first use in Christian churches was in the fourth century, by Paulinus, Bishop of Nola, in Campania.

Bells have been long used on occasions less sad and solemn than those to which we have alluded. They ring forth a joyous peal to welcome the married pair, who tread the aisle on their way to the altar to join their hands and plight their vows. The merry chimes of the joy-bells proclaim good news, or announce a royal visit. The castanets, which tinkle like puny bells, had a simple origin: as the merry peasants danced beneath the spreading branches of the chestnut trees, they picked up the fallen chestnuts, and rattled them in their hands in time to the music of their voices and their graceful movements in the dance. The castanets in use with our public dancers are an imitation of the chestnut, the name being evidently derived from *Castanea* chesnut. The cap and bells given to fools may have originated from the pleasure which that unfortunate class of beings may have taken in the jingling of bells; this strikes us the more as we remember to have seen one to whom the light of reason and the light of the blessed sun was denied, who took infinite delight in the sound of the triangles with which he was furnished for his amusement; though so much was withheld, an exquisite sense of hearing gave charms to the continuous sound of the triangles, to which his own voice kept time in the monotonous chant of "Ullah, Ullah," the only articulate sounds he could utter.

It is not strange that sounds, which are the prelude to communion with the unseen world, should produce an effect upon the imagination. All who have felt the effect of the Sabbath bells borne on the wind to a remote spot, may conceive how the recollection may float upon the imagination of one who is far away. In describing travelling through the desert, Eothen mentions having been awakened by the sound of a peal of bells. "My native bells, the innocent bells of Mallin, that never before sent forth their music beyond the Blaggon hills, and for upwards of two miles the sound continued, and then gradually died away." It is said that sailors often hear their native bells, when far out upon the seas; and there is many a tale of the mariner, who heard his funeral knell not long before his death, the foam of the surge too having assumed the appearance of his winding-sheet. An old man, who had with difficulty been saved from drowning, described the sensations which he had experienced: he fancied he heard the ringing of bells, and, as consciousness

became less, the sound increased till he thought all the bells of Heaven were ringing him into Paradise, and he felt the most delightful, soothing sensation; and he added, *that in the district where this happened, there was not a bell within six miles.*

There is no end to the traditions connected with bells. Sir John Sinclair, in his account of Scotland, tells of a bell belonging to the old church of St. Fillan, in the parish of Killin, in Perthshire; it usually lay upon a gravestone in the churchyard: it was supposed to possess the miraculous power of restoring the insane to their senses: the maniac was to be dipped in the Saint's pool, after which he was to be bound with ropes, and confined all night in the chapel, and in the morning the bell was placed upon his head, with great solemnity; if this remedy failed, his case was considered incurable. Other marvellous powers were attributed to this bell; if stolen, it was asserted it had the power of extricating itself from the hands of the robber, and would then return to its original place, while it continued ringing the whole way.

The belief in subterranean bells has been, from time immemorial, a common superstition in Berkshire, as stated in "Christmas, its History and Antiquity," published in London, in 1850, where if any one watches on Christmas eve, he will hear subterranean bells. And throughout the mining districts the workmen declare that at that holy season, the mine which contains the most precious ore is supernaturally illuminated in the most brilliant manner, and high mass performed with the greatest solemnity, the whole service chanted by the unseen choristers in the most devout and impressive manner. Lord Lindsay gives a translation of a stanza from the poet Upland, founded on the tradition of the Sinaitic peninsula:

"Oft in the forest far, one hears

A passing sound of distant bells:

Nor legends old, nor human wit

Can tell us whence the music swells.

From the lost church 'tis thought that sweet

Faint ringing cometh on the wind:

Once many pilgrims took the path,

But no one now the way can find."

Though the chapel which in former days stood by the Lake of Crassmere, near Ellesmere, has been swept away by Time, its bells are said to be still heard whenever the waters are ruffled by the wind. Bells, it is told, have frequently rung of their own accord. It is so asserted to have happened when Thomas à Becket was murdered. The death of the King of Spain was said to have been always announced at the moment of its occurrence by the tolling of the great bell of the Cathedral of Saragossa. Collins made this the subject of some beautiful lines, beginning thus:

"The bell of Arragon, they say,

Spontaneous speaks the fatal day."

In the last stanzas he turns, pathetically, to his



own death, and "some simple knell" which calls him to the grave. At Raleigh, they say that, at Christmas-time, the old church bells are heard to ring deep in the earth. It was customary for the people of that locality to go into the valley on Christmas morning, and, bending to the ground, to listen to the mysterious sound. After Port Royal, in the West Indies, was submerged, at the close of the seventeenth century, sailors told many marvellous stories of their having anchored on the chimneys and the steeples, and having heard the church bells ringing in the water, touched by no human hands.

Among the legends of bells, it is told that, many years since, the twelve parish churches in Jersey each possessed a valuable peal of bells. A long civil-war had so impoverished the state, that it was judged to be expedient that those bells should be sold, to help to defray the heavy expenses which had been incurred. The bells were accordingly taken down, packed, and shipped for France for this purpose. As it were to wreak vengeance on those who had proposed such desecration, the vessel in which they were being conveyed foundered on the passage, and everything on board was lost. Since that fatal time, the story goes, at the approach of a storm, the bells are heard to ring from the bottom of the deeps. To this day the fishwomen of Simeon's Bay go to the edge of the water before they trust their boats to the waves, that they may ascertain whether the bells are ringing. If the warning chimes are heard, nothing can induce them to leave the shore. If all is still, they fearlessly pursue their craft.

That sounds should seem to float upon the air in desolate regions, and pass along the interminable waves, is not strange; for then the imagination has nothing to interrupt its action, and the attention is alive to the faintest sound. The great wilderness which stretches almost uninterruptedly from the Euphrates to the western shores of Africa is said to present sights and sounds that can be traced only to causes that are supernatural. In that portion of the desert between Palestine and the Red Sea, it is told that matin and vesper-bells are heard every day from some phantom convent, which has never yet been discovered to human sight. These bells are believed to have sounded ever since the Crusades. The advance and attack of armies, with their trumpets, are thought to be distinguished. The travellers who pass along in the caravans through the wide-spreading sands, are so impressed by the awful solitude, that they fancy sounds and sights to people the vast loneliness.

It has been observed by one who passed through the dreary waste, that if, by unlucky chance, one has lingered behind his party, that not only will earthly sounds and forms be presented to his fancy, but fearful outcries and hideous shapes, which do not belong to this world. Walker, in his "Irish Bards," mentions that some of the ancient poets of Ireland tell of

supernatural sounds, often heard by the Irish peasantry; sometimes in loud shrieks or plaintive cries, that burst from the depth of the forest, or steal along the valley: they seem as the voices of departed bards or fallen heroes, who are, perhaps, sailing along the clouds of Heaven or gliding through the mists. Many a poet and minstrel may have been indebted to those imaginary voices for the sublimest conceptions. Mozart was accustomed to compose in the open air, imagination and the music of Nature prompting his first passages, and seeming to him as the commissioned inspirers from Heaven.

Tourists who visit Cornwall are sure to find their way to Minster Vale, celebrated for its loneliness. The deep valley is clothed with grass soft as velvet, and of the most vivid green, enamelled with wild flowers of various hues and delicate perfume. The hills rise to a considerable height; the furze, in the season of its bloom, shining along their sides like burnished gold. The stream, which runs through the whole length of the vale, gives the most delightful sensation of freshness and coolness, even in the hottest day in summer. From this valley a window can be discerned through the thick foliage: it belongs to Minster church, the approach to which is in another direction.

Every one who enters the romantic and secluded church-yard which leads to it, is struck by its lonely solemnity. The venerable trees cast their shadows over the grave-stones. A picturesque winding path reaches the church. The carved oak tracing in the interior is but little injured by time. The remains of painted glass in the windows show that it once formed a principal ornament.

The church has a peculiar interest besides its romantic situation, from a tradition connected with it, which runs thus: It is told that when it was being built, the Earl of Batheaux, who inhabited a splendid castle in the neighbourhood, in the hope of benefiting his soul, ordered a fine peal of six bells to be cast for it. As soon as they were ready, they were embarked in a large vessel for Boscastle, the neighbouring village. Forgetful that the sound of bells on the sea was considered ominous of disaster, the sailors, before nearing the shore, set them going. The concourse of persons who were waiting on the shore for their arrival, saw the ship instantly give one lurch and sink, with its precious cargo, to the bottom of the sea. The bells were never recovered, but are often heard at midnight from the deep blue waters, pealing a mournful air. The tower where they were to have been hung has been left unfinished ever since.

We recollect to have seen one of the most interesting legends connected with bells, with which we ever met, in the *Dublin Penny Journal* for the year 1832. It told of a chime of bells, which were manufactured by a young Italian, who laboured at them incessantly for many years. They were so sweet that his chief delight was in listening to them; they were, in fact, the charm and the pride of his life. He

was, however, induced by the Prior of a neighbouring convent to part with them. With the profits of their sale he purchased for himself a little villa, where he could hear his bells from the cliff on which the convent stood. Their music was quite necessary to his happiness. His days passed cheerfully on, surrounded by the objects of his love, and within hearing of his precious bells. But a time of trouble came, and he lost everything—he was alone in the wide world, bereft of family, friends, and home. The convent, too, was razed to the ground; and the bells—the bells that he had loved so well—were taken to another country. For years he wandered from land to land, seeking for the place to which they had been removed. He was a sorrowful old man when he sailed up the Shannon. The vessel in which he was a passenger anchored in the Pool, near Limerick. He hired a small boat for the purpose of landing. It was an evening so lovely, that he might have fancied himself in his native home. The water was clear as glass, and the little boat glided smoothly on. The city was near; and as the Italian sat in the stern, his eyes were fondly fixed upon it. Suddenly, amidst the stillness of the hour, a peal burst from the cathedral bells upon the air. The rowers rested on their oars; the Italian leaned back; he crossed his arms upon his breast; the well-remembered, fondly loved chime was heard once more. He closed his eyes; the boatmen landed him, but he was dead!

We need no legends to tell us how dear bells have ever been to our people, and what gentle feelings they inspire. In Southey's "Book of the Church" it is found that "Somerset pretended that one bell in a steeple was sufficient for summoning the people to prayer, and the country was thus in danger of losing its best music—a music hallowed by all circumstances, which, according equally with social, exalted, and with solitary pensiveness, though it falls upon many an unheeding ear, never fails to find some hearts which it exhilarates, and some which it softens."

The sound of the bell which summons to prayer, as the congregation pass along the pleasant green lanes and fields, is music which fits them for devotion. The funeral-toll and the passing-bell turn their thoughts to the only circumstance of life on which we can calculate with certainty—our death; but the bells which break joyously through the stillness of night to celebrate the advent of Our Lord, seem as glad messengers proclaiming life and immortality!

## THE DYING GIRL TO HER MOTHER.

(Suggested by a Painting from Goldsmith's  
"Country Curate.")

Yes, bring me flowers: I love their fragrance well!  
So sweetly does it speak of bygone hours,  
When life was young, and Hope her fairy spell  
Wove round our hearts through long, long sunny  
hours.

Dost thou remember, mother dear, when I  
Roamed through the fields, a careless, happy  
child,  
Seeking each shady nook where dew-drops lie,  
Glistening like pearls amidst the foliage wild?

And then, when childhood's merry race was run,  
And graver thoughts stole "o'er my spirit's  
dream,"  
How sweet to think of life but just begun,  
And feel the young heart thrill with joy's ex-  
tatic beam!

And one there was—nay, mother, frown not so!  
I do but love him with a sister's love:  
For, from the day he passed the church-yard  
through,  
With his young, lovely bride, my heart has soared  
above.

You saw them not, my mother; for your gaze  
Was fondly fixed upon your drooping girl.  
I heard his step—I knew it well; I gave  
One hurried glance—then all was in a whirl!

The stone on which we sat, and where we stayed  
To meet our pastor's kindly, loving eye,  
Most sacred is to me. Vows there were breathed,  
And written—where? Beyond yon starry sky!

Bury me there, my mother! Fain would I sleep  
'Neath its sweet shadow, when my day is done.  
I marked the spot—nay, mother, do not weep!  
Rejoice thy child so soon the goal hath won!

Earth hath no sunshine, mother—nought save thy  
kind smile,  
And tender care, and gentle, loving breast.  
Dear, dear are these; yet they may not beguile  
My wearied spirit from its place of rest.

Kiss me once more, and say thou dost forgive  
Thy darling child—and forgive *him* too! Oh!  
What strange spell  
Is o'er me cast? What darksome cloud is this?  
Mother, dear mother, Oh! farewell! farewell!  
DAISY.

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GUILDHALL.—The original Guildhall stood in the street called Aldermanbury, the latter being so named from the Aldermen meeting there. It is supposed to have been built by Edward the Confessor, being known as "Guildhall" in the year 1189. Stowe remembered its ruins, and says that in his days it was used as a carpenter's yard. The present building was begun in the year 1411, and completed in about ten years; towards defraying the expenses of which contributions were made by most of the City companies, and several sums were received from private benefactors. This old Hall was greatly damaged by the fire of London, 1666, but was soon after repaired and beautified at the expense of £2,500, from which reparation it has stood to the present time.—*City Press.*



## HALF-HOUR MUSINGS.

## FRIBOURG.

In these travelling days it is difficult to name a place which everybody does not know. The initiated few is a by-word; ignorance dwells in corners, and wisdom among the multitude.

The age, however, among other advantages, harbours sceptics. I am one in the age itself—in its wisdom, as improved by locomotion. To judge of travelling by its fruits, what has it produced? A rich crop of walking Bradshaws; a smaller one of Johnny Liberals, with foreign notions happily grafted on British peculiarity. How few minds have sucked honey from the flowers of foreign lands! how few return cleared from foggy prejudice, and with widened sympathies!

These remarks are made in no cynical spirit. May the prelude to my subject, Fribourg, in Switzerland, bring no ill-natured comment on myself. Circumstances brought me there last autumn, and standing in need of recruiting, I could lawfully dream away a few months in local and historical associations. For poetry one must look to the past; the present requires too great an effort of abstraction for the ideal regions in these matter-of-fact, steam-engine days. The healthy, well-to-do-looking peasantry excited my envy rather than my imagination. The weekly market at Fribourg, held every Saturday before my windows, gave me frequent opportunities of staring admiringly at themselves, their cows, horses, &c., &c. No lack of sonsie lasses, in sober, neat attire, varied for the picturesque by Bernese in low black boddices, with full habit-shirt to the throat. Head-dress was diverse: black and white caps, tinsel ornaments, red handkerchiefs, heavy plaits of false hair—the last not enhancing the round bullet heads which preponderated. In olden times, during the palmy days of Fribourg reputation, for leather and cloth, about the fifteenth century, when costume was gaudier and more defined, the Saarine must have offered a lively picture. Both manufactures were partly carried on by its banks; and so widely famed was the cloth, that Henry II. of France chose a grey suit thereof for his wedding-dress. On a less courtly, but no less important, occasion, the people of Fribourg, anxious to show their gratitude for signal service rendered them by Nicholas de Flue, presented him with a similar suit, adding one for his servant, of brown, a colour less noted.

Nicholas de Flue became their patron saint: his story is no legend, but vouched history. In the wild grotto of Rautt, near Sachslen, lived a hermit, known as Brother Nicholas. Brother Nicholas had once borne a part in stirring times. Of an honourable house in Underwald, like his patriarchal forefathers before him, he had tilled

the ground, reared ten children, approved himself as magistrate and soldier; throughout loyal, brave, laborious, pious. Meanwhile, solitude and closer communion with his God was the secret aspiration of his soul; and at the decline of life he calmly, in the above-named retreat, stood face to face with death. Here love and sympathy for fellow-men did not forsake him; comfort and counsel were refused to none who sought it; and as his fame spread, many resorted to him.

Clouds brooded over Switzerland; corruption had followed glorious conquest, discord was busy, and the thunder of a civil war growled not far off. To pacify quarrels, a Diet was convened at Stantz. Among the many questions to discuss, the reception of Fribourg and Soleure to the rank of Confederate Cantons had to be considered. Instead of a peaceful result, clamour and contention became louder, and Switzerland stood on the brink of ruin, when Henry Ien-grund, a priest in Stantz, and the friend of Nicholas, repaired to the grotto, and vented his patriotic fears and sorrows. The hermit listened, arose, girded his loins, and suddenly, like a prophet of old, stood forth in the midst of the Diet. Eloquently did he plead the cause of peace and brotherly union. Repentance and shame filled the contending sides; Fribourg and Soleure were admitted, and a universal oath of fraternal concord sworn.

Saints are plentiful as the wood strawberry in the Canton: each village has one. Vuadens, prettily situated in the Gruyère, earnestly looked out for a patron a whole year; but their bad manners made one saint after another turn a deaf ear. At length, on the very last day, St. Sylvester, out of pity, undertook the responsibility. This is, perhaps, an enemy's version, for the Vuadens people turn the story inside out. St. Sylvester, travelling over Switzerland, found no place worthy to halt at, until, luckily, he fell in on the last day with the good folks of Vuadens.

The steeple of St. Nicholas at Fribourg has an interesting origin. Some Fribourg nobles were imprisoned at Fribourg in Brisgan, by the tyrannical Duke Albert of Austria. Through the barred windows of the cloister where they were prisoners, the steeple of the cathedral always met their view. "Let us build a gothic steeple to our own St. Nicholas," they said. Once free, they imparted the idea to their fellow-citizens, who hailed it with enthusiasm. Three architects successively directed the work. After twenty years' labour, in 1494, it was hardly completed. A poet beyond the Saarine gives this brief description of the allegory sculp-

tured on the door: Lucifer gaily rings the bells, while young and old, women and monks, Christian and Jew enter pell-mell into his kingdom—a goodly supply of subjects from all ranks and professions.

The fifteenth century must have been no less an age of transgressors than the present. According to all account, the people have not taken their cathedral warning to heart: Lucifer still carries on his merry peal.

Those were the days of corporations, when burgher with burgher formed close brotherhoods for mutual defence and support. Well they might: on the heights around were perched many hawk nobles, and humanity was not then

in fashion. A certain red tower overhanging the Saarine whispers tales bearing out its colour—noble and burgher were alike cruel.

The corporation of butchers did service at a very critical period to the Catholic cause. Reform had already made great and rapid strides through the length and breadth of Switzerland. Several Cantons had publicly thrown off the Papal yoke, while argument on catholic and protestant side drew the keen blade of the sword. It must have been convincing in the hands of the butchers of Fribourg; for, certainly, they vanquished reform, and Romanism still boasts of the conquest.

E. C.

## LEAVES FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

### THE THUNDERSTORM.

Mr. and Mrs. Trevor were very rich, and lived in a large house, to which was attached a pretty garden and park. They had two little girls, named Clara and Fanny. Clara, the eldest, was twelve years old, and Fanny two years younger. They were generally well-behaved children, and when they had committed a fault were always sorry for it, and ready to make such amends as lay in their power.

One hot, sultry afternoon, about the middle of July, Clara ran into her Mamma's bed-room, exclaiming, "Oh, Mamma, do put on your things, and take us that lovely walk through the wood—we have been wishing to go for so long!"

Mrs. Trevor hesitated, and walking to the window, looked at the weather; then turning to her little daughter, said, "The clouds look heavy, my dear, and the air is so close, I think we shall have a storm. We had better put it off till to-morrow."

"To-morrow may be wet," answered Clara, impatiently; "do let us go this afternoon!"

"No," replied her mother, "I do not wish that either you or I should be caught in a thunder-shower; besides, I am busy. You may go and take a little walk together; if I find time I will join you; but I advise you not to go far to-day."

Clara looked very discontented, and muttered, "I am sure there will be no storm; if we don't go to-day, I won't go at all!"

"Clara," said Mrs. Trevor, earnestly, "I am sorry to see you give way to your temper in this manner—to look so sulky because you cannot do just as you like! If you do not take care how you behave, I shall leave you at home alone to-morrow while I take your sister to the wood!"

The little girl left the room, with pouting lip

and frowning brow. Fanny, who was waiting outside for her, saw that her request had been refused; but, not so easily put out as her sister, she took her hand, saying, "Never mind, we shall be able to go to-morrow: it is something to look forward to. Let us now take a nice little walk."

Clara assented; so they set out. At first she was cross, and it required all Fanny's powers of amusement to dispel her ill-humour. At last, however, she succeeded, and Clara became so talkative and diverting, that Fanny did not notice she had taken the direct path to the wood; and it was not till they reached the gate of it that she stopped short, exclaiming, "Oh, Clara, what have we done? Why, here is the wood; let us turn back directly!"

"Stay a minute," answered Clara; "I must just run to get a few of those lovely wild-flowers."

"Please don't go!" implored Fanny.

"But Clara had already passed through the gate, and was running towards them.

"The clouds look so black, and Mamma has forbidden us to go!" urged Fanny.

"Nonsense!" returned Clara; "Mamma did not actually forbid us: she only advised us not to go far, and this makes very little difference."

Fanny stood irresolute at the gate: she knew she ought not to go; yet she was a timid child. The walk to the wood was lonely, and she dared not return alone: at last she began slowly to follow her sister. Meanwhile Clara had found the flowers were farther than they looked, and when she reached them, they grew in such quantities, that, once beginning to gather, it was difficult to leave off. When Fanny came up to her she was no longer afraid of being left; so gradually went, step by step, deeper, much deeper into the wood than she originally intended. A distant clap of thunder at last roused them. Fanny, very frightened, ex-



claimed, "The storm has come! turn back, and let us run home as fast as we can!"

"It is much shorter, to go home this way," said her sister, laughing at her fears.

So onward they went, the sky becoming darker and darker every minute, till, under the shade of the trees, they could hardly see their way. Presently they came to where two paths met; which one they should take they had no idea.

Clara, now repentant of what she had done, and the fears she had a few minutes before derided worked with redoubled force in her own breast.

It was now Fanny's turn to show presence of mind, and she said, as cheerfully as she could, "Come, now, it is of no use staying here; we have been very disobedient children, and must suffer our punishment, and try to get home as fast as possible. Let us turn to the right, for I think our house lies in that direction."

She took her sisters arm in her's, and dragged her along. Fanny had judged rightly—she *had* taken the proper path, but the storm had now begun with all its fury; the rain poured in torrents; flash after flash succeeded, followed by a continual roar of thunder. They had never witnessed such a storm, even when safe at home. But now, out and alone, it would have made stouter hearts than theirs quail.

Clara burst into tears, and sobbed, "Oh! we shall never get home! Mamma! Mamma! had I but been obedient!"

"Will not God take care of us? Though we have been naughty, yet, if we pray to him to forgive us, will he not hear and deliver us? Shall we pray, sister?" whispered Fanny.

"Yes, you do it: I cannot think or frame a prayer!"

Little Fanny folded her hands, trembling though they were, and in the midst of the raging storm she prayed as she had never prayed before. Her prayer was heard, though it was answered in a manner different from what she

had expected. Scarcely had the last words escaped her lips, when a thunderbolt fell not twenty yards from their feet. Both the sisters fell to the ground. Clara was the first to recover the shock; she looked round for Fanny, who was lying, with her eyes closed, her lips ashy pale, and, to Clara's inexperienced eye, lifeless. The storm was now fast abating, and, determined not to leave her sister, she sat down and supported her head; while, calling her by every endearing name, she entreated her to speak. She began to give it up in despair, when she heard herself called by name; hope again rekindled in her bosom, and she answered as loudly as she could. In a few minutes someone came in sight; she recognized one of their servants, and rushing up to her, exclaimed, "Oh, come quickly; Fanny is dying!"

The terrified servant hastened to the spot, took the senseless child in her arms, and, followed by Clara, bore her to the house. She was laid on her bed, and everything was tried to bring her back to consciousness. It was a frightfully long swoon, and when she *did* recover, it was only to wander in delirium. For days she lay between life and death; they hardly dared hope she would be spared to them.

You may imagine Clara's feelings during that time of suspense! No one had reproached her. Mrs. Trevor saw she had been, and was, suffering punishment enough: but kind words seemed to send a deeper pang in her heart than the harshest treatment.

At last came the crisis, and Fanny was pronounced out of danger; and quiet and profitable were the succeeding days when, by Fanny's bedside, they talked over the events of that afternoon.

Slowly, but surely, did Fanny recover; and after some time they were able to resume their usual employments; and whenever they were inclined to commit the slightest act of disobedience, they overcame the temptation, remembering the day of "The Thunderstorm!"

## OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

### ADAM BEDE.

"So I am content to tell my simple story, without trying to make things seem better than they were; dreading nothing, indeed, but falsity, which, in spite of one's best efforts, there is reason to dread. Falseness is so easy, truth so difficult."—ADAM BEDE ii. 4.

As to the authorship of this book we have no new theory to offer. People have made so many impossible discoveries on this subject that the time has arrived when a confession of

having achieved *no* discovery, and of being in a state of total *ignorance*, will pass for a wiser and more original utterance than the wildest pitch-and-toss prophecy. The indications, masculine and feminine, are so evenly balanced as to defy detection of preponderance either way. A selection of passages might easily be made, proving conclusively that the book could be written by none but a woman: a selection of passages might as easily be made, proving conclusively that the book could be written by none but a man. What woman is there who could have created, with so Godlike a power of

pity and mercy, that wondrous Hetty, marring her handiwork by no slightest admixture of feminine bitterness? What man, on the other hand, could ever have penetrated into the case and other household mysteries of Mrs. Poyser? Whoever George Eliot be, whether man or woman, or both conjoined, whether old writer or new, George Eliot has written a book of which he (we use the masculine generically), in his retirement, may well be proud. He has a perfect right to keep his name secret, if such be his pleasure. Let us be thankful for the good work he has done, and let him have his way. It is no slight achievement to have written a fiction so true to common everyday life, which puzzles even the most acute and critical as to the sex of its author. If it were a romance of the old school, or an historical novel, or a fashionable novellette, or a grand idealistic poem, it might have been a matter of little difficulty to preserve the sexual incognito. In pictures drawn from the fancy, or by theoretic rules, or by traditionary dogmas, the artist may easily so hide himself as to be unrecognizable. One scarcely cares to inquire whether it is masculine or feminine talent which has elaborated the intricate plot, or conceived the beautiful abstraction, or inventoried the costume and the slang of past or present days. But Adam Bede is a literal transcript from real life. These are living men and women, not wheels and pulleys working to a certain end, nor gigantic air-phantoms, nor bundles of clothes. The author of Adam Bede has seen these men and women; has talked with Parson Irwine; has listened to Dinah; has looked with admiration upon Hetty. He has seen them with such eyes. We all of us recognize them. They come to us *through* the writer, and yet of this writer we cannot so much as determine the sex! This is strange. Men see after their fashion, and women after theirs. The circumstances which surround the sexes are different. Men's appreciation of an event or a person is different to that of women. Ordinarily we can judge what this difference of appreciation will be, and we say, correctly enough, "This is a man's view of the subject;" or, "This is a woman's view." In these days of realistic-fiction, when everybody who writes strives to snatch at least some show of truth from his own experience and his own surroundings, there is more facility than ever for judging of the condition of the writer. A man will describe scenes about which it is impossible for a woman to know anything; and *vice versa*. Women's men and Men's men are distinct classes; women see only one phase of a man's life, and if they draw him honestly from their own point of view he is not a whole man, but some fraction of one. It is the case, in a lesser degree, with regard to men's knowledge of women. Thus we can generally tell, if only from the sketching of the characters, what is the sex of the author. How comes it that in this instance we are at fault? We must assign this objective faculty as the mark of a genius of a higher order, not so entirely within the range of our comprehension. Humanity

is humanity, whether it be clothed in shape of man or woman; and it is by no means clear what specific psychical difference there would be between the sexes if their education and surroundings were the same. There are many people who can never be brought to see that the rich and the poor, the aristocracy and the democracy, are human beings equally and alike. Those who can see thus far will, in studying a lord or peasant, start in both cases from the first principle of his manhood, and then consider the adventitious circumstances of rank, fortune, and so forth. In like manner these objective geniuses will start from the first principle of humanity, and sex will be to them but a subdivision modifying that humanity. Thus Shakspeare can create for us a Miranda and a Juliet, a Cleopatra and a Desdemona. The realists, after all, have their idealism. To their credit be it said, they do more than they profess to do, and are, many of them veritable artists, not mere daguerrotypists. The only road to the true ideal lies manifestly through the real. Authors write what they see, and they bring with them, in their own eyes, the power to see. No one who describes honestly can escape from himself. If he describes a green field, he describes it as it appears to him, not as it is absolutely. If he describes the secrets of a human heart, he finds these secrets by the sympathies of his own. According to his own standard of truth and beauty will be his estimate of truth and beauty in others; according to the depth of his sympathies will be his range of psychical knowledge. The most objective genius can but give us what is contained in himself. The severest realist can but paint the pictures which are stamped on his own retina. George Eliot is a declared realist. In the first chapter of the second volume he has given us a clear confession of his faith with regard to art, and so with regard to the conduct of life. He has the strongest appreciation of the fact that Nature is imperfect, not perfect; that no man or woman is faultless, or wholly faulty; that physical beauty does not necessarily go with moral beauty; that heroism is not limited by class. This seventeenth chapter is rich with the most beautiful wisdom. According to his own experience he writes, "creeping servilely after nature and fact," but at the same time confessing that his view of nature and fact is doubtless imperfect and defective. Everybody has read this story, and it has been reviewed in all places, high and low. Little needs to be said here about the plot and the characters. The plot, if plot it can be called, is simple and not very compact. The sixth book is an excrescence which might be pared away almost with advantage. Hetty is much more the heroine than Adam Bede the hero, and at the end of the fifth book Hetty leaves the stage. At that point, too, the interest culminates. A month or two ago we found occasion, in noticing a novel of Bulwer Lytton's in these pages, to divide modern novelists into two classes — incident-makers and character-makers. The one class fit their characters to



their plots; the other introduce their incidents solely for the purpose of exhibiting their characters in the required light. The sixth book of the novel before us is written solely with the view of exhibiting "Adam Bede" (and Dinah) under a new phase. It has been shown what he was under an unfortunate and misplaced love; it must be shown what he was under a love fortunate and rightly-placed. One chapter—one sentence would have told the reader that he and Dinah came together and were married; and the reader would have accepted that fact without difficulty. But this is not sufficient. The incident, though it does complete and round off the story in the approved method of conjunction of characters, is only a means of showing the personages under a new light. Even after this sixth book there must come an epilogue giving one vivid glimpse of the after-marriage life of the hero, and showing how he and Seth and Dinah got on together under existing circumstances. A writer who had regard to his plot would no more have thought of prolonging his book a hundred and thirty pages beyond that crisis of the scaffold and the reprieve, than he would have thought of flying. Mrs. Poyser has been fixed on by most people as the wonder and glory of the book. Her proverbial philosophy is so trenchant and original as to become the most noticeable feature, on a cursory perusal. The wit of these *ana* of hers lies in apposite simile. We need not quote any of her sayings here, as they are patent to all the world. The peculiar savour of her similes consists in their being taken from the scenes immediately around her—from the dairy and the kitchen and the farm-yard. They are thus rendered so striking that we are apt to attribute to her alone a talent which all the characters display more or less, and which runs throughout the book, as well through its narrative as its dramatic portions. Whether this liking for metaphor is a peculiarity of the inhabitants of Loamshire, as a liking for proverbs is a peculiarity of the inhabitants of certain parts of Spain, we cannot positively affirm. Probably it is so, and in that case the prevalence of the same turn of thought in so many various characters will be strictly true to nature. "Adam an' Seth's two men; you wanna fit them two wi' the same last," says Mr. Joshua Rann. "Folks mun allays choose by contrairies, as if they must be sorted like the pork: a bit o' good meat wi' a bit o' offal," says Lisbeth Bede. "There's no fear but Adam will yield well i' the threshing. He's not one o' them as is all straw and no grain," says Mr. Poyser. "The very grindstone 'ull go on turning a bit after you loose it," says Adam, wrathful that his fellow-workmen throw down their tools as the clock strikes the first stroke of six. "You're about as near the right language as a pig's squeaking is like a tune played on a key-bugle," says Bartle Massey. "Thee't like thy dog Gyp—thee bark'st at me sometimes, but thee allays lick'st my hand after," says Seth. Even Mrs. Irwine, in whom we should least expect to find this manner of thought, says,

"Nature never makes a ferret in the shape of a mastiff. You'll never persuade me that I can't tell what men are by their outsides." All of these are sayings precisely after the style of Mrs. Poyser. It is very likely that this talent for metaphor is really life among the people of the midland county represented by Loamshire, and, if so, it is no breach of realism for George Eliot to indulge his own special liking for metaphor by making all his characters speak metaphorically. A special liking and special talent for metaphor he undoubtedly has. His narrative is thickly strewn with pertinent similes. Lisbeth Bede is "clean as a snowdrop;" Dinah's face "makes one think of white flowers with light touches of colour on their pure petals." Sometimes he puts dramatically a conceit too poetic for the mouth from which it issues. Adam says that Dinah's close methodist cap becomes her face as the acorn-cup its acorn. Lisbeth likens Dinah's voice to the twittering of swallows in the thatch. Dinah herself says, "It seems as if I could sit silent all day long with the thought of God overflowing my soul, as the pebbles lie bathed in the willow brook." This faculty of analogy, though eminently realistic in its lower expression, as it mounts upwards, leads to the purest idealism. Sound is likened to sound, sight to sight, feeling to feeling, scent to scent. But in another stage the senses become interfused, and sight is likened to sound, or sight to scent, or what not. Take an instance or two. Adam having used the simile of the acorn and acorn-cup, goes on saying to Hetty, "But you've got another sort o' face; I'd have you just as you are now, without anything t' interfere with your own looks. It's like when a man's singing a good tune, you don't want t' hear bells tinkling and interfering wi' the sound." Again: Mrs. Irwine says, "An ugly, piggish, or fishy eye, now, makes me feel quite ill; it's like a bad smell." Again: the sight of Mr. Irwine turning round is "pleasant as a rush of warm air in winter." Some people would call these bad metaphors. They are not bad; we understand them immediately; they convey a meaning which no other form of expression would convey so well. The fact is, the analogy in these instances lies beyond the boundaries of the senses, referring to a standard of beauty or deformity, of good or evil, not dependent on any separate sense. "The beauty of a lovely woman is like music," writes George Eliot in another place; and then he goes on to express his wonderfully non-realistic theory of *impersonal* beauty. The great marvel of the book, to our mind, is Hetty. We affirm deliberately that throughout modern English fiction there is nothing which can approach her. The writer never swerves for a moment from his preconceived design. Those who themselves dabble in story-writing know how almost impossible it is not to be affected by their own creations, palliating here, condemning there. Their brain-children are to novelists as friends or enemies; and they have precisely the same feelings towards them as towards real living friends or enemies. They gloss over the



errors of a friend, they magnify the crimes of an enemy, despite their sense of justice and of truth. They are tyrannized over by the puppets whose wires they pull, and often, as the drama progresses, are forced against their will to make startling changes in the programme they had set to themselves. In the drawing of this character of Hetty there is not a sign of such weakness. We are made to feel the fulness of her personal beauty; we are made to feel the utter lack of moral beauty in her. A fine opportunity here for contrasting the fulness of the one with the lack of the other; a fine opportunity for making the beauty a foil to the deformity, or the deformity to the beauty. But the writer has produced the opposite effect, and has made the contrasts, to some extent, eliminate each other. We never actively like or dislike Hetty from first to last. The author never treats her with partiality or with bitterness. Her engaging looks and ways, and the frightful barrenness of her heart and soul, are narrated with an equal tenderness. The effect of this character upon the reader is unprecedented and anomalous. Take her from first to last: her apathy on hearing of the death of Adam's father; her want of all affection for the children and for her home; her delight in the earrings *per se*, not with any relation to their giver, her cold-blooded determination to marry Adam after the desertion of Arthur; her utter want of mere motherly *instinct* in the manner of the murder of her child. Is there any one trait that we can help loathing? Her lack of imagination, of conscience, of religion; her intense selfishness, her impassivity, all so forcibly detailed — can we find a single redeeming point in her? Not one; and yet we do not loathe Hetty, but read of this poor forlorn creature with tears in our eyes, pitying her from our souls. She affects us as some suffering dumb brute would affect us. Her moral barrenness is so hopeless that she seems to be relieved of human responsibility. She has no notion of right and wrong, only the instinct of comfort and pleasure. The fire of sin and sorrow through which she passes leaves her old selfishness intact. "I wouldn't mind if they'd let me live," she says. Her anxiety to repent is that she may be relieved of that haunting cry of her child. She forgives Arthur. Why? "Dinah says I should forgive him, . . . and I try . . . for else God won't forgive me." There are connecting links between all the branches of nature. The vegetable kingdom slides into the animal kingdom, and we have animals to all intents and purposes vegetable. The animal slides into the genus man — through other forms than Yahoo-like Ourang-outangs. To all intents and purposes this Hetty is no less an animal than the kitten to which she is likened. How quietly she rests in the luxurious ease of "being taken care of," repaying with no sense of gratitude! how she delights in being stroked and petted, giving preference merely to the softest hand! then when trouble comes, she steals away and hides herself like a wounded brute, and she cannot

kill herself because of her "animal fear;" and when she is hunted down and caught, her only refuge is in obstinate dumbness. Alas! that this kitten, like the cat in the fable, should have to undergo human metamorphosis! Alas! that this Undine must wake to the sorrows of a human soul! Alas! that the waxen prettiness of a doll-face should come to be crowned with awful Medusa snakes! Sad to think of, are Hetty's *half-human* sufferings. Let all whom it may concern take the moral of this book to heart. A sin is irrevocable. "God preserve you and me from being the beginners of such misery!"

**MURDER WILL OUT.**—(*Routledge's Original Novels.*)—It is a comfort, in these days of daguerreotypism and minute realism, to come across a novel which has some *story* in it, and which in the reading excites the imagination rather than the critical faculty. Our quiet Dutch pictures of still life are no doubt excellent in their way, and this still-life painting we by no means pretend to despise or to look down upon as an inferior branch of art; but people are beginning to forget that any other branch of art than this can exist, and to think that the novelist's business lies solely in depicting accurately the back-kitchen of his next-door neighbour. Here is a book of another fashion, which we can recommend to our readers as a very pleasant antidote to the present daguerreotypic epidemic. It is precisely the book to read on a sharp winter night, when the red curtains are drawn and the fire blazes cheerily. The small hours of the morning will have arrived before the book is finished; and about midnight, when the mysteries have deepened to their climax, the reader will experience that sense of flesh-creeping horror which is such a luxury when undergone in an easy-chair. The plot divides itself into two parts: the commission of the crime, and its retribution. The first part is full of stirring incident, changing its scene from place to place, from Portsmouth to London, and from thence to France, where some graphic pictures are given of the imprisonment of the English by the first Napoleon. The last part is much quieter, working up, by a series of skilful graduations, to the *dénouement*. In this latter half the scene lies in a village on the Sussex coast; the uneventful daily life of which is haunted by a mysterious presence. Some glimpse of Bath society chequer these country descriptions, contrasting broadly with the monotonous village habitudes. The writer has a peculiar skill in depicting certain social phases of life. These Bath sketches recall the Brighton sketches, which formed so piquant a feature of the "Perils of Fashion," a novel by the same hand. Here is a picture of the London theatres as they appeared at the commencement of the present century:

At the period of which we write, London, to a certain class, was full of the most satisfying attractions; to partake of which it only required money and the outward seeming of what was then called



gentility. There were subscription balls most easy of access; there were musical assemblies, where young ladies and gentlemen found ineffable delight in listening to Vauxhall pastorals, composed by Theodore Hook's father, and drinking strong tea at a very slight cost. The theatres were at their best showing at that time—a time now technically called "the palmy days of the drama." Palms certainly might prevail in little interludes commemorating some naval triumph; where Incledon roared "The Storm" and "Rule Britannia;" while Braham shook union-jacks over his head, and executed vocal impossibilities; but we will not vouch for the good taste of all the theatrical representations then in vogue. However, it was all charming to Grylls, who seemed to live again over the story-books of his younger days; and actually saw his old vision of naval captains combatting on quarter-decks, clad in the kerseymere shorts and long-tailed blue coats, not forgetting the pink silk stockings. He saw, too, the hosts of hideous Frenchmen, who, fighting for the bare life, were still all consecutively slain by the single-handed victor, and died in agonies gratifying to behold—agonies most consonant to the feelings of the then British public, who always applauded most vehemently the player who writhed and rolled about the stage the longest.

But besides these terrific scenes, there were sentimental operettas, in which distressed damsels always found a gallant tar to protect them in the hour of need from some red-ochred tyrant—a feat usually followed by the tar dancing the college hornpipe, or singing one of Dibdin's charming airs. In short, both theatre and audience were quite exemplifications of things "undergoing a sea-change," though not exactly what Shakspeare meant by the phrase.

The stage most usually represented the deck of a man-of-war, or some noted harbour. So did the pit and galleries give very good semblance of the interior of a marine tavern at either of the great naval ports; and whole ships' crews, with rum and punch, seemed quite to have realized what might be a sailor's notion of a seventh heaven—particularly when, on allusions to some glorious battle, the rest of the audience seemed to feel a pleasure in identifying them as the heroes. The officers also shared some little of this; and as at that time it was not unusual to appear in uniform in public places, they, too, were recognised as forming what public opinion insisted on considering their liberators from the Corsican yoke—the tyrant Boney, or the cursed Frog—as it was the fashion to term the national enemy.

The writer has a pleasant wit, sometimes inclining to the epigrammatic, neater than the general run of English wit, and which might indicate a study of French models. Her heroines say little piquant nothings in a very charming manner. "Why do you not speak to me?" sighs an *amant* to his *aimée*; and she answers, "Because I have nothing to say." Parson Vyse, talking to Olive Grant about the likelihood of her choosing a husband at Bath, is retorted upon: "Men choose—wives are chosen." The village dignity of "the husband of the woman who keeps the shop" will be appreciated by the village readers. Of the plot we will give no description, choosing rather to touch upon the lighter features of the novel, than upon the story of sin and sorrow and mystery which forms its basis. It would be unfair to spoil the reader's pleasure by anticipation.

THE ENGLISHWOMAN'S JOURNAL.  
(London: 14A, Princes-street, Cavendish-square; Piper, Stephenson, and Co., Paternoster-row.)—The life of Margaret Fuller Ossoli—commenced in the September part of this magazine—is concluded in the present number, and, as might be expected, forms a most interesting article. "Cottage Habitations" is a subject deserving the attention of both philanthropists and speculators, who would find an ample return on the money expended in a better class of cottages or lodging-houses for the working population. The questions of moral and physical health are closely bound up with this subject, and no stronger arguments can be found for the adoption of the scheme than those afforded in the reports of Sanitary Commissioners, and the private notes of visitors to prisons. The subject naturally brings us to a paper "on the best means of forming Local Sanitary Associations," by the Editor, who naturally points out the clergyman's wife of every parish; the doctor's, if he have one; the parish school-mistress, and workhouse matron, as the proper centres of such associations. But we cannot help thinking that properly-built habitations, with the appliances of decency and comfort, must be first obtained, before any great practical benefit results from sanitary associations, purifying and excellent as is their intention.

## AMUSEMENTS OF THE MONTH.

### ROYAL PRINCESS'S.

A light piece, originally adapted from the Spanish into the *repertoire* of the French drama under the title of "Le Gant et l'Eventail," has been produced here with a new name—"Love's Telegraph"—the glove and fan of a court lady (Miss Kate Saville) and her lover (Mr. Harcourt Bland) composing a means of communication between the pair, who exchange signals even in

the presence of the reigning princess (Mrs. Charles Young), who is herself in love with the courtier. The situation is not without its interest; for the cheated Princess accepts the conversation as addressed to her, while, according to the preconceived scheme (the movements of the gentleman's glove), and the unfurling of the lady's fan, it is understood that they are conversing with each other. Ingenious as the plot is, it is at last discovered, when the

courtier has the art to turn the tables on the indignant and betrayed Princess, by reading her a homily on the folly of a Princess descending to an inferior marriage; and convinces her—as no woman was ever yet convinced—that he has had only her good at heart in thwarting her preference for himself, in order that she may be free to make a more equal marriage. Both ladies played their parts very charmingly. Mr. Bland is rather heavy in the part of the courtier. He lacks the airy elegance of the character, and would both look and act to greater advantage in a graver one. It is pleasant to meet some of the familiar faces on these boards, in the persons of the clever graceful Carlotta Leclercq (why this affected change of nomenclature?) Frank Mathews, and Mr. Saker, all of whom appear in Planche's dramatic tableau, "Love and Fortune." Another clever addition to the force at this theatre is Miss Louisa Keeley, who possesses a really fine voice and excels in her management of it. It is curious to record the appearance of a transpontine "Sketch," as it is mildly called at this house, in "The Two Polts," in which it is said that the humour of Mr. Widdicombe is at last perceptible to a West-End audience.

#### ADELPHI AND HAYMARKET.

Neither of these houses afford us anything new. "*Ici on parle Français*" still obtains at the Adelphi, the habitués of which refuse to be fed with unaccustomed fare; and when really epicurean delicacies are provided, or are proposed to be provided for them, cry out, like John Bull on the continent, for the native sanguinous *ros-biff*. Hence "The Willow Copse" revival, which, with "Love and Hunger," forms the current entertainment at this house.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Mathews have returned to the Haymarket, which Miss Amy Sedgwick has for the present abdicated. "The Road to Ruin" has been selected to display the special talents of the ascendant *star*; and will alternate during their engagement with other pieces with which Mr. C. Mathews has identified himself. We counsel our readers, if the opportunity should arise, to witness this gentleman's *Paul Pry*.

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#### LONDON AND MIDDLESEX ARCHÆOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

The long-deferred meeting of this society took place at Harrow, on the 6th ult., and was well attended. The weather was delicious, and admitted of the most perfect enjoyment of the luxuriant scenery. Years—long years, with their cruel changes—have passed by since we first stood by the altar-tomb remembered rather as the favourite resting-place of the wayward

and melancholy Byron than as the memorial of the Peechy family, and gazed on the rustic town scattered down the hill-side, the woods of Pinner, and Windsor in the distance, but no change has befallen the sweet landscape. The autumn-leaves whirled down like heavy snow-flakes just as on that other autumn-day, when we stood upon the brow of the hill and looked down on the pleasant valley, and in the joy and hope and trust of youth, turned our backs upon the graves to which we are now fast treading. Then Roman bricks and ancient brasses were things inconsequent, and the archæological details of Charles the Second's type of the "visible church" of small account compared with the fresh beauty of its external surroundings. Let us be glad, however, that the taste for archæological pursuits which *this* and similar societies have awakened, has added a new pleasure to that which a fine view imparts, rendering the barren ruin which before had little but its picturesque form to recommend it, eloquent with interesting memories, and bright with domestic and historic light. Even the arid walls of an old church preach sermons from stones, and become pregnant with instructive interest. How much does modern architecture, decorative art, and social knowledge owe to archæology! How many moot-points in the past history and manners and customs of our forefathers has it enabled us to decide! Fairholt is probably as much indebted to funereal brasses as to ancient prints for his elaborate and important work on costumes, and, in brief, every modern author treating of the past, finds in the transactions of the archæological societies a mine of wealth. The church at Harrow is rich in brasses; many of them highly curious and interesting. It contains also one of the few remaining founts of Purbeck marble, and affords another instance to those already known, that old brasses were occasionally turned to receive a new inscription—a discovery on this occasion accidentally made in removing the fractured parts of a displaced one. In the absence of the Rev. Dr. Vaughan, the head-master, the chair was taken by the venerable vicar, the Rev. J. W. Cunningham. The interest which the clerical profession takes in the pursuit of archæological science, was well represented by the number of clergymen on the platform and in other parts of the room. Papers illustrative of the locality were read by the Rev. Thos. Hugo, Mr. W. D. Cooper, Mr. W. Taylor, and the Rev. M. Oxenham, one of the masters. Some relics of Roman London, rubbings from rare and curious brasses, the ivory chalice used by Archbishop Laud previous to his execution, and a variety of other interesting objects were exhibited. In the library the beautiful portrait of Lord Byron, and the visitor's book, with Her Majesty's and the Prince Consort's autographs—of which the young Harrowvarians are vain—appeared popular. But perhaps no part of the day's programme was more interesting than the visit to the rude old school-room, with its oaken panels, and



desks and doors carved in every imaginable style of character with the names of the scholars who, from time to time, have been the inmates of those walls—many of them now historic names. The newest feature in the locality and amongst the places visited—the memorial chapel to the Harrow boys who, as brave men, perished

in the Crimean war—attracted considerable attention. Many ladies were present, and appeared to take much interest in the proceedings. Of course the schools sent their quota of attendance; and to judge by the enthusiasm of hands and heels, archæology must be a favourite study.

## T H E T O I L E T.

(Especially from Paris.)

FIRST FIGURE.—*Négligé* or home dress: A white cashmere *robe de chambre*, bordered with a fluted ribbon, and lined with a mallow-coloured silk, of the same shade; high body, gathered at the shoulders; small rounded collar, wide hanging sleeves, cut up underneath to show the puffed under-sleeves of muslin, finished with a turned-up cuff; a shoulder knot of ribbon, with long ends, is placed on the top of the sleeve. A cambric muslin petticoat, trimmed with ten flounces, above them four small plaits. Muslin chemisette, with a frill down the middle. Lace cap in the *fanchonette* style, with barbs, and trimmed with loops of ribbon.

SECOND FIGURE.—Walking and visiting toilet of plain emerald green silk, trimmed with plaitings in graduated shades, six rows at the bottom of the dress and four rows above, at an interval of eight inches; body, round at the waist, high and buttoned; pagoda sleeve, not very wide, bordered with plaitings to match the skirt; black velvet *pardessus*, with pointed pelerine of Hungary point lace, and trimmed with a deep silk fringe; sleeves, with cuffs, closed by a rosette of Hungary point lace, from which depend tassels; small collar, fastened with a coral brooch. Puffed muslin under-sleeve, finished with a wristband; coral bracelet, with locket. Saxony gloves. Green crape bonnet, ornamented with black and green feathers; inside, on the right, a half wreath of coral-coloured flowers. The favourite sleeve just now is the Francis I.: it is long and wide, and terminated with a round loose wristband, under which passes a pretty puffed sleeve. It is now definitively understood that, in spite of the objections and efforts of the mantua-makers, who are never so happy as when remorselessly engaged in cutting up large quan-

ties of the richest materials to the merest shreds, and in overlaying the said shreds with a superfluity of trimming, that the tight sleeve will reign supreme this winter. Already dresses of dark texture, such as black or brown silk, satin, or *moire antique*, are made with the old-fashioned sleeve, quite tight to the arm, and buttoned round the wrist. Sometimes the sleeve is relieved by a deep linen cuff turned back from the hand; in others a small goffed ruffle, which falls over the glove; for I may observe that this style of sleeve is only adapted for walking dress.

In-doors the pagoda sleeve, with lace under-sleeves, continues the mode both for dinner and small *soirees*. The tight sleeves require a jockey at the top, which, if well trimmed, gives an air of richness to the plain long sleeve.

Costumes for home and evening wear are just now eminently fantastic; a favourite one is composed of a trained petticoat, in the Gothic style, either of silk, Irish poplin, or of mixed fabric; plaids are exceedingly in favour, with a vest, *Zouave*, of cloth, of any bright colour, embroidered with black or assorted colours in *soutache*. Some ladies prefer *une veste Zouave* of coloured velvet, laced all over with gold *soutache*, which has a magnificent effect.

For full toilet, puffed undersleeves, with deep lace trimmings, are worn. Sometimes black trimmings are put to white sleeves, and relieves them very charmingly. For walking dress, a plain cuff of crimson or amaranth velvet has a pretty effect on the white under-sleeve, or when a *Mousquetaire* cuff is worn, it is sometimes crossed with rows of any coloured velvet, to match or contrast with the prevailing colour of the costume. The collar worn with these

sleeves is pointed before and behind, and is crossed in the same way as the cuff, with chequers or bars of velvet. Velvet bonnets are already in vogue, but plain Dunstable straws

continue to be worn. The actualities of winter are already, for the most part, completed at the great Paris houses. Confections of cloth and velvet are beginning to appear.

## PASSING EVENTS RE-EDITED.

It is not often that an appeal is made in England on behalf of the poor and needy, which remains any time unattended to; it is, therefore, with no slight regret that we find the project of the Handel College, which we noticed in these pages three months back, brought apparently to a dead lock for want of funds. With a free gift of land for the site of the erection, with the free offer of a great architect's services to plan and oversee the building, how is it that in a nation where, it is said, no less than 20,000 persons are engaged in teaching music, that the claims of the orphans of musicians are met with deaf ears, and no practical response has yet been made to an appeal which merits and presumes on an almost universal sympathy? The respectful efforts to obtain permission to give a grand performance, in either St. Paul's or Westminster Abbey, on the part of the provisional committee, has been refused on "*conscientious grounds*;" yet it was in Westminster Abbey that the memory of the only protestant composer of sacred music was honoured in 1784, and the proceeds of the performance—£7000—given to public charities. "The sons of the clergy" did not refuse the £1000 contributed by Handel himself at various times to this charity, though the means used on every occasion was the performance of his oratorios. Nor were the services of the great master in aid of the un-owned and forsaken Foundlings deemed out of character with the purposes of a consecrated place.

When a certain Teacher of Christian ethics found the money-changers in the Temple, Charity, that greatest of the theological Graces, was not desecrated by the offering of the profane funds, for we read that He gave them to the poor. Musical services are allowed in St. Paul's on the anniversary, and for the benefit of the "Sons of the Clergy." The charity children of all the metropolitan schools are annually looked for within its walls, and a collection made, and no "conscientious" scruples have occurred to bar the use of the building for those semi-secular purposes.

What is there then in a performance of sacred music for a sacred purpose that can deteriorate from the sanctity of these grand temples? or are the sons and daughters of poor dead musicians

less worthy to be cared and provided for than the sons of the clergy or the children in our eleemosynary parish schools? We own, remembering the £10,299 which he, whose name the Handel College is intended to honour, and whose charity its purpose should serve to remind us of, bestowed to the funds of the Foundling Hospital in his life's time, we feel ashamed of the luke-warmness shown in the progress of this much-needed Institution; and only hope that the proposal of the provisional committee to give a grand musical performance at the Crystal Palace may be acted upon, and followed up by a succession of concerts on the part of the managers of musical societies in London and the provinces, which could not but result in the production of a sum equivalent to the importance of the undertaking, and worthy of it.

An elaborate advertisement headed by Dr. Close, Dean of Carlisle, and a number of other clerical gentlemen, on the subject of imposing total abstinence from spirituous liquors on the community, has appeared in the *Times*, and other papers. The arbitrary measure aimed at speaks but little for the progress of voluntary total-abstinence principles during the many years of the Society's organization, and reads like the forlorn hope of its votaries. Yet that temperance has progressed—is progressing, we are certain. Let us foster it by all means; but let us not mistake the absence of temptation for the presence of a virtue, nor put a penal statute in the place of moral regeneration, and imagine human nature the better for it. In this outside world, as in the Paradise of Eden, there are restrictions—trees, the fruit of which we may not eat, under pain of that old penalty, the death of happiness; but the Wisdom of Ages does not remove them; on the contrary, their existence is necessary to the development and exercise of the moral powers of humanity, which would become dead faculties but for the discipline that self-restraint involves. The measure is Procrustean, and Procrustes was a thief, who, in this instance, would rob men of the right of private judgment.

A more hopeful topic offers itself in the report of the recent Social Science Congress at Bradford, where we find woman taking a helpful and important part in the proceedings, bringing her



individual experience amongst the poor, the unemployed, and suffering, to bear upon the great social question of bettering their condition nationally. The following list of papers, contributed by ladies, will show the practical character of their efforts: "Mechanics' Institutes for Working Women," by Fanny Hertz; "Female Factory Workers, and Homes for Female Factory Workers," by Miss Holland; "The Industrial Employment of Women," by Miss Boucherett; "The Market for Educated Female Labour," by Miss Parkes; "On the

Value of Hospital Statistics to the Science of Public Health," by Florence Nightingale; "Report of the Workhouse Visiting Society," by Miss Twining; "On Certified Industrial Schools, and on the Claims of Ragged Schools," by Miss Carpenter. These subjects are, all but the three last, directly connected with women. The latter are of wider tendencies, broadly philanthropical, and could not have been treated of by abler hands than those of the practically benevolent women who contributed them.

C. A. W.

## OUT OF WINDOW.

Tramp, tramp. Here they come, dirty little grubs, from the Park, carrying dirty bottles, out of which they have been tipping tepid water all day, to cool their fevered imaginations. I am not at all sure that they don't replenish from the canal. I remember seeing an urchin lower his green bottle by a string over the bridge one day, when a dead pig was floating on the water. And now they pull up mechanically, and I stop my ears with a shuddering anticipation of "Polly, what's the toime? What's the toime, Polly?" mingled with shrieks of remonstrance from the indignant bird, which I know will follow.

Why isn't there an Act of Parliament to put down parrots? The quires of important literature, consigned to that wretched boy for the town post, which have become tattered bits of rubbish in the twinkling of a moment's inadvertence, all because my cook must have her parrot; and as I compose my stiffened fingers to re-write the missives, I hear the wretch laugh and gibber and scream in fiendish exultation over her work of destruction—to say nothing of the breakages, missing pounds of meat, tattered table-linen, shirt-fronts scratched and clawed into a thousand fragments.

Tramp, tramp. Three City snobs, with brass breast-pins, coming arm-in-arm, to make believe they live in a good neighbourhood. And there goes the friend of the feline tribe, taking his wife for an airing, in a green cart, labelled "Cats' Meat." What does he mean by that? Can it be that he dares thus publicly to announce his intention so to dispose and cut up the partner of his life's joys? Two cats follow, and prowl about the cart—carnivorous wretches, they scent their prey.

Tramp, tramp. "Bigbauxes littleboxes, band-boxeshalboxesallsortboxes—buy a box." Not at all, my good man; there are enough in my wife's dressing-room.

There goes the lady who lingered near St. John's church-yard the other morning till an

Atlas was well past, and then, pretending to have missed it, made a dash at the conductor of the twopenny omnibus, with a confidential inquiry, "Could he take her in the same direction?" But there was a grin on that respectful conductor's left cheek—he knew all about it.

Tramp, tramp. Here comes one, panting and gasping, looking far into the distance, and tugging at her husband to get him along. What is it? Child lost, and he will not help her to seek it. A park-keeper walks behind, and he does not dare strike her; so he pinches her with his brutal fingers and turns away. I know it by the convulsive motion of the arm which released him. On she goes, her mouth open, eyes and nostrils distended, her breath coming so hoarsely that I can hear it as she passes, her hands clutching nervously at her bosom, still looking far away into the distance. Oh! little one—little child! once, when you were peevish and fretful, she spoke sharply, perhaps even struck you: she is clutching at her heart to tear out the memory of that blow. Oh! little hands, dirty and bruised, if she could only feel them now curling round her knotted finger!

Will she find the child? "Probably not," says the park-keeper, shaking his head. "It has been missing too long, and there is no trace at any of the lodges." Well, it is sleeping under the water, perhaps, quietly; but when will the mother rest? and when will her bony hand cease to clutch at that blow which is so heavy on her heart?

"This is maundering," you say, "and does no good." I don't know about that; but it makes me lean out of the balcony and throw a coin to the tattered bundle of rags who is drivelling out, "A hap'ny, for dear God's sake." I hear the same whine at every door and window she passes; probably she will be found sometime to-night a miserable heap of filth and drunkenness, and bidden to "move on;" but I shall never miss the coin, and she may be in real want.

It must be good sometimes to think of the suffering which exists on the earth. It must make one more pitiful, more compassionate, surely, to think of that huge wail of misery which rises to God's sky from the festering sin-heaps of the great city—the magnitude of that total of human wretchedness, whose items are passing before us daily, in our own homes—out of the window! L. S.

### THE SPRINGS.

We dearly loved them once, the first spring mornings,

Though snow still lingered on the hazel glade,  
And the hoar-frost, with fairy-like adornings,  
Its unseen hand on bough and pane had laid.

We used to hurry off with eager faces,  
Pausing to strew the crumbs the robin claimed,  
To where, low down in calm and sheltered places,  
The snowdrop trembled and the crocus flamed.

The vernal sunbeams have not lost their splendour,

The budding woods with happy love-lays ring;  
The brightening sky still keeps its azure tender,  
The world a welcome for the gentle Spring;  
And far away, in lanes and coppice bowers,  
Pale primroses amid the moss-tufts blow;  
And violets and many-hued wind-flowers;

Why have our days forgot this beauteous show?

Alas! we rise up in the early morning,

But not to wander in the lane or glade;  
To some the grave hath given whispered warning  
That they are tenants of a house decayed;  
Some have no time to fill with vernal flowers,

Hands which must toil till eve for daily bread;  
And some could gaze but through grief's dark'ning  
showers

On blooms which they have strown above the  
dead.

Light hearts may love the Spring, may worship  
rather,

But a few years will find them e'en as we,  
Sighing for blossoms they no longer gather—  
Yearning for faces they no more shall see.

A. T.

### IMPROMPTU.

(To one who was complaining of ingratitude in mankind.)

BY F. LOUIS JAQUEROD.

Go on: fulfil thy mission good;

For generous rarely should we be

If, counting on due gratitude,

We scan each plea of misery:

'Twere better far, for Mercy's sake,

(So be it on our hearts engrav'd!)

To think that we may ingrates make

Than let one fall, we might have sav'd.

London, March 1856.

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.—The following beautiful tribute to Woman was written several years ago. It occurs in a tale of touching interest, entitled "The Broken Heart"—its author, Dr. F. J. Stratton: "Oh, the priceless value of the love of a pure woman! Gold cannot purchase a gem so precious! Titles and honours confer upon the heart no such serene happiness. In our darkest moments, when disappointment and ingratitude, with corroding care, gather thick around, and even the gaunt form of poverty menaces with his skeleton fingers, it gleams around the soul with an angel's smile. Time cannot mar its brilliancy; distance but strengthens its influence; bolts and bars cannot limit its progress: it follows the prisoner into his dark cell, and sweetens the home morsel that appeases his hunger, and in the silence of midnight it plays around his heart, and in his dreams he folds to his bosom the form of her who loves on still, though the world has turned coldly from him. The couch made by the hand of the loved one is soft to the weary limbs of the sick sufferer, and the potion administered by the same hand loses half its bitterness. The pillow carefully adjusted by her brings repose to the fevered brain, and her words of kind encouragement survive the sinking spirit. It would almost seem that God, compassionating woman's first great frailty, had planted this jewel in her breast, whose heavenlike influence should cast into forgetfulness man's remembrance of the Fall, by building up in his heart another Eden, where perennial flowers forever bloom, and crystal waters gush from exhaustless fountains."

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"A Story of the Pursuit of Learning," &c., accepted: "Une;" "Uncle Davy's Staff." A continuous tale for children inadmissible.

Received, but not yet read: "College Debts;" "The Dower Mill." "A Ghost Story" is not improved by the alteration.

POETRY accepted with thanks: "Corn Flowers;" "What I Love;" "The River of Speech;" "A Letter Untimely Delayed;" "A Rough Song to a Rough Breeze" shall be replied to in a day or two.

PROSE declined with thanks: "One of my Holidays;" "Idylls of the King."—The subject is already monopolized. "Our Street."—We have received no note with this communication, and having

already suffered by our acceptance of anonymous contributions, until we know on what terms the sketch is offered, we must decline finding space for it. We have one on hand so near akin to it that, under any circumstances, we could only use it some months hence. "The Dower Mill."—The last four chapters too diffuse. The story must be greatly condensed to reach our standard.

NOTICE.—Our friends not answered by post will please to consult these columns. The numbers of letters we receive, if personally answered, would swamp our editorial duties in that of a secretary.



















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